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19

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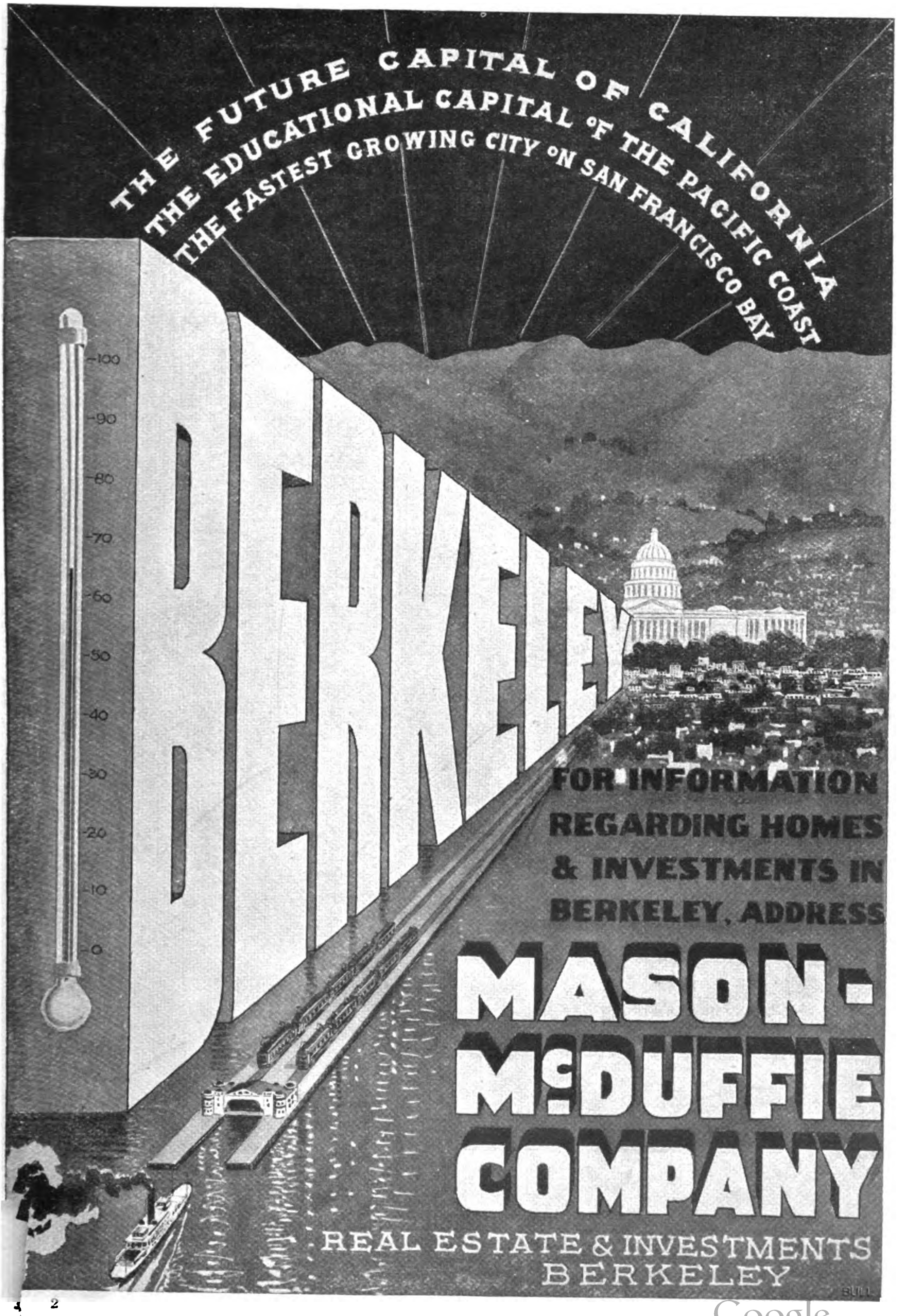
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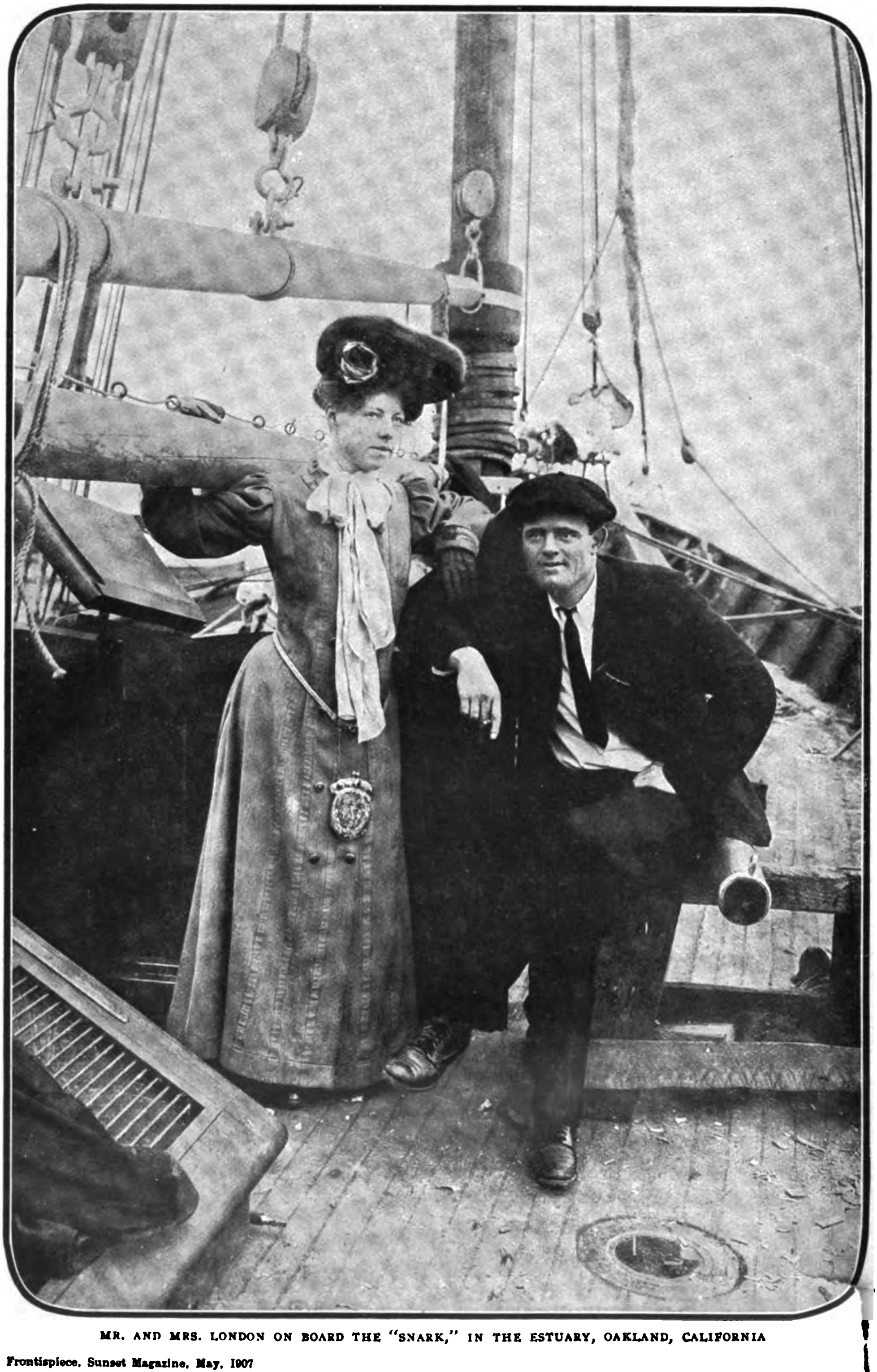

MR. AND MRS. LONDON ON BOARD THE "SNARK," IN THE ESTUARY, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

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SUNSET MAGAZINE

Vol. XIX MAY 1907 No. I

THE SAILING OF THE SNARK

By ALLAN DUNN

Jack London, author of "The Sea Wolf," and twenty other novels of sea and shore, socialist and adventurer, sails this month from San Francisco on his long-talked-of seven years' cruise around the world. Mr. Dunn, the writer of the accompanying sketch, has himself been a yachting sailor man in tropic seas, and is a close friend of the venturesome novelist:

THE planning of the *Snark*, the building, and the general idea of the voyage, all came about easily enough. The project was not a new one; Robert Louis Stevenson's idea was similar although the proposed London voyage is much more elaborate in detail. Stevenson was after health, primarily, while Jack London looks more for travel and adventure.

The proposed voyage is adventurous enough to please the most romantic of writers or readers. The *Snark* is a sturdy boat; much smaller craft have sailed successfully on trips as long, but here start out six people: Jack London, with some deep sea experience but little knowledge of navigation; Mrs. London, wife and comrade of the novelist; two young men just out of college, gritty and athletic enough, but no sailors, not even amateurs; a Japanese, and Captain Eames, the last named the only practical mariner as far as navigation goes. Of course the others undoubtedly can and will, master the mysteries of sextant and chronometer, compass and dead reckoning, but they will not do it before they start. "I am going to cram on navigation and gas engines after we get started," said Mr. London in speaking of his plans. And so off they go, their itinerary the globe, their only premeditated destination Hawaii, with the Marquesas, Samoa, Polynesia in general, and then the China Sea as a vague prospect. Time is no object; this is how it has all come about:

Successful in a craft that calls for few tools and no permanent location, Mr. London needs but a typewriter, and a postoffice now and then, in order to turn out his work. As long as the climate does not prevent effort the author may go whither he listeth, his adventuring proving rather a help than a hindrance from an advertising standpoint aside from its educational value. Having arrived at the stage where his wares are contracted for far ahead, London resolved upon a trip around the world. Traveling under ordinary tourist conditions, he dislikes, particularly as it precludes much of the necessary surroundings for steady work. Then, too, he wants to go many places not on the steamship routes, so came the idea of the *Snark*, a boat that can sail across an ocean, beat her way up the

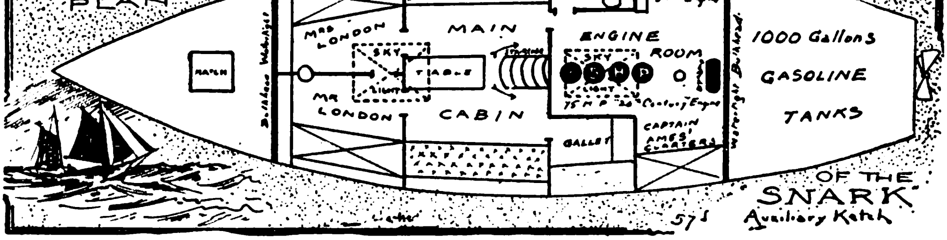
Amazon or the Yang-tse-Kiang, be laid up for weeks at a time while her owners range ashore.

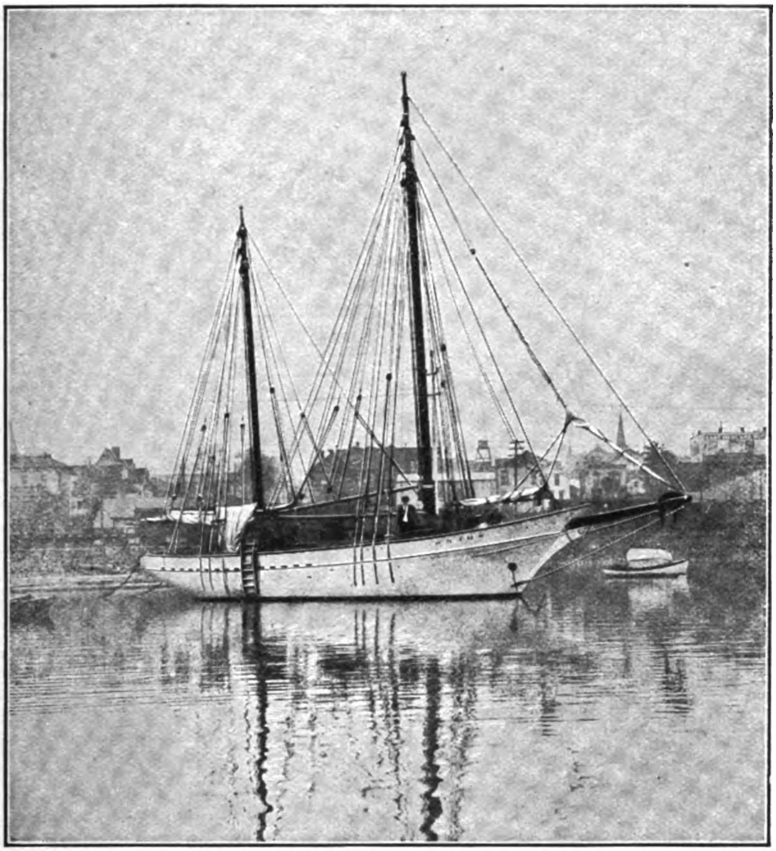
There is no idea of any particular itinerary, no plan of visiting a certain region in search of local color or plots for stories yet to be told. "I have now," said Mr. London, "more material in hand than I could finish in a lifetime." Some effect the trip must have upon the writer, the acquaintance with fresh lands and peoples must infallibly broaden his imagination and mentality—for he is yet a young man, even though it does not widen the scope of his stories or affect his style.

Some influence upon his style is to be expected. His tales have all been suggested by happenings, his color acquired at first hand. His wolf dogs he has known, caressed and studied, his men are drawn from life or from types that suggested the nucleus around which he has woven psychological subtleties and physical happenings. His live perception is bound to see deeds and pictures that will appeal to his desire to portray them. Such stories will perhaps come after the voyage is a thing of the past. "I write best in retrospect," said he, "new scenes and happenings crowd me too vividly at first for expression, they drop into shape later, like the patterns of a kaleidoscope after shaking."

The planning and building of the *Snark* was a long labor. London wanted a vessel staunch enough to survive the fury of the gales and the possible bumpings of a shoal or reef. He wanted a boat that would steer with comfort, and of a rig to ride out a gale in easy fashion. He wanted power to stem adverse currents and winds, and bid defiance to calms. So the *Snark* was made a ketch rig, little known in Pacific waters, the popular rig of North Sea fishermen. She carries mainsail and mizzen, differing from the yawl rig in the mizzen being larger and shipped farther inboard. She has staysail and jib, with flying jib, a big spinnaker that can be swung around for a balloon jib, a gaff topsail with a sprit, and a storm trysail. Dirty weather proves the comfort of the ketch. As with a yawl, the mainsail can come down in a storm, and under a small head sail and the mizzen, she will ride out a gale in comfort and need little attention at the helm. The staysail is fitted with a boom and will swing over freely at change of tack.

For cruising up rivers, for stemming unfavorable currents, running through calms, perhaps in escape from canoes of cannibal islanders or from junks of piratical Chinese, for riding out typhoons and all purposes where auxiliary power is needed, the *Snark* carries a seventy-five horse-power engine, that can send her along at ten miles an hour or better. There have been criticisms made as to the unnecessary size of the engine and its consumption of gasoline, but Mr. London feels that he need not run full power all the time and when he wants the engine badly he wants a powerful one. About a pint per horse-power is her gasoline consumption at full power, and behind a water, gas and air tight bulkhead aft, the craft will carry one thousand gallons of gasoline, meaning one thousand miles of power radius at full speed. Going up still waters of river travel, extra gasoline can be carried on deck. Besides this, there is a dynamo and a smaller five





THE SNARK AT ANCHOR IN OAKLAND HARBOR

horse-power engine, supplying the lights, for the boat boasts electric bulbs and a powerful search light, and power for the winch, this last named arrangement, a most valuable one, as all who have broken out a heavy anchor by hand from deep water will testify.

The *Snark* is built to stay. Her knees are ten inches apart, of natural bends; she is copper riveted everywhere, coppered from keelson to waterline, her outside planking two inches thick divided into three watertight compartments by bulkheads, rigged with chain plates, running rigging, stays, blocks and general tackle that would fit a craft twice her size. Expense has been lavished to make her staunch. There are no butts, every plank runs from stem to stern and it will take years of buffeting to make much impression on her sturdy mould. Her cost will probably run close to $25,000 before she sails out through the Golden Gate. She is fifty-seven feet over all, with a draft of seven feet, a freeboard of four, and a rail of eighteen inches. She is flush decked, with a beam of 15 feet, and is a roomy craft. Her clipper bow with its ample flare means freedom from going head under, and should keep her nose well in air. Beneath the water line her lines are better than those that appear above. To the yachtsman she would look better were she a foot or two longer, but she must prove an excellent sea boat.

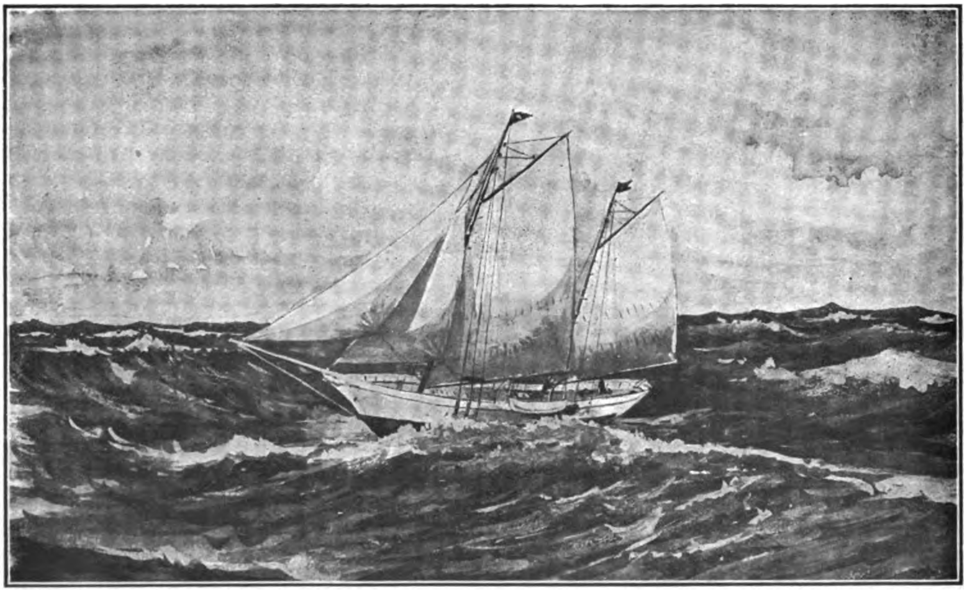
On deck, in davits, she carries a fourteen-foot power launch, and a double ender whaleboat eighteen feet long, which should prove invaluable for surf landings and bar work. On deck, too, are carried shear poles for unstepping the masts when the exploration of Chinese rivers or other low bridged waters is planned.

THE ADVENTURERS WHO MAKE UP THE SNARK'S CREW

Upon her deck also will be carried many other things, for despite her bulk, the craft has little room for stowage.

The big engine, the other machinery with the shaft, takes up much of the space. Aft the gasoline monopolizes the usual lazarette storeroom. Mr. London purposes carrying a library of some two thousand books; there is much stationery to go aboard, a phonograph, typewriters and two saddles all of which will take much of the room usually devoted to stores. Just where the water tanks and the provisions are going when everything else is aboard is a puzzle that will doubtless be solved satisfactorily by those who sail. Certain it is that dunnage will be condensed for everyone. The forepeak will carry the chains and spare gear. It is to be hoped her high freeboard will keep her free from seas as it seems imperative to utilize much of the deck for larder stores.

Her trial trip proved the *Snark* sea-



THE SNARK AT SEA, FROM A PAINTING BY COMMODORE HOBRON OF THE HAWAIIAN YACHT CLUB

JACK LONDON—PORTRAIT STUDY BY ARNOLD GENTHE

worthy and her engine powerful. She ran gaily ten miles out to sea and came as briskly back on the flood in a dead calm, while craft that had only sail power, stayed outside all night. She steers with a weather helm and points up closely

MRS. LONDON—PORTRAIT STUDY BY ARNOLD GENTHE

under sail. A ketch rig is not a fast one, but on the run to Hawaii,—her first anchorage,—the engine should need only a perfunctory turning over and before the steady trades, from fourteen to seventeen days should find the voyagers safe at Hilo.

As the diagram shows, the Londons have their cabins forward. The main cabin has bunk room for four more while Captain Eames has his dormitory aft of the engine. The galley is roomy and the bathroom a luxury. Both London and his wife are expert swimmers but they will be wary of sharks and keep their natatory pleasures for guarded waters. Both, too, revel in horseback riding and the two saddles carried with them will be in frequent use ashore.

The vessel has an armament of shotguns, Winchesters and revolvers, for protection as well as sport, and this will be added to later by a small rapid firing gun. Cruising in the South Seas and Oriental waters is not entirely free from excitement even nowadays and the weapons may well prove needful. The seven years of the cruise spell the Seven Seas also for Mr. London, who has in mind the Amazon, the Congo, the Zambesi, and the Nile before he again sees his home ranch at Glen Ellen.

Present plans include definitely only Hawaii; a landing for the big island, probably at Hilo, a ride across and about the island, taking in the volcano and ending at Kailua where the *Snark* will join her owner again. Lanai may be visited and some time will be spent on Oahu, where the boat will rest in the quiet waters of Pearl Harbor off the bungalow of Commodore T. W. Hobron, of the Honolulu Yacht Club, who has placed it at Mr. London's disposal. Quiet is what he is looking for especially. While he is not going to avoid social life entirely, there is work to be done and the "owner ashore" flag is liable sometimes to wave at visitors under false pretences.

Mr. London works systematically two and a half hours every day, his wife acting as his amanuensis. The rest of the time not occupied by seamanship will be given up to the pleasures of the trip. Everyone aboard stands watch and has a trick at the wheel, including Mrs. London who shares all of her husband's work and pastime, from athletics to revising manuscript. The voyage can not be considered a continuous one. Mr. London calls the *Snark* his combination workshop, hotel and means of conveyance. He says they will probably be ashore three months to every one month afloat.

The glamor of the sea held London first in its thrall many years ago when he went sealing and junketing about the bay of San Francisco. One of his earliest stories had the trade winds for inspiration. His earlier sailings however, were conducted on a less exalted plane than that of owner of his vessel. It is a far cry from the forecastle of a sealer hunting pelts in frozen seas to the cozy quarters of the *Snark*, cruising in balmy nights beneath the southern cross.

What an ideal trip for a writer is this voyage! How many hard pressed journalists, working at night in the rush of the city will think with a sigh of London out in the deep sea spaces, the silences and the solitudes. If surroundings and inspiration count for anything, what a workshop the *Snark* should be with the tropic sun, tempered by the steady trade winds, the stars, the moonlight and the sunsets, the ever-changing panorama and the zest of new countries and strange peoples. It will be like a glorious dream come true.

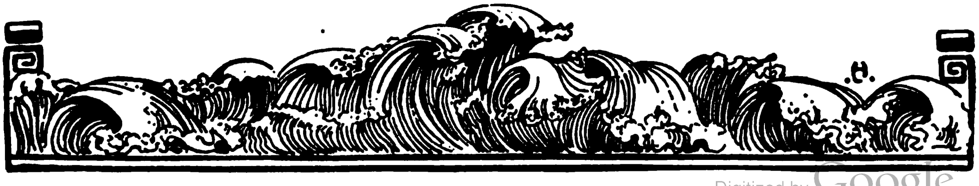
THE WONDER-WORKERS

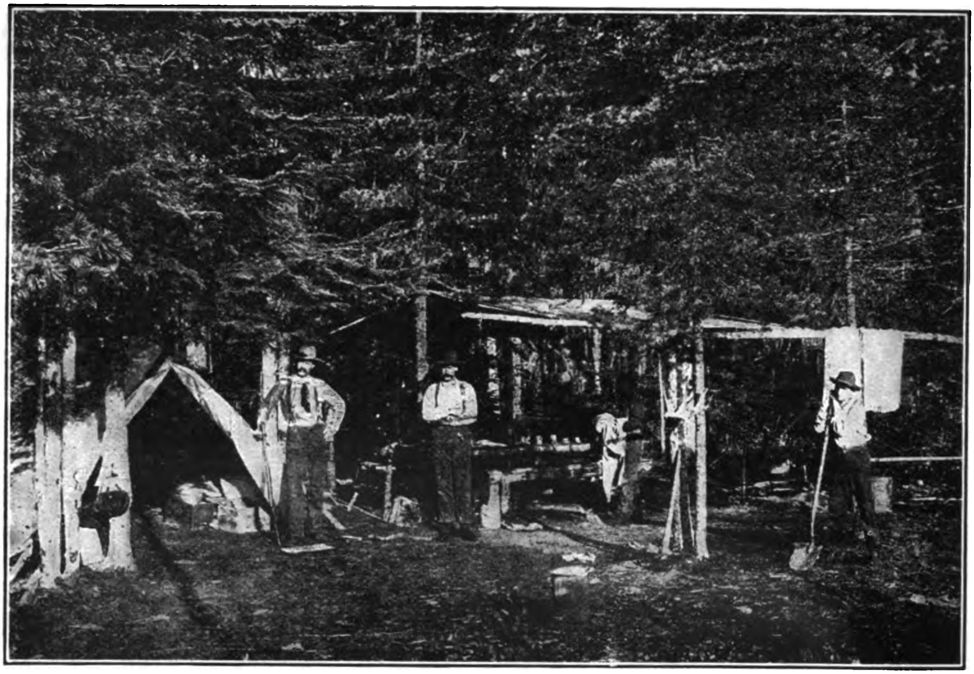
By HERBERT BASHFORD

The vagrant Wind was out to-day,
And through the sunny summer hours,
He roamed the blue field of the bay—
An ancient fashioner of flowers.

He heaped them high in windrows white,
He strewed them on the pebbled shore,
And as they faded from my sight
This old magician wrought still more.

A thousand wreaths he tossed the land,
Rare garlands at my feet he lay,
He scattered blossoms on the sand
And flung each cliff a pale bouquet.





FOREST RANGERS' CAMP, PRIEST RIVER, IDAHO

THE USE OF FOREST RESERVES

By E. A. Sterling

Chief Forester Pennsylvania Railway Company, and late Assistant Forester, Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture

THE West has prospered by virtue of great resources, exploited by the energy of an enthusiastic people. It can remain prosperous and attain the maximum of industrial development only by the conservative use of these resources. Nature has been prodigal of good things in this big, free country of gold and romance, still referred to reverently in the East as "Out West." The earth hides uncounted mineral treasures which need only the revealing hand of the prospector; the mountain ranges support the finest and most extensive forests on the continent, and from them flow the streams essential to the intensive agriculture of the valleys; upon the wide ranges feed millions of cattle, sheep and horses; while over all is the unsurpassed climate of the West.

Of these many resources, so generously bestowed and all too lavishly used, none, save that of climate, are absolutely inexhaustible. The stores of mineral wealth are sufficient for many generations, but are by no means limitless, and once exhausted there is no remedy—no art of alchemy can put them back. One of the far-sighted men of the age has recently sounded a warning note on the comparative early exhaustion of some of our most valuable minerals, particularly iron. Actual exhaustion of any of the mineral supplies is, of course, an occurrence of the very distant future, and estimates would be worthless, but that an end must eventually come in any worked field is as certain as that a bank receiving no deposits must fail if continually drawn on heavily.

Less problematical is the available supply of timber, and with most of the big lumber companies cutting on tracts containing only a fifteen to thirty years' supply, the time of scarcity is not so far ahead. The forage of the range is not usually looked upon as exhaustible, and the new annual growth justifies such a view, but over-grazing and fire may so reduce both the quality and area of a range as practically to destroy it as a resource. Water likewise is used and the supply renewed continually, but abuse of the drainage basins may reduce and change the flow to any extent approaching exhaustion. Thus the climatic factors of sunshine, precipitation, wind and temperature are really the only resources, if they may be so called, which are not materially changed by the ambitions and extravagance of men.

Of the more perishable resources of the forest and range the cheering fact, in the face of present wastefulness, is that they can be recreated and thus preserved—that what is properly utilized can be replaced. The land once under forest can be made to produce another forest, the forage plants can be maintained, and the water conserved, but only by careful use.

There is a grave danger threatening the younger portion of the Nation unless these things are recognized and prompt action taken; there is a reckless, selfish use of natural resources which if unchecked will lead to blighting poverty. The virile men of the West, who have been building a new empire toward the setting sun, are intensely human. Their personal ambitions and desire to make money quickly, to roll up fortunes, for quick success, especially since competition became keener, have led to short-sighted utilization of the resources most quickly convertible into cash. Enormous timber tracts have been acquired by means not always fair or legal, while the lumbering operations have been conducted with the one view of immediate profit. Fire usually follows the loggers, and complete denudation results, or at the best only worthless chaparral and scattered reproduction replace the trees. As a secondary result the streams heading in the cut-over catchment basins go dry in summer and become raging torrents in winter.

The utilization of commercial timber is, of course, an economic necessity, and in doing this the lumberman is no more of a vandal than the farmer who reaps his wheat. It is in the lasting destruction of the productive power of forest land that the harm lies, and every acre thus destroyed is a national loss which future generations will feel. On one hand we see enormous sums spent in reclaiming waste land which has never been productive; on the other the steady destruction of areas once highly productive. This certainly is not good national economy.

The abuse of the range by over-grazing and fire comes in the same category with destructive lumbering, but is less excusable. The men who so overstock a range that its supporting capacity is reduced a half or a third are gaining a temporary increase in income at a cost for which Nature will soon present the bill. From the broader standpoint of public utility none of these things really pay, and the selfish individual must be made to think of those who come after him.

Ours is not a paternal government, but it is obvious as a matter of business and for the public good that Federal control of certain resources is essential. Recognition of this necessity led President Harrison, after a long educational propaganda by public spirited individuals and associations, to issue a proclamation creating the Yellowstone Park Timber Land Reserve on March 30, 1891, under authority of an Act of Congress of March 3, 1891. The creation of new national forest reserves has followed steadily since that time, and is now a settled government policy.

On October 1, 1906, the aggregate area of national forests was approximately one hundred and thirteen million, eighty-seven thousand, five hundred and fifteen acres. The number of separate reserves was one hundred and sixteen, distributed among eighteen states and territories. All of them are west of the Mississippi, except one small reserve in Porto Rico, which is not under

TEMPORARY "HOME, SWEET HOME" OF TREE PLANTERS

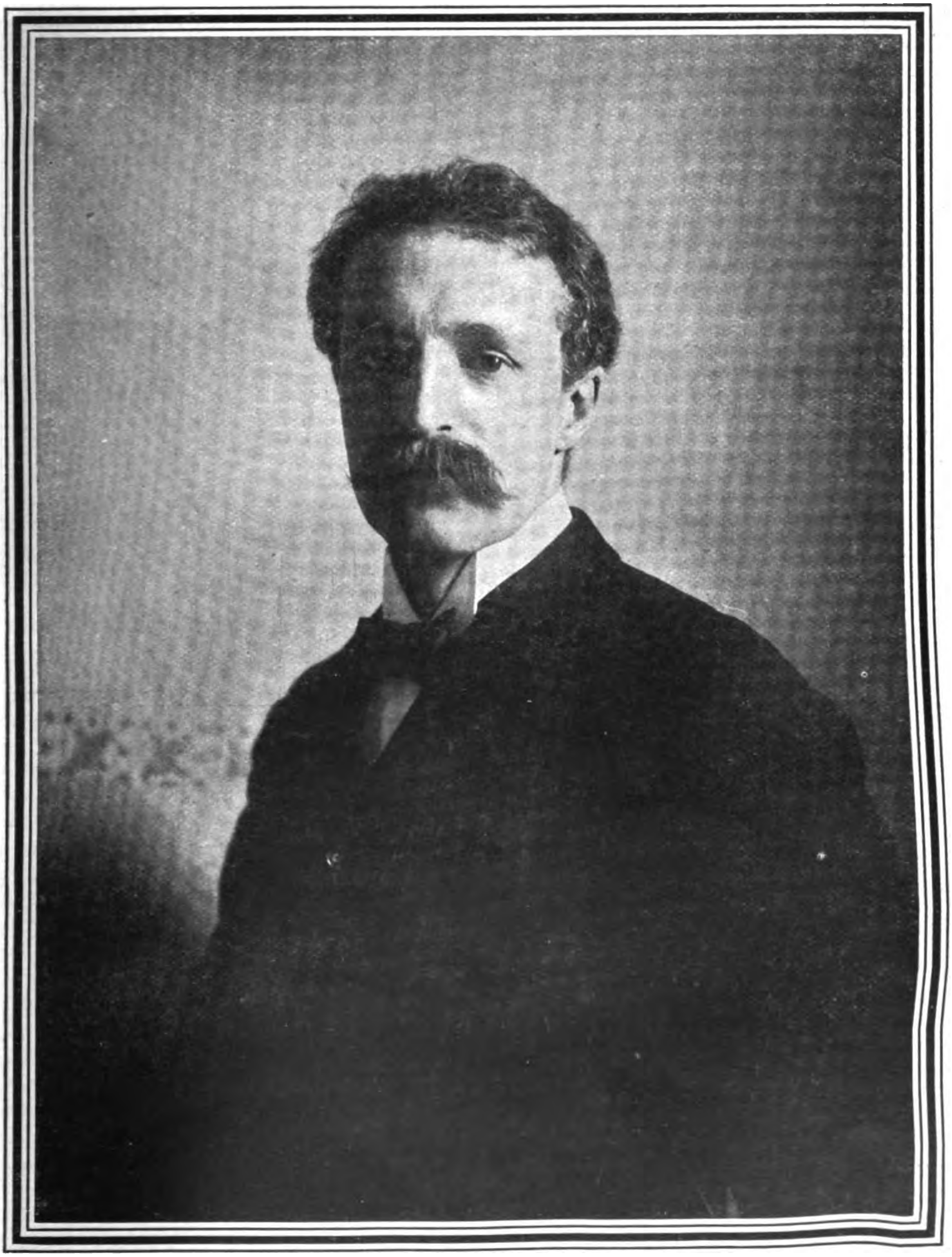
management. California, with twenty reserves comprising eighteen million, eight hundred and seventy-seven thousand, one hundred and ten acres, leads numerically and in area.

Within these reserves lie most of the primal resources which needs safeguarding for the future greater West, but in fulfilling this function they will in no way be closed to the needs of the present. At all times their resources will be available in the largest possible measure to the people who need the wood, water, minerals, and range.

The inevitable opponents of every move for a greater country and the public good have argued that there is no necessity for forest reserves; that the laws of supply and demand and the action of individuals will suffice. A glance at statistics of lumber consumption and supply, coupled with even a superficial investigation of our forest lands will show the folly of such arguments. It is estimated that at the present rate of cutting, our available timber will be exhausted in thirty-five to forty years unless radical conservative measures are applied. Fortunately, the vital impórtance of forest reserves to the western states in preserving their greatest industries is now generally recognized, the opponents are comparatively few, and the appreciation of their value will grow with the certain advance of settlement and development.

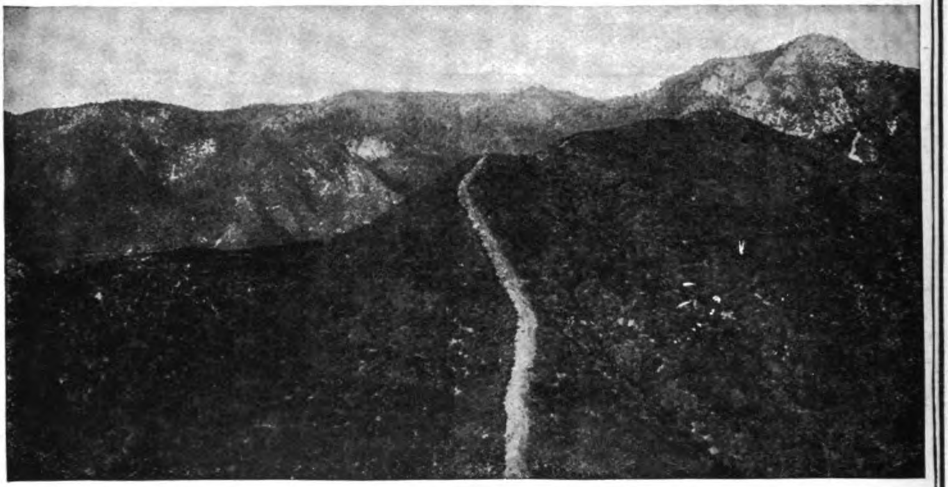
To a selfish few the reserve policy, which means legal use of public land under government regulation, will always be "a thorn in the flesh." It is too much to expect the true parasitic type of man to drop old habits and become honest. The public domain has long been the prey of wholesale landgrabbers, and subject to more petty pilfering by the little fellows who lacked the nerve or the capital to make a big haul. The vigorous action of the Department of the Interior and the creation of forest reserves have, however, largely put a stop to these landgrabbing practices.

The keynote of the present forest reserve management and the policy which guides in their administration is conservative use. As summed up in the



GIFFORD PINCHOT

Forester, United States Department of Agriculture, and Chief of the Forest Service



FIRE LINE THROUGH THE CHAPARRAL ON THE SLOPES OF THE COAST RANGE, NEAR MT. WILSON, CALIFORNIA. ON THIS SUMMIT IS BEING BUILT THE LARGEST REFLECTING TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD. THESE MOUNTAINS ARE HEAVILY TIMBERED IN THE CANONS

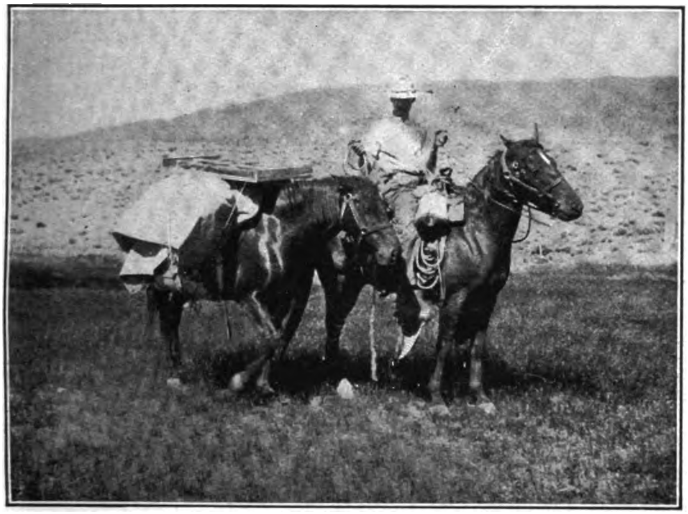
reserve "Use Book" of the United States Department of Agriculture it means that:

"Forest reserves are for the purpose of preserving a perpetual supply of timber for home industries, preventing destruction of the forest cover which regulates the flow of streams, and protecting local residents from unfair competition in the use of forest and range."

From a letter of the Secretary of Agriculture to the Forester, dated February 1, 1905, when the reserves were transferred from the Department of the Interior, we have: "All the resources of forest reserves are for use, and this use must be brought about in a thoroughly prompt and business-like manner, under such restrictions only as will insure the permanence of these resources."

In its practical application this all means that the honest settler who formerly was obliged to commit a theft in order to get a little timber from government land for his cabin or fences can now get it legally for the asking; the individual or corporation wanting lumber for commercial purposes can purchase it in the desired quantity, providing he will cut under specified regulations which insure a future forest; while the stockman can secure grazing ground by paying a nominal fee and observing certain regulations which are necessary for the permanent good of the range. No

TRAIL BUILDING IN THE SIERRA MADRE OF CALIFORNIA



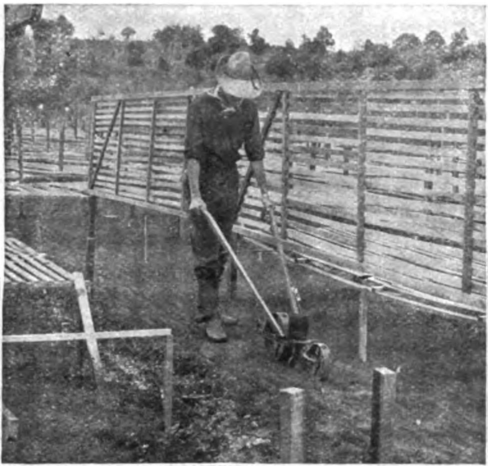
A RANGER ON THE TRAIL WITH HIS PACK OUTFIT

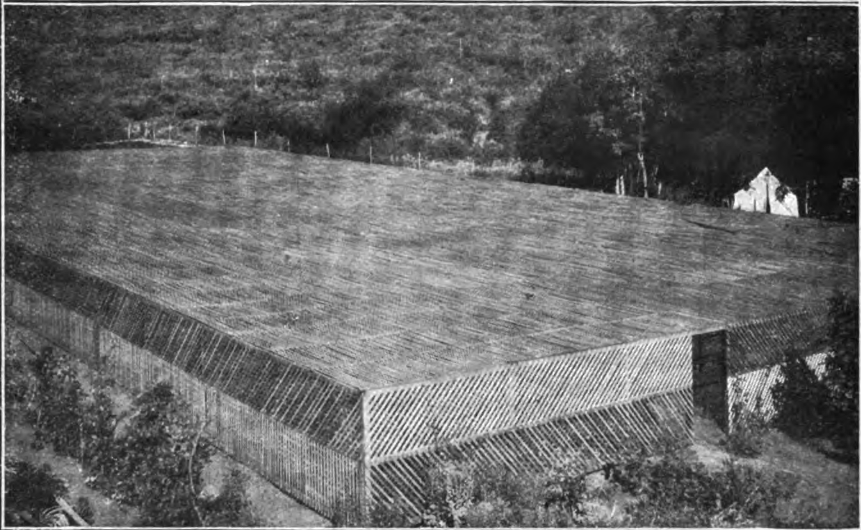
restrictions are placed on prospecting and mining other than observance of the general reserve regulations against fire and trespass. Water having source in the reserves is free except when used by companies for developing light and power. Special privileges of all kinds are granted for all legal purposes, and include hotel, camp, and mill sites, rights of way for roads, telephone lines and flumes, etc. A charge is made only for commercial enterprises, and is based principally upon the value of that which is actually furnished to the permittee.

At first the regulated utilization of reserve resources was resented, because it was thought to curb industrial development and settlement. This misunderstanding, however, has rapidly passed away during the short two years of Forest Service administration, as the people learned that the reserves are not closed to legitimate use. There has grown up also a closer relation between the reserve officers and the public, and as far as possible local questions are now decided on local grounds. As the purpose of the reserves and the regulations governing them become better understood the relationship will be more cordial. Ten per cent of the income from reserves now goes to the counties in which they are located, for the support of schools and roads. This is in lieu of taxes. By the Act of June 11, 1906, all parcels of agricultural land within the reserves, after classification, are open to settlement under the homestead entry. This removes the last logical objection that could be made to a national reserve policy, since it opens the last available resource to full use.

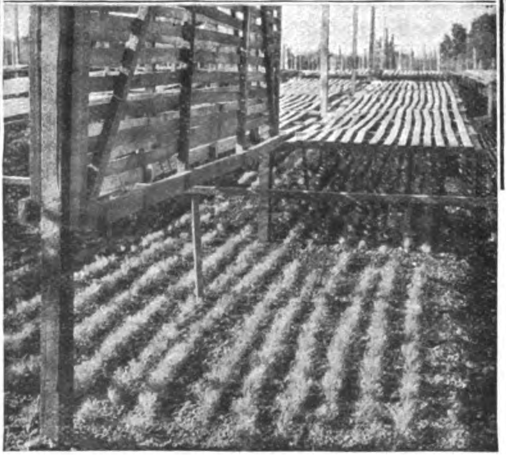
Entirely to fulfill their purpose the reserves must be maintained for the future as well as assist in the industrial development of the present. The immediate needs of settlers and others are supplied from existing resources. These used under technical direction will remain productive, and thus the broader, far-reaching benefits will be secured. A

STREAM BANK PROTECTED FROM EROSION BY A MEXICAN WALNUT—FORT BAYARD RESERVATION





RAISING FOREST TREES IN NURSERY ROWS AT FORT BAYARD AND IN LATH HOUSES AT SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA



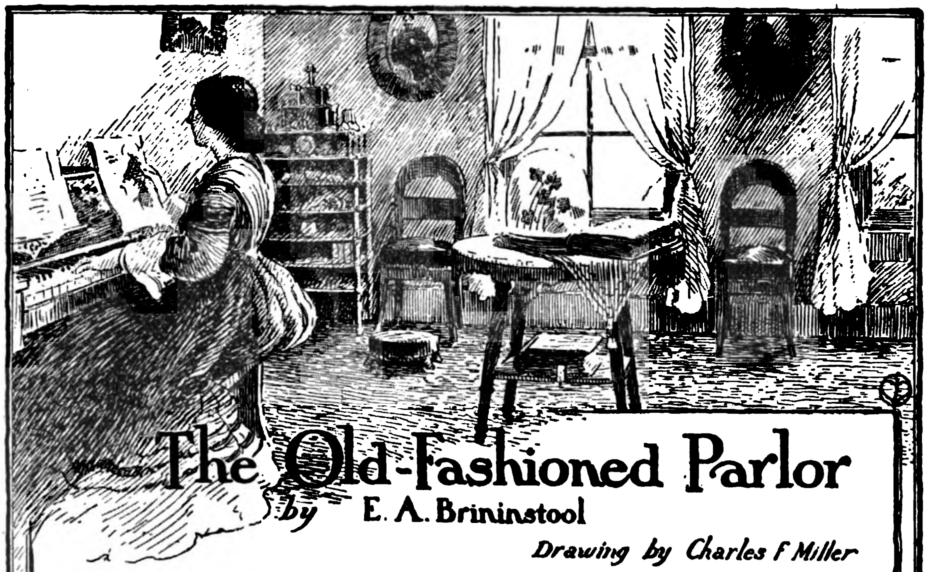
new empire in the West is not an enthusiast's dream, and the completion of every irrigation project brings it nearer to realization. With the increase in population and the building up of new industries the demand on natural resources will become greater. Then will the value of well-forested watersheds, permanent sources of wood supply, and well-preserved stock ranges be fully appreciated. The present utilization of decrepit forests and their replacement by younger and more vigorous stands, the regulation of grazing, the protection of drainage basins, and the prevention of fires is the process by which the western reserves are being brought up to their maximum productive capacity for this future time of need. The income received from grazing, timber sales, etc., except the ten per cent paid to counties, is used for the protection and improvement of the reserves, and in addition part of the Congressional appropriation for general forest investigations is used for this same purpose.

In additon to conservative utilization the reserves are being improved as fast as the resources will permit. Protection from fire is one of the main duties of the forest officers and a regular patrol is maintained by rangers and guards during the dry season. During 1905 only one-tenth of one per cent of a reserve area of 92,741,000 acres was burned over. To facilitate local management, trails, fire lines, telephone lines, and rangers' cabins are being constructed, while both personnel and equipment are being put on a more permanent basis. Large scale topographical maps are being made in coöperation with the Geological Survey. To these maps are transferred the data on stand estimates, timber sales, planting sites, etc. Many cities and towns are dependent on reserve drainage basins for their domestic water supply, and these as well as watersheds important to irrigation are being improved by planting, protection, and the exclusion of stock. Planting open areas and old burns and replacement of inferior stands by better species are also under way, while the stock ranges which have been injured by over-grazing and fire are being improved by reducing the number of stock. In these and many other ways the reserves are being made to conserve in the highest measure the function for which they were created. Their present value is estimated at more than $270,000,000.00 for the timber alone and they are increasing in value at not less than ten per cent per annum. Eventually they are bound to become more than self-supporting and constitute one of the greatest assets of the growing West.

A word of praise is due the men who are devoting their lives to the management of these national forests. In most cases underpaid, they are, nevertheless, giving their best energies to the work, and from supervisors down to temporary guards are setting an unexceled example of loyal, unselfish devotion to duty. Among these men are college graduates, surveyors, and others trained for special work, who have gone into forestry for the love of it. In selecting these non-technical administrative officers, preference is always given to those thoroughly familiar with local conditions. The administrative officers in Washington keep in closest possible touch with the reserve officers, and through their inspectors and technical field men are able to direct the work wisely and promptly.

The organization to which is entrusted the administration of the national forests is the Forest Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. It is one of the younger branches of the government, and like the Reclamation Service, has sprung into prominence with unprecedented rapidity. Its duties and responsibilities are tremendous, and the importance of the work is not yet fully realized. The guiding head is Gifford Pinchot, Forester, and to his unselfish energy is due the remarkable development of a far-reaching national forest policy.

STELLA JACOBY



The Old-Fashioned Parlor

by E. A. Brininstool

Drawing by Charles F Miller

[A magazine writer deplores the fact that the old-fashioned parlor is passing away.]

I wonder if you used to have a queer, old-fashioned parlor, too,
With hair-cloth chairs around the room, like soldiers lined up for review,
  All standing there sedately stiff, as though a-guardin' every door,
  An' watchin' while the sunbeams played on the rag carpet on the floor?
I wonder if your parlor had one of those "what-nots" on which laid
The shells, the gew-gaws an' carved things your uncle's handy jack-knife made?
  While on the wall, all done in oil, an' lookin' oh, so awful prim,
  In funny clothes, was Grandma Ford and Auntie Jones and Uncle Jim.

And in the middle of the room the "center-table" had a place,
And lyin' on its marble top was some wax flowers in a case.
  The family album, too, was there, with those who'd passed from earthly woes—
  Aunt Fanny in hoopskirts and frills and Grandpa in ill-fittin' clothes.
The old "base-burner" big and black, was in the corner by itself,
Some fancy dishes, cups and plates, stood just above it on the shelf,
  While every picture in the room was hung exactly on the square,
  And there was such a "parlor smell" and musty odor everywhere!

You recollect you boys and girls but seldom had a chance to see
The inside of that sacred room except when there was company.
  Your mother always kept it locked, the shades all down, the blinds drawn tight,
  Because she said it wouldn't do to have the sun stream in so bright.
At Christmas or Thanksgivin' time, or maybe Sunday afternoons,
They'd gather 'round the organ there to sing them old revival tunes;
  And if the minister should call, or if 'twas sewin'-circle day,
  Your mother'd swing the creakin' doors behind which weird enchantments lay.

The old-time parlor's disappeared; we seldom see it any more,
They've "modernized" it nowadays so 'tisn't like the days of yore.
  Your sweetheart she was courted there, and later on became your bride—
  The neighbors filled the parlor then as you stood proudly by her side.
And when there came a darkened hour and she lay hushed in that long sleep,
'Twas in that old-time parlor, too, the neighbors came to look and weep.
  In Time's dim halls are cherished thoughts which Memory can not efface,
  And in my dreamin' fancy still the old-time parlor holds a place.

SUSANA

AN EASTER STORY

By Florence Jackson Stoddard

A LITTLE girl was lying in bed in a tiny attic room at the top of a very high house. It was so high that one could see no other roofs above or around it; only by looking down from the dormer window one saw that the house stood in a perfect forest of other buildings. The window was so high in the wall that, as the child lay in bed, she could see only the sky and the tip of a great church dome. She lay a long time watching the clouds circle around this dome. At last she sighed and turned on one side.

"I wish I could see the street," she said aloud, "the sky looks lonesome." Presently she spoke again as though talking to some one but there was no other person in the room. "I wish sister hadn't come to Paris and didn't have to study all the time." A big doll sat in a chair near the bed and stared at the child but didn't look as if she understood a word.

The tears came into the child's eyes while she gazed about the room looking at everything as if she saw it for the first time. There was a flowered patterned oil-cloth on the floor, and a small rug before the bed; a little wardrobe, only big enough for a child's garment; a little washstand that just accommodated a little basin and jug with a mug and a soapdish, a little dressing table at which only a child could see a face in the glass,—these things comprised, with the big bed in an alcove, the furniture; it was all painted blue and adorned with glistening white knobs. It was neat but it was not pretty. On the cream tinted walls, however, were many pretty things; sketches in pencil, in charcoal, in bright pastels and pale water-colors and deep-toned oils. In among the sketches hung odd things—bits of colored silks, strange carvings, figures in plaster, pieces of china and porcelain and a gleam of ivory or gold here and there.

The child's eyes went over every thing then came back to the doll. "Oh, Susana, why don't you talk to me?" she exclaimed wearily. "Didn't sister tell you to 'muse me?"

The doll's eyes seemed to stare harder than ever; did they really express some thing? Suddenly the child sat up and reached for a bottle and a glass that stood on the table beside the bed.

"Thank you for reminding me, Susana," she said, "I almost forgot my medicine, sister told you to remind me, didn't she?"

The child lay down again and watched the doll. "If you could read to me Susana," she said at last, "I'd work a while, it's tiresome to read to yourself all the time and sister says it's very nice to sew while someone reads to her. She darns my stockings while I read to her, but she can't understand "La Petite Fadette," very fast. I wonder why little girls understand Paris talking before young ladies do. I s'pose it's because they talk all French at the college. I'm 'fraid they'll give me a very bad mark at the college, Susana. You must remind me to take my medicine often so I'll get well fast. I'm going to work now, so I may forget."

She sat up in bed and opening a bag drew forth sundry things. "I must get sister's Easter present ready, Susana," she said. "I wish I could make her a hat, she wants a hat so much and now she's spent all the money to buy my medicine, she won't have any new Easter hat." The child unrolled a bundle of new ribbons and bits of silk. "You know Aunt Jane sent me these for a Christmas present; they're for my hair. I gave you—I mean one was for you, Susana. All your elders think yellow becomes you, so yours was a yellow ribbon for a sash; but if I needed it to put on sister's hat, I'm sure you'd return it with thanks, wouldn't you? Didn't I make your winter hat nice, Susana? Well, I'll make you a summer one just as pretty. Oh, do you think it's time for my medicine, again? So it is, thank you, Susana. It's the white bottle this time but I've got to put the glass in my mouth first."

She searched among the things on her table, found a tiny leather case and took from it a little thermometer. "You'll 'scuse me if I don't talk for a while, Susana," she said, lying down again, "if I talk while the glass is in my mouth, I might bite it in two."

Susana looked as strangely wondering as ever while the child lay with the little crystal tube in her mouth. At last the little girl sat up, took the thermometer from under her tongue, and looked at its register. "99," she announced. "You see the fever's going down, Susana. It was 100 yesterday. Now wait till I write it down."

She took down a card that was suspended at the head of the bed; it was nearly covered with figures. Glancing at a small traveling clock, the child wrote, under the word Time, "12 M." and under the word Temperature, "99," There was a long row of figures above these. "Just look, Susana, how fast I'm getting well," she cried joyfully, "yesterday, 100, the day before 100½; Thursday, 102; and last Sunday, 104! It was good sister didn't have to go to her painting that day, wasn't it? You must have been sick too, Susana, for you lay in bed all day.

The doll continued to stare; the child rolled out her ribbons and concocted "fantasies." "Oh, Susana, I know what I can do," she exclaimed. She paused and looked at the tiny dressing-table. "Wish you'd hand me that package in the left hand drawer, Susana," but Susana did not move. "Well, I think you're very accommodation-less," declared the child, "I'd wait on you, if you were sick and you know sister told me not to get up."

At this moment, a step sounded close to the door without. "Wait a moment, Susana," ordered the child-elder, "the concierge is coming with my breakfast."

Susana thus excused might have looked relieved at not being obliged to do what she could not do; but she maintained an unchanging expression.

The door opening admitted a tall—wooden doll! At least, she looked like an old-fashioned wooden doll, so black was her hair, so bright and lashless were her eyes, so red were the two spots on her cheeks and her smiling lips. In her hands she bore a tray, upon which a little meal was set forth; so she was evidently a living woman.

"Ah, *petite, comment va tu?*" she began.

"Oh, very well, I thank you," answered the child in French, "and you, madame?"

"I, yes, I am well," the woman replied cheerily, "*voila,*" she set the tray down, "you can eat a little, is it not? Some nice broth and some sweetened milk and if you are really better a fresh egg, *voila!*"

The child received the tray upon her lap which she had emptied of ribbons and playthings. "Oh! what a nice breakfast," she exclaimed, "I thank you, madame."

"It is nothing," answered the concierge, watching the child. "So you have been busy there with your playthings. What is it now, what great work is that?" pointing to the ribbons.

"Fantasies," said the child adopting the French word for what the Yankees call "notions." "I am going to make my sister an Easter gift."

"Well now, that is brave," said the woman, "*un petit cadeau de Paques?* well, well,—and what is it to be?"

"If you will be good enough to open that drawer on the left, madame, and give me a little parcel from it, I will have the pleasure of showing you, and will you not sit down, madame?"

The concierge handed out the parcel that Susana had been asked for. No doubt it made Susana ashamed to see another do what she had been disobliging about. The child opened the package and displayed a doll's hat. The concierge took it upon her fat forefinger and turned it about admiringly. "Truly, it is a marvel," she declared.

The child explained what she wished to do for sister.

"*Ah, quelle brave enfante!*" exclaimed the concierge turning her eyes up to the ceiling, "but what courage, *petite!* Is it not too much work for a little sick girl?"

"O, no, madame, I can make Susana a hat in one afternoon; sister's would be only much bigger. I can make it if you will do me a favor, madame."

"But, of course, *petite,* that goes without saying."

The child drew forth from under her pillow, a little leather pocket. She opened and looked into it thoughtfully fingering some coins. "This is my New Year's gift," she explained, holding up three one franc pieces. "I was going to the *cirque* and take sister and buy chocolates to eat there; but I can't go to the *cirque* when I am sick, can I?"

"Of course, that is plain," the concierge agreed, "and besides it is Lent now; a good little girl does not go to the *cirque* in Lent, does she?"

The little child looked dubious. "She might," came the reply, "on the feast days, you know—one may go to things on feast days in Lent—no?"

"Hear the child's wisdom!" laughed the woman, "but yes, one may go on a feast day—what then?"

"Still," sighed the child, "it will be better for sister to have the new hat, so, madame, will you have the kindness when you go out, to buy the hat shape that is the prettiest of all? How much will a shape cost?"

"Eh?" said the concierge looking at the money, "I don't know, a franc or two, not more."

The child's hand extended to her the three francs. "Then buy me one if you please," she said; "and the rest—for you madame, thank you."

The hand of the concierge closed quickly over the coins and she said with a grand air, "*Bien,* mad'moiselle." A little girl could feel very proud at hearing an imposing concierge call her "mad'moiselle."

"Well then, I shall set about it at once," bustled the woman gathering up the traythings. "Ah, but it is a brave child! *Tiens, petite,* I shall find the best hat form in all Paris." She went out laughing.

When the door closed, the child turned to Susana. The doll stared. "Well, Susana, wasn't it right to give her that tip? Every one in Paris expects a tip and you and I can do without chocolates as well as not, can't we? Let's not think about them, Susana."

Susana was evidently quite willing to be guided by her elders and she was very busy obeying them, when again a footstep sounded without and a knock was followed by the re-entrance of the concierge. She was accompanied by a dark, bright, little, young woman.

"*Tiens, petite,*" she began, "here is Mad'moiselle Antoinette, who comes to see your doll hat. Show it to her; she will tell you wisely."

The child took the little hat from Susana's yellow head where she had placed it and held it out timidly. It was a dainty thing, all ribbons deftly twisted into bows and tiny flowers a-tremble.

"Parbleu! mais c'est joli, c'est chic!" exclaimed the French girl.

"Is it not?" demanded the concierge twirling the hat about on her fat finger, "the little one is an artist, is she not?"

Then Mad'moiselle and the concierge jabbered to each other in such incredibly fast French that the child regarded them with puckered brows and Susana stared at them in cold silence. There are some well-bred people who are never able to talk, if anyone else talks with a great deal of fuss and speed.

Presently the young woman said, *"Merci, petite,"* and ran away. The concierge proceeded to explain.

"Écoutez," she began, "Mad'moiselle Antoinette has devised a fine plan for the Easter hat. She says it will be best for you to make many little hats like this," taking up Susana's hat, "and to sell them. She thinks they will sell well at a street *magazin;* then you can gain money and with the money you can buy Mad'moiselle, your sister, *un vrai beau chapeau."*

The child listened attentively.

"You know you can find, at La Maison de Modes, yonder on the Bou'Mich, at your choice, marvelous creations for four francs, eighty centimes; or you may go Au Sabot de Venus and select what you will for four francs, fifty centimes. *Alors, petite,* here you have three francs," she laid down the money the child had given her but a short time before (at which Susana received from her young elder a shamed, conscious look). "You need only to make three francs, fifty or eighty centimes more and two hats will sell for a greater sum than that. What a merchant you will be."

The child was delighted. Perhaps the responsibility of making a real grown-up hat had oppressed her, she looked relieved and that very afternoon she made, from her scraps of silk, another dainty little chapeau. Susana looked on approvingly; the child charged her not to breathe the secret to sister and Susana obeyed; she neither breathed nor told it, even by a hint, when sister came home.

One could hear the young lady coming from the very *rez-de-chaussé.* Evidently she was running all the way up and at every few steps she gave that real American cuckoo call which delights the soul of youth wherever it may be. The child, thus warned, had time to put away her work before the door was opened and sister appeared upon the threshold. She didn't remain there long; with a cry and a rush she ran across to the bed and took the child in her arms.

"Was the day long, precious?" asked a pretty voice, "was my patient little patient lonely?" Such caresses, such dainty soft touches on the child's cheeks, such a sweet, sweet face as bent over her.

"No, not much lonely," the little one faltered," 'cause I've got the beautifullest—" she caught herself up in time. "O 'scuse me please, sister, I can't tell, it's a secret."

"Then of course you can't tell, so just shut that dear little mouth while I kiss it." A whole feast of kisses followed which Susana regarded so calmly anyone would think she was jealous. Her look was the far-reaching, over-seeing expression of the person who is making believe she doesn't care. She must have been relieved when sister left off petting the child and began to get supper.

"Can't I get up, sister?" asked the child, "the th'ometer's only 99. You said I could get up when the fever was gone."

Sister's answer was to pop the little glass tube in the child's mouth. "You smoke this crystal cigar while I set the table," she bade, and she rolled out and set the cunningest small table with the tiniest dishes; she made a fire in the diminutive grate, rolled up an arm-chair to it and spread over the seat a great traveling rug. "There now," and she took the tube from under the small red tongue of the small girl. "Oh, we are getting on," she announced, "we may get up to our supper when we have made our toilette." At which the child clapped her hands. Then sister said:

"Sh-h! Have a care, mam'selle, this private sanatorium *au sixieme of No. 21 Rue de les Joujoux,*—arrondissement of the city of Paris, in the Republic of France, can not afford to lose its reputation through a mere imprudence. You must submit to treatment yet a few days longer and at your own cost or you can not receive a proper certificate of discharge."

"O, *bien*, Mad'moiselle," agreed the child laughing. Then the toilette was performed and soon a fresh, fair, little convalescent was sitting wrapped up before the fire making toast, while sister made the bed, whisked things about, and with a curtain and a screen turned the place into a dainty little boudoir, where the sisters could enjoy their simple evening meal after their busy day. The hands of the young woman performed as easily the duties of nurse and housekeeper as they did the work of a student, toiling with brush and pencil.

Susana, in discreet silence, watched her elders eat. She herself was above such things as food. All the talk about the garlic, the oil, the wretched cooking in foreign places, was scornfully ignored by Susana. It was a subject interesting only to mankind or brutes; gods, demons and dolls were not dependent upon it. Susana looked very wise all the evening and when, once or twice, the child nearly told the secret of the Easter gift, it was the glance at Susana that prevented her.

Next day, when sister had departed as usual for the *école*, and the child, ordered still to remain in bed and take her medicine, continued her millinery work, she was glad to talk again to Susana.

"You see," she said, "I should like to sell enough hats to buy sister's hat and give the *pour boire* to the concierge and to Mad'moiselle Antoinette also. It's a bother, the *pour boire*, isn't it, Susana? But it's customary; you mustn't forget it because the law says you can, for the customary and the law mean the same thing.

Susana got a good deal of instruction during the making of those hats. In the end ten were made. Sister put the thermometer in the child's mouth every morning and evening and the child put it in every noon and it recorded, at last, a normal temperature but sister said, "you must stay in a little while longer." The child did not sit in bed now, however. She was up and dressed and ready to go out the moment she would be allowed.

On Palm Sunday she had a little walk with Mr. Somebody and sister and then on Monday when sister was going away, she said the child might go to the Luxemborg Gardens when the sun shone bright. The child decided that the sun was shining bright in about ten minutes afterwards. So she got out her box of doll hats, put on her jacket and hood and ran down stairs to the concierge. The concierge looked so surprised to see her that the child was obliged to remind the woman of the great occasion.

"Oh, you are ready to sell the doll hats? But Mad'moiselle isn't here.

"But I can take them to her," the child insinuated timidly.

"Attendez, petite," the voice of the concierge seemed to promise something it would presently deny, "a little girl, a demoiselle, must not go alone to sell things. If you go alone on the street you are no more a little lady, you had better wait for Mad'moiselle."

"I can be a lady whatever I do," said the child, lifting her chin.

"Eh, well," said the concierge, "I can't be bothered now, come back when Mad'moiselle arrives for breakfast."

The child went slowly up stairs. There were tears in her eyes. Of course Susana stared at the tears and then the child had to explain. "It's because I haven't given her the *pour boire*," she explained.

When the clock struck twelve, the hour when nobody goes anywhere because everybody is ready for *dejeuner;* the child stole down stairs and peered out across the courtyard. Nobody was in sight; she ventured to the great front door to look down the street, and there ran into Mad'moiselle, who came frisking in. The young woman nearly knocked down the child.

"Eh, presto," she cried, "is it battledore and shuttle-cock?" Evidently she didn't recognize the little hat-maker. The concierge opened the door quickly and the two disappeared.

The child waited. At first she sat hidden on the stairs; but that was a cold place; then she went into the courtyard where the sun fell warmly. The concierge could see her from the glass office where she sat taking her breakfast with Mad'moiselle. At last the door was opened; the concierge called, but the child did not run, she walked gravely.

"So you are ready to go into trade?" said Mad'moiselle, smiling.

"Yes, if you please," answered the child.

"It seems it is to be as you please,—you won't trust me."

"Oh, Mad'moiselle!" exclaimed the child. It was the only possible answer when the question would not bear "yes." Mad'moiselle laughed.

"Do you think you could trust me with one hat till to-morrow? I must show a sample if I am to find a place for sale."

The child parted with one of the beauties without question. The next day she went again to see Mad'moiselle at the breakfast hour. The young woman did not joke this time. She brought excellent news. The child might exhibit the doll hats at a street stall along the Luxemborg Gardens, she would know the place by the big man who was its *proprietair*. It was a fine stand, the hats would surely be seen. In return for the privilege of offering them there, she was to speak English, if the big man needed her to; a good many English and American tourists went in and out of the Gardens, there might be a brisk trade; she might go to-morrow.

Accordingly on the morrow the child sallied forth not long after sister had departed. It was a sunny day and she went joyously along the crowded streets. She found the stall, a long counter out in the open street. It was filled with all sorts of cheap things to attract attention. The child went up to the big man.

"If you please Monsieur," she said, "Mad'moiselle told me you would allow me to sell my doll hats here."

"Doll hats," growled the big man, "what doll hats? What Mad'moiselle?"

The child uncovered the hats and explained further. "But Mad'moiselle said it was a young American girl who would speak English for me. You talk like a French girl—I don't want a French girl at my stall, it's an American I want who will draw trade."

The child asserted that she was an American; her voice shook very much and her hands trembled, but she kept on.

"Take off your bonnet," commanded the big man. The child took off her little hood; the sun shone on her fair, fine hair and delicate pale face. "Ah," said the big man, *"c'est une veritable demoiselle!* Well then, open your box; display your hats. If you bring me any trade, I charge you nothing; if I bring you trade, you pay me a fifth. Is it understood?"

The child thought a moment—she had studied fractions; she made a small calculation, then nodded. She arranged the hats. Soon the display attracted a crowd. Many came to look at the "creations" but nobody bought. All the afternoon the delicate fair child sat or stood watching her wares; but they remained unsold. Several people came to look at the hats, but refused them, attracted by some gewgaw of the big man's; he sold many times to the child's invited customers.

At last when the church bells struck five, the child began to put her hats back into the box. She looked very sad. At that moment, two ladies came slowly along the stall, examining this or that. When they saw the doll hats they exclaimed:

"Oh, we must take one home to each of the children!"

But when they had heard the price, they held up their hands. "Ah, you have St. Honoré prices here, have you? Give them for eighty centimes and we'll take them."

The child shook her head. *"C'est prix fixe, mesdames,"* she said, upon which they went away. But presently they came back. "It's exorbitant," they declared, "but we want them very much. Can't you take less?"

The child shook her head, repeating, *"Prix fixe, mesdames."*

"Well, let us see them," the ladies demanded.

The child uncovered the hats again; the ladies, after many changes of mind and repeated requests for a lower price, selected two "creations," paid for them and were gone before the child realized her good fortune. The money in her hand brought her to consciousness. Why, already she had enough to buy the hat, the Easter gift for sister. Three francs at home, and this made five francs, fifty. But,—in selling her wares she had gone into debt; there were still the tips that would be expected and there was the commission to the big man. A fifth, he had said. A fifth of this one sale was fifty centimes. But perhaps she would sell more. It could not be to-day, however. Sister would be going home and she must run quickly. She paid the big man his share, told him she would come to-morrow and ran off.

Sister only knew that a very tired little girl was waiting for her when she got home. Kisses, caresses, wholesome food, a dreamless night's sleep and the child was ready for another day. But she did not go so early as she had started yesterday. "You see, Susana," she explained, "there's more trade in the afternoon, and I shall take you with me to show off my hats. You must do your best to sell them."

That day there were three hats sold. Susana certainly did her part; you would have thought she was a lay figure, so quietly did she pose; and she never offered to run away from her elders, though she did not talk to any of them. Eight francs were in the coffer at home when the big man had been paid.

But when Good Friday came there were still five hats to sell, and the day was a bad one for business. At four o'clock not a customer had been found for a hat. The child sighed; she remarked to Susana that selling hats makes your legs ache. Just then the big man called the child to speak English to some customers. She had spoken for many that day. This time she went reluctantly. As she moved towards a group of people she heard one of them say:

"What a lovely child, she can't belong to that big man! Who is she?"

"Mary at school," some answered, "she would do for the model for a picture," remarked another.

Everyone fell to asking questions which the child translated for them. They bought much of the big man, odds and ends of stuffs and trinkets and strange dingy objects. The child had heard the big man ask other people far different prices from those he now asked; he had added many centimes and even a franc or more to some articles. When she translated for these customers she told them that the prices were not always the same with the big man. "Ah," said one of the ladies, "he asks more than he asks of others?" The child admitted that he did; this was not fair dealing. Then the ladies speedily brought their trading talents to bear on the big man. In the end they bought many francs worth but each article was at its proper figure.

"And what are these?" they asked, seeing the doll hats, "are they models for orders?" The child told them. "So you've sold five? Well, what will you take for the rest?"

"It is a fixed price, Madame, one franc, twenty-five each," the child said.

"But come now," teased another lady, "you've been telling us that the other prices were too high, then these must be so likewise." The lady looked at the child keenly. The child returned the look. Suddenly the delicate face broke into smiles, the small nose tilted up with the mirth of the lips.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a gentleman on the outskirts of the party, "she sees a joke,—she must be an American."

"Yes, I am," said the child simply.

Then a hurrah went up. "We'll buy the whole outfit," cried the gentleman, "and I wish we could buy the seller, too."

The child was grave again. She sold, with great dignity, the five hats. There were five different ladies so they must each be going to take one to some little girl. She changed the gentleman's ten franc piece and wished the party adieu with great formality.

To give the big man his one franc, twenty-five commission, to take Susana and start home, was a moment's work. As she entered the courtyard, the concierge came out. "Well, and what luck?" she asked cheerily.

"See, madame, all are sold," cried the child, "and for you *un petit honoraire.*" The little hand held out a two franc piece to the large hand whose soiled digits closed quickly over the money. The woman laughed as the child ran up stairs. Later she said "but that child has the grand air and she does not forget a favor."

Sister wondered much over the fatigue of the little one who, these spring nights, seemed to fall asleep before she could go from her supper to her bed. She charged the child to be much in the sunshine out of doors next day and went off promising her a real holiday for Easter Sunday.

And sister should have a holiday too, the child told Susana and such a hat as she would have to wear! It was a very busy day. First Mad'moiselle had to be found and presented with a franc for her part in the great business affair, for having done no less than suggest to the concierge who suggested to the child that such a wonderful sale could be made. Then, her debts which had consumed more than a third of her gains, disposed of, she set out with the remainder to buy the hat.

It was a most important business. Up and down streets and boulevards went the solitary little figure. The child told Susana that she must look everywhere before selecting; there must be no mistake. It was weary work. Paris salespeople, never too polite, were cross and rude to the little girl; the streets were densely crowded; everyone was in a hurry; there seemed to be neither time nor room to give to little people. If Susana had not been with her, the child would have been discouraged. "It is harder than making hats or selling them, Susana," said the little shopper.

Finally the choice was made, not to get rid of it, but because the very prettiest hat had been found, a little brown chiffon toque with cherry blossoms and leaves. It cost the maximum price, four francs, eighty centimes! Then, there must be a pair of gloves to complete the freshness of a toilette that permitted the wearing of the toque. These took two and a half francs more. By this time, although fatigue was intense, joy had triumphed. The wished-for hat, was hugged to a happy heart, but hugged carefully—it must not be spoiled by admiration.

One more franc, a tenth of her possession, must be kept for an Easter offering which, this time should go into the hand of the first little girl beggar to be seen on Easter day. With the remaining amount the child bought a lovely potted plant, and a tiny nosegay—"for Mr. Somebody's boutonniere"—she told Susana.

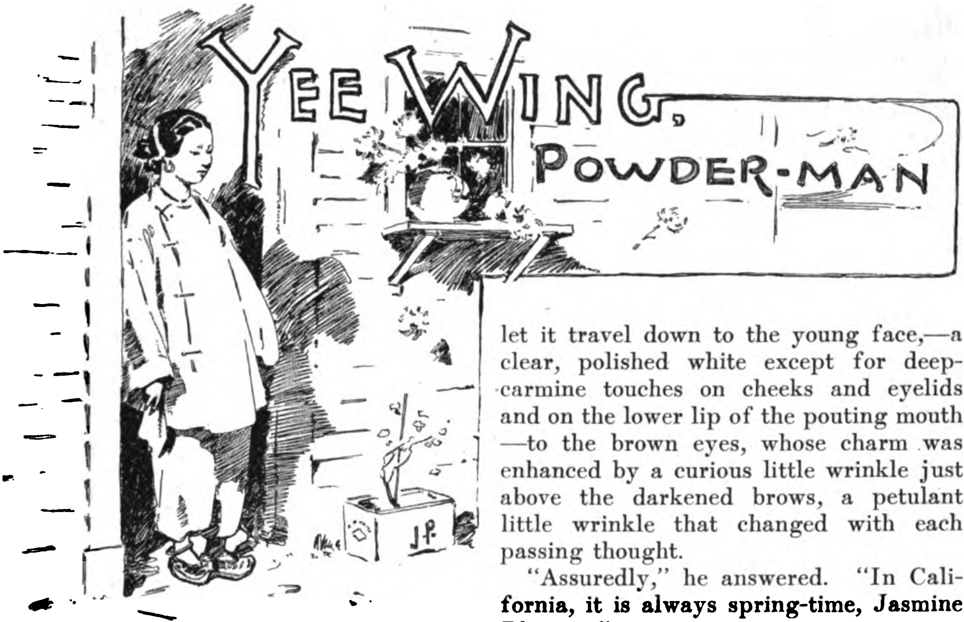
If it was a very tired child who went early to bed on Easter even, it was a radiant child who opened her eyes to the sunshine on Easter morning. Sister, with a rose in her hand, was standing smiling at her. Then came the concierge, bringing up the flowering plant and the hatbox with compliments for Mad'moiselle, the artiste, and exciting questions and wonders as to the sender until the concierge laughing immoderately revealed the secret. What a tale there was to tell then! The hat, tried on, proved the most becoming of all hats.

"And my little sister got it for me!" cried sister with happy wet eyes. "And she's done more. It must have been she whom a gentleman saw selling things at the stall of a big man near the Luxemborg, and who I am to find and make a sketch of. Little one, you've brought me my first order for a picture!"

And it was a wonderful picture. From that Easter day when sister wore her new hat and gloves while she walked in the Elysian Fields with the child and Mr. Somebody, whose boutonniere was most proudly displayed on his black coat, on through the long months that followed, the picture grew. At last it was finished. One day sister wept over it and sent it away. But there came a later day, when she cried and laughed all together, and kissed the child many times and then took her away to see the picture hanging among a great many other pictures about which people were talking a great deal.

Susana heard all about it when the child came home.

"You must 'scuse me for not taking you, Susana, but you're not elder enough to go to picture galleries like that one. Sister's picture looks just the same as it did when it went away, and you and I don't need to see it, for we remember quite well all about the big man and the hats we sold. I shouldn't think sister'd have wanted to paint that. It's like telling a secret; 'cause you and me're in it, Susana. But you needn't mind; 'cause nobody'll know you, and there's another picture called 'Susana and the Elders,' that isn't a bit like you. My picture isn't like me so much either, and they haven't put my name on at all. They just said, "*Au Sabot de Venus.*" So we won't care, Susana, and the next time we make Easter hats, we'll sell 'em in our own house, won't we?"



YEE WING, POWDER-MAN

Drawings by Jules Pages

By ELEANOR GATES

Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," "The Plow Woman," etc.

I

YEE CHU, wife of Yee Wing, sank low before her husband, resting her clasped hands upon a knee. "Surely, Kwan-yin, the Merciful, has thought me deserving," she said, "for she has set me down in a place where soft winds blow unceasingly."

The Powder-man glanced out of the one window of their little home, past the pot of ragged chrysanthemums and the white-and-brown pug that held the sill. "I shall burn an offering to her," he promised gravely.

"It is so sweetly warm," she continued, rising and standing at his side; "though the new year is almost upon us. See, I have put off the band of velvet that I wear upon my head of a winter, and changed to these flower-bouquets. Esteemed, will it always be spring-time here?"

Yee Wing's face lost its expression of studied indifference. He let his look rest upon her hair, blue-black, and held at each side by a cluster of mock jewels; let it travel down to the young face,—a clear, polished white except for deep-carmine touches on cheeks and eyelids and on the lower lip of the pouting mouth—to the brown eyes, whose charm was enhanced by a curious little wrinkle just above the darkened brows, a petulant little wrinkle that changed with each passing thought.

"Assuredly," he answered. "In California, it is always spring-time, Jasmine Blossom."

Again she sank, bracelets clinking as her fingers met. "Just so it is for a good while each year on the hills of Hupeh, where dwell my illustrious pocket parents. From our hut, during the sunny days, we looked across the tea fields upon groves of bamboo, feather-topped, and rocking gently."

She stumped to the open door, balancing herself with partly outstretched arms. "Am I free to go forth to-day as yesterday?" she inquired over a shoulder. "The green invites, and there be some beautiful plants yonder, red as the face of the god of war. I can fill the pottery jar."

"Go," he bade, "but not over far, lest you tire the two lilies of gold."

She smiled back at him tenderly. "I spend my heart upon you," she said in farewell, and went balancing away.

Yee Wing watched her difficult progress across the grassy level that divided the powder-house and his own habitation from Sather, the solitary little railway station of the nearby line. "She has brought tranquility," he murmured, "Where now are the five causes of disquietude?" And he, too, smiled tenderly.

The week that followed, which was only the second of the girl-wife's residence in the new land, found the two supremely happy. They had no visitors other than the superintendent from the works at Pinole, and an expressman from Oakland, bearing an order for a keg of explosive. Yee Wing enjoyed abundant leisure, and he spent it with his bride. They puttered together about the dovecotes behind the square, black magazine; they shared the simple cares of their single room; in a comradeship as strange to their kind as was the civilization in which they had come to live; they sallied forth like two children, gathering the fragrant peony, pursuing the first butterflies.

But one morning there arrived a man of their own race. Yee Wing was lolling upon a bench, playing with the white-and-brown pug. Yee Chu, in purple trousers and cherry-hued jacket, was sitting upon a stool, the gay, tinsel rosettes over each tiny ear bobbing merrily as she finished a careful toilet. The white paste had been put on face and throat and carefully smoothed. Now, she was dyeing her long nails and rouging her palms. Of a sudden, a shadow fell across the doorway. The two looked up. Outside, staring in, was a Chinese, his round, black, highbinder hat, silk blouse and dark-blue broadcloth breeches proclaiming him above the coolie class.

"Stay within," cautioned the Powderman, in a low voice. He went out hastily, and closed the door after him.

There passed between Yee Wing and his caller none of the elaborate greetings that mark the meeting of two equals. The strange Chinese gave the other a proud nod of the kind that is fit for a foreign devil, and, with no evasiveness and something of the bluntness that characterizes the despised white, at once stated his errand.

"I come from the most worthy Bazarman, to whom you stand in debt to the measure of twenty-five dollars," he began. "I have to remind you that to-morrow is New Year's day. And for you the sun does not rise unless the sum be paid."

Yee Wing drew a startled breath. True, to-morrow would be New Year's Day! How had it come so near without his knowing? It found him without what was due. His very "face"—that precious thing, appearance,—was threatened!

"I am from the South of the Heavenly Empire," he made haste to answer, catching, as it were, at a saving device. "I am a son of Tang, therefore. Now, with us, there is a custom—"

Without explaining further, he took hold of a wooden button upon his cotton blouse and pulled it loose. Then, with profound courtesy, he tendered it to the Collector of Monies.

The latter received it with a courtesy that was feigned, withdrawing a covert glance from the partly screened window. "A son of Tang," he repeated. "There be rich men in the South. Now, perhaps your honored father—" He paused inquiringly.

Yee Wing understood. In the land of the Son of Heaven, a father is held strictly responsible for the obligations of a son. But—the province of Kwangtung was far.

"My poor but excellent father was only a dealer in salt," he said gravely. "His mound is upon a desolate stretch beside the Yang-tse." To save any questions concerning other male members of the family,—who also might be held accountable—he added, "I alone survive to feed and clothe his spirit continuously."

A baleful light shone in the slant, searching eyes, but the words of the Collector of Monies were gracious enough. "Filial piety," he observed, "has first place among the virtuous." Then, with pompous deprecation, "My humble parent is but a *kouang-fou* in the Customs Service of Shanghai."

Yee Wing lowered his own look in becoming deference. The son of a civil officer carries power.

The stranger now gave a second nod and moved away,—not, however, without again peering through the window; and soon, seated on the dummy of an electric car, he was spinning out of sight in the direction of Fruitvale.

Yee Wing watched him go, then hastily entered the house. Fireworks, for the frightening away of evil spirits, might not be exploded near the powder. So he sought for a tiny gong and beat it roundly.

"I like not that man's countenance," he told Yee Chu. "Did you note how he spied upon the place? He is of the sort that would steal food like a dog."

Saying which, the Powder-man beat his gong more loudly than before, and burned at the entrance to his home handful upon handful of propitiatory paper.

II

Tau Lot, Bazar-man, sat behind a little counter of polished ebony. His were the calm, unmoved—and fat—face and the quick, shifting eye of the born speculator; his, the smooth, long-nailed hands that do no labor, and that were now toying with one of the Nine Classics. On his head rested a tasseled cap. His jacket was of Shang-tung silk, dyed purple. His breeches were of dark crape, tied down upon socks spotlessly white. The shoes that rested upon the middle rung of his stool were of velvet and embroidered.

The Dupont street shop was small, but it held a bewildering mass of merchandise. Silk rolls, matting, bronzes, porcelain, brass, carved furniture, lacquered-ware, Chinese fans made in Japan, imported purses worked within a stone's throw of the store, devil masks, dolls and gowns—gowns of brocade; gowns of plain silk, quilted in finest lines and herring-bone rays and bordered with figured-ribbon bands; gowns of embroidered satin,—mulberry-red wrought with sprigs and circles of flowers, green, with gold thread tracings, black, with silver cranes winging across. Yet though the store was small, and choked to the lantern-hung ceiling, the clerks were many. Some were ranged behind the row of shining glass cases, others lounged in a group near the rear room entrance. There were honorable younger brothers here, and honorable cousins, but not one of a different blood. For Tau Lot thought well of the ancient proverb: *When the fire is lighted, all the family should be kept warm.*

Outside the bazar was the tall, upright beckoning-board with its heavy gold characters on a vermilion ground. A Chinese now halted beside it, and glanced casually up and down the street. Then he came through the door, examining a box of sandal-wood just within the entrance, leaning over some silk handkerchiefs at the counter-end. Presently he advanced to the ebony counter.

"Your trifling servant salutes you, Illustrious," he said.

The Bazar-man scowled. Two hours had he given up to business—two hours of the three spent so daily. Soon he would return to the dreams and sleep of the enslaving pipe. And what babble had Chow Loo to say?

"Welcome," he returned. "Too long you have deprived me of your instructive speech."

"My speech is but a breath in my neighbor's face. Will the Most Noble not lighten the hour with his voice?"

A party of women tourists came crowding in at that moment, picking at everything not under cover, pulling at the hanging gowns on the wall, stretching to see what was behind the cases. Tau Lot looked them over,—there were five—mentally tagging them with price-marks. The old woman was not worth her keep, the next younger little more, the two thin ones perhaps four hundred—."

"But the round one," said Chow Loo, keen to see what the Bazar-man was thinking.

"Eight hundred, truly," and the tasseled cap was gravely wagged.

"So I think, though her feet be as big as the feet of a Tartar woman." They surveyed the attractive young lady with the judgment of merchants both.

"It nears the time for my going," said Tau Lot, his Oriental dislike of coming to the point in business overweighed by the dread of wasting time that belonged to the pipe. "So what of the collect to-day?"

Chow Loo ran a hand into the pocket of his blue broadcloth breeches. "From Berkeley, where I led my contemptible way, eighteen dollars,—so much owed the washer of clothes. From Oakland, six, and the vender of vegetables sends his lowly greeting. But the Powder-man at Sather was as naked of coin as a robber. See—here is only a button from his coat!"

"The debt is owed since the Ninth Moon."

"So I said—Yes, the round one would be worth fully eight hundred." The attractive young lady had come closer, anxious for a near view of the Bazar-man. A clerk accompanied her, advancing at the farther side of the counter as she advanced, but taking no trouble to display his wares.

"So I said," repeated the Collector of Monies. Then, with a meaning glance at the Bazar-man, for an honorable younger brother was at the latter's elbow. "But though he is so miserably poor, he grows a rose,—one more beautiful than a man of his rank should have. In your crowded garden is there room for another such?"

Instantly, Tau Lot's slant eyes narrowed in their slits, his ponderous body lost its attitude of indolence. He stepped down from his stool with alacrity. "You will have a taste of steamed rice," he said,—"rice savored with salt fish—and a cup of hot samschu at my despicable board." And he led the way to the rear room.

The Collector of Monies followed, and the two seated themselves at a table, where a servant brought food and rice-wine. And here, nose to nose, they chattered low, gesticulated, haggled.

"How far is it to Sather?" asked the Bazar-man.

"Near to thirty *li*. One can reach there in an hour." The Collector of Monies proudly displayed a large, nickel-plated watch.

"But still—the price is too high."

"O Magnificent One! for a little-foot woman? Her dowry was at the lowest fifty taels. Doubtless, that was what beggared him. She is truly a picked beauty, a very pearl."

"It is settled then. The half will be paid when the rose is plucked, the second half when the filthy foreign police accept a commission and promise no interference."

III

At sundown, a few days later, the superintendent at Pinole heard the bell of his telephone summoning him. The receiver at his ear, he caught the petulant "Well, wait a minnit, can't y'?" of the operator and, punctuating it, a weak gasping, as if some one in agony were at the distant transmitter.

"What is it?" demanded the superintendent. "This is Bingham."

The gasping ceased. A choking voice answered him: "Yee Wing, Mista Bingham. Say, my hab got sick bludder—oh, velly sick. Must go San Flancisco heap quick. S'pose you likee, my can tell olo Chinaman flom Flootvale. He come all light."

"Yes, old Wah Lee, you mean." The superintendent knew it would be useless to try to learn the real cause of Yee Wing's sudden going or to attempt to stop him.

"Olo Wah Lee," returned the Powder-man, eagerly. "Say, Mista Bingham, I come back plitty soon. Jessie now, I wanchee know, I no lose my job?"

"No, Wing, your job's safe. You attend to that sick brother and get back as soon as you can."

"All light. Good-bye," and the receiver was hung up.

In the morning, when the superintendent reached Sather, he found Wah Lee on guard. The old Chinese substitute was stretched upon an army cot by the dove-cotes, the white-and-brown pug beside him. Yee Wing's little home was locked. Bingham shaded his eyes and looked in—upon the kitchen, dining and sleeping room in one. Cups and bowls littered the table. Clothing was tossed here and there upon benches and floor. Each drawer of a high case against the farthest wall had been jerked out and not replaced.

"Something's up," muttered the superintendent. "Well, I knew there'd be trouble when the pretty little wife came. Wah Lee, what's the matter with Yee Wing?"

"No sabe," declared the old man, and to every suggestion returned the same reply.

That day, and the six that followed, found Yee Wing in San Francisco, where he walked Chinatown continuously,—watching, watching, watching. And as he traveled, he kept his right hand tucked in his wide left sleeve, his left hand tucked in the right one.

His way led him always through squalid alleys; narrow, dark alleys, where there were no shops, and no coolies going by with heavy baskets swinging from their carrying-poles; but where, from tiny, barred windows, the faces of young Chinese girls looked out—ivory-yellow faces, wondering, wistful.

Before them, passing and repassing, his own face upturned, went Yee Wing.

The slave women gazed down at him with little interest, their dull eyes, their sullen mouths, bespeaking the spirit that is broken but still resentful. He could not call to them, could not question, for among them was surely a spy. He could only pass and repass. Then, to another dark alley, with the same barred windows, the same wistful faces. Enter one of these places, he dared not, if he hoped to live to save her. The Sam-sings guarding the slave trade—those quick-working knife-men who are as quick to get away from the "foreign devils'" police—had her under guard. He must find out where they were keeping her—then match their cunning with his own.

When the little money he had was exhausted, he visited a relative—visited him secretly, toward dawn of a morning thick with fog. For anyone who helped him, if it were known, would suffer swift and certain punishment. Here he replenished his pocket. Then, off again. He ate seldom and sparingly, he slept only in snatches, hidden away under steps or in a big, empty dry-goods box down in the wholesale section.

The end of that week saw him rattling through Burlingame and Palo Alto on his way to San José. There, in the "Garden City," three days were spent in walking and watching. Then, on to Sacramento, where, half-starved, he stumbled out of the great, roofed station, and made toward the Chinese quarter. Finally, he proceeded north to Portland.

One cold night, a fortnight after Yee Chu's disappearance, he reached San Francisco once more. It had rained in the north, and his cloth sandals were pulpy, his wadded, cotton coat was soaked. His head was unshaven, too, his queue unkempt from long neglect. He was sallow and green-hued.

But there was no surrender in the blood-shot eyes. He began again to haunt the streets of Chinatown. And, late one night, in Waverly Place, under a blowing street-lamp, he met one of the two he sought; he came face to face with the Collector of Monies.

Yee Wing's right hand was tucked in his left sleeve, his left hand in the right one. The Collector of Monies had reached to a hind pocket of the blue broadcloth trousers. But across the grimy court, in the light of a second lamp, a uniformed figure was idling and swinging a heavy club to and fro on a thong. His eye was upon them.

They stopped short, each alert. The face of the Collector of Monies was placid, though he marked the bulging sleeves of the Powder-man. Yee Wing was, outwardly, calm too. But his thin upper lip, upon which grew a few straggling hairs, twitched uncontrolably.

"Where is she hidden?" he demanded.

The other snorted. "She is worth little," he said by way of answer. "She weeps too much."

The bulge within the sleeves moved. Yee Wing would have slain then,—but what help could he give her from a cell of the city prison? He kept himself in control.

"The Supreme Lord of Heaven," he said, "pities even the mothers of thieves and harlots. He will pity her, though she be defiled. But you—you—vile scurf of lepers—shall die by a thousand cuts."

The uniformed figure stepped toward them. At this, the Collector of Monies took his leave, backing away from Yee Wing with such ceremony that his face was still presented when a corner was passed.

Blind with rage and grief, the Powder-man all unconsciously made his way to Commercial street. There, in front of a poultry store, he dropped down to a seat on the curb's edge. She was in San Francisco! And he was so contemptibly weak that the slave society—the despised *hoey*—did not even take the pains to deny it to him; even mocked him with her weeping! His Jasmine Blossom!

His ear was caught by the sound of a petulant squealing. Across the street was a Chinese, writhing against the iron door of a well-lighted building. For all the distance, Yee Wing could see that his face was ghastly. With a twist of the body, the Powder-man struggled up. Here, to his hand, was a key with which he could unlock the way!

He hurried over and, as the squirming, loose-jointed figure lurched violently to one side, righted it firmly. Then, supporting the stranger, directed their course from that thoroughfare to another.

Presently, the pair entered a shop. It was one of the manufacturing variety, being filled with sewing-machines before which — though the night was far advanced—sat their busy operators, at work upon loose, lacey garments of silk and muslin. Yee Wing and his charge passed through this outer room and into a small, darkened one behind.

After a short stay, they came forth again, the Powder-man leading. An incredible change had come over the strange Chinese. His eyes were wide and lustrous, he stepped alertly. The two, going single file, after the manner of the Oriental, left the shop and walked rapidly to a nearby square. There, in the shadow of the shaft of the Golden Ship, they sat down, side by side.

"This is my desire," began Yee Wing,—"you shall find for me a certain woman." And here, with the indifference, apparently, of a dealer in flesh, he described Yee Chu. "You can not mistake her," he declared. "When your work is finished, leave word for me with the garment-maker that the wooden candlestick is mended. Meanwhile, he will serve your needs."

Three days, and the message of the mended candlestick was left. That night, in the shadow of the monument, the opium fiend disclosed to Yee Wing the prison place of his wife.

The Powder-man took his hands from his wide sleeves. Then, on swift foot, he made off to the great, stone *yamen* of the police.

"Plenty piecee bad man hab got my wife," he told the head man.

"Chinks?" asked the "foreign devil."

"Yessee."

"Then w'y doan yez jerk out their pigtails?" the other demanded,—but not unkindly, for the thin face and the strained eyes made him conscious of something like pity.

Yee Wing told his story, in the best pidgin-English he could command.

That same night, a gong-wagon came rattling its way into Chinatown. The Sam Sings who lounged at corners here and there watched its progress with unconcern. The wagon was an hourly visitor, since here, hutched with the careless Oriental, and out of the sight of the clean, was the city's scum—criminal and unfortunate together.

But all of a sudden there was the sound of sandaled feet on the run, for the out-post men were scattering to cover. The patrol had turned into a certain squalid alley, had stopped before a certain door, above which—black Chinese characters on a scarlet ground—was pasted the legend:

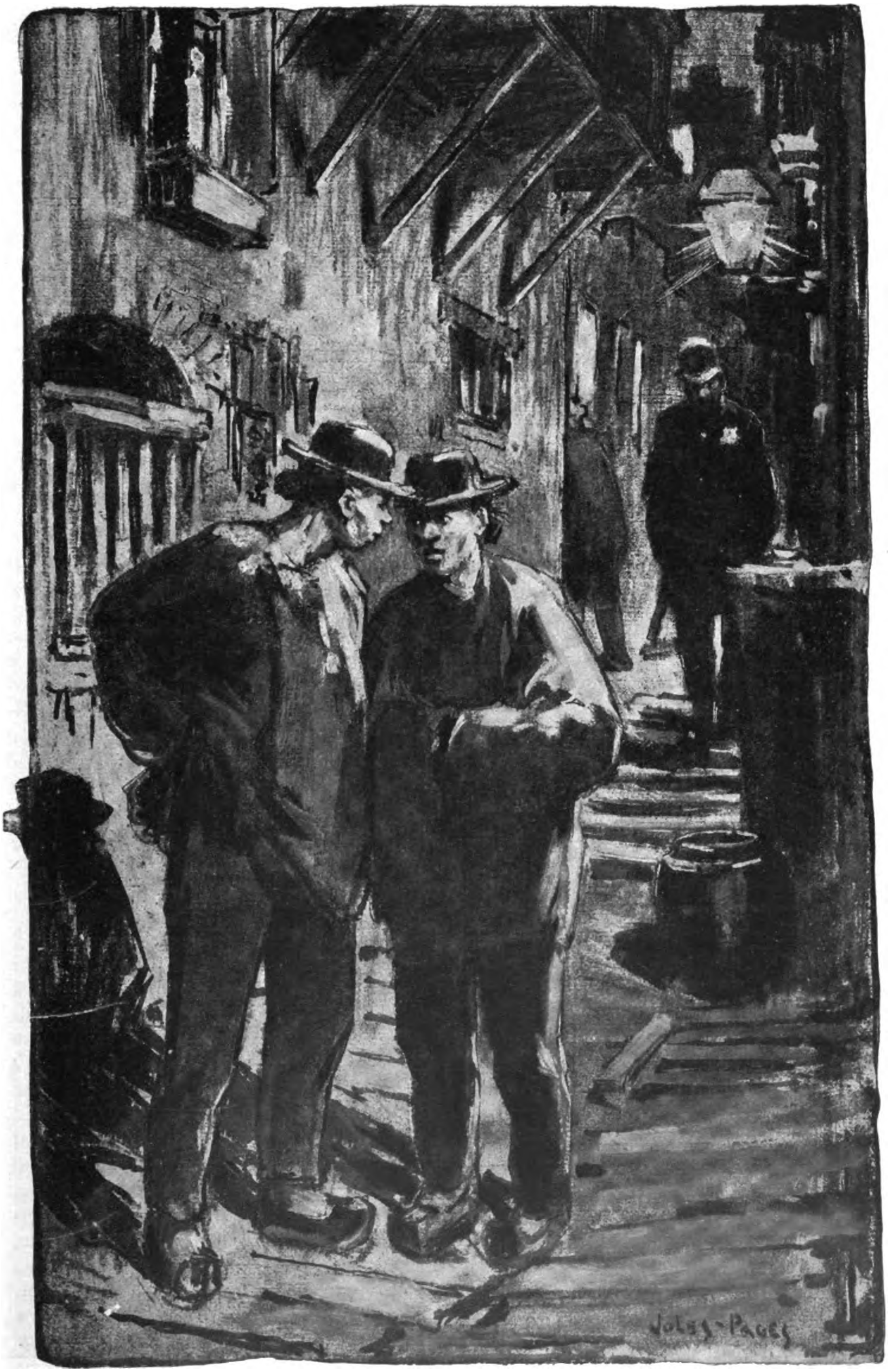
THE MOONLIGHT RESTS IN WHITE
PURITY UPON THE GARDEN OF ROSES

And out of the patrol, axe and pistol in hand, had tumbled a half-dozen stalwart officers,—after them, Yee Wing.

There were shrill, warning cries from the street. Shriller cries—the cries of panic-stricken women—answered from the tiny, barred windows above the entrance door. Then, interspersed with lusty Celtic commands, sounded the ring of the axe.

One, two, three minutes—and the bluecoats burst their way through the bolted doors and into the main room of the den. Under them, over them, on either hand, they caught the noise of hurried flight, a frightened rat-like scurrying. Before them was a room dim-lit and heavy with the odor of opium and incense. Dirty cushions were thrown about. Stools and tables were overturned. To one side lay a three-stringed banjo. The occupants had fled.

Not all. Past the cluster of white men sprang Yee Wing, across the dark room, to a little huddled heap on the floor


Jules-Pages

They stopped short—each alert

beyond. It was she, still wearing the loose, purple trousers and the cherry-hued jacket. Upon the jacket, circling a bony handle thrust upright, was a growing stain—deeper than cherry hue.

The officers rushed on, doubly eager to track down, now that there had been a murder. One stayed a moment and would have drawn the weapon from Yee Chu's breast, but Yee Wing would not let him. With it would go out the last spark of her life.

Alone together, the Powder-man did not sink beside his wife. His face did not show either grief or anger. He only looked at her, his hands hanging loosely at his sides.

Her eyes opened, she saw him, and smiled faintly. "Esteemed," she whispered, "Esteemed, it is the time of the tea-harvest!"

He knew that she was thinking of the hills of Hupeh. "Ah, Jasmine Blossom," he answered, "graceful as a leaf and as sweetly scented."

She smiled again. "Possessor of All the Virtues,"—her voice was so low he could scarcely hear—"but I am heavily sick. Forgive me that I can not live to be the mother of your first-born." And, with that, her eyelids drooped.

They came back into the room then, empty-handed. Quietly, sadly, they gathered about the two.

Yee Wing looked around the circle. He spoke no word, but there was a terrible light in his bloodshot eyes. Then, he turned about and went down the stairway. Again, his right hand was in his wide left sleeve, his left hand in the right one.

IV

The Collector of Monies, making leisurely toward his favorite barber-shop, was conscious of a figure—almost a shadow, so uncertain was it—that appeared and disappeared behind him. He stopped every few feet to look over his shoulder. But, through the ever moving procession of the pavement, he could see no one that seemed to be following.

At the barber-shop, he took a stool lazily. First, a square napkin dipped in hot water freshened face and palms; next, a few hairs were pulled from his jowl, and the ear-spoon was wielded. Then, he composed himself for a head-shave. The razoring begun, he watched a group of gaudily dressed children, shouting and gamboling before the door, and as he watched he fingered a long-stemmed pipe, caressing its ivory mouthpiece with his lip.

Of a sudden, through the group of children, to the great brass bowl at the shop entrance, came a figure. Its dress was ragged and dirty, its queue unkempt. Its right hand was thrust in a wide left sleeve, the left hand in the right one.

As Chow Loo looked, the right hand was drawn from the sleeve and extended toward him. Between two bloodshot eyes was the black bore of a revolver.

Careless of the razor, he sprang up, the keen blade taking him in the scalp. But even as he leaped, came the bullet—straight to the mark.

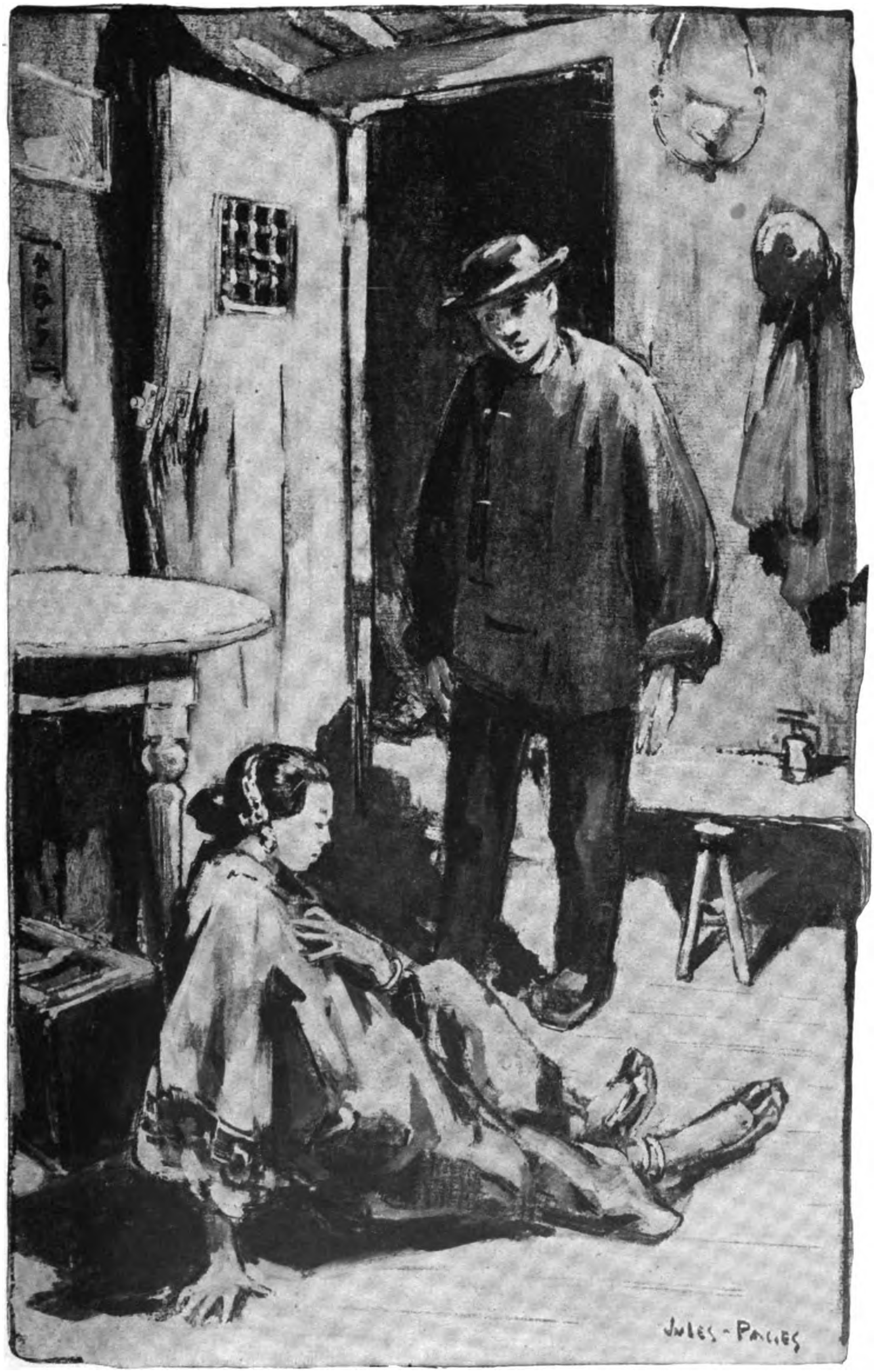
A hue and cry arose, there was a great running, and gathering, a medley of questions, a medley of answers, the jostling and the commands of uniformed "foreign devils." Chow Loo tottered forward, and dropped beside the great brass bowl. And there, gazing fixedly up at a lantern that was swinging gently to and fro above the door, the life of the Collector of Monies went out of him.

V

When Yee Wing arrived at Sather, he found Wah Lee lying in a strip of shade behind the dove-cotes. The old man got up at once, relinquished a key, folded a few belongings into a handkerchief and departed, down the road to Fruitvale.

The Powder-man looked dumbly about him, at the little home, the black-walled magazine, the grassy level surrounding. Upon the green, the dark-red peonies were nodding; across it fared the butterflies.

For a long time, he stood. Then, slowly, he went apart and sat down in a place where he could command every approach. Here, hour by hour, he stayed —waiting. Twilight came on. He arose,


JULES - PAGES

—*the Powder-man . . . looked at her, his hands hanging loosely at his sides* approached the door of his little home, unlocked it, and entered. A silken garment lay close to the sill. He took it up, smoothing it with a gentle hand. At last, he laid it down. His eye rested upon a photograph that lay among the cups and bowls on the table. He lifted it tenderly, carried it to the chest of drawers and set it upon end. Before it, in a bronze cup of ashes, he put a lighted incense stick.

He leaned against the drawer chest, his forehead upon a hand. "Mother of the unborn that were to worship my bones!" he faltered.

By now, the twilight had deepened into night. Down the highway leading to Fruitvale, he heard the barking of a dog. He stole to the window and sat down, a revolver upon his knee.

The dog quieted. A quarter of an hour passed. Then, from the other side, toward Haywards, a second barking. He stepped outside, keeping close to the house. Behind it, among the dove-cotes, he halted, peering to every side.

A space of time went by. Then, across the level from the railway, three shadows!

Yee Wing sank down and crept noiselessly to the door of the magazine, opened it, and stood just within the black entrance.

The three shadows were nearer now, but motionless.

Yee Wing called out: "Come, honorable brothers, come. Why wait you yonder?"

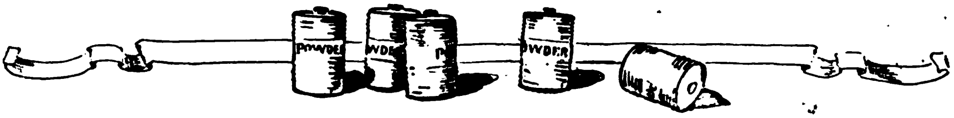
The shadows moved, but there was no answer. They separated. One came forward under cover of the house; one turned to the right; one to the left.

"Come, brothers, come," called Yee Wing, again. His voice was light and mocking. "The spoil is large. You shall take all my possessions with you—this time."

The three stopped short. Then, as one, they turned, fleeing.

Too late! Yee Wing stepped back into the magazine—a match sputtered up—

The night was split by a great burst of thunder. It went resounding across the salt flats to Alameda, across the bay to the City beside the Gate, it was beaten back by the brown Piedmont hills. And with it, as the earth quaked to the sound, the souls of three Sam Sings, and of Yee Wing, Powder-man, went forth to join the souls of their ancestors.



A MAY DAY VISION

By Mira Abbott Maclay

As I plucked violets of May
I met myself of yesterday,
And startled with a sad surprise
As there laughed back into my eyes
A blithe maid gay of heart.

She lightly turned with swaying grace
Nor glanced again at my wan face,
How could she know, that maiden fair,
The silent woman standing there,
Care-worn, in tears, apart?

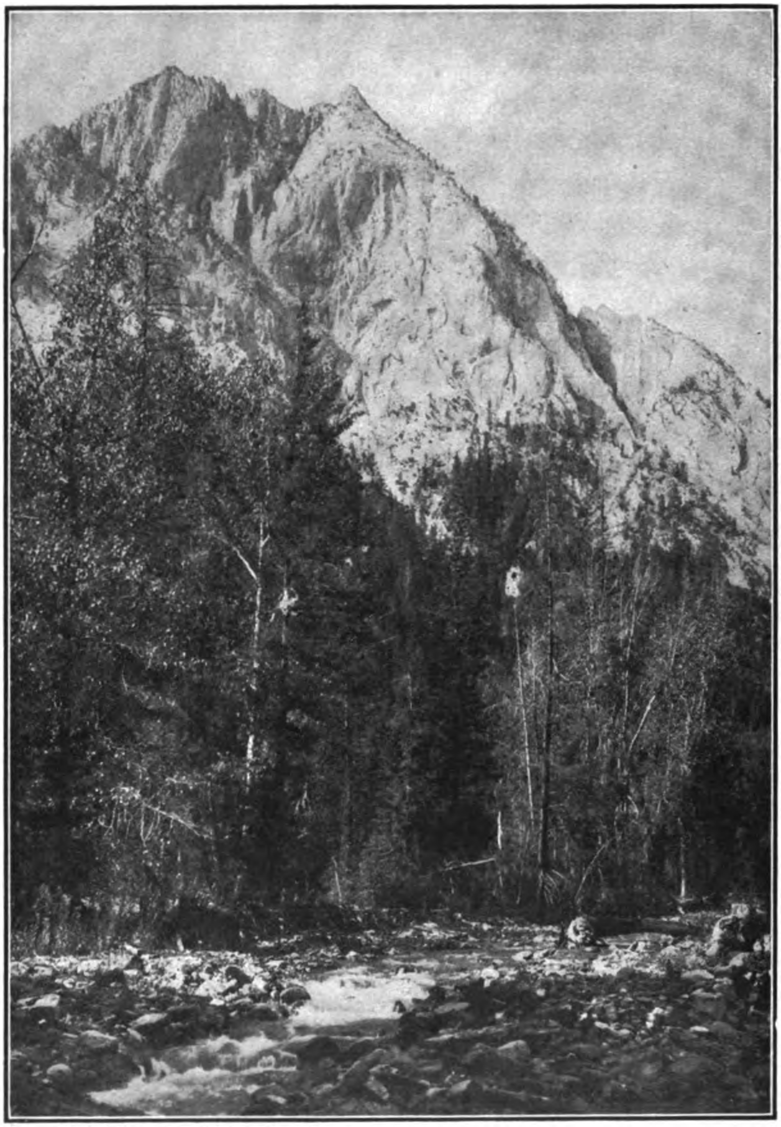
EAGLE CHIEF FROM THE NORTH, HEADWATERS OF THE WALLOWA RIVER

AROUND EAGLE CHIEF

THE WONDERLAND SCENIC AND SPORTSMAN COUNTRY OF THREE BIG COUNTIES OF OREGON

By W. C. Cowgill

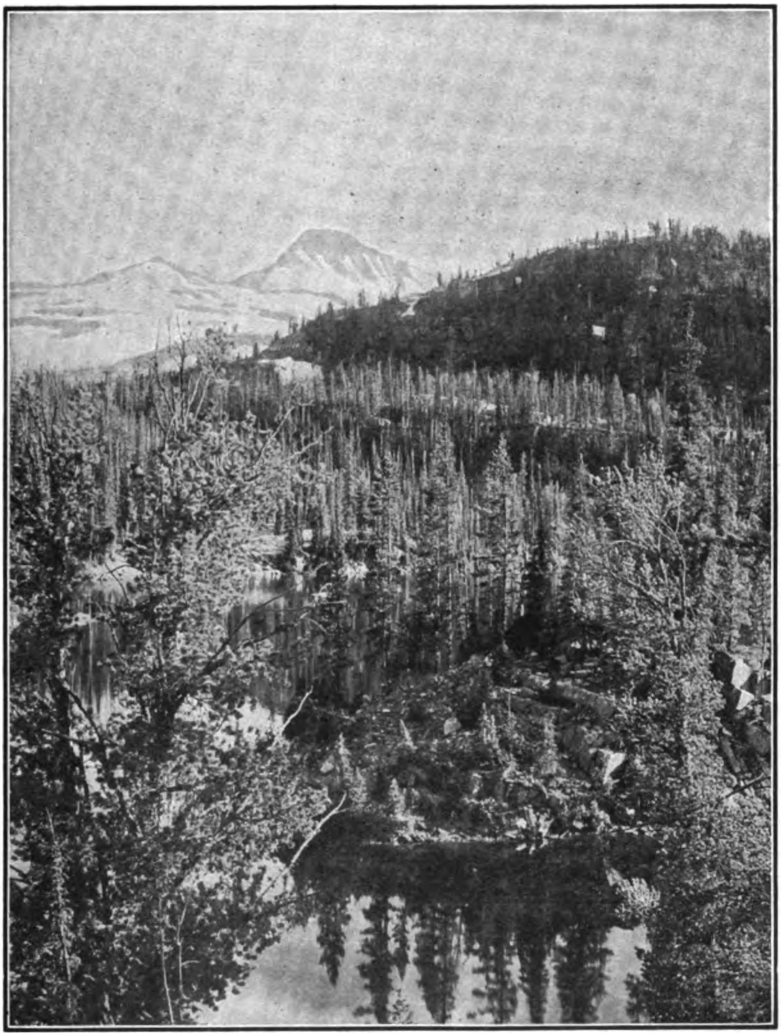
MORE picturesque than the scenery of Marshall Pass in the Colorado Rockies, bolder than the cañons of the Arkansas, rougher and grander than the magnificent snow-covered peaks of the British Columbia mountains is the stretch of lofty hills, deep cañons and elevated chains of lakes, making water-power and irrigation for an empire, in the Panhandle of Oregon. Monarch of the range is Eagle Chief, a peak known to few except the trappers, hunters, botanists and lovers of Nature in this part of eastern Oregon. A huge monument, the mountain stands on the corner of three counties, Baker, Union and Wallowa. The startling fact about Eagle Chief is that its presence became generally known to the world only a few weeks ago through the surveys and measurements of Engineer T. R. Berry. He was laying out the work of the Grande Ronde Water Company in preparation for the building of its forty-mile canal from the Eagle water shed for power and irrigation in Grande Ronde Valley, and was accompanied by George Gignac, photographer and artist. This great peak, covered with never melting snows and glaciers, is several hundred feet higher than Mount Hood, heretofore supposed to be the highest mountain in Oregon, and one of the



LIME MOUNTAIN, FIFTEEN MILES FROM EAGLE CHIEF

loftiest peaks on the Pacific. Mount Hood is eleven thousand, two hundred and twenty-five feet, while Eagle Chief is more than twelve thousand feet. Near by, in the same range, is another snow capped peak, which is unnamed but which is believed to be still higher than the Chief, and which is part of this great water shed. Had it not been for an accident in a landslide early in October, the exact measurements of these peaks would have been verified last fall. The elevations were taken from the nearest Government monument by aneroid and will be checked by triangulation as soon as engineers can get into the hills in the spring.

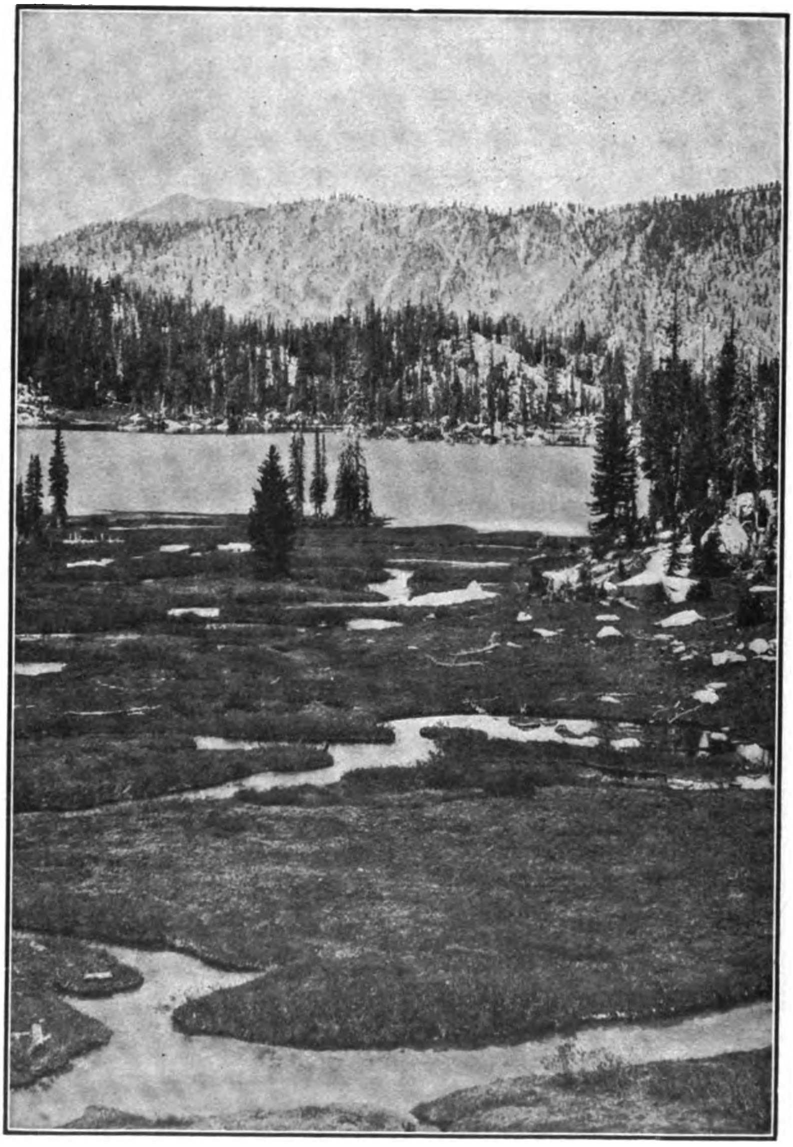
Eagle Chief lies between Imnaha and the head of Minam River in a straight line forty-five miles northeast of Baker City. Its top is covered with snow the year around and it is the center of wild scenes of beauty. The peak is the crest of the greatest water shed in the north-



THE NORTH SLOPE OF EAGLE CHIEF FROM THE WALLOWA CHAIN OF LAKES

west. The Imnaha, Pine Creek, Kettle Creek, East Eagle, Catherine Creek, Wallowa, the Minam, Kettle Lake and Minam Lake, all have the rise there. Photographs taken last August give some idea of the Chief and this wonderful water shed. From the south slope can be seen across Minam Lake the Seven Devils, mountains across Snake River, ninety miles away in Idaho. Wonderful cloud effects are shown at the head of Wallowa River on the lake at the foot of the Chief. The picture of the south slope shows the snow in August. The view of the spillway of the north fork of the Minam gives one a faint idea of a portion of the water power soon to be harnessed for commerce and irrigation. A great dam will be built across the Meadows of the north fork of the Minam, making another immense reservoir which, with the chain of lakes, will feed the big forty-mile canal and help to make homes for new settlers.

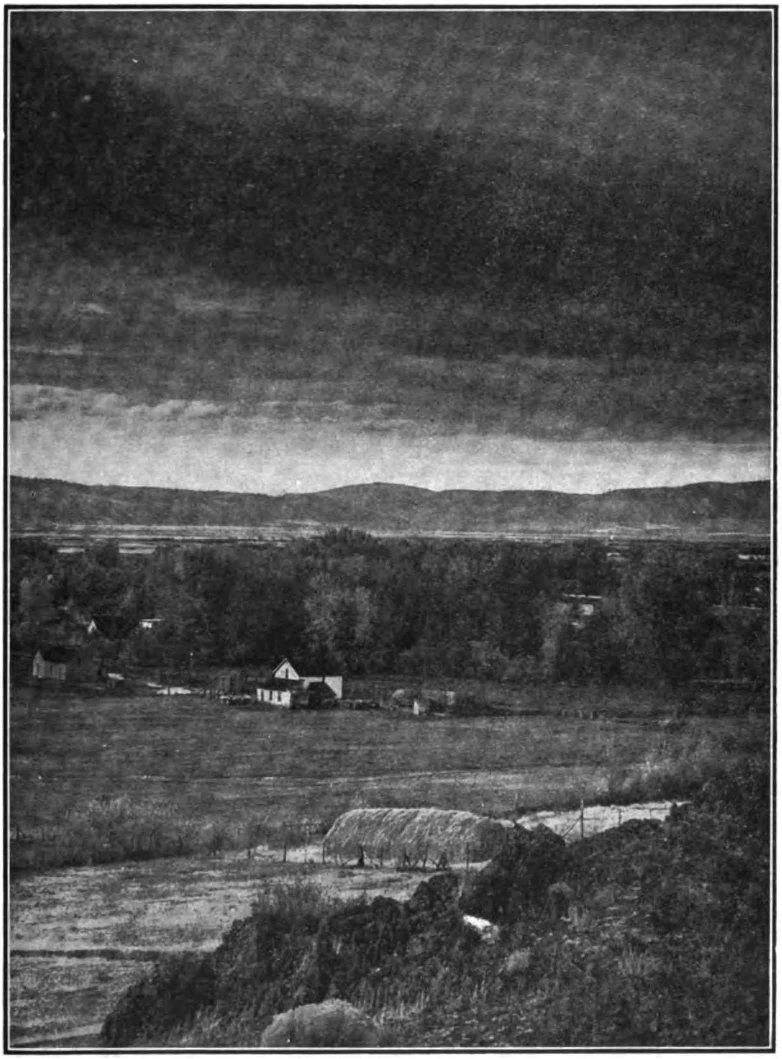
And all through this wonderous region of trees and rivers, of matchless soil and stimulating climate, are coming the pathfinders and home-seekers, lured by the



ON THE NORTH FORK OF THE MINAM RIVER, LOOKING NORTHWEST

wander lust that ever on this continent has drawn men westward. Into this paradise wilderness are coming the railroads, too, pushing their steel bands down the valleys, across the cañons, and punching holes in the mountain cliffs. Within a few years this whole southeastern Oregon region, with its lakes, its rocks, its forests, and its mines, will be gridironed by railways, and cut up by government irrigation ditches. Here towns will spring up—they're growing now on paper—and the call goes out to the city man, aweary of toil in sky-scrapers, of the grind of desk work, of the daily struggle in elevated railroads or sunless subways, to come hither, and grow up with the country, finding health and affluence and joy, in out-of-door living.

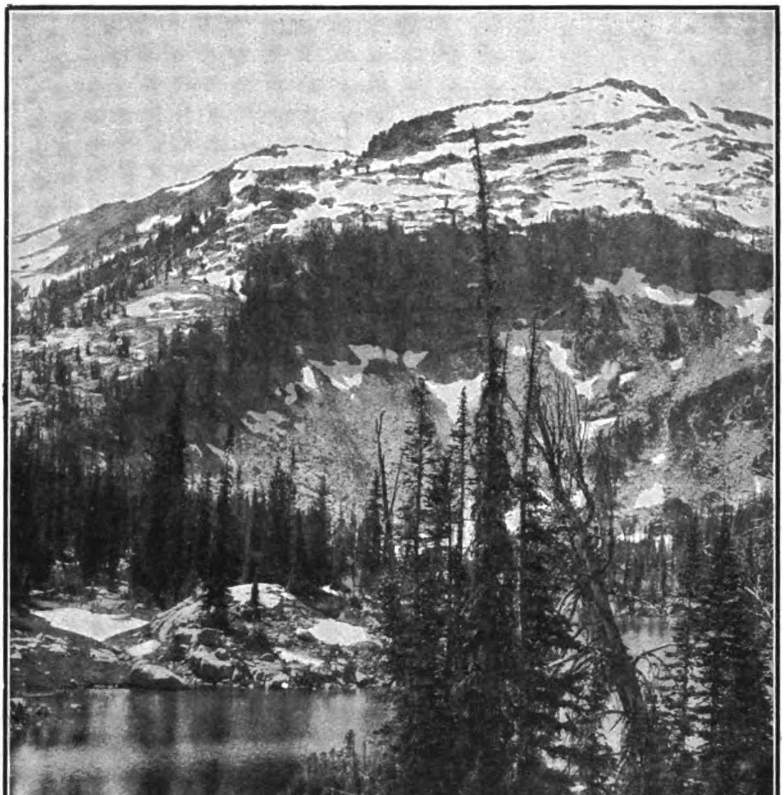
There is no part of the United States that is growing faster at present than the far west and northwest. The Lewis and Clark Exposition held in Portland recently was of tremendous educational



AT SUNRISE IN THE UNION CITY REGION

value, and soon the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific show at Seattle will tell the world of the resources of this vast territory that is bound to be the scene of the greatest activity during the present century. The world has been moving westerly with big strides ever since the Spanish war and the great Pacific promises to be the century's ocean of commerce for the fleets of all nations—all of which means development and prosperity for Oregon and all Pacific Coast states.

Fifteen miles from Eagle Chief on East Eagle is Lime Mountain, which with transportation will be worth millions on the markets. A near view taken from the head waters of Catherine Creek, looking up the Minam twenty miles to Eagle Chief gives some little conception of the bold granite formations in this string of tall hills. So the great pictures of nature follow one another with startling rapidity in this favored corner of Oregon, the paradise of the hunter, fisherman and lover of nature. Its treasures as yet are scarcely disturbed; game of all kinds, and fish abound, while gold and copper line the hills waiting the miner's pick.



ON MINAM LAKE, LOOKING SOUTHEAST

Engineer Berry, Artist Gignac, newspaper men and sportsmen are planning an expedition to Eagle Chief next May, when accurate measurements will be made of altitude, surveys finished for the canal, mines located, and such a revel enjoyed as is seldom the lot and pleasure of busy men.

THEORY MADE PRACTICE

THE STORY OF THE UNDERTAKING AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANCISCO

By JOSEPH M. CUMMING

Secretary of the Mechanics' Institute

THIS is the story of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco. One day rich in material possessions, gained by long years of patient, persistent endeavor, with foundations fixed on faith in its mission and the loyalty of its managers—the next day swept by fire; then with foundations intact and with disaster acting only as an incentive, starting without delay to re-establish itself on a greater scale than before.

JAMES LICK
LICK

BRONZE MEDALLION OF JAMES LICK, FOUND AMID THE RUINS OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING, APRIL 20, 1906

The trustees of the Institute held their regular semi-monthly meeting at the building on Post street near Kearny on the evening of April 17. After the usual routine business was transacted the matter of a new building was discussed. Forty years before the Institute had built the three-story building it still occupied. It used one floor only at first, and rented the rest of the building. With the growth of the library which had increased to over one hundred thousand volumes the problem of providing for its further natural growth in this building was serious enough; in addition the Mercantile Library after many vicissitudes had consolidated with the Mechanics' Institute and its magnificent library of over sixty thousand volumes was in process of preparation for transference to this building.

The sentiment of the membership then was overwhelmingly in favor of remaining in the same locality and there seemed to be only two courses to choose from; either to buy in the immediate neighborhood at the almost prohibitive prices of real estate and build a new building or to rent the best place that could be obtained and fit it up temporarily while rebuilding on the same site. There were grave objections to either course and the meeting adjourned without a satisfactory solution of the problem. After the meeting several of the trustees went to the Mechanics' Pavilion to see how the new lessee was succeeding with his skating rink. The Pavilion occupied the largest part of the block bounded by Larkin, Grove, Hayes and Polk streets. The Institute owned the whole block and the

Joseph Britton, 1863-1864
P. B. Cornwall, 1881-1888
Samuel C. Irving, 1901
Irwin C. Stump, 1892
Charles M. Plum, 1865

SOME PRESIDENTS OF THE MECHANICS'-INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANCISCO

rentals of the Pavilion, built for holding the fairs did not justify its continuance and even during the recent prosperous times the whole block had hardly netted one per cent a year on its value. While at the Pavilion, these trustees discussed the Institute's other problem of how to improve this block to get a better revenue, and when they left they were no nearer to a solution than before.

FIRE CLEARS OBSTACLES

The next day the fire cleared the difficulties in a very simple though somewhat expensive manner. All that was left of the Post street building besides a mass of bricks was a portion of one wall on which was left uninjured a bronze cast of James Lick, the only man who ever bequeathed a dollar to the Institute. Of the great library with its priceless files of California newspapers, its complete set of British patent reports back to the days of James I—the only set west of St. Louis—and its great collection of scientific and technical works, there did not remain so much as ashes. The Mercantile Library, rich in treasures of art and fine editions of literature, suffered the same fate. The old Pavilion, one of the largest buildings in the country, which had received Benjamin Harrison and William McKinley, which had heard President Roosevelt prophesy the future greatness of this city and state, which had heard the voices of Adelina Patti, Moody and Sankey, and many notables was destroyed within thirty minutes.

This great old building wound up its career in an act of mercy. Janitor M. G. Buckley that morning saw a team drive to the city hall emergency hospital. When the driver noted that this was destroyed he started off for some other hospital. The janitor called to him and opened the Pavilion doors to the injured man who proved to be Chief Sullivan of the Fire Department. As others came they were brought to the Pavilion and it was used as a hospital till it caught fire and the dead and wounded were taken away while it was burning.

The 19th of April, a year ago, found the Institute without a building or library, with its four thousand, two hundred members scattered, but with a capital consisting of valuable real estate, a large amount of cash and insurance claims, a priceless tradition, and an unlimited amount of faith in the future.

I did not get in touch with the president of the Institute, Rudolph J. Taussig, until about ten days after the fire. I found that he was greatly concerned lest there should be any break in the regular meetings of the trustees and as the next appointed meeting was to be on May 1, I hired a buggy to try and find the trustees. By this means and by newspaper notices a meeting was held at the president's home on the afternoon of May 1. It was notable that at this after-disaster meeting every man wore a negligeé or a flannel shirt and old clothes.

At this meeting the librarian, Frederick J. Teggart, presented a plan for the new library. He suggested that the books most urgently needed in the city were works on architecture and engineering and he proposed to buy at once everything on the subjects that could be obtained. He was instructed to proceed without delay and he opened communication immediately with eastern book-dealers. It appears that on the day of the fire, after Mr. Teggart had seen that

Irving M. Scott, 1877-1880 Rudolph J. Taussig 1902-1905 Ernest A. Denicke, 1896-1900 L. R. Mead, 1906 David Kerr, 1889-1891

SOME PRESIDENTS OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE OF SAN FRANCISCO

the library was doomed, he went to his home and, even before the library had commenced to burn, had started on the way telegrams to all of the principal libraries and booksellers in the East relative to the rehabilitation of the Institute library.

At this meeting of May 1 the president was authorized to clear the Mechanics' Pavilion lot and erect a temporary library building on one corner. The next day the clearing of the lot was begun and the building material ordered. Some delay was then caused by the uncertainty as to the course of insurance companies and the work stopped till this could be settled. Meanwhile, on May 23, a rough shack about twelve by twenty feet was put up on the lot, and this was the office of the Institute until the new building was ready.

THE TEMPORARY BUILDING

On June 4 construction was begun in earnest, and by the end of August, four months after the fire, the new building was opened with a library of over five thousand volumes, which had increased in another month to ten thousand and which is now being added to as rapidly as possible. This building is a simple one-story structure, sixty by one hundred and twenty feet. The entrance, which was designed by Arthur F. Mathews, is simple and inexpensive but very effective. The exterior is enhanced by a flower box attached to each window sill in which bright colored geraniums grow. Along the foot of the walls is a garden fringe which will contain bright flowers and from which creeping vines will climb along the side of the building.

The usual winter lectures given in connection with the University Extension department of the University of California were delivered as usual and the attendance was almost as great as in previous years. The membership of the Institute before the fire was about four thousand, two hundred, and while some of the members have not yet been heard from, but few resignations have been received. Like other associations, the dues for a time were remitted though many members have declared their willingness to pay them and some have even insisted on paying. In the early days after the fire when Fillmore street was Kearny, and Market street was not—I met there a great many of the members and almost without exception they deplored the loss of the library much more than that of their own possessions. When every one stood in the bread line and cooked on the street and when candles were the only lights no one had time to think of books, but with the resumption of normal conditions came the desire again for reading, and many members have told me that of all the things they were deprived of they missed the library most.

THE INSTITUTE TRADITION

To properly understand this feeling of the members, and what might almost be called the instinct of the trustees to resume business at once and before speaking of the possibilities of the future, it will be interesting to trace the original and growth of the Institute tradition. As in future years the amazing energy and unbounded faith which is rebuilding the city will cause the comment of the historian, it is well to consider now how this spirit is really the reincarnation of the

James G. Spaulding E. P. Heald Byron Mauzy Otto von Geldern Livingston Jenks
INSTITUTE TRUSTEES WHO ARE HELPING MAKE THEORY PRACTICAL

pioneer spirit—one phase of which is best illustrated by the origin of the Mechanics' Institute. This organization has been built up by the energy of its trustees, backed and aided by its members and with the coöperation of the public and without government aid or taxation. The same spirit is rebuilding the city to-day. How gratifying it is to know that this pioneer institution, by the foresight and faithfulness of its founders and their successors, aided by every succeeding management, has placed it in a position where its trustees, actuated by the same spirit, will be enabled to realize the dream of its founders and so re-establish it that it will fill an even greater place in the city than it has in the past.

The Mechanics' Institute was organized December 11, 1854. On that evening a few mechanics met in the tax collector's office and after electing temporary officers appointed a committee on Constitution and By-laws; meetings were held from time to time and in March, 1855, a Constitution was agreed on and the Institute was incorporated. This Constitution provided that the objects of the association should be the establishment of a library, reading room, the collection of a cabinet, scientific apparatus, works of art and for other literary and scientific purposes; a capital of $75,000, in shares of $25 each was provided for, to be invested in a lot and building, and in the purchase of books, magazines, maps, charts and scientific apparatus. It was further provided that no directors should receive any compensation.

In 1869 the Institute was reincorporated on broader lines and the scope of its objects was enlarged to embrace any scientific, mechanical and literary purpose. The shares in the capital stock were surrendered by the holders and it was further provided that no individual rights in the property could be acquired; the dues were fixed at six dollars per year, the directors were changed to trustees and it was provided that they should be guided by the following principles:

"To preserve inviolate the integrity of the Mechanics' Institute; devotion to progress in technical education and the economic industries; diffusion of knowledge at the least expense to the seeker."

THE FIRST BOOKS

On April 5, 1855, the first books that the Institute owned were presented by S. C. Bugbee. They consisted of a Bible, the Constitution of the United States, an Encyclopedia of Architecture, and Curtis on Conveyancing. Subsequently some one who had evidently made a misstudy of Curtis on Conveyancing, conveyed the Bible and the Constitution from the library room, and thereby reduced the library by one half. In July the Hon. John A. McDougall presented thirty-nine volumes of government documents and this gift was deemed so considerable that a picture of Senator McDougall was hung in the library. In those days books were not nearly so abundant as now. The pioneers had brought but few with them, no bookseller was importing any large quantities and none had accumulated in any homes so that a gift of books was a very considerable thing at that time.

In June, 1855, a room was rented on the fourth story of the northeast corner of California and Montgomery streets on the site now occupied by the Kohl Building, and the library opened. On account of the high price of gas it was decided to use candles and an appropriation of two dollars was made for that

Joseph M. Cumming Secretary   Luther Wagoner   George Beanston   James H. Lyon   Tirey L. Ford

INSTITUTE TRUSTEES WHO ARE HELPING MAKE THEORY PRACTICAL

purpose. At the end of the year the members were greatly pleased to learn that they had come out twenty-one dollars ahead and had accumulated nearly one hundred volumes.

The year 1856 was a rather gloomy one. It was difficult to pay expenses and buy books and finally the librarian, P. B. Dexter, stated to the board that it would be almost impossible to pay his salary and meet the other necessary bills and at his request the board ceased to pay him for his services. When things looked darkest the celebrated actress, Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, gave a benefit which netted over $1,000 and put the Institute on its feet. In the following years some lecture courses were given which assisted to the extent of a few thousand dollars.

In 1863, a lot on California street, between Montgomery and Kearny, was bought and a building erected. This strained the resources of the Institute very severely and it was in a precarious condition for some time. About this time the Legal Tender Act threatened to drive gold out of circulation, and public feeling ran so strongly that the Institute called and took charge of a public meeting which was the means of inducing the Legislature to take action on the matter. This was so appreciated by the business men of the city that a subscription of $2,500, headed by William C. Ralston, was taken up and presented to the Institute to apply on its mortgage.

In 1877, James Lick bequeathed $10,000 for the purchase of scientific and technical books. A few years later John Center presented $500. But the total amount of financial assistance given this Institute in over fifty years by bequest and benefits has been less than $20,000.

When the University of California was organized in the '60s the Institute was by law accorded the honor of having its president made an ex-officio member of the Board of Regents. After his term as president expired, A. S. Hallidie was appointed a regular regent and Governor Pardee, in recognition of the services of President Taussig, appointed him a regent.

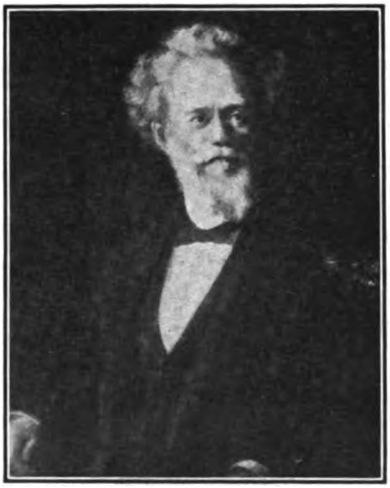
In 1866 the Post street lot was bought and built on. At that time it was far away from the center of the city, but at the time of the fire, its location was so central that there was an almost unanimous feeling that the new building should be on the same site. After the reincorporation of 1869 the library grew rapidly; many very valuable sets of periodicals were added, including a complete set of the British Patent Office Reports, which were only obtained by the persistence of President A. S. Hallidie after several refusals on the part of the British Government.

A PLACE FOR STUDY

The library has always made a specialty of scientific and technical literature and many men in San Francisco to-day owe their rise in their vocations to the study of these books. Besides the scientific and technical books a large amount of fiction was carried, and this fact, combined with the convenience of the location to the shopping district, made the library very popular with women. While the strict rules allowed only a member to use the library and to withdraw books, this was never adhered to and more use was made of the library by the wives and families of members than by the members themselves.

The chess room of the old library was a noted place. Here were gathered together all the best chess and checker players in the city. The Institute Chess and Checker Club has brought several of the world's champion chess players to the city to lecture and to play with them, and tournaments were held for the Institute gold medals.

In the lecture field much important work has been done. The Institute is the official center in San Francisco for the University Extension Department of the University of California, and for three winters Professor H. Morse Stephens has delivered a series of lectures on historical subjects. The average attendance of these lectures has been over a thousand. In the last few years the Technical Society of the Pacific Coast, the Philatelic Society and the San Francisco Chapter of the American Institute of Bank Clerks have affiliated with the Institute. Many more societies would have done so but the building was not well suited to provide the necessary room for their special wants. One feature of the new building will be the facility for properly housing affiliated societies.



ANDREW S. HALLIDIE, PRESIDENT MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, 1868-1876-1893-1895—FROM A PAINTING BY HARRIET F. BEECHER

A subscription library can not exist on dues alone. As time goes on the expenses of administration keep increasing, more books require more space which means more rent, and the expenses of rebinding, additional employes and other contingencies increase out of all proportion to the receipts. Nearly every subscription library in the United States has been forced out of existence in time, except where it has received some great endowment. The Mercantile Library Association, which was founded in 1853, had the experience common to other subscription libraries. It had collected a large and valuable library but its members late in 1905 felt that it could no longer exist independently. In January, 1906, the Mechanics' Institute took over the Mercantile Library and membership and agreed that the Library department thereafter should be called the Mechanics'-Mercantile Library. As the Mercantile and the Mechanics' had developed on different lines the combination made the Mechanics'-Mercantile about the largest and strongest subscription library in the United States.

THE OLD-TIME FAIRS

It may be of interest to tell something of another feature of the Institute's work in the past, and one of the original plans, the Mechanics' fairs. These fairs are no longer held, but in their day they were the great event of the year, where manufacturers, inventors and merchants came in touch with the public, where artists displayed their paintings, where the finest music was heard and where for five or six weeks every one who wanted to see or be seen could be found promenading. In 1856 the Institute

J. S. Spiers

OTHER INSTITUTE TRUSTEES WHO ARE HELPING MAKE THEORY PRACTICAL, AND CONTINUING THIS ORGANIZATION AS AN UPBUILDING FORCE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO

R. M. Neal

collected a San Francisco exhibit for the agricultural fair at San José.

In 1857 the Institute determined to hold a fair in San Francisco. James Lick gave the free use of the lot on which the Lick House afterward stood and a pavilion was built covering twenty thousand square feet, and costing $7,000, and on September 7, 1857, it was opened. This venture, begun with a capital of $300 and unbounded courage and faith, netted $2,784.48 cash and the building all paid for, besides which over $1,200 was donated to the Catholic and Protestant orphan asylums.

From an article written by former secretary, J. H. Culver, I quote as follows concerning this fair:

> There were nine hundred and forty-one exhibits made. A study of these shows that many of the largest and most successful industries of the present time were already taking root on the coast. The California Mills were making printing paper; California woods were being worked up into furniture; Folsom granite and Suisun onyx were in the market. Eugene Delessert, of San Jose, exhibited beet root sugar—the first made in California; and the subject was considered so important that a special report was made upon it. Among the prominent men of the time, who acted as judges in the various departments, were James Lick, Francis Blake, E. W. Church, James Ballentine, J. H. Titcomb, Charles Main, Ira P. Rankin, A. B. Forbes, R. E. Cole, Frederick Billings, Henry Gibbons, H. Channing Beals, Samuel A. Chapin, L. B. Benchley, Louis Blanding, William F. Herrick, Thomas O. Larkin, Alex. G. Abell, John Center and J. Mora Moss.
>
> The California Horticultural Society had its first annual exhibit at the same time, and under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, fifty-eight exhibits were represented. Captain F. W. Macondray, of this city, was president, and the Reverend O. C. Wheeler was secretary of the Society. The former exhibited sixteen varieties of grapes raised under glass at San Mateo. Long reports were made upon grapes and vines. A white wine of the vintage of 1842, grown by Don Luis Vignes, of Los Angeles, received honorable mention. Sainsevan Brothers, Kohler & Frohling, and General M. G. Vallejo took premiums for wine.

In 1858 another fair was held in the same pavilion, enlarged. On account of the exodus from the city to the Fraser River gold diggings, this fair netted but $772.07 and the building was sold for $1,200. The third fair was held in a new pavilion on the same site in 1860. This ended most disastrously and had it not been for time being given by creditors and the strenuous efforts of its friends, the Institute would have been wrecked.

Undismayed by this failure, it was determined in 1864 to hold another fair. The city gave the free use of Union Square—then a sand lot in the outskirts—and a new pavilion was built and a very successful fair given. During this fair the directors acted as clerks and as day and night watchmen and even paid for their own season tickets. This spirit of devotion to the Institute's interests has always been characteristic of its trustees and accounts in large measure for its position to-day.

IN UNION SQUARE

There was need of a large public gathering place and the city again gave the use of Union Square and a second pavilion was built in which successful fairs were held in 1868, 1869 and 1871. At the fair of 1869, the first sleeping car ever seen in San Francisco excited great interest. The fair of 1871 is remarkable in that so far as I can learn it was the first time that Japan ever made an exhibit in a foreign country. The Institute sent a representative to Japan who arranged with the Japanese Government for the display and a large and varied exhibition of the products and manufactures of Japan was made. It was in this pavilion that Camilla Urso gave a benefit for the Mercantile Library and the drawing of prizes for the historic million-dollar lottery of the Mercantile Library was held there in 1870.

In 1874, with the Library property still in debt, but with confidence in their ability to make the fairs a success, the trustees built a new pavilion on the corner of Eighth and Market streets, running to Mission street. The lot was leased from its owner, A. B. McCreery, for one dollar a year on condition that the Institute pay all taxes and street work. This pavilion cost over $100,000, and successful fairs were held every year up to and including 1881. President Rutherford B. Hayes visited one of the fairs, and in this building President Grant was tendered a reception by the Mexican War veterans. In this building were also held the Authors' Carnivals which were the great social events of the day. From the profits of these fairs the mortgage on the Library building was paid off and the rest of the money used to buy books for the Library.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

In 1881 the block of land bounded by Larkin, Grove, Polk and Hayes streets was bought for $175,000. To-day it is worth in the neighborhood of $1,000,000. When this was bought the Institute had $5,000 cash and its library property; President P. B. Cornwall, and Treasurer J. A. Bauer, borrowed $5,000 on their own notes to raise enough to make a deposit on the purchase price. The library and the new lot were mortgaged for $165,000, and a loan was raised from friends without interest to erect a pavilion. In this pavilion, which covered most of the block, until destroyed in the big fire, fifteen Mechanics' fairs were held.

In 1898 the Golden Jubilee Mining Fair was held to celebrate the semi-centennial of the discovery of gold in California. This was managed by the Institute and the State Miners' Association, the Institute trustees contributing their time, the time of the employes and the Pavilion to the enterprise.

The day and glory of the Mechanics' fairs have gone. As the city grew out of its provincialism, and society divided more and more into different sets, and as more theaters arose, its popularity waned. The later fairs were fully equal in point of display to the previous ones but the attendance kept falling off and they are to-day only a memory. In their day they were of immense value in advertising the resources and products of the state, and to those of us who can remember the particular fair that marked the first silk hat and frock coat, or the first long dress they will always be looked back on with pleasant memories.

Kipling says that nearly everyone comes to Waterloo docks some time or other—it may also be said that nearly everyone in San Francisco joins the Mechanics' Institute some time or other. To mention the trustees who have served it would be to call the roll of nearly every man who has ever been prominent in mechanical or engineering lines in San Francisco besides many merchants as well as bankers and lawyers.

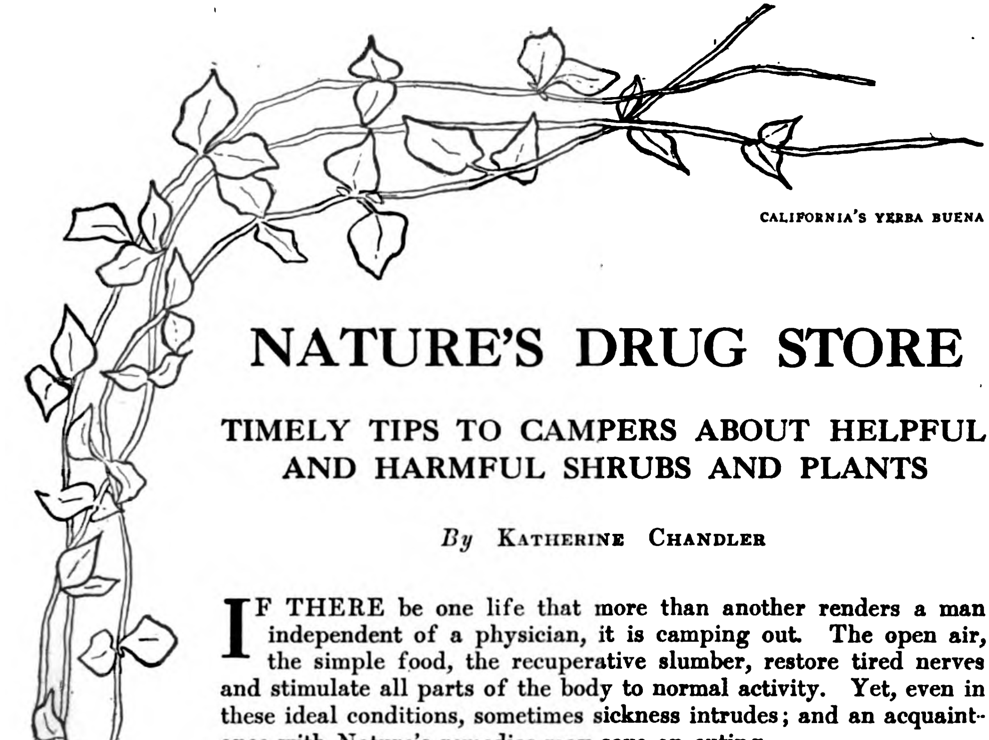
The present trustees are: L. R. Mead, president; Livingston Jenks, vice-president; James G. Spaulding, recording secretary; James H. Lyons, corresponding secretary; George Beanston, Tirey L. Ford, E. P. Heald, H. J. Maginnity, Byron Mauzy, Robert W. Neal, James Spiers, Rudolph J. Taussig, Otto von Geldern, Luther Wagoner.

To-day the Institute finds itself with valuable real estate which must be handled to produce an income for furthering the objects of the corporation. The duty of its trustees will not be so much that of the venturesome father who has built up the fortune and founded the family, but rather the equally difficult one of the conservative son who must keep the fortune intact. When the Institute was founded the city was much smaller than the present unburned district, but with the same faith in San Francisco's future which animated its founders and with equal courage in their ability to plan and to do, its present and future managements will work out its destiny. What a life is before us all here! To see a great city rebuilt, to be among the builders, and to illustrate the lines:

> Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
> That which they have done, but earnest of the things that they shall do.

And in this rebuilt city, the Mechanics' Institute shall stand as a monument to the strength of combined individual effort, unaided by taxation or endowment of millionaires: its new library building will have room for the indefinite expansion of its library; it will be the home of all the scientific and learned societies; its lectures and its classes will aid the seeker for advancement in the mechanic arts and sciences, and in every possible manner will it carry out the greatest of its objects:

Diffusion of knowledge at the least expense to the seeker.



CALIFORNIA'S YERBA BUENA

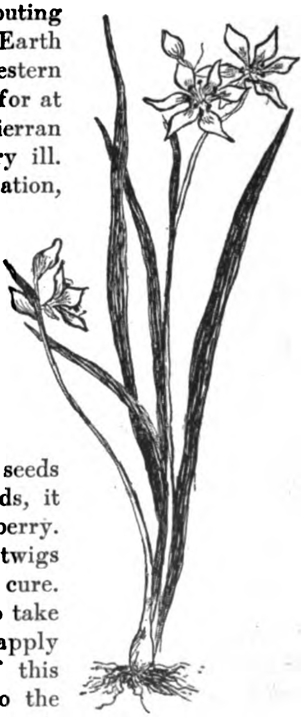
NATURE'S DRUG STORE

TIMELY TIPS TO CAMPERS ABOUT HELPFUL AND HARMFUL SHRUBS AND PLANTS

By KATHERINE CHANDLER

IF THERE be one life that more than another renders a man independent of a physician, it is camping out. The open air, the simple food, the recuperative slumber, restore tired nerves and stimulate all parts of the body to normal activity. Yet, even in these ideal conditions, sometimes sickness intrudes; and an acquaintance with Nature's remedies may save an outing trip from an abrupt ending. Mother Earth seems to have intended the rovers in western woods, especially, to be their own doctors, for at every hand, whether at sea sands or in Sierran Stretches, she offers him a cure for every ill.

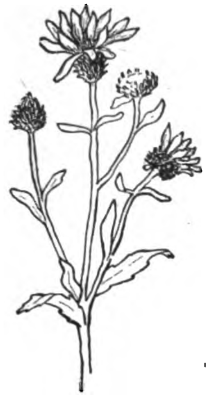
How often the poison oak spoils a vacation, and yet near this same insidious shrub, wherever it grows in the West, is an antidote — one used by the aborigines before the white man invaded the region. This is the coffee berry, known also as the pigeon berry, and as the yellow root. It is a shrub from four to eighteen feet high, with oblong, leathery leaves and small, greenish white flowers. The fruit is black and globular, and contains two or three seeds similar to the coffee bean. From its seeds, it has gained the American name of coffee berry. A wash made by steeping the leaves and twigs is a preventive of poison oak and also a cure. If the case of poison be severe, it is well to take a dose of the tea internally, as well as to apply it frequently externally. The virtues of this plant were pointed out by the Indians to the Spanish padres, and they gave it the name it



ZYGADENE

still bears in commerce, *cascara sagrada,* or sacred bark. It is considered one of the most valuable laxatives known to-day, and each year tons of it are exported from California.

Two other California plants, with the coffee berry, form the three most important vegetable additions to the world's pharmacopœia during the last century. These are the *yerba santa,* and the *grindelia,* both known to the Indians from time immemorial. The *yerba santa,* or holy plant grows on dry hillsides in western California, and reaches from three to five feet. Its leaves are long, narrow, stiff, leathery and sticky; they are edged with rigid teeth and are covered underneath with a fine wool through which the prominent veins protrude. The flowers are funnel-shaped, and vary in color from white to violet. Great quantities of *yerba santa* are exported annually, not only for medicinal uses, but also to be substituted for hops in porter and similar beverages.

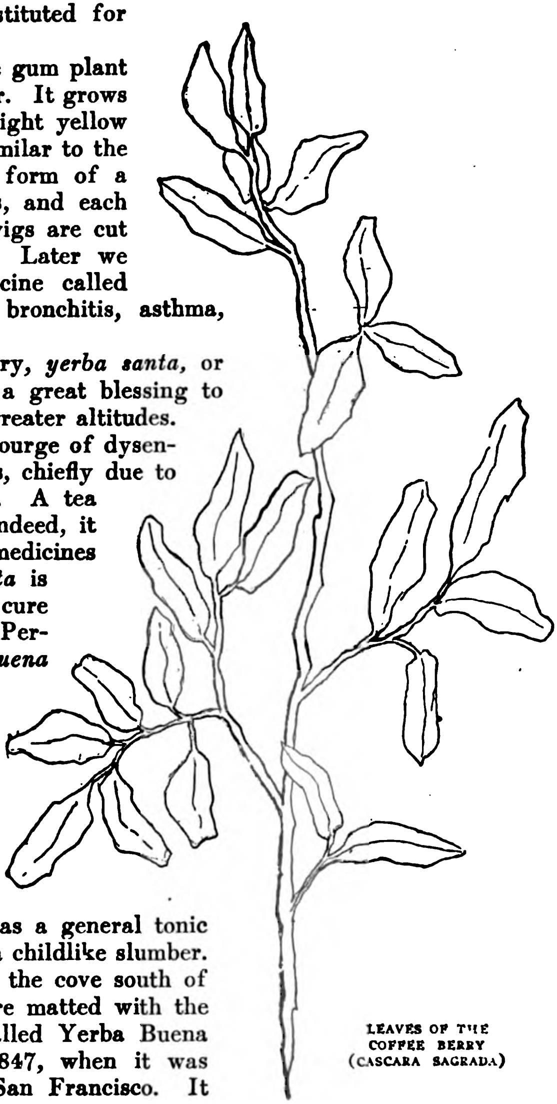


GRINDELIA

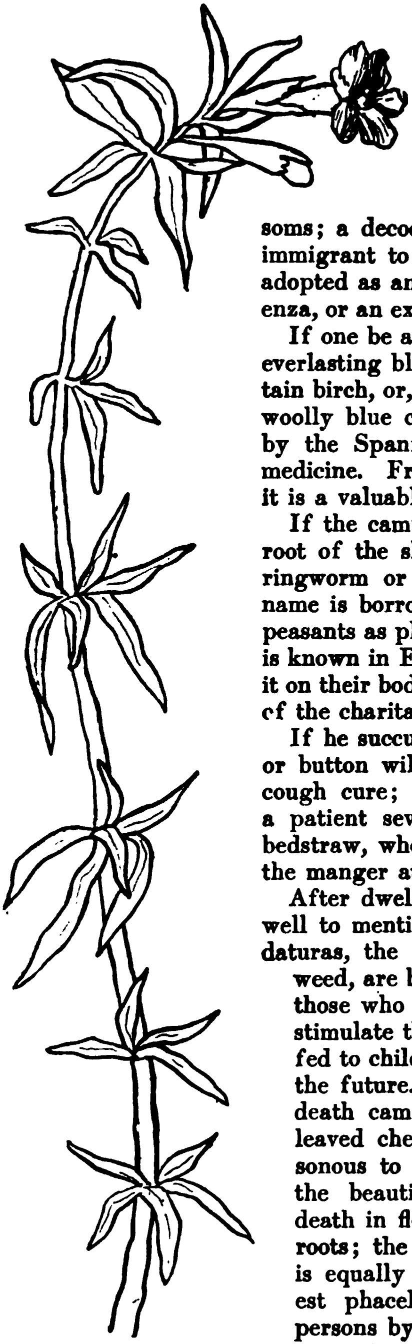
The *grindelia* is sometimes called the gum plant or resin weed, or again the August flower. It grows from two to four feet high and its bright yellow flowers which appear in summer, are similar to the sunflower. The resin gathers in the form of a white gum in the top of its branches, and each year about five or six inches of the twigs are cut off and shipped East by ton loads. Later we purchase it in the form of a medicine called *grindelia,* to soothe whooping-cough, bronchitis, asthma, and kindred complaints.

Even more common than coffee berry, *yerba santa,* or *grindelia,* is the *manzanita,* and it is a great blessing to the valley dweller who ascends to the greater altitudes. Rarely a summer passes that a light scourge of dysentery does not attack the Sierran camps, chiefly due to overindulgence in the mountain water. A tea of *manzanita* will cure every case. Indeed, it has been effective when physicians' medicines have proved powerless. The *manzanita* is also used in compounding medicines to cure catarrh of the throat and stomach. Perhaps after the *manzanita,* the *yerba buena* may be counted the most beneficial. Few Californians but know this delicate vine, whose pretty leaves and tiny white flowers, carry a most refreshing mint odor. The Indians so extolled its virtues to the Spanish that the padres named it the good herb, and it deserves that reputation even to this generation. A tea of its leaves will allay fever, cure indigestion, or serve as a general tonic for the nerves. A pillow of it insures a childlike slumber.

When the first houses were built on the cove south of Telegraph Hill, the slopes around were matted with the hardy vine, and the settlement was called Yerba Buena and so it remained until January, 1847, when it was changed by order of the *Alcalde* to San Francisco. It



LEAVES OF THE COFFEE BERRY (CASCARA SAGRADA)



MIMULUS

surprises us to-day that there could be more than one opinion on the value of the change—and yet the newspaper of that day opposed it strenuously.

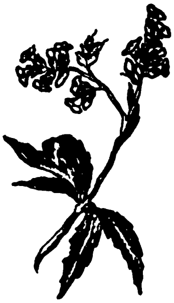
In addition to these more widely known plants, Nature offers a lavish choice of minor remedies. The salmon-colored monkey flower, the *mimulus glutinosus*, proves a cure for poison oak. A cold can be banished by a tea of fragrant elder blossoms; a decoction of hoarhound, which, by the way, is only an immigrant to our shores; a tincture of sunflower, which is also adopted as an official drug for asthma, throat diseases, and influenza, or an extract of wild peony, which will also allay dyspepsia.

If one be a victim to catarrh, he can lie on a pillow of common everlasting blossoms, make a tea from the bark or root of mountain birch, or, if he be south of Santa Barbara, use a snuff of dry woolly blue curls. This flower was called *romero* or rosemary, by the Spanish Californians, and by that name is known in medicine. Fried in oil, it was used as an ointment for ulcers, and it is a valuable liniment for all muscular troubles.

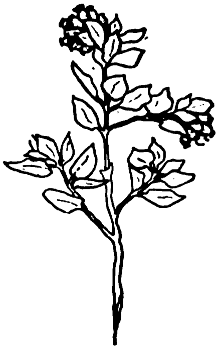
If the camper suffers from rheumatism, there is dogbane; the root of the skunk cabbage, which is also made into a salve for ringworm or white swelling; the white veined shinleaf, whose name is borrowed from its English cousin, which is used by the peasants as plasters for bruises and sores; and the clematis, which is known in Europe as beggars' weed, because the mendicants rub it on their bodies to produce blisters with which to awaken the pity of the charitable.

If he succumbs to fever, he can make a tea of the button bush or button willow, which is also a good laxative, a tonic, and a cough cure; or tea of the blue-eyed grass, which will sustain a patient several days without other food; or an infusion of bedstraw, whose name was earned by some of the species filling the manger at Bethlehem.

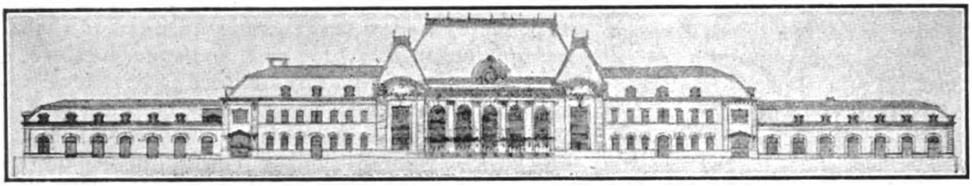
After dwelling upon the remedies Nature provides, it may be well to mention some of the plants one should avoid. The two daturas, the large flowered white one and the common jimson weed, are both poisonous. Both have a maddening effect upon those who eat them. The former was used by the Indians to stimulate their warriors before entering battle, and it was also fed to children to produce a trance in which they could predict the future. The bulb of the zygadene has earned its title of death camiso; the larkspur and the holly-leaved cherry both are poisonous to sheep and cattle; the beautiful azalea hides death in flowers, leaves, and roots; the white nightshade is equally vicious; the largest phacelia poisons many persons by the mere gathering; the monk's hood or aconite is disastrous to animals; and the euphorbia poisons when brought into contact with wounds. But, all in all, in the wilds, helpful plants far exceed the harmful.



YERBA SANTA



ZYGADENE



EAST FRONT ELEVATION, UNION STATION AT SALT LAKE CITY, FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWINGS

UPBUILDING THE WEST

NEW RAILWAY PROJECTS AND IMPROVEMENTS THAT HELP KEEP THE COUNTRY GROWING

III. THE NEW UNION STATION AT SALT LAKE

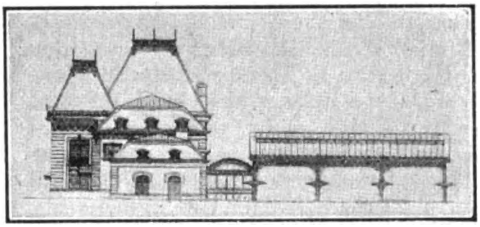
THE officials of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company are about to erect at Salt Lake City a union passenger station, designed not alone on beautiful architectural lines but well studied as to arrangement for the handling and comfort of patrons. The new station has an ideal location being placed in the center of South Temple street at the axis of West Third, giving the building a grand view as seen through rows of box-elder trees that line each side of South Temple street. The building is six hundred and seventy-seven feet long by seventy feet in width with a height of one hundred feet for the central portion to the top of roof cresting. The entrances, five in number, leading to a spacious vestibule are in the center of the main façade and are well protected by a wide marquee supported on ornamental iron brackets and heavy chains.

After passing through the vestibule, one reaches the general waiting room or grand hall, fifty-five feet wide by one hundred and thirty-five feet long, with a vaulted ceiling two stories in height at the spring of arch, the ceiling being sixty feet above the main floor. At the left or south of this room, and only separated by a counter and screen, is located the railway ticket office, Pullman ticket office, telegraph and telephone offices; while the news stand and parcel and information bureaus are located at the north or opposite end. The two bays or towers, flanking the central portion, are occupied by the women's waiting room on the right and the men's smoking room on the left. In this two-story wing also are the emergency hospital, station director's, matron's room, and the branch postoffice. In the western two-story wing is the cigar stand, emigrants' waiting room and café.

Passengers coming from the trains do not enter the main waiting room, but pass through wide exits located at each end of the two-story wings, going directly to the street or cab stands. The baggage room occupies the extreme western wing with a basement floor below and a low mezzanine story above the ground floor for the storage of baggage not immediately called for, and is reached by a central corridor leading direct from the general waiting room. The Telferage conveyor system of transferring baggage will be installed throughout these three floors, with a large elevator running from the mezzanine to the basement floor. A viaduct on the level of the basement floor runs transverse under all the tracks, having hydraulic lifts to come up between each series of tracks, so that baggage can be loaded on a truck and taken direct to the car by the way of the viaduct and lift without cutting any of the trains in two. In the extreme eastern wing is a large café and dining room, the express offices, Pullman, and rooms for trainmen.

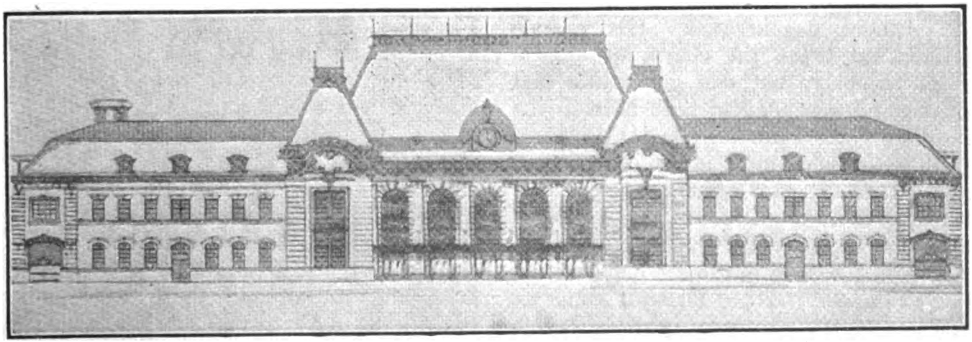
The second floor is reached by two stairways and elevators, one at the western end of the general waiting room, the other from a street entrance at the opposite end. Here are offices for the several roads that will occupy this building, these offices being arranged on each side of a wide transverse corridor. On the three sides of the general waiting room on the second floor, is an observation corridor for the use of the public and patrons, giving an excellent view of the entire first floor of the general waiting room.

At the rear or track side of the building is a one-story concourse, fifty feet wide by three hundred and ninety feet long, with steel roof trusses spanning the entire width. This concourse is open on the track side above six feet but is arranged to close with sash during the winter season. Spanning the tracks transverse is an open train shed, forty feet wide, constructed with open lattice columns, architecturally designed, and of a height to allow the free passage of trains. This shed is for the protection of passengers, going and coming from trains in inclement or stormy weather. Between each series of tracks and running each way from the central train shed, four hundred feet long, umbrella sheds will be provided for the protection to passengers getting on or off any part of the train; these sheds being sixteen feet wide and ten feet in height. A plant for heating the entire building will be located in a furnace room in the basement, as well as other machinery.


NORTH END ELEVATION, SHOWING TRAIN SHED

In selecting a motif of treatment, the French renaissance was adopted, and great care has been exercised to carry out the detail in true proportions, as to ornamentation and application so as not to make the building too ornate. Color effect of materials for both the exterior and interior has entered largely into the architect's calculations, so as to produce a harmonious and logical composition. The base or plinth above the ground line will be faced with finely tooled granite, while the walls above will be of brick with the outer face of pressed brick of a warm tone of buff, having the panels between windows of the central portion on the street elevation of Sienna marble. All belt courses, water table and the entire cornice entablature will be of terra cotta of a color to match the brick work. The entrance doors will be bronze, finished a dark copper color, and the marquee over the main entrance and side exits, as well as the ornamental roof cresting, will be of cast-iron, plated to match the color of the doors.

The entire roof will be covered with a dark green slate, laid in artistic design, while all hips and decks of roof will be of copper. At the north end of the two-story wing will be an overhead iron bridge to start at the curb line of West Third street, and with easy steps to gain a height to pass over all trains, terminating at West Fourth street. This is to


FRONT ELEVATION (WITHOUT THE WINGS) OF THE NEW DEPOT—FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWINGS

be a public thoroughfare, artistically designed and constructed of cast-iron. In the center of the main façade above the cornice will be a clock with the face large enough to be seen for several blocks.

The interior walls of the general waiting room are divided into panels, with pilasters placed so as to receive the ribs for the vaulted ceiling above. At the line of the second floor, a cornice of ornate design will run around the entire room. The ceilings and walls at all openings will be deeply paneled with enriched plaster moulding, giving the room a grand and dignified appearance.

A large ceiling light will fill the center panel of the ceiling for about two-thirds the length of the room, terminating with rounded ends, made of artistic art glass. Above the cornice line, at each end of the room, will be artistically designed clocks set in such positions as to be easily seen from any part of the room. The base and wainscot of general waiting room and connecting corridors will be of marble and scagliola, selected for color and tone, and to be in perfect harmony with the color scheme employed throughout the general waiting room and corridor. This color scheme will also be used in all of the second story corridors and the observation corridor. On the second floor, the observation corridor, in front of the building, will have arched openings, and on the opposite side there will be windows filled with art glass, artistically designed. All of the interior wood finish throughout the building will be in quarter-sawed oak, well finished in perfect keeping with the color scheme.

The building is to be fireproof throughout, the exterior walls being of brick, and the interior columns, floor girders, as well as the floor of reinforced concrete. All of the trusses supporting the roof will be of steel, also the entire concourse and train shed, with roof covered with asbestos. Care and study has been taken in the electric lighting, especially in the general waiting room, so that the best possible result from an artistic and useful standpoint can be obtained.

The new station is to cost in the neighborhood of $450,000. It will be constructed from plans made in the office of the assistant chief engineer of the Southern Pacific Company, J. H. Wallace, under the direction of D. J. Patterson, architect for the company.

SHOVING THE QUEER

By MABEL CRAFT DEERING

DRISCOLL was a New Englander, three degrees removed and several more degenerated. His grandfather had taken the course of empire so circuitously that one generation had stayed and another had been born in the mountains of Tennessee and this dalliance with moonshine mountaineers had had its effect on Driscoll. Once in a while, like a stout patch on worthless goods, a glimpse of New England fiber showed in Driscoll but in the main he was all Tennessee. How Driscoll came to rest at last in the mountains of California was a queer story which had ended in his marrying a widow considerably his senior. To offset this disadvantage the widow had three children and was the mistress of a small cross-roads inn which her husband had owned and, dying, had left to her. Driscoll, tired and footsore, had stopped there over night on his way to Oregon, and had liked it so well that he had stopped there ever since.

There wasn't much to do, which suited the Tennessee in Driscoll. The hotel was at a flag station and there was sometimes a stranger to take the train. The innkeeper was, by virtue of his position, station agent and self-appointed postmaster as well, and these gentle stimulants to labor, with an occasional stranger to drive over the ridge where fish and game abounded, afforded Driscoll sufficient gentle exercise to satisfy the New England in him by making him believe himself busy. Meanwhile Mrs. Driscoll was occupied. Besides her three hold-over children there were now six Driscolls, big and little, and what with cooking for eleven, to say nothing of the daughters and sons-in-law the elder ones were beginning to bring home, Mrs. Driscoll was certainly busy. Since "Ma" kept a hotel it never seemed to occur to any of the children to set up establishments of their own. It was so much easier to live at home. Now the second generation was beginning to arrive, yet Mrs. Driscoll was still patient. There was no doctor within fifty miles, and if there had been the Driscolls could not have afforded to employ him. So, when the grandbabies came, "Ma" brought them skilfully into the world and women visitors, accustomed to trained nurses and all the devices of modern civilization, listened in amazement to this tale of the simple life.

But the cares of her house, of her children, and of her children's children brought out the white in Mrs. Driscoll's hair. She was always neat—far neater than any of her daughters or daughters-in-law—but her face was heavily lined, her hands were seamed and knotted, and her back was bent. She never knew what it was to sit down at the table until the chance guest and the always prompt family had been fed. Usually she ate some broken food in the kitchen and then commenced on the endless round of dishes. The family filled a long table stretched across the large dining room. Travelers, waiting for the train; fishermen, who can stand almost anything; these sat on rickety chairs at the other side of the room where the dishes had been carefully arranged to cover the ancient spots and frayed holes in the tablecloths.

There were always clean aprons for the little Driscoll girls and always a clean shirt for Driscoll. So far as the sons went, the weary woman seemed to have given up the struggle. They went frankly dirty and ate like pigs though one or two of the daughters-in-law displayed diligence in starching and ironing beruffled white sacques or cotton kimonos in which they attained an easy gorgeousness at dinner time.

The chance visitor at Driscoll's never stayed any longer than he could help and the same guest never came twice. The old house had been small and stuffy; the new one was large and stuffy. The New England had bubbled up in Driscoll and had made him ambitious, whereupon he had insisted on building a large square house in front of the old one, which was now the kitchen. The result was a load of debt and interest under which Mrs. Driscoll staggered.

"Seems as if I had enough before that," the woman said one day to her nearest neighbor—a woman who lived only fifteen miles away. That day Mrs. Driscoll was especially discouraged. She had just nursed the entire family through smallpox which one of the sons-in-law had obligingly brought home from the nearest town. They had all had the chicken-pox the winter before and now one of the linemen working for the railroad had slept in the house and had left behind a legacy of measles to be struggled through in the hottest days of midsummer. It did seem too much.

The addition having been built, it must be paid for. There had been nothing to furnish with, Driscoll's ambition having died before the question of furniture was reached. He and the boys had done most of the carpentering themselves, so the debt was for materials. The little bedrooms were many but without ventilation. A veranda on both floors excluded light and air but admitted the heat, and there was no attic. Each bedroom contained a pine bedstead, a washstand without a mirror, a candle stuck in a bottle in lieu of a lamp, and a chair. The last named piece of furniture seldom had more than three legs. There was but one small window for each room and the floors were mercifully bare. It would have been better if the beds had been bare, also.

Driscoll spent his time loitering about the station, making believe work, or driving fishermen over the mountains. Fresh vegetables were unknown because Driscoll had not sufficient animation to plant them, though the soil was rich, and the fruits and vegetables of the short, hot mountain summer are the best in the world. The menu, day in and day out, was bacon and boiled potatoes, bread soaked in the "drippin's" or in a thick gravy of flour mixed with bacon grease, boiled cabbage and fried onions. The cabbages and onions, like the bacon and potatoes, were from "below." It never occurred to the Driscolls that, perhaps, if the beds had been cleaner, the bedrooms more airy, and the food more varied, they might have had more visitors and the hotel might have been coaxed into paying. No one stayed at the place a moment longer than was necessary, though if it were space they wanted, there was the "parlor" on the ground floor, elaborately furnished with a melodeon, a sofa built on the principle of the Andes and a child's little chair.

Mrs. Driscoll being almost always busy in the kitchen or at the washtub, and Mr. Driscoll making his continuous effort to pass time at the station, there was no one whose duty it was formally to welcome visitors. The duty was largely a sinecure. Now and again a prairie schooner rattled northward over the old Oregon road—professional emigrants these, migrating northward in summer and south in winter. They were never guests. Occasionally a mounted man inquired the distance to the next town. This was all. The duties of hospitality were not onerous.

One day a man arrived on foot from the southward. The youngest Driscoll, a fragile looking little girl of eight or nine, received him on the front porch.

"Man around?" said the stranger.

"Pa's over to the station," said the child, pointing.

The wayfarer dropped his pack on the piazza and sauntered over toward the railroad tracks where Driscoll could be seen leaning back against the station, his head on its own greasy mark. He was smoking, his eyes on the passing clouds.

"Who was it?" asked Mrs. Driscoll, whose ears were keen and her gray eyes as sharp as a hawk's. The semi-annual interest on the mortgage was due and the amount was still some dollars short; Mrs. Driscoll scented a paying guest. How else to raise the money she did not know, so she prayed for hunters, for railroad hands, even those with contagious diseases—for anybody who could pay the modest charge of a dollar a day.

"A man to see Pa," said the child.

Mrs. Driscoll eyed the station anxiously. Driscoll had been drinking a little and was red-eyed and cross. She hoped he would not frighten the stranger away. She looked at the roll of blankets and at the coffee pot; it did not look like a tramp's outfit. Men walking to Oregon were not unknown. Some even did it for pleasure. These, after inspecting the hotel, usually pressed on to a cleaner farm house. If this man had the money for a night's lodging he was welcome to stay, otherwise not.

Soon Driscoll and the stranger came ambling up. Driscoll had not been shaved for days; he was collarless; and the coarse black stubble under the bloodshot eyes gave him a formidable appearance.

"A stranger to stay all night, Ma," said Driscoll. "He's goin' to give me some lessons in how to tell counterfeit bills from good uns."

Mrs. Driscoll said little. She was keenly disappointed. So there was no money in it after all, and in this land of gold and silver, if one could only get hold of it, to be able to tell the difference between real and spurious greenbacks was about as useful as to know the difference between frankincense and myrrh. The Driscolls went into the kitchen and the littlest girl showed the stranger to his upstairs bedroom. After all, he was neat-looking—much neater than the room—and before long he was tidying himself at the tin wash basin under the trees and drying his hands on a towel which he took from his pack, those furnished by the Driscolls being impossible.

In the kitchen, the Driscolls were "having it out."

"He's goin' ter show me fer five dollars an' his board, so I won't never get taken in with any counterfeit bills nor greenbacks. He says it's highly necessary for a innkeeper."

"Huh," said the long-suffering Mrs. Driscoll, her patience gone at last, "very likely. Where yer goin' ter get the money?"

"Outer the int'rest, I suppose."

"I suppose so, and we'll be foreclosed and lose the hull place and you could no more earn a livin' than—" she paused in supreme disdain and in default of any comparison sufficiently disparaging. "Much good it'll do you to know the dif'rance between good and bad money when we never have any o' eether to speak of. There's mighty few greenbacks in California and none o' them never comes this way as I see. I'd be glad to see even some bad uns. It's gold and silver here and mighty little at that."

She stopped and something like a tear fell into the cooking cabbage.

"That's just what I tole him," said Driscoll, good-naturedly, "I tole him we never saw no greenbacks o' eether kind but he was thet persistent that I fin'ly guv in. Five dollars ain't much."

"It's five hull days' board and lodgin'. I wouldn't mind so much if anybody ever come. I suppose they don't like what we hev to eat."

"It's good enuff fer me, Ma," said Driscoll, trying to conciliate her, as he took his seat at the family table.

So the stranger stayed. He endured the Driscoll hostelry one night and turned the next day into a continuous lesson so as to push on before nightfall. Driscoll seemed interested. The teacher had both kinds of greenbacks with him and he pointed out the differences in the texture of the paper, the qualities of inks, the peculiarities of the tail of a letter here or of a presidential eyebrow there. Driscoll paid close attention. The Yankee was uppermost again; he was by no means a stupid man.

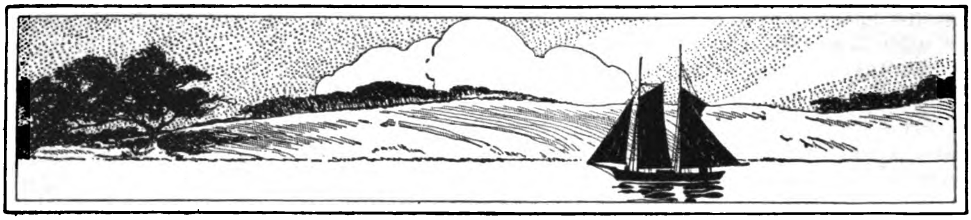
"Wonder what that feller used ter be," Driscoll was thinking as he looked at his teacher. "A guvernment engraver or one o' them fellers as raises notes." Then Driscoll looked at the teacher's pale face and white hands which had not yet acquired a coat of tan. "Just out of the hospital or—" he muttered to himself. All the Connecticut in him was aroused.

That evening the stranger moved on. Mrs. Driscoll was depressed as she thought of the interest, now five dollars shorter than before. She could not trust herself to speak to Driscoll that evening. The day after was the day the money was due and Mrs. Driscoll was up all night baking bread and cake, boiling potatoes, and washing for the shiftless family. When the money was due she, herself, always drove to Marysville with it. She could not trust Driscoll or one of the children. They might spend the money under the allurement of the town. Here in the wilds there was nothing to spend it for.

Mrs. Driscoll poured out the beans under which the gold and silver was kept and counted it out. The money had been almost five dollars short before the professor of greenbacks arrived; now it would be ten dollars short. To Mrs. Driscoll's surprise she found fifteen dollars more than she had expected in the pile. She counted it again; no, she was not mistaken, there was the interest and ten dollars more. With the money in her hand she confronted Driscoll who was resting on the mountainous parlor sofa.

"What's this mean?" she gasped, "Yer ain't been holdin' up a stage, hev yer? They's fifteen dollars more here than they oughter be."

"No they hain't," said Driscoll, stoutly, "I put thet there money in myself. The perfesser he showed me how to dertect counterfet money, as he called it, and so when it come payin' time I give him thet twenty-dollar bill thet was passed on us two year ago and thet we ain't never been able to get rid of. I bin keepin' it fer some such ermergency as this. He wanted to give me change in bills but I wouldn't hev it. Told him as how the bank wouldn't take nothin' but gold on mortgages, so he gev me gold. No greenbacks in mine, thank yer, nothin' like good hard money yer can get yer teeth on;" and thereupon Driscoll turned over and disposed himself amid the lumps and bumps of the Andes sofa for his morning siesta.



THE FLAW

By Edith Lloyd

WHEN a man calls on a woman at least four nights a week, and enjoys each visit without being either in love or especially interested, it is an argument for the efficacy of propinquity.

Margaret Blythe taught school in a redwood lumber region district in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Carey Blent was assistant secretary for the Bradley Lumber Company, and the only possible man at the mills for Margaret, just as she was the only possible woman there for him.

On that first night, when she arrived to take charge of the little school, her heart sank as she walked into the bare, cheerless dining room of the Company's hotel and met the stare of a hundred pairs of eyes. The men were of the roughest type,—dirty and noisy. Their shirts were open low at their necks, their sleeves were rolled high on their brown, hairy arms. Of course, they shoveled their food in with their knives, and gulped down soup and tea with piglike eagerness. Margaret was prepared for all this, but even so, it disturbed her, and she dreaded walking past the long tables to a small table in the corner, where she was led. There she met Blent, who sat at this table. When she saw him, her heart rose somewhat, for he was clean, and ate with a fork. After she had sat down and had surveyed the noisy throng more at ease, she met his eyes, and caught in them a gleam of amusement.

"Rather takes your breath away at first, I fancy?" he said, with a question in his voice.

"Not that," Margaret replied, soberly. "I am very sorry for them when I can get far enough away from their coarseness to let my heart take a voice in my judgment."

That was the beginning. After she had fixed her little sitting room and had her piano sent, he came one night to hear her play. Up to this time she had been interested in him only because there was no one else. The few families in the district were lowly and ignorant, with the exception of the superintendent and his wife, who were old people. And so she looked upon Blent as an oasis in a desert—speaking strictly of humans, for the little town, called Blendomon, was the most gloriously beautiful country in all California. Margaret remembered that first visit so well. It was characteristic of Blent that he dressed appropriately for it, and when he handed her his hat and gloves, and laid a box of "city" candy on the table, it was as if she beheld a new man, so different did he seem in this new rôle from the hail-fellow-well-met chap she had seen around the mills. Then he was everybody's. The young mill-hands slapped him on the back and called him "Tack," and "Hatpin," on account of his great height. But to-night, he was hers for a short hour, and she was eager to find out if he were worth while. She had learned from the villagers that his home was in New York, that his people were rich, and that he had come to California for his health. His uncle was president of the Lumber Company and a good position was easily found for the young fellow at the mills. There he did about as he pleased, and some work. He liked the free and unconventional life and rarely wanted more than the quiet place could offer. But he was genuinely glad when she came, and hoped she would prove fun enough to kill time with.

On this first night, Margaret sank back against the cushions of her couch and looked across at him searchingly.

"I wonder what kind of a man you are," she said. "To-night, there is a new atmosphere around you. What is the difference?"

"I don't know," he answered blankly. This disappointed her. She hoped he would go into a bit of self-analysis.

"Maybe it's your clothes," she laughed, "and the way you wear them. And that dainty scarfpin and the 'know-how' way your cravat is tied. Perhaps you are one of those who take on a new personality with each new garment. I hope you haven't many clothes, for I find the two personalities I have already discovered will keep me busy, figuring them out."

"Oh, I guess I'm about the same. You only imagine there's a difference."

"No," said Margaret, looking past him impersonally, "I only hoped there was. "I am going to play for you now. Don't tell me what you like or don't like. Let me find out for myself."

She sat down at the piano, and after a moment's thought, began the Tschaikowsky "Romance." Its exquisite tenderness filled the room, for Margaret put her whole soul into it. She wanted Blent to like it,—a great deal depended on his liking or not liking it. But she did not realize how much until she turned to him at the close, and said, "well?" and he answered, "that's very nice. Can you play 'Robinson Crusoe's Isle?' "

"No," she answered, with a wan smile. "Let me see; perhaps you will like this." And she dashed off some waltz music from "The Serenade."

"That's pretty good," he said. "But I may as well tell you, right now, that I like ragtime. I don't suppose you do, though, do you?"

"No, I really do not."

She went back to the couch, the tears of disappointment hovering near her eyes. The rest of the evening she talked company talk to him. She found that he knew all the A B Cs of small talk, and some of the X Y Zs. Occasionally he would say something which caught her interest, and she would try to follow it up; but he parried questions, and avoided discussions as a plague. She had one more distinct shock. A bowl of red roses stood on the table. She was caressing their petals with appreciative finger-tips, and said, to fill in a lull, "Aren't these roses the loveliest things you've seen for a long time?"

"Probably so, but I never cared much for flowers. I leave that sort of thing to girls," he answered.

Margaret flung her hands helplessly into her lap, and did not try further to dig at the roots of his nature.

When he stood up to go, she looked at him perplexedly. He was a great, tall fellow, taller than the tallest man at the mills, but he carried his inches well, and had splendid shoulders. He was not fine looking in the ordinary sense, and yet he was fine looking. His face showed refinement. The poise of his head, the tilt of his chin bespoke good family. And his hands! Margaret knew that it had taken several generations of gentlemen to produce such hands as Carey Blent possessed. He had distinction, an air of marked individuality. In a word, he bore the hall-marks of good breeding. And that was why Margaret was unable to reconcile his commonplace tastes and conversation with his general bearing. It was not on account of any lack of broad education, for he had almost completed his course at Harvard when he came West.

"Perhaps he is only waiting to see if I'm worth talking to seriously," she said to herself, when he had gone.

He called very often. They discovered a great mutual interest in cribbage, and nearly every evening found them "fifteen-two, fifteen-fouring." For the first time, Margaret felt she need not look down on him. His cleverness at cards was amazing, and it was a triumphant moment when she was at last able to win the rubber.

After the cribbage, she would try to talk beyond trivialities, to get away from the stereotyped, give-and-take phrases that bored her past endurance. But she made little headway. Usually, he stretched his length out on the couch and listened patiently while she played the music that only his outer ear heard. He had never taken the trouble to look into his mental attitude toward Miss Blythe. He accepted her as he did the sunshine in the hills, the bracing air in the mountains, and never questioned why he went to see her so often. There was nothing else to do at night. The men were, for the most part, rough and uncongenial. And so he would drop into the store, buy a bag of candy and go over to the hotel for a game of crib with the school teacher.

This continued through four months. To be sure, during the course of their friendship, Blent had arrived at the inevitable point of making love, without having declared any love. Margaret, at first, returned his kisses out of curiosity. Any new phase of their companionship interested her, and this one, especially. And in this, she found him as perplexing and un-understandable as in all else. She simply could not get at the heart of him. His inaccessibility overwhelmed her. He raised a stone wall between her and that indefinable part of him called soul, and completely ignored the beating of her hands against it.

And at last, when Margaret came to love him in spite of his unlovable qualities, she would comfort herself by thinking it needed only the arousing of his love to round him into the thoroughly satisfying man she believed he might be. She was always tip-toe with expectancy. Each night she would think, "Surely to-night I can find something tangible to love in him." But each night he was the same: calm, debonair, unoriginal. The tone of him, the charm of his manner, his unfailing courtesy, his attention to the little details of kindness, certain inflections in his voice, his pronunciation of certain words, the way he threw his wrist—all these went to make up a singularly delightful personality. Margaret was quick to notice these things, and she banked heavily on them, and clung to them desperately. She reasoned that it was the latent possibilities in the man which she loved, rather than the man as she knew him. She tried so hard not to care! Sometimes she hated him,—times when she talked books with him, or tried to, and found that he read only the sporting and stock market news in the daily papers, or that he considered certain books very dear to her as "pretty bum."

But always, when he rose to go, and stood before her in his magnificent bigness, and said with his inimitable question tone, "You are going to kiss me good night, aren't you?" her resentment melted as snow before flames, and she would walk into his arms with love of him singing—singing—singing in her heart. She forgot that he didn't understand her kind of music, that he didn't know her kind of books, that he was as cold as Iceland to her in spite of his frequent visits and more frequent kisses, and remembered only that he was Carey Blent, the finest and most irreproachable gentleman she had ever known. The magnetism of him carried her off her feet, and she adored him. And yet, when he left her, she was conscious of a tremendous lack in him. She could not determine what it was. His heart seemed big and generous; his mind was broad enough; he was sensible, and yet she had to acknowledge to herself that something from the depth of things had been left out of his make-up. She knew he could never absolutely satisfy her, and it grieved her that she had given the best love of her life to a man whose nature needed some vital attribute to make him altogether manly and desirable. Then, too, he gave so little, so very little. Often he put the distance of the stars between them, unconsciously or not, she was never able to determine. And just as his indifference had about succeeded in freezing her into a similar state of placidity, he would put his arms around her tenderly and become so very irresistible that she would laugh hysterically and half sob, "Oh, what are you, what are you!" and love him all the more intensely.

And she knew her only means of deliverance lay in her heart's being numbed to silence and peace by his lack of sympathy and understanding, and by the recognition of that something she scorned in him, but could never quite define.

* * *

The school term was over. Margaret had gone back to her home in San Francisco. Blent had taken her to the train and had told her he would miss her a great deal. She looked clearly into his eyes that last minute, and found nothing except their beauty. But he crushed her close and kissed her, and there came an ache in her throat that had come very often the last days. But when the train bore her away, the old sense of his unworthiness clamored loudly. She beat it back and said defiantly, "I do love him; he is worth it. It's only because he doesn't care for me that he isn't able to be really big and fine with me."

The summer vacation was a hard one. Margaret took care of her mother and two little brothers, and by August, the school money had dwindled pretty low. Household worries had worn her, and she looked thin and older. Her clothes were getting shabby, too. So one Saturday afternoon, she went down town to buy a much-needed pair of shoes. She felt unaccountably happy this day, even though her toes were nearly on the ground. Something in the air stirred her. It may have been that she caught the pleasure-loving spirit from the matinee crowds that were thronging toward the Tivoli and the Columbia. It may have been because the day was soft and warm and sweet; and she loved it all, and was glad she was walking down Market street and was going to have a pretty new pair of shoes. At any rate, she kept thinking "something nice is going to happen; I know it, I know it!" She turned up Kearny street, but soon halted in front of a music-store. In the window were some beautifully bound folios of Chopin's "Nocturnes." Margaret looked at them wistfully, longfully. She had just three dollars and a half to spend on herself. She needed the shoes badly, but oh! how she wanted the "Nocturnes." And she bought them. That left only two dollars and a half in her purse. She turned back toward Market street and again hesitated before a shop window. This time it was books. Carey Blent had told her about the Adirondacks, and here was Mrs. Atherton's "The Aristocrats" temptingly displayed. Margaret wanted the book so much to read again the splendid descriptions of the Adirondacks, which she already knew by heart, but which would be more delightful than ever now with Blent's enthusiastic praises ringing in her memory. And she bought the book. At the corner of Market and Geary the street flowermen were bending over huge baskets of roses. Their fragrance permeated the very soul of the girl. They were like the roses she had in her room the first night Blent called.

"Those red ones" she cried to the vender, who saw her eager face and was saying insinuatingly, "Some nice roses, ma'am? Only twenty-five cents the bunch."

And so, with her Chopin and her dear book under one arm and the red roses in the other, she hurried up Market street, very happy, very shabby.

And then, about half a block ahead, she saw Carey Blent coming toward her. He walked with a young man and a young woman. The men were faultlessly tailored, the woman exquisitely gowned. An air of good living, of luxury hung about them. Their exclusiveness was felt by the most unsusceptible passer-by. People unconsciously side-stepped to let them pass instead of jostling them along. Every one recognized instinctively the strata of their social standing. They fairly breathed aloofness.

Things grew a bit misty before Margaret's eyes. She had not heard from him since she left Blendomon, but every night she would say "Perhaps to-morrow I'll get a letter saying he is coming,"—for he had told her he would soon be up, and would let her know. Until this minute she had not realized how desperately she had longed for him. Indeed, she had been fighting very bravely against her love for him,—it was such a pitiful, one-sided affair. But here he was coming, coming, coming! She was glad, so wonderfully glad. To be actually near him again, to watch that proud lift of his head, to see the fine little blue veins in his hands, to hear the carefully modulated rise and fall in his voice,—the thought of it gave her a second of rhapsody, and she crushed the roses to her heart so fiercely that some petals fell to the street. A hundred bits of their days of companionship leaped into her mind; their cribbage games, their drives, their rows on the river, their walks to the postoffice in the soft spring twilight, their Sunday tramps through the redwoods, his kisses! Pictures of him flashed before her like the pictures of a biograph; of him standing by her door, hat in hand saying, "Aren't you going to kiss me good night?" of him stretched out on her couch listening lazily to her playing Handel's "Largo," which for some reason he would never explain, he liked, and only that, of all the music she played; of him galloping past her window on horseback, bareheaded; of him sitting across from her at her table saying, with his irresistible little chuckle, "Is there any other game besides crib you think you can play?"

Oh, the memories crowded painfully; they hurt. She wondered what he would say, what she would say. The blood beat into her cheeks. Her heart thumped cruelly. She put the cool roses to her face and waited until he drew near enough to see her. What if he shouldn't see her! But no, he was looking toward her, his eyes rested on her face. One swift glance took in the last spring's hat which she had worn at Blendomon all the time; the old blue suit that didn't hang well any more, and was too short; and the poor little wornout shoes. He was just opposite her now; she was looking fearfully into his eyes. A chill came at her heart, a presentiment of ill.

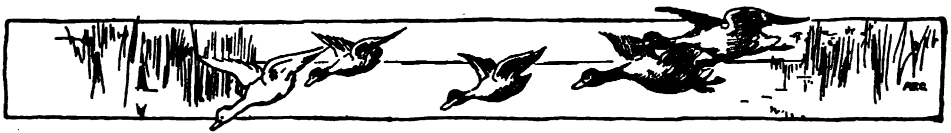
A flicker of recognition on his face, a slight bow, an inaudible mumble of "How do you do?" a careless raising of his hat, and he passed on.

The sound as of many rushing waters surged in Margaret's ears. For an agonizing second it seemed that she must sink in a heap on the sidewalk. A deathly weariness came over her; a ghastly blankness stretched before her, and she saw as in a dream the long, long vista, of dreary, empty years without him. She moaned "Oh—oh!" so heart-brokenly that a man hesitated and looked curiously into her face. His inquisitive stare brought her back to the present. She looked down at her books and the roses that were half slipping from her arms. At the sight of the name Chopin, of the regal roses, and "The Aristocrats" printed on the cover of the book, Margaret suddenly squared her shoulders and raised her head high. Like the piercing of brilliant sun rays into a sea of fog, the understanding of Blent's character penetrated her intellect.

Chopin, "The Aristocrats," the magnificent roses he had always ignored, and Carey Blent! The grouping together of the four almost made Margaret laugh, as she patted her treasures. She felt so superior to him in that moment. She, with her old clothes, and her love and understanding of masterly music, masterly books and red roses, to be snubbed by that man, who didn't know a Chopin "Nocturne" from a Swiss yodel, who had not the literary discrimination of an infant and who "never cared much for flowers!"

"Why—why—the contemptible snob," she gasped. "That was the bad spot in him that I felt, but couldn't understand. He's a snob, an out-and-out snob. Oh, thank God, I am able to despise him!"

She buried her face in the roses, hugged her books closer and almost danced up Market street.



A CITY OF TEN-ACRE LOTS

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ORANGE GROVE PROSPERITY OF ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA

By BERTHA H. SMITH

Photographs by Prospero Barrows

TO FINITE city mind a lot is a rectangular space with a frontage of some twenty-five or fifty feet, and running back a hundred feet or so to where one's barn backs into another's woodshed, unless the two are separated by a rubbish-choked alley. In a big, big city the measurements are always the minimum of these and the house takes up so nearly all the space that there is none left at the back for anything more than a clothesline and a fence for cats to huddle on by day and howl on by night. To finite city mind, then, it almost passes understanding that a city can be wherein an ordinary citizen owns a ten-acre lot, the well-to-do own two or three such lots, and the very modestly circumstanced may have at least five acres. But such a city is Ontario, one of a half-score little cities of like sort in the southern part of California—a place which, without half trying, ranks commercially among the foremost. In its fruit shipments it has third place in that section of the state, with an annual income from these products of about somewhere near two million dollars.

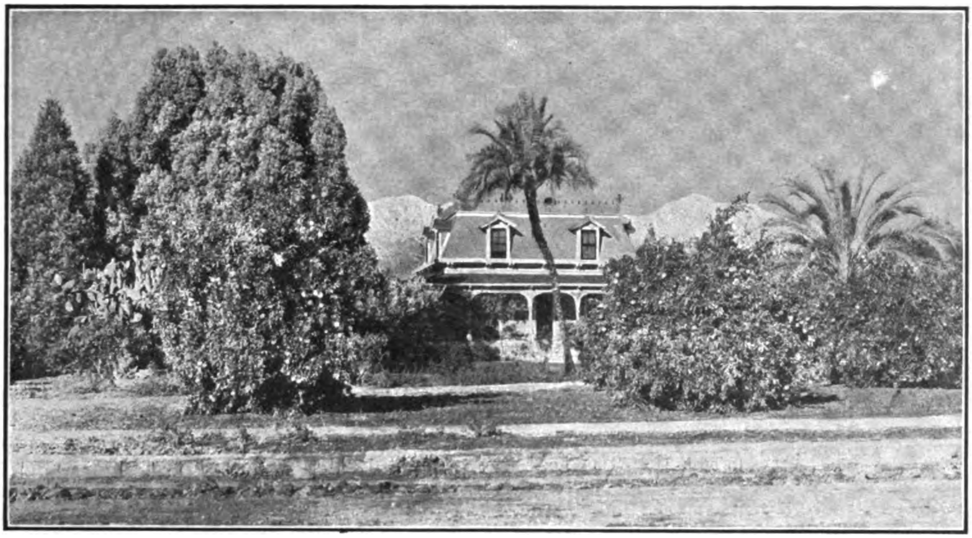
Yet for a year less than a quarter of a century Ontario has been truly a city of the golden afternoon. It has indulged in a siesta undisturbed by the boom and clatter of rival cities 'round about. Its people have been content with their share of the gifts of an indulgent nature, and have not cared to rouse themselves to further effort than a modest enjoyment of them. The city's future was cast this way when the plan of it was made back in the early '80s. It never knew the ugly stages of Topsy-like growth, so common to young western towns, with pioneer houses squatting about haphazard until some mature plan sweeps them aside for something newer. Houses built more than twenty years ago are there to-day beautified by a wealth of trees and shrubbery, of palms and flowers that only years can afford.

The Canadian founders who came here as to the very antipodes of their own bleak land conceived a city where each man's acres should be at once his place of business, his city home and his country seat. They laid it out in ten-acre lots, running from one tree-lined avenue to another, with no hint of a side street, much less an alley in the town. And through the center they cut a two hundred-foot boulevard stretching in an unbroken line from the heart of the city for eight miles to the foot of a mountain over whose shoulder—lest they forget who come here from a colder clime—towers San Antonio and snow-crowned Baldy. This boulevard, named Euclid avenue,—reminiscent of Cleveland's world famous street,—with its four belts of splendid peppers and palms, eucalyptus and grevillia trees, rises gradually a thousand feet from the broad valley checkered with dark-leaved orange groves and paler lemon orchards to the mesa where quite recently San Antonio Heights have been cut into one-acre residence sites. Along the center of Euclid avenue is a car track which in the early days furnished a novel sight when the horses which dragged the car to the farther end of the line were placed on a platform at the rear end of the car and were tobogganed down the avenue by gravity. These faithful horses have long since gone to their reward, and in their stead an electric car whizzes up and down Euclid avenue, from whose mountain end, on a clear midwinter day, the view reaches far beyond the checkerboard of gold-bearing groves. It runs over thousands of acres yet unredeemed from the sage and greasewood, and still other thousands of acres of velvet green fields, beyond a line of low-lying hills, all mossy with the spring's first growth, to a silver streak of sea with Catalina's isle floating in its gray mist.

Take any other of Ontario's hundred miles of well-kept avenues you will, and in all but the one direction the vista closes yonder with a mountain range, sapphire-hued by day, but growing with tinges of ruby and amethyst as the sun goes down.

This much Nature did for Ontario in the beginning, and man has laid no unfriendly hand upon it. Rather the opposite, for to-day the land is lovelier far than when men first came across the great waste of sage and greasewood and cactus, which they knew needed only water to transform it into one vast garden. The water they needed was to be found in plentiful quantity in San Antonio cañon where the snow waters from the mountains pour in a rough-and-tumble stream over the rocks. Those to whom the word Ontario spells only a name of the far-away north should know that it is an Indian word that means "at

Where they and their children could gather whatever crop might come



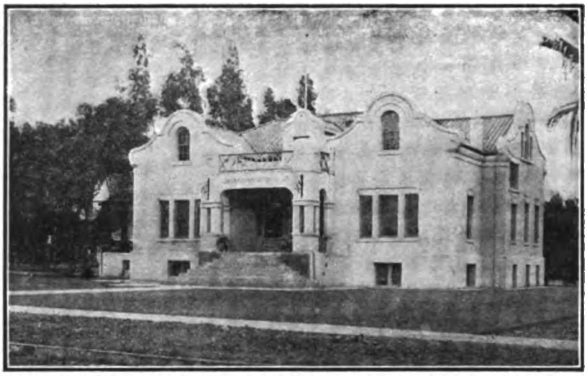
A TYPICAL ONTARIO HOME AMONG THE PALMS AND ORANGES

the foot of a mountain." And surely Mount San Antonio in its paternal care of the valley deserves at least this tribute.

The water piped down from the cañon proved sufficient in the early days of Ontario. But toward the late '80s came the warning dry seasons. These did not drive the ranchers away discouraged. It merely gave them a hint to take Time by the forelock, which they did forthwith. At the mouth of the cañon they built a power plant and they sent the electric power generated there away to the mouth of the Cucamonga cañon, four miles to the east of the town, where seven wells were bored to tap a subterranean reservoir upon whose supply the driest season makes a scarcely perceptible drain. In ordinary seasons the original water supply is enough, but always now there is this safe surplus to fall back on. And that the land owner should never be at the mercy of the water owner, the two have been made one and the same by a certain number of shares in the water company being included in the purchase price of each ten acres of land.

In years of average rainfall there is a surplus of water from the original source beyond the city's need for domestic uses and the irrigation of the land. This the people make use of for power, which is manufactured at a cost so low that Ontario ranks many cities many times its size in the use of electricity. It is used almost exclusively for lighting purposes, and it is becoming more and more common for cooking. The low rate of electric power was the inducement that secured for Ontario its first manufacturing plant, a concern which manufactures electric flat irons and cooking appliances. This is one of four such plants in the United States, and during the present year the capacity is being increased twofold owing to the continued growth in the demand for such appliances, not only locally, but through the territory west of the Mississippi and in foreign countries.

By this sign Ontario is rousing from her siesta. Almost unwillingly is she facing the new future that stands well revealed before the town has rounded out its first quarter of a century. The men who have made Ontario have for the most part come there to be rid of the hurry and worry of ordinary city life. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, men of various callings from Canada, from the East, from the Middle West, came here where cleared land with an assured water supply could be had for one hundred and fifty dollars an acre. And they have somehow proved by all the rules of opposite and contrariwise that when a man comes to California he should do first the thing he knows how



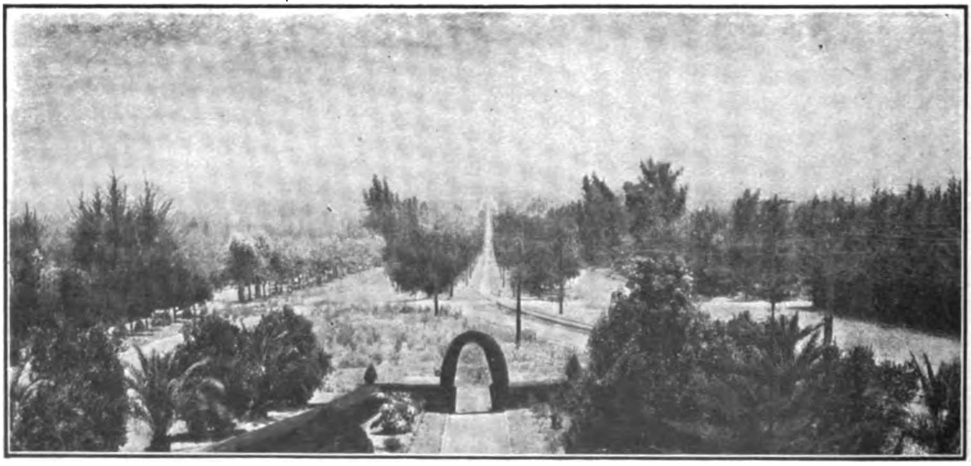
NEW RENDEZVOUS OF THE ONTARIO COUNTRY CLUB

to do, and not stick an orange or a lemon tree in the ground and then sit down and expect oranges and lemons to drop off the trees and roll away and market themselves.

Few of these Ontario men were even farmers in that other country whence they came. One was a clerk or a small storekeeper somewhere in New York, and it took all his savings to buy his ten acres and plant it with orange trees. But to-day there is hardly a finer ten-acre orange ranch in the state, and his crop last year brought $6,000. From it he has earned a snug fortune, for he owns other Ontario lands and he is considering an offer of $15,000 for his ten acres.

A Scotchman came down from Canada and planted his ten acres with lemons. Perhaps it was well he was Scotch with a Scot's hard head for staying by a purpose, for in the years before the California lemon-grower found himself and learned his market his wail has been loud in the land, and thousands of acres of lemon trees have been dug out to give place to things held more profitable. But the doughty Scot last year sold his crop for $10,000, and his average through good years and bad is not less than $3,000, or almost as much as his original investment.

Men who have thought to pass a well-earned rest on a small ranch where they and their children could gather whatever crop might come, have had to change their reckonings as the years brought their orchards into full bearing. And almost unawares the community has grown until twelve or fifteen packing houses have had to be built to handle the citrus fruit which three railroads have been anxious enough to haul, to place Ontario on their maps. For some matter of convenience in the handling of its products the town has been divided, one part taking the name of Uplands. But though separate towns, they will probably never be distinct, and though one may be shown the dividing line somewhere on Euclid avenue, he would not know it again a moment after. The interests of



ONTARIO'S EUCLID AVENUE, WITH ITS FOUR PARALLEL ROWS OF TREES

Where the snow waters from the mountains pour down in a rough-and-tumble stream

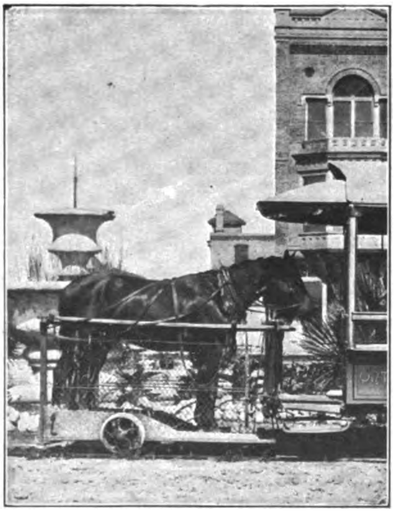
the two have always been, and must always be, identical, and not until one of them forswears Euclid avenue, which they now have in common, will they become two distinct towns to the world at large.

While it is by the citrus fruit route that Ontario has made its way to a place of importance among California growers, its deciduous product is of no mean value. Its peach and apricot crops have outgrown the capacity of the cannery that employs five hundred people during the season. Even the two large drying yards employing several hundred more people have difficulty in handling the surplus.

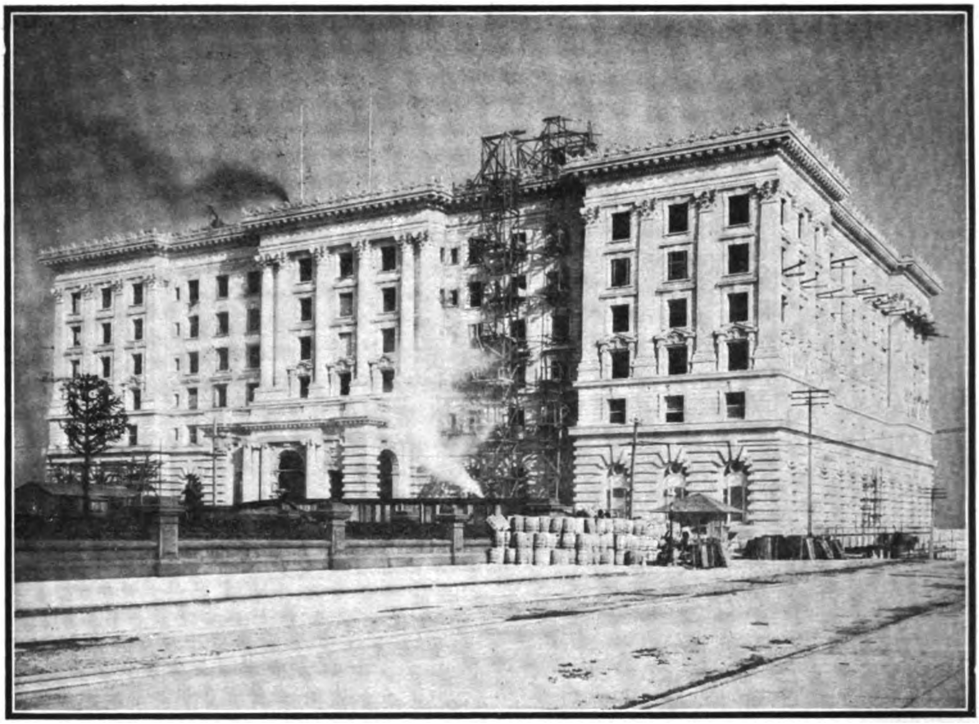
Adjoining the place is one of the largest vineyards in the world. Already some seven thousand acres are in grapes and it is expected that eventually the vineyard will include fifty thousand acres. That these grapes and much of the deciduous fruit are grown in this section without irrigation speaks the last word for the quality of the soil.

But it is a quiet, not a blatant prosperity that breathes in the air of Ontario. The stranger senses it. It is not thrust harshly upon him, by the usual outward signs. The railroad trains enter the place, not by some ugly back street disfigured by shacks and smoke-grimed car-shops, but through rows of smiling fruit-laden trees. Only prosperity can afford such entrance for a railroad; only prosperity can afford not to hurry. From the station one sees a small grass plot with a shaded resting-place, a club house opposite, and for the rest—there is nothing but trees with a broad avenue lying between. Only prosperity can offer such peace and beauty at the city's gate.

A little way down this avenue there is a group of business blocks, banks and shops and offices; just those that are of necessity severe in architecture. As for the hotels, they are like homes and set back in beautiful grounds, almost hidden from the street by the trees and flowers. School houses and other public buildings, including a new Carnegie library, are likewise softened by garden-like surroundings. Just beyond the business blocks the ranch homes begin. But nowhere, even at the height of the picking and shipping season, is there hurry or bustle.



horses . . . were tobogganed down the avenue



THE FAIRMONT FROM CALIFORNIA STREET—THE MASON STREET FRONT AND MAIN ENTRANCE

A NOB HILL ANNIVERSARY

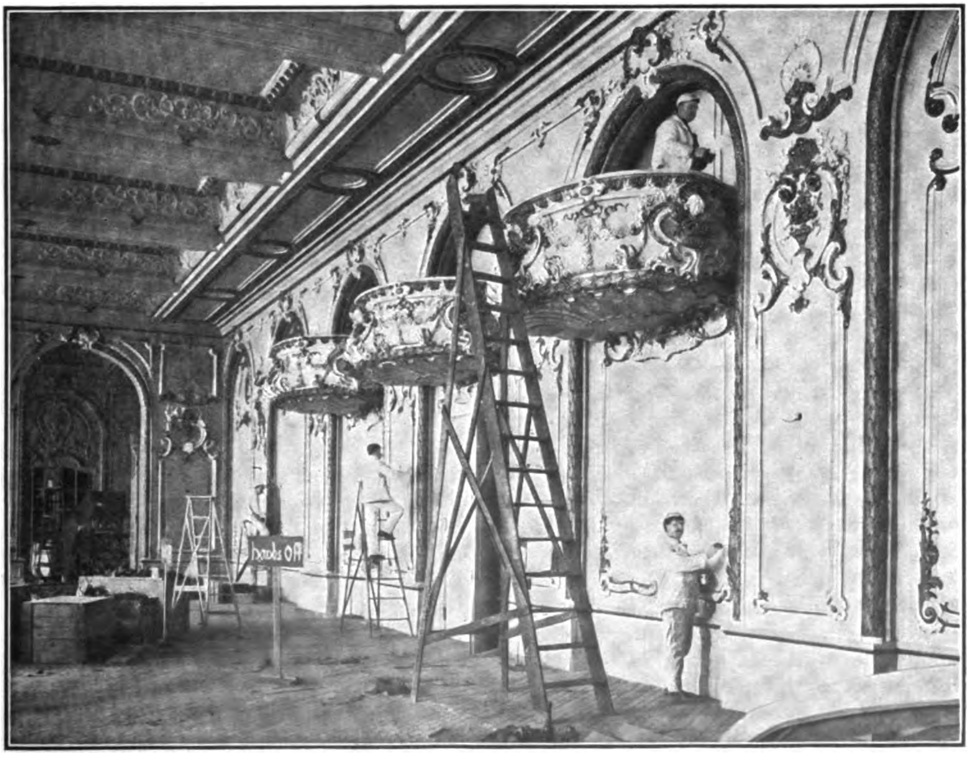
OPENING OF SAN FRANCISCO'S HOTEL FAIRMONT ONE YEAR AFTER THE BIG FIRE

By FRANCIS BROWN

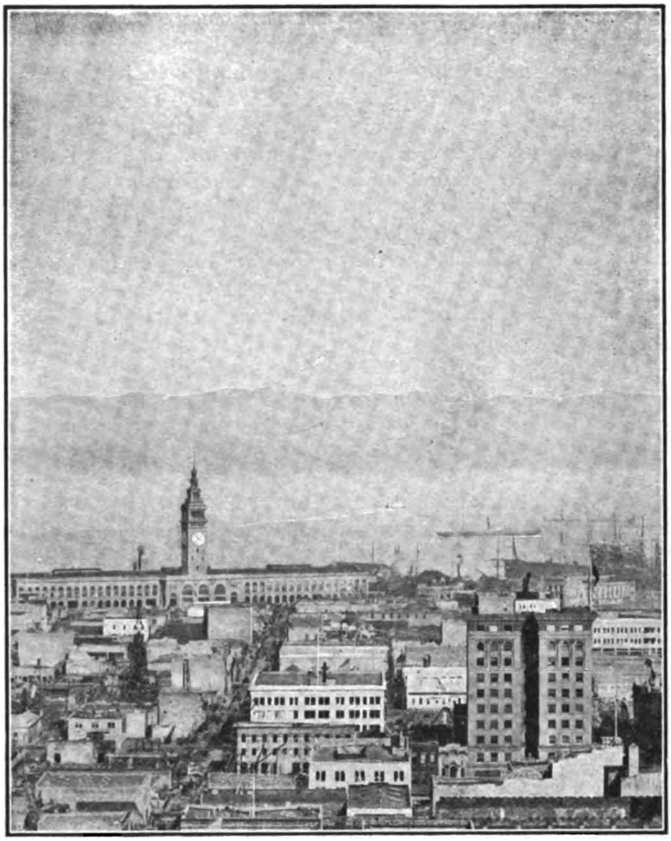
THE tradition of April 18, 1906, was formally established in San Francisco when the Merchants Association and its guests sat down to banquet in the new Fairmont hotel on April 18, 1907. Tradition, most evasive and yet most important principle in man's whole history on earth, is never lightly won nor easily discarded. The tradition that the 18th of April is a day set apart on the local calendar for commemorative exercises will live as long as the breezes blow off the Pacific and the morning stars sing their pæans of victory over the rise of San Francisco from the ashes.

By the time this issue of SUNSET is in the hands of its readers the representative citizens of the state will have clasped hands across the festive board and toasted the City that Is and Ever Will Be. Contrast the scene that met their eyes one brief year ago with the view to-day from the Fairmont windows. Then, from north, east, south and west, vast, threatening columns of fire and smoke rose and met in the upper air and shut out the bay, the hills beyond, and everything save Hope. To-day from the broad expanse which the windows of the Fairmont command, one sees the reason why San Francisco is still the glory and wonder of the world of progress. For, given a scant twelvemonth in which to rehabilitate itself the city turns a reconstructed front to the world. From the vantage ground of the Fairmont one sees to the north the Latin Quarter, entirely rebuilt, with its gaily coated houses painting the landscape with crimson, ochre, emerald, cobalt, rose madder, and snow white, laid on in wide washes; to the south block after block of comfortable modern structures instead of the decrepit, ramshackle buildings that once disgraced that section; to the west the new business avenue which in spite of its temporary buildings is a permanent and substantial testimony to the faith and courage of business men; to the east a new and better "down town" rising on the ashes of the old as fast as steel and concrete permit; and beyond and above all the broad Pacific and the bay that dimples in its arms.

It was the unequaled view of city and bay that the site commands which first prompted the heirs of the late James G. Fair to construct thereon a hotel which in architectural beauty and interior decoration should match the grandeur of the natural situation. The present owners of the Fairmont were putting the finishing touches to the building when the 18th of one April rudely shattered the carefully laid plans. When the smoke had cleared away, a rejoicing people saw that the Fairmont had come through its baptism of fire structurally uninjured. The mansions which the bonanza kings had built on Nob Hill lay a twisted mass of stone, and iron, and smoldering wood, but the Fairmont cut the sky line with all the grace and beauty of its classic outline. The interior did not escape, owing to the inflammable material scattered throughout the building, and so all the decoration has had to be renewed.



ITALIAN DECORATORS AT WORK IN THE GRAND BALL ROOM



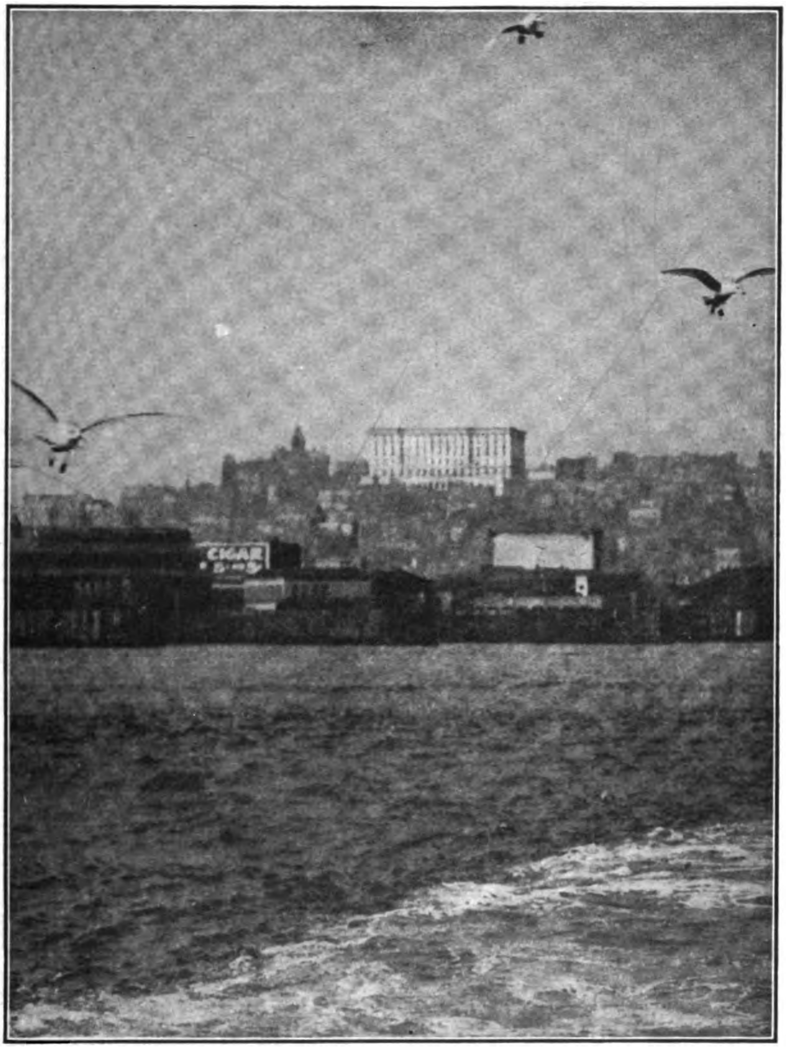
LOOKING EASTWARD ACROSS THE BAY FROM ONE OF THE FAIRMONT'S DINING ROOM WINDOWS

One has but to enter the spacious foyer to realize how little time, and how much talent has been spent in restoring the hotel. To be sure only three hundred of the six hundred rooms are in readiness at present (April 5), but when one considers that not a single detail that makes for art, elegance or comfort has been slighted, this speedy rehabilitation smacks of the magic fingering of an Aladdin's lamp. If you consider that it takes five solid hours for a person just to stroll through the floors at present finished, allowing only one minute for the inspection of each apartment, you may realize the stupendous task which has been so satisfactorily carried out at the Fairmont.

The feeling of space which one senses upon entering the foyer is not an optical illusion created by clever designers, for by actual measurement the foyer occupies four hundred feet on the west side of the building. It is twenty-two feet high and supported by pillars of Italian marble that tone in wonderfully with their setting.

The Laurel Court is one of the most fascinating rooms in the hotel. From far away Belgium came the diminutive laurel trees that give the apartment its name. The walls are trelissed in green, arbor fashion, and the panels and windows show the grape motif in gold leaf. Through a wide portal one enters the main dining room, which is done in old ivory and gold. At one end is the Gray Room, so called from its effective blending of the delicate shades of French gray. From the other end one may enter the banquet room which is done in wonderful tones of red—the rich red of good old cob-webby port, splashed with gold.

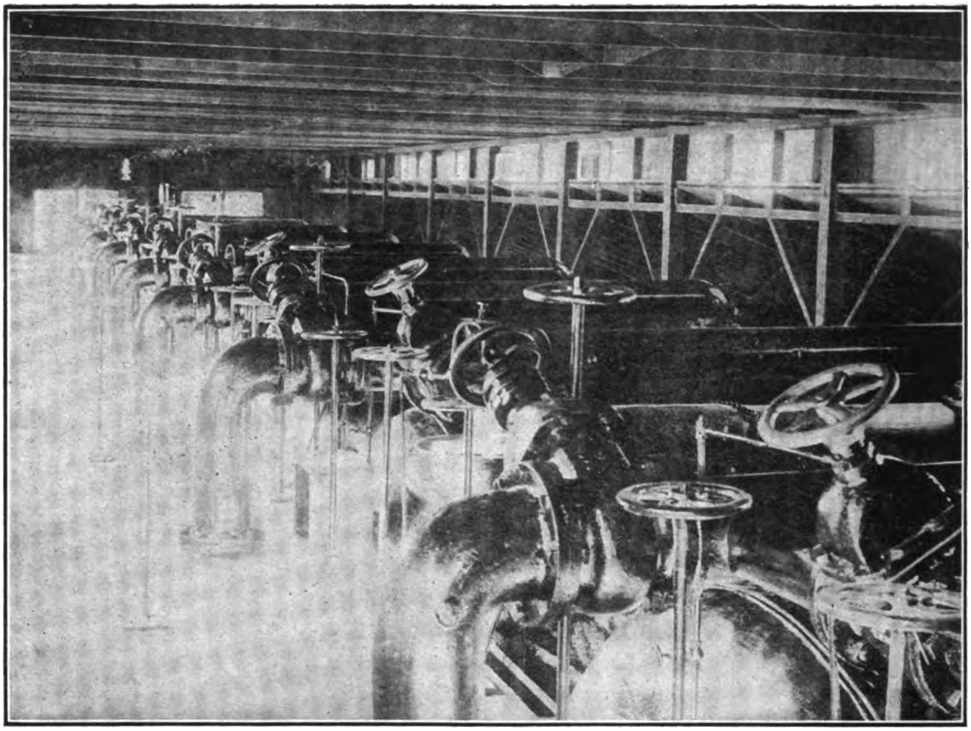
This banquet room opens into the ball room which is incomparably spacious and beautiful. A spring floor, something new



THE FAIRMONT FROM THE BAY—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BEFORE THE BIG FIRE

in dancedom, has been provided for the gratification of the most exacting dancer. The background is designed to so augment a brave display of gowns and jewelry that lovely woman will look still lovelier.

The furniture for all the bedroom floors is in mahogany and of course the rooms are cleaned in the modern, dustless, invisible manner. There is also a complicated mechanism by means of which all the air in the building is sucked out every fifteen minutes and entirely renewed with fresh air, distilled, sterilized and warmed to the desired temperature. Even more complicated is the apparatus for the kitchen, for in these days of scientific cooking there are all sorts of modern appliances which in order to understand the average small housekeeper would have to take a course in mechanics. Emile Bailly, the chef, with a reputation built up at the Ritz in Paris, the Grand at Monte Carlo and the St. Regis in New York, has divided the little world he rules into departments that are as clearly defined as the wards of a city. San Francisco has always had gastronomic distinction with the discriminating diners of all nations and its reputation will gain new luster through the Fairmont.



MAKING PURE WATER PURER—A BATTERY OF HYATT MECHANICAL FILTERS

SOME WATER FACTS

By KNUTE SULLIVAN

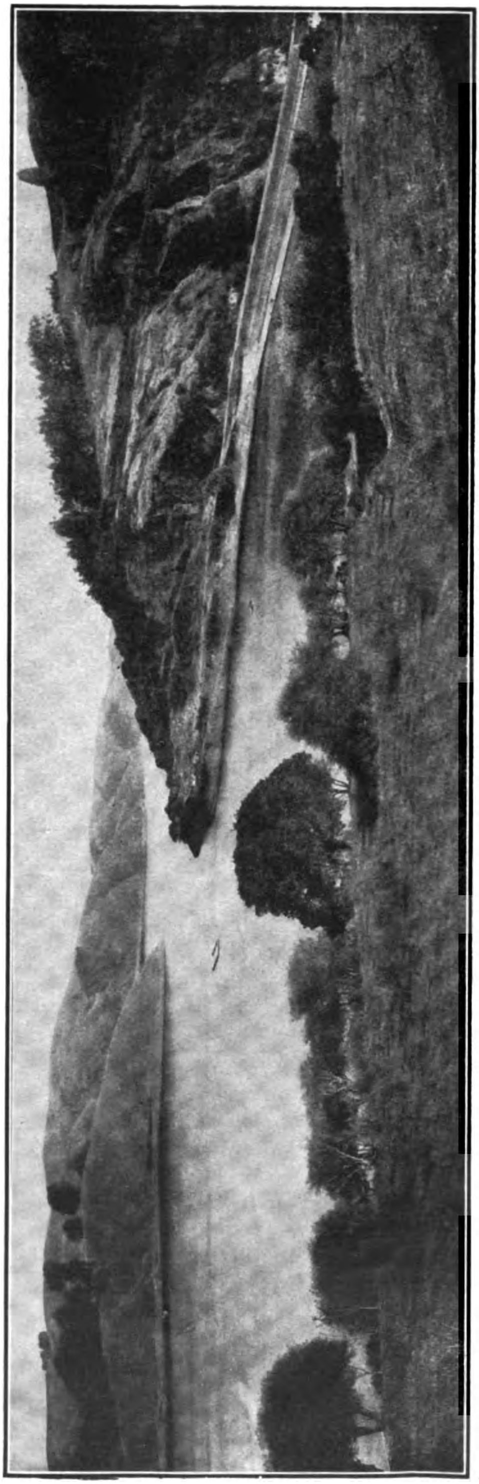
THE water supply of all cities is among the first considerations. There must be purity and quantity else the city can not grow. Health of the community can not continue long without water that answers all tests for purity, and the demand of sewer flushing, garden making and fire protection call for a supply abundant enough for a generous use by all householders. In no section of the country more than in the Far West are these water supply standards more essential for two reasons: one, the wide spread notion that all the West is an arid land; the other the wondrous possibilities of the soil, with an adequate water supply. Sunshine so overspreads and the climate generally is so stormless and benign, in contrast to the conditions of the lands of four seasons, that plant life of every class and variety luxuriates in a Jack's-beanstalk strength of growth, wherever there is water sufficient to satisfy natural demands.

Clearly the force of this line of reasoning appealed to the creators of greater Oakland, the big city on the eastern shore of San Francisco bay, that within the past three or four years has entered the lists of racing American cities heading for the half million goal. The founders of the city were wise men, too, and the original Contra Costa Water Company was equipped with natural lake reservoirs and fast-flowing springs that seemed ample for all needs for years ahead.

And the city on those dimpled hills over the bay from San Francisco grew steadily in size and in beauty. The spreading live oaks made it a veritable oak-land, and the soil and the water made the roses climb so aggressively that trees and telegraph poles often sheltered their blooms.

Away from the flat country and the harbor where ships from all corners of the earth cast anchor, higher and higher on the sloping hills the city has been growing. Close by, Berkeley, Alameda, Fruitvale, Point Richmond, San Pablo, and other prosperous communities have been adding to their population,—and to-day all are supplied with water by one organization—the Peoples Water Company. This is a consolidation of the original Contra Costa Company and what was known as the Syndicate Water Company, including the Richmond Water Company. The effect of this combination means a gratifying outlook for the continuous development of this cross-bay community, for this consolidated company has a capacity to supply 36,000,000 gallons of water a day. To the original lakes, springs and pumps have been added innumerable artesian wells, pipe lines and pumping stations until the entire country from San Leandro to Pinole—about thirty miles—is tributary to the one system of supply.

In this great system, as at present organized, are included Lake Chabot, with its capacity of 6,000,000,000 gallons; San Pablo reservoir, 8,000,000,000 gallons; the Temescal reservoir, 140,000,000 gallons; Highland Park, 1,500,000 gallons; Dimond reservoir, 500,000 gallons; the Broadway Break, 250,000 gallons; Linda Vista reservoir, 5,000,000 gallons; Berryman reservoir, 22,000,000 gallons; Summit reservoir, 35,000,000 gallons. At Alvarado there are thirty artesian wells running from one hundred to eight hundred and eighty feet in depth and from ten to twenty inches in diameter. The water flows into a reservoir by gravity, from which it is pumped about eighteen miles through a thirty-inch pipe to Oakland. At Richmond there are two pumping stations and another at San Pablo. These are very



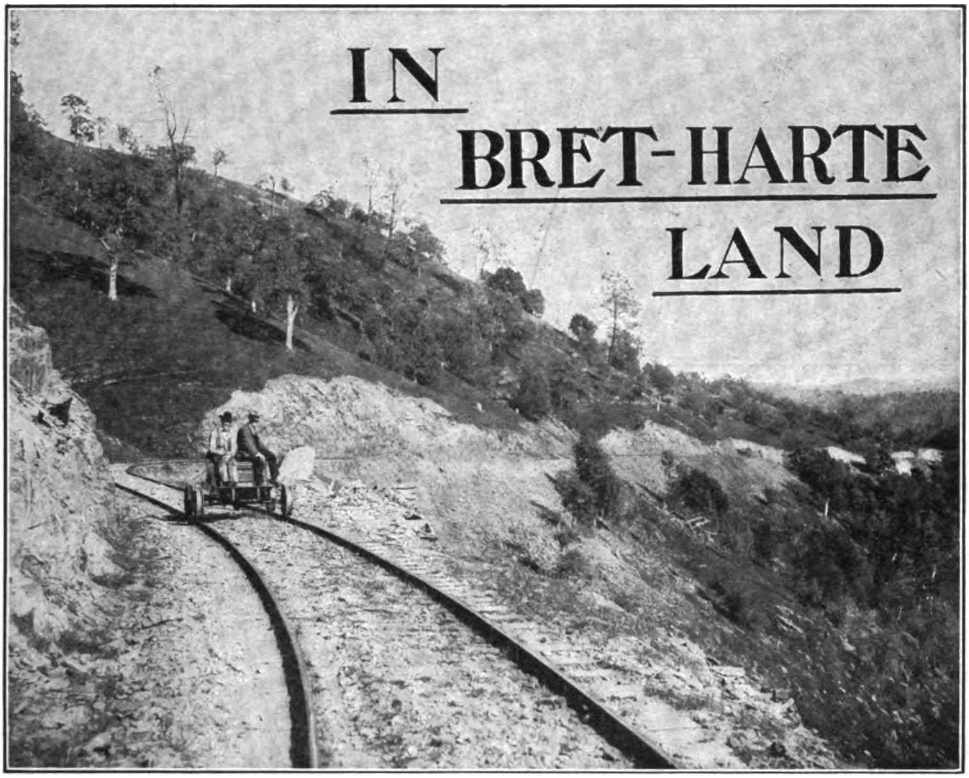
THIS IS NOT THE PHOTOGRAPH OF AN IDEALIZED PAINTING, BUT IS A PANORAMA PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SAN LEANDRO RESERVOIR, TAKEN FROM A POINT NEAR THE BIG DAM

HOW THE WATER OVERFLOWS AT TIMES FROM WASTE TUNNEL NO. 3. SAN LEANDRO RESERVOIR

deep wells, supplying water to the town of Richmond, which has a population of eight thousand, and to the Standard Oil Company's great plant employing thousands of people. There is now in process of installation an eight to ten inch line to the new plant of the California Wine Association, and thence up to Point Orient, where the Standard Oil Company has its can factory and its docks for loading its fleet of steamers carrying oil products to all ports ot the Pacific.

With the frequent tests demanded by modern sanitary science, and the natural surroundings and sources of water supply it would seem difficult to secure more desirable features than are here possessed by this water-dealing corporation. The big reservoirs look like natural lakes set in the hills dotted with poppies and buttercups. They are high up and faraway from houses or centers of population, and only the wired boundaries indicate that these are not resorts for sportsmen or pleasure seekers. From the artesian wells bubbles forth the pure snow water from the white capped Sierra, miles away, pouring through subterranean streams into channels of city usefulness.

IN BRET-HARTE LAND

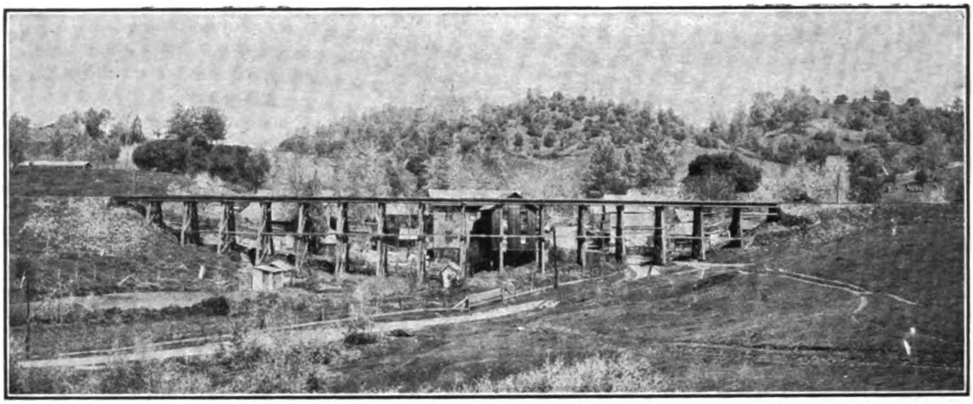


COASTI
ON
JACKAS
HILL

By Chauncey L. Canfield

IN WRITING of Bret Harte and the Bret Harte land, one who watched the growth of his fame from its modest beginnings in the '60s until he blazed forth as a leading literary light, lets memory drift back to Anton Roman's bookstore in San Francisco where congregated a group who held a daily intellectual symposium with the books that filled the shelves and over-ran the tables. The proprietor was an ideal bookman, whose soul soared above the mere vending of his wares and aspired to the rôle of a modest Mæcenas, a patron and publisher of California productions. He flourished for years in his little store on lower Montgomery street, and by his genial ways and kindly encouragement endeared himself to the struggling author and impecunious writer. We all rejoiced when he moved to his spacious bookrooms in the Lick House block, where he flourished and prospered for another decade, and we heartily subscribed to Colonel Cremony's sentiment, who dedicated his book "Apache Land" to "the noblest Roman of them all."

Cremony, soldier, wit and Bohemian in the better sense, was one of the most prominent of the coterie. When Roman decided on bringing out a magazine and founded the *Overland Monthly*, he offered the editor's chair to Colonel Cremony, but the colonel loved his liberty too well to put on the harness, preferring the part of a free lance rather than to undertake the drudgery of the editorial desk. It has often been a matter of speculation as to what would have been the effect on Harte's fortunes if Cremony had



TUTTLETOWN, WHERE HARTE ONCE TAUGHT SCHOOL, AND MARK TWAIN SOLD FLOUR AND MOLASSES

accepted. Doubtless Harte would have come to his own in due time; but it is a fact that the *Overland* was the happy chance that brought him out of comparative obscurity, the medium by which he jumped into fame.

Harte was not the first California writer to secure a reputation. Mark Twain preceded him with his iconoclastic "Innocents Abroad," but Mark was not one of us. He was a distinctly Comstock Lode production, and the Silver state justly claimed him. When he abandoned that field, he lingered for a few months in San Francisco, during which time he contributed a few articles to the press; but we knew him not until he returned from the Hawaiian Islands, where he went as correspondent of the *Alta California,* in the columns of which appeared a series of brilliant and witty letters, high-class work that demonstrated his ability. If Harte owed to Roman his chance, Mark was indebted to Noah Brooks, the managing editor of the *Alta,* for his opportunity. The money he earned as correspondent gave him the capital for his voyage on the "Quaker City," resulting in "Innocents Abroad" and an assured future.

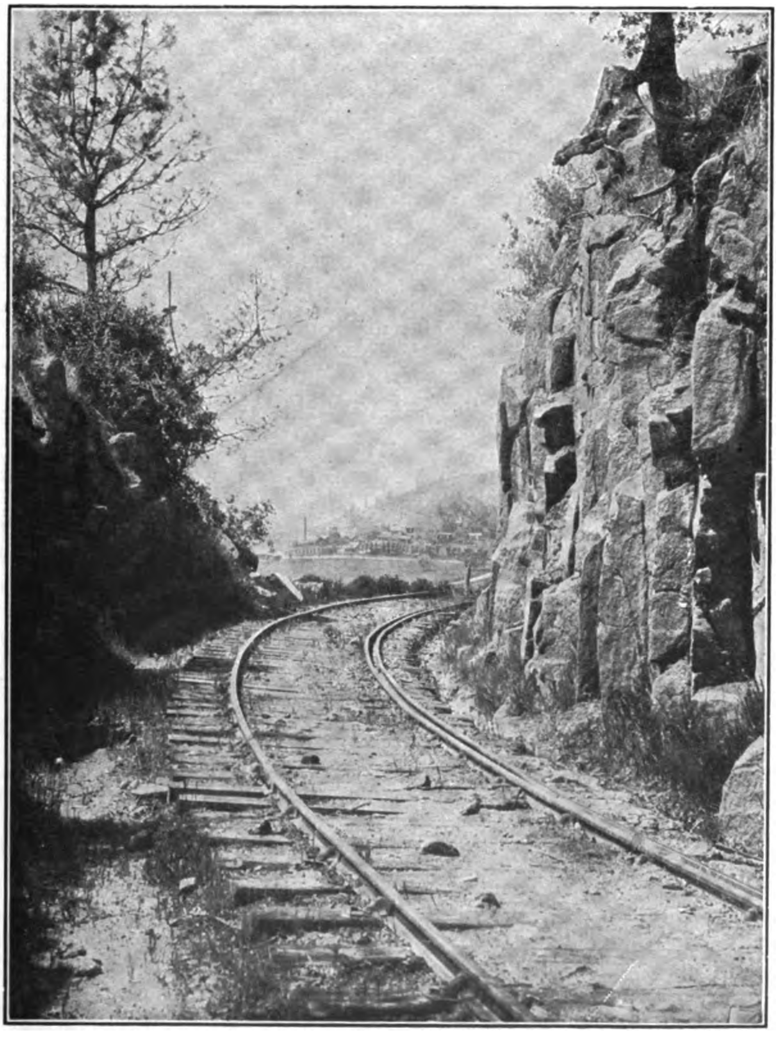
INDUSTRIOUS MULFORD

There was another queer stick who haunted the bookstore, an unpretentious genius, doing such hack work as came to his hand and eking out a bare living. This was Prentice Mulford, who then looked upon literature as a hod carrier regards his hod, a means to an end, an easier method of supporting life than working in a grub placer claim. That he was possessed of the divine afflatus was not suspected. It was unthinkable that he would later develop the spiritual side, for he was intensely practical and devoid of ambition, yet it remains that he was the founder of a new cult and the precursor and expounder of the tenets of the doctrine of Christian Science and that in his "Story of My Life," a most readable little book, he wrote the only sane and truthful description of the Argonaut's life and experiences. The *Overland* itself was antedated by the *Californian,* the first really high-class publication of its kind on the coast, although many of the cleverer writers had contributed to *The Golden Era,* a weekly whose articles were of uneven merit. There were also *The Hesperian, Hutchings's Magazine* and one or two others, publications that did not reach a very high intellectual plane and were made up of slushy, sentimental slop of the Matilda Jane order, and yet they seemed to appeal to the taste of the early-day readers. Possibly in the vigorous, strenuous and crude life of that period, those whose daily walk was romance and who brushed close to both tragedy and comedy found in this weak mental pabulum a relief from the stirring actualities of life, and in the inanities that made up their pages, compassed a restfulness that acted as a sedative to their highly pitched existence.

MEETING WITH HARTE

I was introduced to Bret Harte at a time when, in a literary way, he had just begun to find himself. He had, in 1871, lived in San Francisco for a decade, during which time he had given himself to literary pursuits chiefly, although he held a sinecure position in the United States Mint that made him independent. He was shy, reserved and anything but a good comrade, bestowing much care on his personal appearance, to the point of laboring under the charge of being finicky, which, together with his unsocial tendencies, brought down upon him the dislike of the more careless element. While the writer can not claim any close intimacy with Harte—there were very few whom he admitted to that relation—still we established a quasi-friendship, born of similar experiences.

I arrived in California in the early '50s, a stout lad, and joined my father, who had pioneered across the plains in '49 and settled in Mariposa. It was a wonderful change for an impressionable boy and the freedom of that happy, careless, irresponsible life was appealing to



A CUT IN TABLE MOUNTAIN WHERE "THE TWINS" ONCE LIVED—IN THE DISTANCE IS THE FAMOUS RAWHIDE MINE one's imagination. Mining was hard work, but it was under an easy taskmaster, and half of my days were holidays. Whenever I tired of or rebelled at toil, a holiday was suggested, and, furnished with a hardy mustang, I rode the trails and visited the towns and camps, not only in Mariposa but also in the adjoining county of Tuolumne, meeting and scraping acquaintance with the multifarious types that made up the population, the greaser, the gambler, the desperado, the plodding and the roistering miner, the hanger-on, all of whom interested me. A city-bred boy, fresh from the New York schools, in my wildest flights I had never dreamed of such a life as this,—the total absence

OLD-TIME FLUME, NEAR SONORA, IN THE HEART OF TUOLUMNE of conventionalities, the leveling of all distinctions, where neither brains nor riches seemed to count for much, and brawn and luck for everything. Gold was everywhere,—its gathering free to all, and its plenitude bred a recklessness that flung prudence to the winds. In this harvest the toiler scattered his gains, and the gambler, the saloonkeeper and the barnacles thrived and fattened.

HARTE IN TUOLUMNE

Harte had much the same experience, although when he reached the mines, placer mining was at its ebb. The gulches and ravines were exhausted, and instead of the old ounce diggings of the early '50s, the lingering miner was, perforce, content with a claim that returned grub money and a little margin for his expenses on the regular Sunday trip to the nearest town. The Fraser River excitement, which broke out in 1858, had stripped the foothills of their most enterprising inhabitants, and but few returned to what they termed "the old stamping ground." As Harte did not visit the mining region until 1860, it followed that to him the flush times were more or less tradition.

He had spent some months in Humboldt County working on a newspaper, and, tiring of that, came to San Francisco, and then in search of future adventures drifted to Tuolumne County, influenced by correspondence that he had kept up with a steamer-made acquaintance who had sought fortune in that locality. His mining experience was brief and unprofitable. Harte did not take kindly to hard work or rough fare and a few weeks cured him of any desire to woo fortune in that direction. An opportunity presenting itself, he became a school teacher, grasping the occupation as a temporary expedient. He was a boy of twenty-three with a fair education, a liking for books and a dislike for any occupation that soiled his hands or clothes or entailed the expenditure of muscle. The section around and about Indian Springs was part pastoral and part mineral. Along the Stanislaus River at this point, the high land broke off into low rolling hills and valleys and had been taken up as stock ranches by the settlers—all squatters, and all from the Western states, Missouri furnishing the majority. Harte has most accurately photographed the genus, in his charming "Cressy," which not only pictured the rancher to the life, but was also a faithful limning of his own career as a schoolmaster. There was a touch of this same in his first mining story, "M'liss," and in many other of the tales these Pike County emigrants were introduced.

There was another and quite contrasted type that was possibly more interesting to him than the first mentioned. Indian Springs was located at the western base of Table Mountain, and while the shallow placer claims had been worked out, the gravel beds had been followed into the hills and numerous companies were driving tunnels projected to reach the ancient river buried under the lava and basalt. As a consequence Harte met and mingled with both elements and stored up many memories of traits and characteristics that afterward were utilized in his romances.

PLAYING SCHOOLMASTER

Harte thoroughly enjoyed this episode in his life. He was fond of children and had a happy faculty of winning their confidence and friendship; there was a fascination to him in the different phases of existence in a mining hamlet; he was a Pagan in his worship of Nature, and his duties as a schoolmaster were not exacting. What with Saturday and Sunday holidays and only six hours daily involved in conducting the school, there was plenty of leisure on his hands, loafing spells that he appreciated, enjoyed, and as it happened, a breathing time, in the employment of which he became thoroughly saturated with the spirit and essence of the foothills and those who inhabited them, the Missourian, the toiling and the shiftless miner, the sleek and well-clad gambler, whom he met and studied when visiting Sonora, the Colonel Starbottles and Bungstarters, the country editor, and types of all the throng that illumine his creative pages.

The McKinstrys and that ilk liked him and put at his disposal free mounts in the way of saddle horses, and it was his pleasure to ride the roads and trails around about, following the river bank up to where the South Fork joined the main river, back over the divide to Five Forks, Columbia and Sonora, and skirting the southern flank of Table Mountain, through classic Jimtown, Coyoteville and Chinese Camp, and on his return Red Mountain looming up on the south side of the Tuolumne River. Of course these rides were varied as chance or inclination prompted. There was many a stop by the wayside or up some gulch, where a chat with a miner was followed by an invitation to partake of such rude hospitality as offered. In these rambles Harte became thoroughly in touch with many quaint characters, men who, yielding to the insidious charm of climate and under a spell wrought by their environment, had lost energy and ambition and were content with an existence that, at least, removed any pressure from want, provided them with rude shelter and gave them a dearly prized independence. They were not illiterate, quite the contrary. As a class, they purchased books, subscribed to newspapers, kept abreast with the affairs of the world, and indulged in dreams of the big strike,—the rich pocket that they would find some day, which would reward them for all the years of waiting and anticipation. Poor old boys! As a rule Dame Fortune continued coy to the end; they pottered and plodded for years, stricken with the dry rot, until they grew old, feeble and incapable, and then came the county hospital followed by a pauper burial, and a brief notice in the town paper that another pioneer had gone to his rest.

LISTENING TO MINERS YARNS

In his lingering interviews, Harte, whose receptive and impressionable mind put him in sympathy with the moods of these garrulous old fellows, absorbed and stored away the experiences, traditions and incidents that had characterized life in the foothills in the '50s. There was not a hamlet or camp that did not have some story, reminiscent of farce, tragedy or comedy and these were so out of the common from the prosy happenings of the ordinary Eastern communities that they constituted an entirely new and most interesting chapter.

Now Harte at the time of his sojourn in Tuolumne County had not decided on any particular occupation. The leaven was undoubtedly working, but the adoption of letters as a profession had not been considered. He had dabbled to some extent in the record of village life in contributions to the columns of the paper at Eureka, on Humboldt Bay, while working on it as a compositor; had written some poetry in his boyhood days and while at Indian Springs he had sent a few communications to the *Sonora Democrat,* the county paper, but these were merely trial flights, without particular purpose. The lagoons, marshes and lowlands around about Humboldt Bay lingered in his memory; the Indian life had interested him and he had a half-formed idea that some day he would utilize this knowledge—which he afterwards did in "Princess Bob," "Dedlow Marsh," and "The Man On the Beach," but it was far from his thoughts that he would become famous by reason of his participation in the life or from mental capital acquired during his stay in the Sierra foothills.

BASIS OF HIS FAME

And yet the two or three years spent in Tuolumne were the basis of all that made his reputation, for, to quote the dialect, "he struck a new lead," fresh, novel and unhackneyed and if in the end he worked the vein until it about petered out, he touched it all with felicity and a most informed talent. Quarrel as we may with the grotesque exaggeration, the distortion and basic unveracity of it all, we concede humor, pathos and genius and it remains that until the end Bret Harte's mining tales will be accepted as an authentic picture of the Sierra foothills, and the doings of the Argonauts during the placer gold era. Perhaps it is as well, for romance when founded on facts, even if the alleged facts are a little shaky, is more interesting than the dry-as-dust journals of the preachers, who were the first to record their impressions of that wonderful era.

While conceding his ability the pioneers have always borne Harte a grudge. They agree that his pen pictures of the country were inspiration in the accuracy of his descriptions, that the dusty roads, the red soil, torrential rivers, mountain and valley, gulch and ravine, are photographic in their reproduction and breathe the very essence of the foothills, but they stoutly deny that they were ever peopled by the characters that he created. The Argonauts as a class were neither boors nor fools. The dialect with which he endows the miner was a linguistic creation of his own, for good English was the rule. In intelligence and education a large majority of the pioneers were superior to the dwellers in Eastern towns; they were the pick of those communities in brains and enterprise and the half-baked idiots who flourish as the heroes and chief characters of his tales were unknown. There has been a protest at this distortion and exaggeration but it has been in vain. While Californians knew better, these uncouth creations appealed to those of his readers who yielded to the charm of his stories; the outside world caring little for authenticity so long as romance was touched with magic pen.

HIS EARLY TALES

In a vague way it is understood that the section that he made famous embraces Tuolumne, Mariposa, Stanislaus and Calaveras counties. All of his earlier tales have this region for their background, and it was with an appreciative touch that he so picturesquely reproduced its topography and characteristics. This fact has escaped the attention of his publishers, who, in an edition of his completed works, have inserted a misleading and inaccurate map that purports to set forth the localities mentioned. The writer, an admirer of Harte's genius, was struck with this inaccuracy, knowing well that Harte's experiences in the mines were compassed and limited to his sojourn in Tuolumne County and felt that the mistakes should be corrected. Frequent conversations with Harte persuaded him that the types and wonderful word pictures had their inspiration from his experiences and wanderings while a schoolmaster at Indian Springs, and a critical examination of the stories enabled one to construct a map and locate beyond dispute the majority of the camps, bars, flats, creeks, rivers and roads, fords, ditches, mountain slopes and hills mentioned in the earlier tales, and the locations are verified by Harte himself, as will be clearly shown by quoting his own language.

Before taking up the stories in their order it may be stated that Sandy Bar is the key to the problem, and, its location demonstrated, the others are easily placed. In "An Iliad of Sandy Bar" the "Sunny South" is spoken of as the finest saloon in old Tuolumne County, and when Colonel Yorke met the Lily of Poverty Flat in Paris she told him that, "Sandy Bar is no more, they call it Riverside now and it is higher up on the river bank." In "Roger Catron's Friends" the body of Whisky Dick floated down the Stanislaus River and lodged on the opposite bank before the eyes of Sandy Bar. From various other allusions, which will be mentioned in order, it is shown that the "Bar" was on the main Stanislaus River, about five miles above Robinson's Ferry, the latter on the stage road from Stockton to Sonora.

THE STORY OF M'LISS

Taking up the tales in the order of their publication the first mining story written by Harte was "M'liss," which appeared in the *Golden Era* in 1866. It was tentative and unsatisfactory to the author, but the germ was there and many of those felicitous touches were there, the elaboration of which afterward brought him fame. The unfortunate miner, "Bummer Smith," was drawn from life and was the memory of a tragic incident at Tuttletown, where the town drunkard, a once prosperous miner, in a fit of delirium, blew out his brains. The schoolmaster of the story was Harte himself and the school and its surroundings a sympathetic limning of the Temple of Learning over which he presided at the Springs. Red Mountain is an elevated range on the south bank of the Tuolumne

River, running from Red Mountain Bar to Garrote and Big Oak Flat, where it joins the main Sierra range. All along the river from Jacksonville to Rough and Ready Creek was famous placer ground and many rich strikes were made that eclipsed Smith's Pocket. Local tradition had it that the pocket referred to was one found on Six-Bit Gulch, that yielded $15,000.00, but there is no proof of this and it is not probable that Harte had any particular spot in his mind when weaving the romance, beyond locating it on the flank of Red Mountain. It was his first essay as a story writer and he was much disgusted with the result, as the construction of the plot proved too much for him. He told the writer that it had been his intention to follow the fortunes of M'liss and the schoolmaster after their departure from Smith's Pocket, but invention failed him and he brought it abruptly to a close. Years afterward, at the request of his publishers, he again essayed a continuation, but the result was so unsatisfactory that after writing a few chapters he gave up the task in disgust.

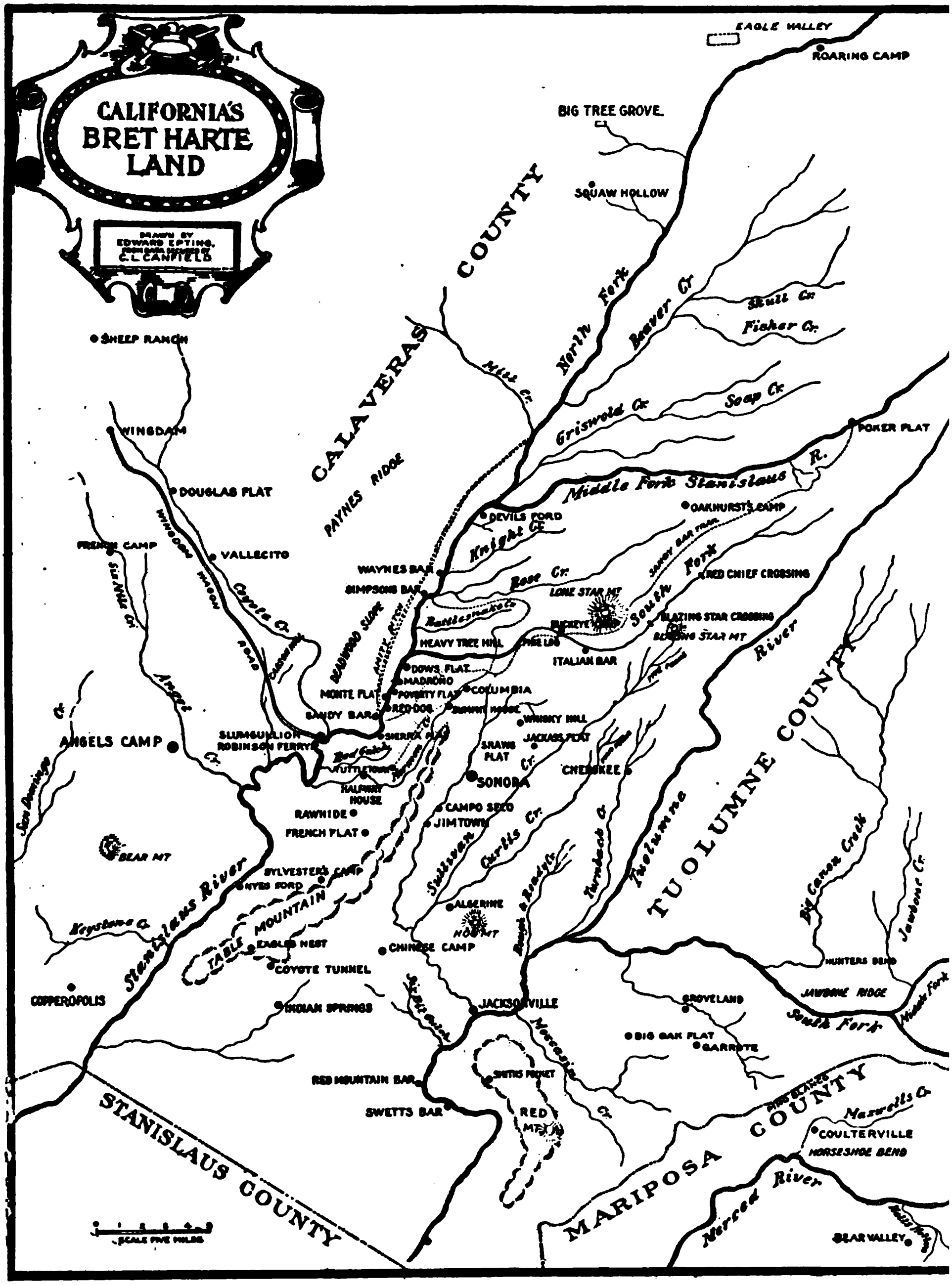
WHEN "THE LUCK" WAS WRITTEN

But the tale is most interesting as being his first incursion into this neglected field and if somewhat crude there are many fine descriptive passages, sharp character drawing and a satiric humor all his own, with flashes here and there that he never exceled. M'liss's unexpected retort at the school examination to that hectoring hypocrite McSnagley is delicious, and the wild and wayward M'liss ranks among the best of his creations. The story, locally, failed to attract any attention and Harte did not draw any further on the foothills for inspiration until some four years afterward when his "Luck of Roaring Camp" hit the popular fancy and brought celebrity and fortune. It is an oft-told story—the chance production of this fine romance in the first number of the *Overland* and need not be repeated

We are concerned only with its location, and Harte settled that beyond dispute. In all of his tales in which it is mentioned, the North Fork stands for that branch of the Stanislaus River, and like the Wingdam Road he alludes to it again and again. The turbid, yellow, rapid torrent was one of his most vivid memories; he had crossed its fords, followed the trails along its banks, or, on dreamy days, watched it tumbling over its rocky bed through narrow cañons, or rippling over the shallow bars and the murmur of its waters reached his ears at his favorite perch on Table Mountain. In describing the flood that overwhelmed Roaring Camp he wrote that it was a triangular valley on the North Fork, and in discussing the provision to be made for the comfort of "The Luck" he states that it was forty miles from Red Dog. As that classically named camp was two or three miles above Sandy Bar, on the main river (see Tennessee's Partner) it follows that Harte, in his imagination placed it as seen on the map. He alludes to it again in "Two Men of Sandy Bar" when Sandy's father subscribes to a fund to disseminate the Bible in that irreligious locality, and "Boston," the arch humorist, who figures in "The Poet of Sierra Flat" hailed from Roaring Camp.

A NEW STAR RECOGNIZED

This story was shortly followed by one of equal merit, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" and confirmed the belief that a new star had arisen on the literary horizon. The moral spasm that lifted into heroic prominence the stoic gambler, was written with the same force and audacity as its predecessor, was as artistic in its construction and as intense and interesting in its presentment of a novel phase of life. In the early days, when class distinctions were leveled, and birth, wealth or profession counted for nothing, the gambler was neither ostracized nor despised, especially in the southern mining counties of California. There were several reasons for this: the easy tolerance of a crude society, where one's past was not inquired into, the fact that the sporting man was neat in habit, and punctilious as to his word, and, the greatest factor that the professional ranks were largely recruited from scions of Southern families, well-bred and well-educated, who immigrating to California before its admission as a state, counted on slave labor for their support. This


CALIFORNIA'S BRET HARTE LAND
DRAWN BY EDWARD EPTING. FROM DATA FURNISHED BY C. L. CANFIELD
EAGLE VALLEY
ROARING CAMP
BIG TREE GROVE
SQUAW HOLLOW
CALAVERAS COUNTY
PAYNES RIDGE
SHEEP RANCH
WINGDAM
DOUGLAS FLAT
VALLECITO
FRENCH CAMP
WINGDAM WAGON ROAD
Coyote Cr.
North Fork
Beaver Cr.
Skull Cr.
Fisher Cr.
Griswold Cr.
Soap Cr.
Mill Cr.
POKER FLAT
Middle Fork Stanislaus R.
DEVILS FORD
OAKHURSTS CAMP
Knight Cr.
WAYNES BAR
SIMPSONS BAR
Rose Cr.
LONE STAR MT
SANDY BAR TRAIL
South Fork
RED CHIEF CROSSING
Rattlesnake Cr.
DEADWOOD SLOPE
HEAVY TREE HILL
PINE LOG
BUCKEYE
BLAZING STAR CROSSING
BLAZING STAR MT
ITALIAN BAR
DOWS FLAT
MADRONO
MONTE FLAT
POVERTY FLAT
COLUMBIA
RED DOG
SANDY BAR
SUMMIT HOUSE
WHISKY HILL
JACKASS FLAT
SLUMGULLION
ROBINSON FERRY
Red Gulch
SHERRY FLAT
ANGELS CAMP
Angels Cr.
Six Mile Cr.
San Domingo
TUTTLETOWN
HALFWAY HOUSE
SHAWS FLAT
SONORA
CHEROKEE
RAWNIDE
FRENCH FLAT
CAMPO SECO
JIMTOWN
Sullivan Cr.
Curtis Cr.
Turnback Cr.
Rough & Ready Cr.
Tuolumne River
TUOLUMNE COUNTY
BEAR MT
SYLVESTERS CAMP
NYES FORD
TABLE MOUNTAIN
Stanislaus River
Keystone Cr.
ALGERINE
BALD MT
EAGLES NEST
CHINESE CAMP
COYOTE TUNNEL
Big Canon Creek
Jawbone Cr.
HUNTERS BEND
COPPEROPOLIS
INDIAN SPRINGS
JACKSONVILLE
Six Bit Gulch
GROVELAND
JAWBONE RIDGE
South Fork
Middle Fork
BIG OAK FLAT
GARROTE
Moccasin Cr.
SMITHS POCKET
RED MOUNTAIN BAR
SWETTS BAR
RED MT
STANISLAUS COUNTY
MARIPOSA COUNTY
Maxwells Cr.
COULTERVILLE
HORSESHOE BEND
Merced River
BEAR VALLEY
SCALE FIVE MILES

prop taken away, the majority of them turned to gambling. The mining camps of Tuolumne and Mariposa counties were their hunting ground and they made up a distinct and aristocratic class, toiling not, yet fattening on the overflow of the golden stream that came from the rich placers of that region. They flourishe and prospered until the breaking out o the Civil War when the majority returne to join the Confederate ranks and die o southern battlefields.

There were many of this type in the town of Sonora and here Harte met them. His Oakhurst and Jack Hamlin were life studies and creations in fiction that are imperishable. It is a pity that Harte, in later stories, brought Oakhurst again upon the stage—a literary blunder of the first magnitude. He lingers in memory "as he lay cold and pulseless," when he "passed in his checks on December 7, 1850," and it is a shock to find him several years later, assuming an absurd and unheroic rôle in "Two Men of Sandy Bar," or turning stockbroker, and succumbing to the wiles of a vicious woman twenty years afterward (see "A Passage in the Life of John Oakhurst"). It was such lapses that persuaded his admirers that Harte had shot his bolt and had reached the level of perfunctory hack-work.

WHERE WAS POKER FLAT?

But, criticism aside, where was Poker Flat? Harte answers by saying that it was a day's journey from Sandy Bar, a mountain range intervening. Oakhurst hailed from Roaring Camp originally, but was plying his craft at Poker Flat at the time of the episode. It was some twenty miles from Devil's Ford on the Middle Fork, and Tom Simpson, who had run away with Piney Woods from Sandy Bar, met the party on the summit. The climb out of Middle Fork Cañon to the top of the mountain coincides with the lay of the country exactly. There were several mining hamlets along the river above its junction with the North Fork and any of these would fit the fascinating story.

Next in order follows "Miggles," to many of his readers the most charming of his creations, and there are but few among his admirers who do not echo the Judge's toast, "Here's to Miggles, God bless her"; the local allusions are vague. She had lived at Marysville, she procured her provisions from North Fork, and Yuba Bill (his first appearance and a reminiscence of Harte's brief employment as a Wells Fargo shotgun messenger) was driving the Pioneer coach to Virginia City. The only conclusion that could be drawn is that Miggles's quaint retreat was in El Dorado County, as the Pioneer coach ran from Sacramento through Placerville to its destination.

THE PARTNER AT POKER FLAT

There is none of this obscurity in the next of the series, "Tennessee's Partner." The partner had lived at Poker Flat, but when Tennessee ran away with his wife, had removed to the outskirts of Sandy Bar. After the robbery of the San Franciscan, it is stated that the people of both Sandy Bar and Red Dog made common cause in hunting him down, and he was brought to bay and captured in Grizzly Cañon on the road between the two camps. Red Dog was some two miles up the river from Sandy Bar and on the river's edge. As in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the fact is mentioned that it had been twice under water. Harte recurs to it often in his stories, and has given its title to one tale, "The Heiress of Red Dog."

"The Idyll of Red Gulch" was next in sequence, and was located on a plateau overlooking the river. The Slumgullion stage road passed through it, and that highway was identical with the road running from Robinson's Ferry to Sonoma, as will be shown later. There was a Red Gulch, but like many other ravines cutting the mountain flanks, its shallow deposits were soon mined out, and while during their heyday, clusters of cabins marked settlements along their course, these had rotted away, with here and there a log structure preserved by some stranded miner who lingered and eked out a precarious living by "crevicing" the bed rock or washing tailings. It was these recluses that Harte in his wanderings sought out, and passed many idle hours in listening to tales of the days when ounce diggings were the rule and the buckskin purse was filled with the gleanings of the old placers.

ON THE WINGDAM ROAD

Two of Harte's stock characters, Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill, came on the stage, literally, in "Brown of Calaveras," although Hamlin had been mentioned in the previous story. So also that famous turnpike, the Wingdam road, and the town of Wingdam. If one followed the windings of that highway through the many allusions to it in the romances he would trace it in a most erratic and peculiar course. In M'liss it ran through Smith's Pocket, which was over on Red Mountain, south of the Tuolumne River, while in others of the tales it passed through Sandy Bar, Red Dog, Poverty Flat, crossed the Stanislaus River at Scott's Ferry and branched off in the most unexpected way to camps that lay in opposite directions. Harte was usually a little uncertain in his topographical excursions, in fact gave little thought beyond preserving a general vraisemblence. "All roads lead to Rome," and all of the Tuolumne and Calaveras roads centered at Robinson's Ferry. The Stockton stage road crossed the river at that point and branch roads diverged from there to all of the more important mining towns. Being somewhat curious on the subject, I asked the author, after "Brown of Calaveras" appeared, just what hamlet he had in mind when naming Wingdam and he replied that he had associated it with Murphy's Camp and that the Wingdam road proper was the old stage road that ran from Robinson's Ferry (Slumgullion) passing Carson Hill, Vallecito, and Murphy's.

HARTE AGAIN ADRIFT

One of Harte's earlier papers was devoted to "A Lonely Ride," over this particular highway, a return journey from a quest which if it had been successful might have materially changed his future. A lack of school funds had caused the suspension of the Indian Springs school, and Harte was adrift. There was a vacancy in that line at Murphy's Camp, and the trip was undertaken with the expectation of securing the position, but he had delayed too long after receiving the notification and found that a young man from Campo Seco had been selected and duly installed. Shortly afterward Harte was appointed Wells Fargo shotgun messenger and occupied the box seat in that capacity for some two months on the line plying between Sonora and Lancha Plana on the Mokelumne River. It was to this experience that we owe the evolving of one of his best characters, the imitable Yuba Bill, as well as the stage road and stage coach incidents that are featured in the majority of the romances. The red road, the red dust, the shimmering heat, the long and wearisome grades—these were stamped on his consciousness in those many tedious trips, and although his coach was never held up while he was officially connected with it, there had been many notable and daring robberies previously, and no doubt the quondam Yuba Bill regaled his box companion with the details as well as the characteristics and exploits of the knights of the road.

AT SANDY BAR

In "An Iliad of Sandy Bar," the author gives a graphic picture of the mythical river camp, and leaves no room for doubt as to its true place on the map, which, as mentioned elsewhere, was on the main Stanislaus River, above the stage crossing at Robinson's Ferry. Here Poverty Flat receives its first notice as being contiguous to Sandy Bar and a hamlet of some importance, as it supported a paper, the *Poverty Flat Pioneer*. Here, too, we have the first glimpse of that charming heroine, Miss Jo Follansbee,—the Lily of Poverty Flat.

In the sketch that followed the "Iliad," "The Romance of Madroño Hollow," old man Follansbee's ranch was situated at that place, and as he also kept store where he "sold bacon and flour" and mined, the Flat and the Hollow must have been close together.

OFF FOR THE EAST

These last mentioned stories were written but not published before Harte severed his connection with the *Overland* and departed for the East under contract with Fields, Osgood & Company, who tempted him with an offer of ten thousand dollars a year. It was a bad bargain for the Boston firm as Harte did but little to earn the salary. It was also an unhappy year for Harte whose brilliant powers were handicapped by the unfortunate status of his home life. He complained, whether justly or not is immaterial, that he was balked and thwarted at every turn by his wife, in his opportunity to secure the social recognition extended to him as the latest literary lion. Under the restraint and petty annoyance he grew morose and misanthropic, lost ambition, and did little to justify to his publishers the reputation that had preceded his coming. It was these domestic trials that finally induced him to emigrate to England, and to make his absence permanent. There the London fog penetrated his brain, and while he wrote many charming tales, none of them reached the high mark set by the five earlier stories that appeared in the *Overland.* More than that he became topographically careless and inaccurate, perpetrating inexcusable solecisms, such as locating vast plains at Bolinas, in a section where level ground is scarcely found; extensive redwood forests in Yolo County, where only an occasional oak tree and a few cottonwoods exist, and discovering gold mines at Los Gatos, a purely pastoral region. But Harte was indifferent to the verities. He had ceased writing for California readers and his English and Eastern clientele were not hypercritical.

ON TABLE MOUNTAIN

In the remainder of his works it is much more difficult to decide definitely the exact point on the map where the action takes place, as in many of the stories there are direct contradictions, but in a general way he still adhered to old Tuolumne. For example, in "How Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar," he notes that the "Bar" clung like a swallow's nest to the rocky entablature of Table Mountain, and as usual it was high water on the North Fork. It was a glorious ride made by Tom Bullen, but an erratic one when it comprehended Red Mountain in the journey, as to have touched the base of it would have taken him ten miles out of the way; the rest of the ride up Rattlesnake Creek and down Rattlesnake Hill to Tuttletown and return to the "Bar" was just about sixty miles. In "Mrs. Skagg's Husbands," the scene is laid at Angels, in Calaveras County, one of the few mining towns of the foothills that has retained its old prominence. It was about ten miles from the Stanislaus River. Old man Johnson covered about that distance in his mad flight over Payne's Ridge and down Deadwood Slope where he plunged into the river. Flinn of Robinson's Ferry was a passenger on the Wingdam night coach, which identifies the Wingdam road as the old highway between Robinson's Ferry and Murphy's Camp (Wingdam). In this romance Tommy Islington's fortune is based upon the discovery of cinnabar at Quicksilver City, which Harte evolved from the opening of the big copper mines at Copperopolis.

JUMBLING TOPOGRAPHY

"An Episode of Fiddletown" jumbles topography in a distracting way. Fiddletown, a rich mining camp of the early days, situated in Amador County, is no longer on the map, although Dutch Flat, decayed in fortunes, still remains. Harte was out of his beaten track in this story, as he indicates that the places were close neighbors, while in reality they were sixty miles apart. In "The Rose of Tuolumne," he is back again in familiar ground. Chemisal Ridge and Four Forks were on the headwaters of Sullivan Creek, ten miles southeast of Sonora.

While "A Passage in the Life of Mr. John Oakhurst" is not connected with the mining region in its frame, it is notable in the resuscitation of one of Harte's principal and strongest figures in his early tales. Oakhurst, the exiled gambler, in the "Outcasts of Poker Flat," has been accepted by his readers as heroic in both his strength and weakness, consistent in his life and pathetic in his death. When Harte pictured him, the stark lonely figure in the winding sheet of snow, and wrote that concise and appealing epitaph, "Beneath this tree lies the body of John Oakhurst, who struck a streak of bad luck on the 23d of November, 1850, and handed in his checks the 7th of December, 1850," it would hardly have been believed that he could be tempted to bring him to life again.

OAKHURST AGAIN

Oakhurst made one more appearance, and again to his disadvantage in "Two Men of Sandy Bar," Harte's essay in the drama. Here he winds up a weak and most unheroic rôle by marrying and becoming a banker.

"A Monte Flat Pastoral" is rich in local allusion. There was a cluster of familiar names, Monte Flat, Buckeye Hill, Dow's Flat, Eureka Hill, all bordering the river above Sandy Bar. With the exception of Dow's Flat where Dow struck gold when hunting for water, these titles were no invention and although they have disappeared from memory with the vanishing of the diggings that gave them a local habitation, they were busy little pioneer camps in the '50s. Even Amity Ditch, mentioned in the tale, conveyed the waters of the North Fork to the various flats and ravines and supplied Carson Hill with a sluice stream. Of course the Wingdam road ran through them all, and Abner Dean, of Angels, the immortal Abner of "The Society on the Stanislaus," was a frequent visitor.

In that delicious idyll, "Baby Sylvester," we have one of Harte's poetical descriptions of the foothill country and its charms. Sylvester's cabin was on the flank of Table Mountain, overlooking the river, and it is with a most happy touch that the author paints the surroundings. The tall pines, the golden lizard, the flash of the blue jay's wing, the sighing breath from the deep chested woods, the rasp of the grasshoppers—what dweller in the foothills that does not recognize the faithfulness of it all! In this direction Harte was indeed inspired. Five Forks, "The Fool of Five Forks," were the tributaries of Mormon Creek and drained Blazing Star Mountain. The once flourishing Jackass Hill was located on the banks of this creek and Buckeye Camp was on the eastern slope of the ridge where the South Fork wound its way along the base. Red Chief's Crossing was a couple of miles above Italian Bar (see map), and Blazing Star Camp on a plateau half way down the mountain, while across the river was the peak known as Lone Star Mountain. This section figured in "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain," "Found at Blazing Star," and "The Fool of Five Forks."

TO OLD SCENES

In "The Twins of Table Mountain," Harte swung back to the section he liked best of all, the level plateau that crowned Table Mountain. Climbing up the steep ascent to the summit from Indian Springs to the west, he had in his leisure hours loafed and dreamed in its solitudes. The echo of the water dashing over the rocks and through the cañon at its base fell on his ear in a pleasing murmur, a lullaby to his day dreams, and from his airy perch there was a panoramic view of the country unfolded for miles around, dotted with rude mining camps and pretentious mining centers, the isolated peaks of Bald, Red, Hog and Bear mountains pierced the blue, the snow crowned summits of the Sierra Nevada range meeting the sky in the hazy distance. What wonder that in that glorious climate and before Nature's smiling face, where the commonplace was banished and the air breathed romance, that Harte, young and plastic, absorbed the spirit of it all, and caught the magic of the unfettered unregenerate life, which he afterward so accurately transferred to his inspired pages. Even when the brain was dulled by age and ennui, wearied with what had become the hack-work of authorship, when his stories lacked their old spontaneity, there would come the spell of the old scenes, the ghosts of early associations and then a vivid word picture, a flash of latent genius and for a brief sentence, a short page, Harte was again the necromancer of the earlier stories. When the witchery and glamor of it all was evoked from the past, then a "Cressy" or a "Jeff Briggs's Love Story" was evolved and Harte was at his best again. There is no difficulty in the "Love Story," in settling the locale. In the old days, no passenger rode from Robinson's Ferry up that long, steep hill to the crest but will remember the Summit House, where a halt was called, a change of horses made, the inner man refreshed at the bar; it being a point of honor to extend an invitation to the autocrat of the box seat and a genuine mark of condescension on his part to accept. There was a halfway house, midway up the grade, where

Harte installed Jeff Briggs as landlord, and it was a favorite stopping place for the teamsters hauling freight from Stockton to Sonora and adjacent camps. When Briggs became a shotgun messenger his run was from Robinson's Ferry to Murphy's, over the Wingdam road.

A BIT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

"Cressy" was an autobiographical leaf from his own experiences and an accurate transcript of a page of his youth. It was at Indian Springs that Harte taught school and it was here that the pastoral and mineral section joined each other. Table Mountain broke off into a gentle slope to the river and along the lowlands bordering it many squatters settled and established stock ranches, and the McKinstrys were fair types of the genus. The gulches, creeks, and ravines that seamed the western face of the elevation were good diggings then, and when exhausted, channels running under the mountain itself were discovered and exploited. Harte, in evolving the story, was writing *con amore* and in his happiest vein.

It is well, so far as the map and Bret Harte land is concerned, to leave him here. When he wrote "Cressy" he had been away from California fifteen years; in his newer environments and associations the memory of his sojourn in old Tuolumne had grown dim, and while he still clung to the early days for his best material, he paid little attention to the congruities. As a result, when he harks back to the old stamping ground his later tales are full of contradictions and absurdities, as glaring as the ride in the private carriage in "Dick Spindler's Christmas," where the coachman, with his lady occupants, covers a distance of one hundred and twenty miles—Sacramento to Rough and Ready and return—in one night, with a sojourn of two hours at Spindler's mansion. And this is equal, in its way, to Jeff Briggs's headlong dash up a steep grade, on one of the stage horses, in which that phenomenal animal distanced the pursuing highwayman, although handicapped with Briggs's weight and $80,000.00 in gold dust, an aggregate of six hundred pounds. But these are minor defects and detract but little from his genius, although giving the grumbling pioneer an opening upon which to base his criticisms.

HIS FAME IN THE FOOTHILLS

No allusion has been made to his romances which have for their locality the Spanish grants, the redwoods, tules, and coast valleys. While in their way they are fascinating tales, especially those that have to do with the Spanish inhabitants, Harte's fame rests on the stories that had the foothills for a basis, and to that section must the traveler turn when in search of Bret Harte land.

A brief word as to the poems. Beginning with "Plain Language from Truthful James," that many sided individual cabined on Table Mountain, and his pard, Bill Nye, probably at Nye's Ford on the river. He was somewhat peripatetic in his movements, nursing Joe, the hero of "Her Letter," at Poverty Flat, dwelling at Nye's Ford in 1870, participating in "The Spelling Bee at Angels," and wandering off to Yreka, in the extreme northern part of the state in 1873, where Bill Nye lost his scalp in the Modoc War. He reported the tragic dissolution of "The Society on the Stanislaus," which probably held its sessions at Tuttletown, a mining camp on the flank of Table Mountain. Jones's tunnel, where those fateful bones of the mule were found, was one of the numerous drifts in that vicinity.

POVERTY FLAT'S LILY

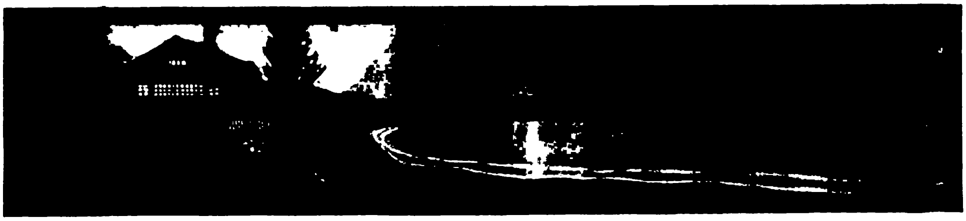
In his poems of sentiment, "Her Letter" is undoubtedly the favorite. As mentioned in a previous page, Poverty Flat was the abiding place of the Follansbees, where the old man kept a store, owned a ranch, and mined, and where he struck gravel. The Lily was a most charming girl, although a bit of a flirt, as witness her little affair with Culpepper Starbottle, as related in "A Romance of Madroño Hollow." There was a weak-minded brother who was wounded in the duel, but survived to figure later as the impecunious lover in "An Heiress of Red Dog." Dow's Flat, where the Pike struck gold, and which old man Plunkett predicted would become the great stock raising center of the world, has returned to its original wildness. Dow's mansion, surmounted by the cupola, has vanished, even the well is filled up. In fact, along the old trail, once trodden by many eager feet, from Robinson's Ferry to Simpson's Bar,—where dwelt the skittish widow,—all is desolation and solitude. The path is grass grown and nearly obliterated, the bars and flats deserted, the picturesque clusters of log cabins, once dignified by fanciful names, have long ago rotted away, even the bare bed rock and ugly rock piles that marked the scarring of the earth in the quest of gold are being gradually reclothed by Nature. The gentle winds that blow up and down the river carry the dust on the breeze and sift it over the ruins and fill the interstices, the disintegration of the exposed rock renews the soil, the seed germinates and Nature, disturbed for a brief time, never ceases her work of restoration. The golden era is already a tradition and Bret Harte land a passing dream. If this paper and accompanying map serve to recall those good old days the purpose of the writer will have been accomplished.

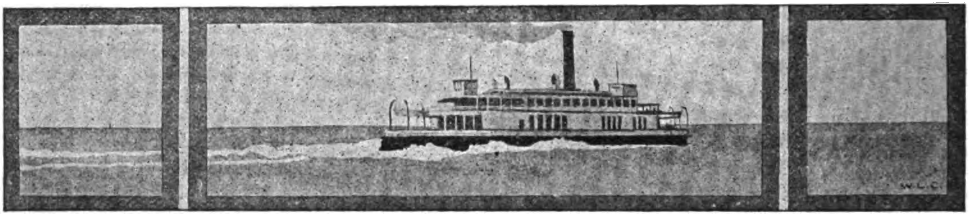
AS A LITTLE CHILD

By E. A. Brininstool

The little child who wakes at night,
  Affrighted, at the somber gloom,
And clamors for a ray of light,
  To drive the darkness from the room,
To quiet Dreamland sweetly goes,
  Contented, if a hand is near
Caressingly, because it knows
  There is no terror it need fear.

So we, who stumble through the gloom,
  In aimless manner, seeking light,
Will blindly wander to our doom,
  If journeying by our own might.
But when in darkened paths we stray,
  And cry aloud, the Father hears,
And reaches out His hand to stay
  Our apprehensions and our fears.





THE SCHOOL EXCURSION

A MODERN MOVEMENT THAT MUST PROVE A TELLING FACTOR IN EDUCATION

By WALTER J. KENYON

THE standing criticism upon our public school is that it does not bring our boys and girls adequately into touch with the real world about them. Teachers and school officers accept the criticism as valid, and most of the present ebullition in school affairs—the frequent modifications of the course of study, the "over crowded curriculum," etc., are only the outward expression of well or ill advised attempts to adjust the public school more closely to its best function.

One of the educational devices thus employed is the school excursion. Its advantages are that the pupil, instead of gleaning his facts wholly from books, whose information is at best second-hand, goes directly to the sources of knowledge—sees the actual events transpire—and informs his intelligence with the direct evidence of his senses. In addition, these lessons afield enlist the pupil's interest and coöperation in a degree never quite attained by the desk studies in the schoolroom.

Thus far the school excursion has been carried to its greatest development in Germany. There it is no uncommon practice for a group of boys, accompanied by the *Herr Professor,* to engage in pedestrian tours lasting for days, and even weeks. In these trips the itinerary covers the features of historical, industrial and scientific significance in the area traversed. The teacher prepares himself for the trip by a careful preliminary study of the features exhibited, so that throughout the excursion the pupils are continually engrossed in the natural, industrial and social phenomena about them, meanwhile enjoying the robust physical life to which such a programme contributes. One day the subject of observation will be a coal mine; possibly on the next a steel works, and later on, the scene of a famous battle, with its strategic problems manifest to the eye. The work is systematized by the keeping of notebooks, by skilfully directed conversations, and by a subsequent use of the material in language lessons on the return to the school.

While, in America, the school excursion has not reached the degree of effectiveness to which the Germans have brought it, it has become a factor of established value in the public school work of many localities. It was a common practice, in Colonel Parker's school, in Chicago, to take the children on these outdoor study trips. They would make journeys of from seven to as much as forty miles in length, traveling by rail or trolley to lake shore points which the teachers in charge had previously selected as favorable bases for study. The programme of such a lesson included informal conversations between the pupils and their teachers, in which the latter brought out, through the pupils' own statements, the essential points of the lesson. The children also made sketches and diagrams, illustrative of the features discussed. The rigid discipline of the schoolroom did not prevail at such times. The children were joyous, talkative, and under only slight restraint. The relation of pupil to teacher was wholly cordial, confiding and natural. The difference between such an excursion and a picnic is that here the pleasures of the expedition are focused constructively toward a lesson goal predetermined by the teacher. The pupil has only an indirect consciousness of this, and the expedition has for him all the attractions of a picnic with the added value of a constructive interest. On his return to the schoolroom portions of his language work, both oral and written, and sometimes exercises in arithmetic, are based upon these experiences in the open.

The public school pupils of Rockland, Illinois, on one of their geography excursions left school and desk sixty-five miles behind them and crossed the state boundary into Wisconsin. They visited the state capitol and observed the outward workings of the legislature. They were addressed by Governor LaFollette and made a detailed inspection of the agricultural department of the state university. This excursion occupied two days, and there were one hundred and fifty-six school children in the party. Two of their previous trips covered respectively three hundred and eighteen and two hundred and fourteen miles.

In planning for a recent convention of California teachers — the famous "Berkeley meeting" before San Francisco's great fire—President Barr did not hesitate to introduce the school excursion as a feature of the proceedings. Teachers familiar with the possibilities of the Bay region were silently at work, weeks before the Berkeley meeting occurred, arranging these excursions as object lessons for the visiting teachers. In all, there were sixteen "personally conducted" trips, for each of which the leader had carefully prepared his itinerary. The average attendance upon each excursion was about fifty. It was Mr. Barr's belief that these trips should be conducted as field lessons, that they might serve as typical of this mode of teaching to the visiting teachers who participated in them.

One of these excursions was to Hunter's Point and the drydocks. Here a party of teachers of both sexes gained an intelligent insight into several of the phases of San Francisco's shipping interests. Another expedition had for its goal the Pacific Steel Wire Works, where the mysteries of wire-working, from the manufacture of the ubiquitous barb-wire fence to the production of street car cables, became clear to the visitors. On the return this same party stopped off at the California Pottery and Terra Cotta Works, and observed all the steps in the making of porcelain, from the mixing of the clay to its burning. The teachers witnessed, with an absorbed interest, that ever new marvel, the potter's wheel, whereon a characterless lump of clay springs magically into a form of beauty under the workman's touch.

Still another party trudged against the sea winds to the dune country south of ocean drive. Here, under the guidance of a skilled physiographer, they made a study of sand dunes, as to their movement, their relation to prevailing winds, and the restraining effect of vegetation upon their movement. This is just such a field lesson as the Stanford Freshman needed, who wrote, on his entrance examination, that "sand dunes move at the rate of sixty miles an hour."

This beach party afterward moved north to the rock-bound coast about Pt. Lobos light. Here problems were thought out concerning the changes which had come over the local coast line during the present geological epoch. One such field trip, under the guidance of an experienced leader, is to the text book what a searchlight is to a troubled night sea. The student goes back to his book with a new fire of intelligent interest which makes its impetus felt in many a subsequent study hour.

There were three night excursions of peculiar interest. These were made respectively to the printing rooms of the big San Francisco dailies. In each of these trips the tremendous cylinder presses were objects of awe. Each one seemed, to the unsophisticated, a veritable universe of self-directing and coöperative parts. But the culminating marvel was the Mergenthaler linotype! That most uncanny complex—an all but living creature! And, unlike the locomotive and other marvels of mechanics, it has sprung, as a single homogeneous conceit, out of the intricate recesses of one master mind!

Two of these geographical excursions vied in the picturesqueness of their itineraries. One was comprised in a boat trip up the bay to the Mare Island Navy Yard. Poets sing and painters rave over the dream-bay of Naples and the purpled isles of Greece. When shall the singer arise who perceives, here in the land of his birth, the queen of them all, spread in beauty at the feet of Tamalpais!

And then, to orient one's self in this noble panorama, the climb to the crest of Tamalpais! Up and up, over "the crookedest railroad in the world" (which has no reference to the management) until afar down, under blue layers of atmosphere,—twenty-seven hundred feet below us,—stretches the whole vast bay, in every ramification, with the white towns and hamlets of seven counties nestling in their vales; and westward the great Pacific shimmering silver 'neath the sun.

If poetry is the thing, it seems a descent indeed from this mountain crest to the rooms of the United States Weather Bureau, in a big San Francisco office building. Yet this indoor excursion was perhaps the most instructive of them all, to one who fetched with him a clear head, and eyes to see, and ears to hear with. How do they measure the winds, think you, that forever flood our slope with the temperate airs of the western sea? And how can they tell, with no little certainty, these days, when we shall have the next storm, and what that storm will bring? All these, and many other matters, are cleared up, for the inquiring in that office.

Yet another party went to the Mint, and saw the several processes which convert the fresh-brought Klondike bricks into those crisp and mellow yellow boys which thenceforth scatter blessings or curses abroad in the land.

One of the most important excursions was to the Union Iron Works. Here in the birthplace of the Oregon, were ships in the making that should by and by go forth, out of the Golden Gate, to the uttermost ends of the earth, carrying their messages of peace, or war. How slow is history to crystallize in the books. Our school children con, even as we did a generation ago, "the shot heard 'round the world." But the cruise of the splendid Oregon, the electric command from Washington to Puget Sound, the hasty departure south, the long swing down the American coast, the regretful glance toward Panama in passing: a continent thirty miles across—and yet that thirty miles meant the circuit of South America, with God knows what going on in Cuban waters! Somehow one may fall into a reverie right here amid the clang and clangor of the Union Iron Works.

Some day these geography excursions are going to be a substantial factor in public school work. At present they have the status of a "stunt," indulged in now and again by a venturesome teacher, beset by the difficulties of programme, popular prejudice, and poverty of school funds.

HELPING THE INDIAN

RESULT OF PATERNALISM AS SHOWN AT THE WALKER LAKE RESERVATION

By A. J. Wells

THE picturesque side of Indian life appeals to the camera man; the pathetic side arrests the philanthropical, but a glimpse of the Reservation Indian on his native hunting ground, and cared for by a paternal Government is disappointing. We dropped off the Nevada and California Railroad recently at the little station of Schurz, on the Walker River Reservation in Esmeralda County, Nevada. The arable lands covered by the Reservation have been alloted to the Paiutes, giving each one twenty acres, and protecting the gift for twenty-five years by a provision of law which forbids sale or lease. In addition the heads of families were given $300 each with which to set up as farmers. The land is level, lying along the river, supplied with cottonwood and willows, and is under an irrigation canal. A Head Farmer oversees their work, teaches them the use of farm tools and machinery, and a small police force, chosen from among the Indians is equipped and paid for patroling the reservation. A post trader supplies corduroy and calico, polka dot vests and brass buttoned coats, with perfumery for the mahalas, and stick candy for the papooses. This is roughly the equipment of five hundred Indians for beginning civilized life.

Shelter they provide for themselves, but it is not elaborate nor ornamental. A few have frame houses of two or three rooms; a larger number have huts of cottonwood logs, or shacks of brush, canvas and boards from dry goods and grocer's boxes, the one room, windowless and chimneyless. The Indian provides for to-day—to-morrow is not in his plans. He builds a summer hut with no concern for winter rains. If he dines well to-day he does not worry because he may go hungry to-morrow.

The superannuated, the infirm and the blind are provided with rations, blankets, overcoats and other clothes, and the tribe was given a few heifers some years ago which were protected from sale or slaughter by penalty, and the increase now number about nine hundred head. Of fifteen cows in the herd, only one is reported as being milked regularly. Half a dozen men on the reservation can be called industrious. A good deal of hay is raised, and freight to the adjoining towns is paid by the Government. The yearly sales amount to about $6,000.00.

Wheat is also raised in small patches and harvest time on the Walker River could beat Ruth the gleaner, for picturesque effect if it lacks the romance involved in the Hebrew maiden setting her cap for Boaz. The Paiute mahala straps a basket of her own making on her broad back, and knife in hand clips a handful of heads from the standing grain, tosses them over her shoulder and repeats the movement until the basket is full. She carries it then to the threshing floor, and when the field is reaped, leads horses to and fro over the pile, treading out the grain on the hard adobe. The grain is winnowed by being tossed in the air until the chaff and dust are blown away.

The mahala is the worker and beast of burden, as of old. As the train drew up at the front of the post trader's, a squat Indian woman moved up the track with a sack of flour strapped across her hips, and above it between her shoulders was fastened a good sized wooden box half full of canned goods and groceries. In

Virginia City, another, loaded down like a burro, had a rope around her neck, and was being led along the street by the "noble red man" who claimed property rights in the half blind creature whom he guided. When the bucks sit on the ground by the wayside to play cards, the stakes for which they gamble were probably earned by the women doing house work for the whites.

The Reservation Indian is not allowed to gamble with the white man. Like his more independent fellow outside, he rarely has any money. He lives heartily if not well while he has any. The post trader is not allowed to feed any free, but I saw groups of men and women on his back steps dipping into big pans of meat and potatoes, and he told me he had taken ten dollars for meals so served within two days.

The Indian pays his debts. He sells his hay, pays any bills which he may owe and starts again, empty of pocket. He works when he must. Many were away in the hills gathering pine nuts, and the shells of these little oily seeds of the piñon could be seen wherever a gossiping group loitered to talk or sun themselves. They are confirmed gossips, men and women, and are loafers from away back. They are the original "hobo" tribe, save that they do not take the road, nor wander far from the old ancestral hunting grounds. That they are idle and loaf aimlessly is but the ingrained habit of generations when life was a long vacation, and the only work was fishing and hunting and gathering nuts.

I asked about the morals of these Indians. The head farmer, the physician, and the teacher of the Reservation school laughed. They seemed to think that the morals of the Reservation Indian were like snakes in Ireland. Domestic troubles are very common by reason of marital unfaithfulness. Opium smoking has found its way from contact with Chinese in the surrounding towns, and the "dope fiend" is abroad on the Reservation. Tuberculosis and nameless diseases prey upon these children of the Indian, and the fight before them is not simply for deliverance from customs and habits which no longer fit into their environment, but for existence itself.

If the helping hand is to be extended at all, it should be in the form of schools. The one maintained on the Reservation has an average attendance of about thirty. There is one teacher and a housekeeper who looks after the children, teaches the girls housekeeping, how to sew and wash and scrub and cook, and who also cooks the noonday meal. This is furnished by the Government and as the cupboard (by courtesy) in the camp is generally like Mother Hubbard's, this substantial, well-cooked meal at the school becomes the chief joy of papoose life.

Many of the older boys and girls go to the Industrial school near Carson. Having entered, they are required to remain and complete the course, yet such is the power of inherited traits, conditions and habits, that the graduates of school frequently return to the Reservation to drop back into the old dirt and idleness, the customs, habits and dress of the camp.

The hope of Indian and white man alike is education, but there is a "yellow streak" in human nature which charity developes, whether in the form of free meals in a refugee camp, free education in a training school, or coddling by a paternal Government on a reservation. More than half the Nevada Indians live independently, working on ranches and in the homes of the whites, receiving no Government aid, and are every way better off.

The younger Indians are not unfriendly to schools, and their children will freely use them, and in time what is left of these victims of Fatė, will crawl out of the rut of custom, superstition, tribal prejudice and habit, and will improve their mode of life, learn to look ahead, to live in better houses, to accumulate something for their children and gradually acquire the better habits of civilization. To-day they are in the eddy and back-water of the stream of progress, overcome by conditions to which they have not been bred, and in danger of being swept out of existence by the law of the survival of the strongest. And the Reservation Indian is shackled by his own loss of self-respect, and made a pauper in spirit by the back door charity of the Government.

In the Wide-Awake West

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO

The April Sunset was devoted largely to telling the people who want to know just what has been happening in San Francisco during the year. The story and the pictures of achievement made interesting pages. A tremendous lot of good work has been done in upbuilding the city but not half as much has been done as should be done in the direction of artistic upbuilding. The average property owner is too apt to regard utility first, and beauty second, and forget that no city has ever had the sweeping and glorious opportunity given to San Francisco to have itself reconstructed wisely and on lines of the best art. The lesson that can not be taught too often, nor remembered too long, is that the city is being built to stay for many years to come, and that while there is reconstruction let it be of a character that all the world may praise.

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A CITY BEAUTIFUL

The rebuilding of San Francisco on lines of beauty, the making its streets and houses and dooryards so attractive that visitors will marvel at the sight, is not dependent wholly on the following out of any one plan, desirable though such a plan might be. Considerable impatience has been shown that the suggestions of Mr. Burnham, the architect whose ideas were approved by the supervisors just prior to the great fire, have not been put into practice. The burn 'em plan, some wag has said, was the real way to make the city anew. It is certain that the fire made a great opportunity, but it also made some obstacles. Many property owners were so crippled in income that their only thought has been to rebuild in order to secure tenants and rents. "We will talk about lines of beauty and tree-shaded streets when our money begins to come in," they have replied to those who urged delay in rebuilding that new streets might be cut, or old ones, widened. And then again certain reasonable criticisms were made of the Burnham conclusions. Because of evident lack of acquaintance with the city, and the movements of its population, some of his suggestions were based on erroneous premises, although the general idea that he presented was most artistic and desirable.

But whatever the plan to be followed, citizens generally must not overlook this exceptional chance to make their architectural and street plans of a character fitting the wondrous hills and the wide blue sea that touches them. Every householder has it in his power to help. Trees and climbing roses, riots of color of wistaria or bougainvillea vines, door yards and window boxes—with all of these Nature stands ready to aid at little cost. If one plans to build do not economiz by doing without an architect. It is about as sensible to do so as to try to make a decent fitting suit of clothing without a tailor. Co-operation with one's neighbor for neighborhood beautification is a good idea. Keep awake and help along all progressive movements. By these means the city rising upon the ashes of the old must grow into the grace that is its natural heritage.

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AESCHYLUS AT BERKELEY

On April 18—"one year after"—as the San Franciscans say, the Eumenides of Aeschylus was given at the Greek theater at Berkeley by students of the University of California. The music composed for the first Cambridge performance by Charles Stanford was rendered under direction of Professor Wolle. Here's another evidence of things "righting themselves" in San Francisco and surroundings.

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THE COMING EDUCATORS

Los Angeles expects over thirty thousand visitors to the National Educational Association Convention, to be held in that city July 8 to 13. Elaborate preparations are being made for the entertainment of the excursionists, not only by Los Angeles but by nearly every community in the state. The trains will be met at the state line by members of the reception committee, who will greet the visitors with handshakes and fruits and flowers. From the arrival of the first contingent, California will keep open house. The railroads have made exceedingly low rates. From Chicago and intermediate points the rate will be one fare plus $2 for the round trip. In the state the rate for side trips will be one and one-third fares for the round trip from Los Angeles and San Francisco to interior points of the state. Stop-overs will be granted at any point. These tickets will be sold to the excursionists and any friends accompanying them. The beach and summer resorts, with their unexceled hotels, will offer special inducements to all visitors to make this trip their summer outing, as the tickets are good for return until September 15. The University of California, at Berkeley, will hold a summer school, at which it is expected a large number of the visitors will be in attendance. If the visit to California alone is not enough of intellectual profit the summer school will give an additional chance for teachers to keep their brains busy.

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AT JAMESTOWN

For many years the Indian warrior with his feathered hair and red blankets has been typical of the Far West but for the present promoting season old Virginia has borrowed him. The Jamestown exposition, celebrating the first permanent settlement of English speaking people on the American continent, May 13, 1607, opens April 26 and closes November 30. Because Powhattan and Pocahontas and a number of other Indians had more or less to do with the Jamestown settlers the exposition publicity department is doing considerable aboriginal advertising. It's a good cause and the Far West cheerfully lends one of its trademarks to the Old Dominion. Those settlers of three hundred years ago accomplished most effective work, for to-day, within a traveling distance of twelve hours from the exposition site, live over twelve millions of people. Incidentally, it was a good thing for the historic reputation of Sir Walter Raleigh that he took a hand in these expositions, else his fame might have rested solely on the cloak-throwing episode with Queen Elizabeth. The celebration on the site at Hampton Roads promises to be a great affair, and one that should draw crowds of patriotic Americans from all parts of the United States. The John Smiths, especially, should not fail to go and do honor to their respected namesake, the intrepid leader of the Fort James colony, but the assured hotel accommodations are ample, so if they do all go, there will still be room for folks of other names. Congress has ordered a great naval and military celebration and the exposition will exemplify the history of colony and nation for the three centuries since they began.

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AN AMPLITUDINOUS SHOW

That something is really going to happen at Jamestown one may learn from the maps and by dissection of the literature that is being sent out. But some of it ought to be made to fit the simple lives of our forefathers. We learn, for example, speaking of the proposed naval review that "the close intermingling of the forces which make for war, the comraderie which obtains on such occasions, and the friendships made, are potent, and it may be determining factors, in avoiding international complications in the future." We are told also that "the industrial features will be less amplitudinous than at several other expositions but will be congregated with extreme care." If our ancestors had had all of these words they might have used them for block houses.

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The June Sunset Magazine will contain a masterful story of Alaska by Warren Cheney, author of "The Way of the North," and other novels. It will also tell the engineering facts concerning the making over of the San Francisco peninsula from a railroad standpoint, dealing with the bay shore cut-off and the lines of track down the coast.

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THE POWDER-MAN AND PAGES

One of the best stories ever written by Eleanor Gates, "the prairie girl," as she has been called descriptively ever since she wrote her sketches of that title is given in this number of Sunset—"Yee Wing, Powder-man,"—and the illustrations by Jules Pages are as strong as the story. Both author and illustrator are Californians who have climbed many rungs of the ladder of Fame. Pages is one of few American painters who has won such recognition by the French salon that his canvases are admitted without going before a jury. Eleanor Gates (Mrs. Tully) was at last reports on the island of Malta, hard at work on more manuscript for delight and profit.

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The title of this publication is Sunset Magazine. This announcement is made for the benefit of well-intentioned friends, as well as a matter of modesty that the monthly event be not confused with Nature's daily performance.

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ART IN A BALLROOM

The management of Hotel del Monte has made the hotel ballroom into an art gallery for the display of the best work of California painters. One idea of this is that if the tourist can see all California on canvas at one point he will have no longing to go elsewhere. The hope and trust of the artists is that these pictures will prove so alluring that many will go to adorn the homes of various Eastern and European collectors. The example is one that may well be followed by other resorts, and our artists will then be kept so busy they will have to form a union to prevent overwork. Seriously, the work of California artists ranks high among the critics, and the opportunity to see the best pictures will be welcomed by traveling connoisseurs. Not merely landscapes, but portrait studies and bits of passing history in old missions and adobes are used by these painters as themes for the messages they seek to idealize and portray.

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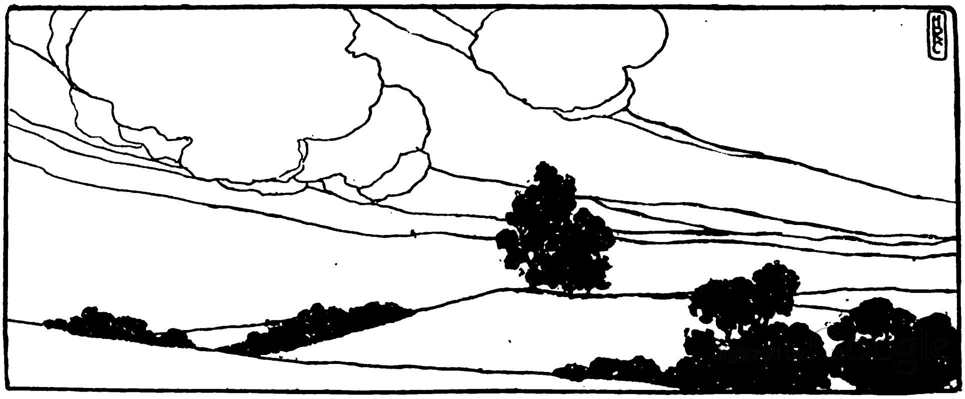
If the people of the nation are interested in the problem of the Japanese in California they may look with interest at the cover design of this month's SUNSET. It is the work of Ika Nagai, a talented young artist who has lived in San Francisco some years. The design tells of the cherry blossom season of Nippon, but it suggests, in its lightness of touch and bright coloring, the cheerfulness of Spring time of every clime.

IN BRET HARTE LAND

Among the features of this number of SUNSET is a carefully drawn map and a descriptive article, pointing out the attractive geography of the Sierra foothill country where Francis Bret Harte found his literary pocket. It is not a big country—chiefly three counties of California—Tuolumne, Calaveras and El Dorado—but out of them came M'liss and Oakhurst and Two Men of Sandy Bar, and the host of other interesting people, whose creation has done as much as the gold output to make California known around the world. No one can estimate the cash value to Scotland of Walter Scott's Waverly novels. The annual tourist record is many times ten thousand. Harte's place in literature was in the balance for some time, but to-day no critic questions his right to a good-sized niche in the temple of proper fame, and each year, more and more the pilgrims to the local shrines of the Twins of Table Mountain and The Outcasts of Poker Flat will grow in numbers and the facts here given in map and text will gain in value. The writer of the article here presented is thoroughly familiar with his subject, having tramped often over the entire region. He is the author of "The Diary of a Forty-niner," a book on early California that recently attracted much attention because of the first-hand manner in which facts concerning an overlooked field were brought together. An excursion to California's Bret Harte country is as enjoyable a midsummer outing as can be imagined with a promise of health thrown in as an assured premium.



SUNSET'S RODEO—BEING A ROUND-UP OF MAVERICK STORIES AND OF STRAYS WORTH CORRALLING, WISE OR OTHERWISE, GAY OR GRAVE, BUT ALL OF THE FAR WEST COUNTRY AND BEYOND.

PABLO THE THIEF

A Sketch of Old Mexico Life

OFF and on, Pablo was one of Huerta Pomona's peons, for a little more than two years. He turned up first one daybreak, when we were short-handed. He was barefooted, and shivering in his tatters, and begged, "would the Patron in his mercy give him work." The *mayordomo* said roughly, "No, no," and added in his best English for our information, "El is bad boy, which steals every time much. El is Pablo the thief."

Pity for the pinched face, the shivers, and the rags, compeled us to order his name put on the pay-roll, much to the disgust of the stern *mayordomo*. Thus in the grey dawn, Pablo shuffled off with some forty other peons, to work until sunset, for eighteen centavos a day.

This was the commencement of our acquaintance with Pablo in Mañanaland. His eyes were bright, but had an ugly trick of turning away from your gaze. His low forehead, thick, full lips, heavy and shambling gait, together with a peculiar twitching of his fingers, denoted an intelligence but just removed from the brute. He was short in stature with ankles and wrists that would have gladdened a sculptor. His hands and feet were so delicately formed, that they betrayed the strain of some well-bred Andalusian ancestor. The other peons did not like him; they said he was *tonto* (crazy), and did not know enough to loaf. No one was his partner, and no one shared with him his tortillas, chiles, or cigarettes. The dogs did not like him, and there are many reasons for believing that the *mayordomo* used his *quirte* on him—on the sly—whenever he had the chance.

Pablo, however, slowly won our interest. He was so alone, poor, friendless, ragged and dirty, and he worked so steadily, that the study of him became fascinating. This did not prevent due care being taken, to see that all the tools issued to Pablo in the morning, were duly turned in at night. We removed temptation from him as far as possible, by limiting opportunity. Axes, ropes, shovels, and other tools, disappeared as they always do in Mexico, but we never could connect Pablo with any of the thefts. He brought his elder brother to work one day, and one day was enough, for the brother knew too much to work. He assumed the privilege, because he was the elder, to lie in wait for Pablo at night, and rob Pablo of his hard-earned eighteen cents. The father was, charitably, supposed to be dead. We knew the brother was lazy, so Pablo the thief supported himself, mother and brother, on his earnings. It may be that the gift of a pair of discarded shoes of the Niña, had something to do with Pablo's devotion to Pomona. He was supremely happy, when he received them, and the next Sunday walked twelve miles to town to show them. He carried the shoes in his hands, until he passed the city gates, wearing them in the city, and taking them off, as soon as he departed, returning home barefooted as he went, shoes in hand.

One day Pablo disappeared, and when some months later, he again presented himself, we saw on his skin through the few rags he wore, discolored welts, the marks of the lasso, with which he had been whipped while in prison. He had tried to steal a horse and had been caught.

The next time he returned after another disappearance, he had more scars and less rags,—a fancy for another man's pistol was this time the cause of his downfall. Along the wall between the *portales* (arches of veranda) surrounding the hacienda, grew some American petunias in full bloom. Pablo used to beg to be given the privilege of watering them. After a day's work he would fondle them and plaintively sigh out the request, "could he not give them more water?" Little by little a feeling of semi-trust grew in our hearts, and a doubt crept in as to whether, so far as we were concerned, Pablo was not wrongfully called the thief. He was given more work around the hacienda, and gardens, and less in the fields. The gift of an old shirt, and a pair of badly worn trousers, and Pablo evolved from a peon into a mozo. Other than the flowers, there was only one living thing that Pablo ever seemed to particularly notice or admire, and that was a fancy bred turkey gobbler, a giant in turkeydom, and almost pure white in color. Pablo fed him part of his slender meals, and the selfish bird would follow him around, come at his call, and submit to being stroked by him at any time; which state of affairs necessitated Mr. Gobbler being securely locked up at sundown. The crack of a pistol-shot aroused us one night. Hurrying out, we found the watchman, who said he had fired a shot over the barn, as he had heard a noise. An inspection of the stable and premises failed to reveal any cause for alarm. In the light of the four o'clock dawn, as the tools were being issued, one of the peons, out of breath and pale-faced, said that there was "a something white," in the thick cactus hedge which encircled the twenty-foot high wall of the barn. I rode around to see what it was, and found Pablo the thief. It was ended. The shot from the pistol of the watchman must have startled him, and caused him to lose his balance from the ridged top of the adobe wall. He had pitched head-first into the hedge and broken his neck. After we had chopped him out of the cacti, no bullet mark was to be found, but the Niña's worn-out shoes were tied around his neck, and closely folded in his stiffened arms, was a sack. When it was opened, there flew, with many a startled squak, our pet turkey gobbler.

WILL G. TAFFINDER.

CHANGEABLE

When John came courting, and his arm
My slender waist had spanned,
He oft would whisper tenderly,
"I wish you'd hold my hand!"

But now we're married, this is what
Most frequently is flung
At me, in accents far from sweet,
"I wish you'd hold your tongue!"

MAY KELLY.

TROOPER THAYER

IT WAS tough traveling up Salmon River in Idaho, but Farrow's Scouts were in there hunting hostiles, and tough territory was the place in which to find them.

The swift stream had to be crossed, well up towards Thunder Mountain. It followed always the down-hill course.

No pontoons with this little army, but the camp stuff had to be gotten over.

A log raft was soon made, lashed together with lariats, and then a pulling-line had to be stretched across the river. Picket ropes were tied together, and Trooper Thayer volunteered to take the end across. In his teeth he gripped it and plunged in.

Ice-cold was that swift water, fresh from melting snows. See it bear him down stream, and see him stoutly struggle for every inch of headway he makes, while Corporal Foster pays out the rope.

A cheer goes up, for Trooper Thayer has seized a rock on the opposite bank, a quarter of a mile below.

Why does he not clamber up?

We find out later.

He had to hang to the rock to get his breath back, and twenty feet more and he could not have made it.

And he needed quite a dab of breath to shoo away a big brown bear that was feasting on a fat salmon behind the rock.

When he did climb out, he had to run up and down the bank for ten minutes to bring back circulation. But his rope-ferry was a success, and his clothes went over on the raft's first trip, pulled by the strong arms of Windy Jack, the resourceful ranger who had crossed many a bridgeless river.

And the 150 horses and mules, rushed in against all their natural inclinations, stemmed the current as best they could, and struck the opposite bank half a mile farther down.

J. W. REDINGTON.

THE BLUE COW

She asked me (as I left for town)
A jersey for to buy;
She had a woolen robe in mind—
A blooded cow had I.

When I returned at night, she said:
"My jersey did you get?"
"I did, my dear," was my reply,
"It hasn't come quite yet."

"Is it all wool?" she asked, "and my
Bust measure, love, you knew?—
The color that I like is gray,
Or else a quiet blue."

Bust measure! Wool! I gazed at her
In wonder most profound;
"This one," said I, "has spots of white
Upon a yellow ground—"

I said no more. What could I say?
The cow was woolly,—yes;
The hundred dollars that I paid
Bust measure too, I guess.

But to explain these things, alas!
I really could not see.
"'Tis the last time," she cried, "I'll ask
A man to shop for me.

"A little thing about the house
You can not buy; 'tis strange;
You'll have to take it back and get
Another in exchange."

Said I, "my dear, you always know
Exactly what to do;
I'll take the spotted jersey back,
And change it for a blue."

So after that for many a day
From place to place I went;
While husbands by the score I found
On that same errand bent.

Our business ruined and our health;
Our reputation too;
Their common fate who try to change
Their spotted cows for blue.

WILLIAM J. ROE.

SAN FRANCISCO IN '49

Here is an interesting letter furnished Sunset *by a relative of the writer now deceased. The writer's promise and prophecy have been well fulfilled:*

San Francisco, Cal., July 29, 1849.

Dear Brother:

Your second letter, dated May 15, I found in the postoffice when I arrived here on the 15th of this month. I have been long and anxiously waiting to hear from you. I am pleased to hear that you and the rest of the family are well. My health is improving since I left Panama. I think the climate will agree with me, at least in the summer; can not say how the winter will do. I am a little doubtful about it on account of the cold and rain which continues four months almost daily.

I left Panama on the 24th of June, on the steamer California, passage in steerage, for which I paid one hundred and fifty dollars, they having raised the price. We arrived in twenty-one days. Stopped two days at Acapulco, one and a half at San Blas, and three hours at San Diego, besides losing one night on account of fog. This made the actual running time seventeen days.

Presuming that you have received the letter I wrote you on leaving Panama, it will not be necessary for me to repeat here what I then told you; suffice it to say that I lost my health after the rainy season, had chills and fever almost daily, and part of the time was not able to get about. On arriving at San Francisco I pitched my tent at once, and am still living in it. I am just on the edge of town, on the bay, where wood and water are convenient, and no rent to pay.

I find summer goods are entirely useless here. The climate of San Francisco I find to be much like the climate of Batavia (N. Y.) in the month of November. It is generally cold and very windy and dusty, so much so that I find my cloak almost indispensable, with flannel drawers and undershirt, and heavy woolen clothes, in fact, such clothing as I wore in Mississippi in the coldest winter weather. In the valleys where we are sheltered from the wind, the weather is warm and delightful. So it is anywhere back from the Pacific at the distance of ten or twenty miles, if high ridges of land intervene. On the rivers, Sacramento and San Joaquin, the weather is hot in summer, and in some parts of the valleys very hot. This city is now about the size of Grand Gulf, but contains double or treble the number of inhabitants—about five thousand. There are now two hundred tents pitched outside and inside of town, and I suppose there are about two hundred houses of all kinds now building. Many of these are of the slightest frames covered with tent cloth. These cloth ones will do until winter, and I am told that by doubling the cloth or painting they may possibly do for use in winter.

There are lying in the bay here, in front of the town, about one hundred sail vessels, mostly ships. Among the rest are two or three from China, laden with Chinese goods, such as silk, teas, sugar, candy, furniture, and all sorts of Chinese notions, together with frames of houses; Chinese men to be employed as carpenters in putting the frames together. The Chinamen are quite curiosities to newcomers, who sometimes take hold of their clothes and examine them to the great annoyance of the Chinese. We also have some East Indians and Sandwich Islanders.

San Francisco is at present the principal business place of the coast, and perhaps will remain so, although I am told that large ships can go up to the junction of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and even higher than that. There are already flourishing towns started on each of these streams, and there will soon be one at the junction called the New York of the Pacific, of which Colonel Stevenson, to whom I brought a letter from Brown, is part owner. Lots are now offered there at from two to six hundred dollars.

Here money will scarcely buy land on the business streets. Galland & Company tell me they pay two thousand dollars per year rent for the land on which they have their tents, about twelve feet front and thirty in depth. Such lots are generally renting for from fifty to five hundred dollars per month, and the lowest price for which I have heard them offered for sale is eight thousand. There are lots in the rear and on the hills, selling at from six to fifteen hundred. These lots are from twenty to fifty feet square. The lots fronting on the water and those immediately in their neighborhood are valued highest. I suppose some could not be bought for thirty thousand dollars. These high prices hold in spite of the fact that many of the titles are defective. It seems the military government here, immediately on coming into possession of the country, had the land surveyed and then sold the lots. It is said that the government at Washington will sanction the sales.

There are, I suppose, at least two hundred stores, coffee houses, and groceries here, all crammed with goods, and mostly surrounded with bales and barrels of merchandise. These goods lie out entirely exposed, rain not being known here for eight months in the year. I hear of no thefts or robberies. There are many auction and commission merchants here, and they are doing a large business. Some have as many as three ship cargoes to dispose of at once. Most kinds of goods sell low at the large sales, but at the small night auctions they go lower. I will send you our paper printed here, to which I refer you for prices current.

The steamer leaves here with the mail for Panama on the first of August. I will send this by her, and shall look for an answer by the first or middle of October. Goods adapted to this market are retailed pretty high, say from one hundred to five hundred per cent above New York prices. Other things not well adapted to this market are selling as low or lower than in Mississippi, and summer clothing will scarcely bring first cost. It is used by no one except Mexicans and Indians, and they are few in number and generally prefer winter clothing. In the interior, I am told, summer clothing is in better demand.

I think it would not be advisable to bring many goods here at present. There are many ships to arrive with cargoes, which must, I think, have a tendency to lower prices.

House frames and tin pans pay the best of anything that is brought here now. House frames that cost five hundred in the United States bring from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars here. Tin pans that cost from three to eight shillings sell at from three to five dollars and are in demand. Next red flannel shirts sell best; then satinet pants and coats, particularly pants. Boots and shoes of all kinds sell high at retail. Blankets are cheap. Anything in the way of provisions is high here at retail. Butter, twelve shillings per pound; rice, one shilling per pound; cheese, six shillings; potatoes (Irish), one shilling per pound; flour, cheap, one shilling per pound; brown sugar, one and six, white sugar, two shillings, six pence; molasses, six shillings per gallon; raisins, four shillings per pound; dried apples and peaches, four shillings per pound; pickles in jars are three dollars, and everything else in proportion. Onions are two shillings each; watermelons, four dollars each; small pears are three for a shilling.

Board is from three to five dollars per day; from twelve to thirty-five dollars per week; washing, from three and one-half to seven dollars per dozen; wages for clerks, barkeepers, servants, etc., from one hundred to six and seven hundred per month; laborers from five to ten dollars per day. Some men this morning offered one dollar per hour to men to load coal on a steamer. Carpenters get from twelve to sixteen dollars per day. Gold sells at fifteen dollars per ounce—plenty offering. Every day you will see men passing about with thin buckskin purses with from a dozen ounces to as many pounds, buying goods and property and trading and selling it.

The public houses are thronged with gamblers, every room is filled with gambling tables, and at each table you may generally see piled from three to fifteen hundred, and as high as five thousand dollars, in gold and silver coin. Crowds of men are playing away at from one dollar to one hundred per game. Meals at the restaurants are from six shillings to two dollars; beefsteak or any other meat, six shillings; gingerbread, two shillings per quarter section; pies, one shilling a cut; pudding, three shillings per plate; [illegible] two shillings; coffee or tea, one shilling. There is neither fish, game, oysters, nor vegetables to be had in the diggings.

The land is barren all the way from Guatemala here—that is on the coast. I had a good view of it, as the steamer ran within five miles of shore all the way, and sometimes nearer. The views are fine. The coast is mountainous and barren until we reach San Blas. Here the mountains bear off, and there is level and apparently rich land to Magellan, a distance of eighty miles, where the mountains make their appearance again. We had seven or eight deaths on board; one of cholera, and the others of Panama fever, a sort of chill and fever. One man jumped overboard in the night; he was supposed to be insane. Acapulco, the first port we stopped at this side of Panama, is a small town. San Diego, a thousand miles northwest of San Blas, is a small, dirty place, situated about eight miles from the entrance to the harbor, on the right-hand side, and just in sight as you lie at anchorage; it is about three-quarters of a mile up from the mouth of the bay. I did not go to the town, from all the accounts it was not worth seeing. It is now pretty much deserted, as are all the little towns in the country, the people are at the gold mines. Horses are large and fine here in California; so are cattle, these last selling high, but horses and mules are becoming cheap. Good mules can be bought for sixty dollars and horses from fifty to two hundred.

On the Sacramento are to be found the washings—to distinguish them from the dry diggings in the washings, or wet diggings, the gold is found on bars at the bends of the river. They first clear away the loose sand and gravel, sometimes but a few inches, sometimes several feet. The gold is found among rock and sand, the nuggets varying in size and shape, but generally somewhat rounded and from the size of an egg to several hundred pounds weight.

Probably you will think as I did about the stories written home from here, that they are exaggerated, but I can assure you the whole truth has not been told. Still, things are changing rapidly, and to-morrow may give the lie to anything written to-day. Close up your business at Monticello at once and come here. If you can bring capital, so much the better; at present money is the best thing to have and bring. The gold is said to be inexhaustible, but I do not care for the gold. This is the New York of the Pacific, and is bound to become a large city in time, probably it will be the largest for my lifetime. Here will be the place for us. If we can only get some lots here, our fortunes are made. The climate here is the best probably in the world. Your brother. J. W. Fish.

A MINE FOR FRIENDSHIP

NEAR a score of years ago a strange old Frenchman, who, for reasons well known to himself, had lost his identity to the world of men, and a young Austrian, but eighteen years old, just from his home country, found themselves side by side north of the Death Valley in California. Far from civilization, the two shared the hardships of the life known only to the prospector, who painfully toils day by day over the rocks of the mountain side, with pick and shovel, digging here and there where the ledge has a promising color, or he finds "float" that argues precious metal somewhere near, and returns worn out at night to his camp under the shelter of the pines and firs to prepare himself a frugal meal of beans, bacon and flapjack, after which the pipe solaces him till he seeks his fragrant couch of fir and pine leaves to dream of the bonanza he will find on the morrow. So the weary days pass in toil till the "grubstake" is exhausted, but the true prospector never despairs. To-morrow he will, he must find the wealth he knows is hidden for him, and then he will be rich beyond all dreams of avarice. So laboring, so hoping, he lives, and often, often he dies with the wealth he has sought, has dreamed of as possessing, still undiscovered.

So this old Frenchman toiled up and down among the barren mountains of Southern Nevada till, one day about thirty years ago, he found a ledge of ore—a reddish, rose-tinted rock, lifting itself, like a mastodon rib, out of the mountain side. He pounded some of the ore in his mortar and found it contained large quantities of free gold. He staked out a claim and called it "The Rattlesnake." He went farther up the mountain and took out an extension. Each mining claim is 600 x 1500 feet. He ran clear over the mountain, following the ledge. Finally he had 365 acres staked out. He had his bonanza. But it was 300 miles from civilization. Deserts stretched between him and railroads and cities and men. What availed it to him if he had before him a mine whose gold equaled that of all the treasuries in the world? He could only stay by his treasure and, as he still lived and toiled in the old way of the prospector, digging and working to hold his claim, revel in fancy in the possession of the gold at his feet.

He was old and worn; none of the comforts, even necessities of civilization, 300 miles away, were to be had. His only friend and companion was this young Austrian lad who had somehow wandered to the mountain, the scene of the old man's labors. The two became friends. The lad was kind to the old man, stayed with him, nursed him in sickness, labored with him on the mountain side, even rode 300 miles across the Death Valley, almost at the cost of his own life, to do him a service. Nor did the young Austrian know of the wealth of the mine the old Frenchman possessed. To him it was but a prospect, nothing more.

When, twelve years ago, the old man saw that the riches could not be his to enjoy, what more natural than that he should give to the young man, who had so cared for him, this mine which he possessed, so he gave it before he died, revealing the wealth that he knew to be stored in the ledge across the mountain. Thus, Louis Chiatovich, so he is named, came to possess, in fee simple, "The Rattlesnake Mine," discovered by the nameless old French prospector eighteen years before.

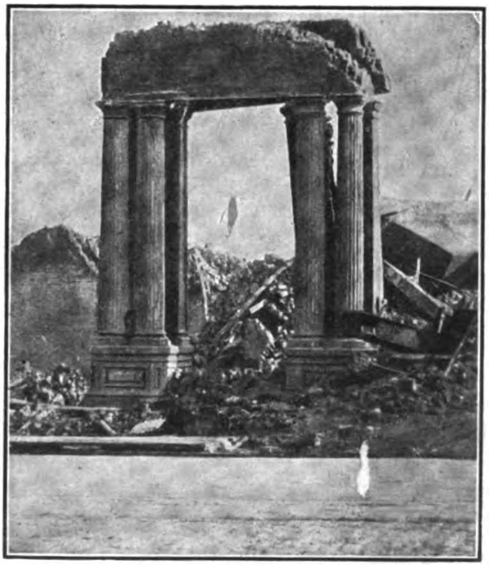
During the last twelve years Chiatovich has set up a little five stamp mill, taken ore out of the Rattlesnake that he encountered in driving tunnels, sinking winzes, making upraises and driving cross-cuts, paid for the work done and now has blocked out and in sight $4,000,000 worth of gold.

He has another tunnel started and in good ore. If this one continues through the ledge across the mountain for 2,700 feet farther, he will have twice as much gold blocked out and in sight as there are dollars in the Treasury of the United States. Thus, lone-handed, without a penny, of foreign birth, and coming as a stranger, he has opened one of the greatest mines in Nevada.

J. W. CANADA.

PORTAL OF THE PAST

(In razing the ruins of the San Francisco's Palace Hotel, the workmen for weeks left undisturbed the Market street doorway, through which millions of persons had passed.)



Gray remnant of a mighty glory,
Once cheering portal of the past!
Thy pillars tell an ending story,
In somberness thy tone is cast.

The throngs that daily gave thee greeting
No more shall saunter through thy gate;
The razed ruins 'round thee meeting,
Foretell the fullness of thy fate.

But from the wreckage of thine ending
A fairer form shall rise again.
A death and birth in strangest blending—
A monument of faith of men.

J. M. C.

THE WERE-WOLF OF SHASTA

AT THE foot of Mount Shasta lies Squaw Valley. Several years ago while riding through the pine forests near this valley, I had an experience which I will remember. The blue shades of evening were just falling, a flurry of snow had covered the fallen leaves with a carpet of white making the stillness more perceptible. Even the soughing of the wind in the pines, was muffled.

Feeling the lonesomeness of the place I was about to hurry up my horse, when suddenly a low mournful wail which ended in a long dismal howl broke upon the stillness. A wolf's howl is always uncanny and menacing, but this had the element of horror in it. The horse stopped and stood shivering with head and body thrown back. Looking in the direction indicated, I saw in the gloaming what was apparently a large white wolf, with ears erect and red tongue lolling against the white fur, but what was most startling were the eyes, for the eyes were the eyes of a man, black, piercing and intelligent. Instantly the apparition dropped and vanished as silently as it came.

That night I told my host about what I had seen. He replied that such an animal had often been seen around the valley, and its terrible howlings were a cause of dread and fear to the settlers. So much so that the whole neighborhood had turned out to hunt it down, but no effort to kill or trap it had been successful. It seemed to be possessed with human cunning. Strange stories were told of it, especially by an old Frenchman who lived at the head of the valley.

To this Frenchman I went forthwith, and in spite of repeated rebuffs became somewhat acquainted with the old recluse. I found him to be a most interesting character. His name was Paul Aufranc. He had come to California in an early day and remained all that time in the mountains, shunning the society of man.

While visiting at his cabin one evening, the second link in this story was formed. Again that long and doleful howl was heard, and again the effect on me was of horror and impending disaster.

Paul turned quietly and looking intently at me said in a terse whisper, "*Le loup garou, le loup garou,*" and he added, "he is calling for me." I laughed at the old man but with a hilarity that was very forced. "Oh! nonsense, man, we are in America and in the twentieth century, there are no *"loup garou* here." But he solemnly shook his head, "Monsieur, does not understand. I will tell you."

He then went on to tell in broken English of his boyhood days in France, of his home on the Loire, of his boy companion, Jean, whom he loved and followed. This Jean was a cruel boy and said to have had a bad heart, but Paul always stayed with him and defended him. At last he committed a serious crime resulting in murder. Again Paul stood with him, helped him to escape and fled with him to California. Here they had worked together in mining for over thirty years. In mines, prospecting in creeks, delving everywhere for gold, but finding little more than a scanty living. One year ago Jean had died of rheumatic fever, a discouraged and disheartened man. The night after his death Paul heard the dismal howling of the wolf near his door, "and," he concluded with great earnestness "that is Jean, he calling for me, soon I go to him."

Only a few days after this visit Paul Aufranc was found dead half way between his cabin and the well. His throat and chest were badly torn and mangled, on the ground were evidences of a severe struggle, and all around were wolf tracks of unusual size.

If you go to Squaw Valley at the foot of Shasta, the settlers will tell you of two great shaggy white beasts that are occasionally seen just before dark. No one knows just what they are, but they are generally called "the white wolves." They are always seen together—always together, but the dismal howlings have ceased.

FRANCIS HOPE.

IT WON'T GROW LONG

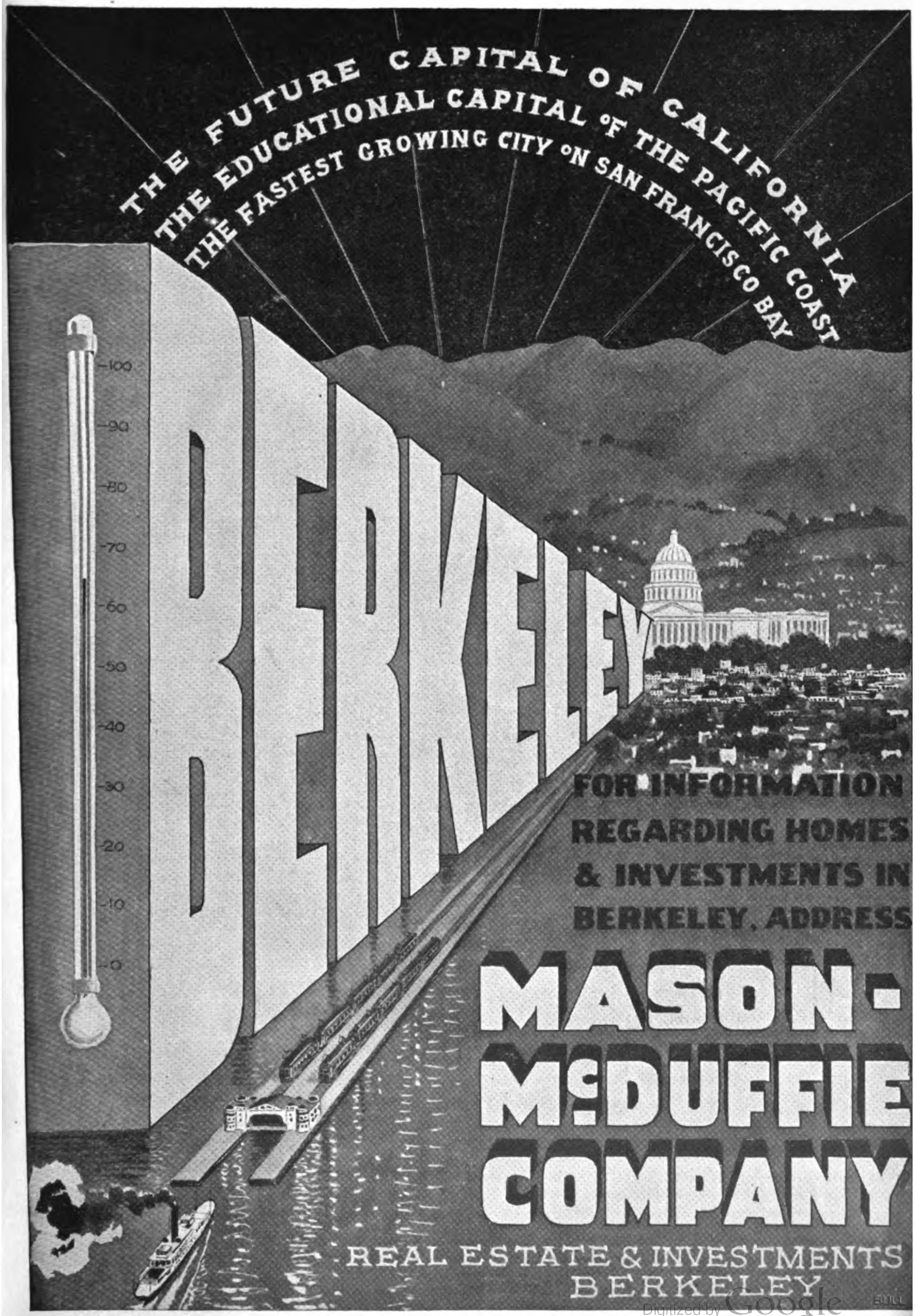
Oh, I'd like to be a poet of the effervescent kind,
To chant of birds and daffodils and of the soughing wind;
I should like to strike a tuneful lyre to quite amaze the throng—
But my hair isn't long!

I should like to sing of buttercups that sprinkle all the lea;
A pæan to the columbines would just be "fruit" for me;
I fain would soar on Pegasus and lure men with my song—
But my hair isn't long!

Sometimes in dreams there come to me the faces that I knew
When life and I were younger and the skies were ever blue;
I should like to sing about those days exempt from care and wrong—
But my hair isn't long!

I know there is no hope for me; I feel it more and more,
For, though I've hitched up Pegasus, as oft I've done before,
My hair is short, extremely short, as is this foolish song—
And it won't grow long!

A. J. WATERHOUSE.


THE FUTURE CAPITAL OF CALIFORNIA
THE EDUCATIONAL CAPITAL OF THE PACIFIC COAST
THE FASTEST GROWING CITY ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY
BERKELEY
100
90
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BULL

FOR INFORMATION REGARDING HOMES & INVESTMENTS IN BERKELEY, ADDRESS

MASON-McDUFFIE COMPANY

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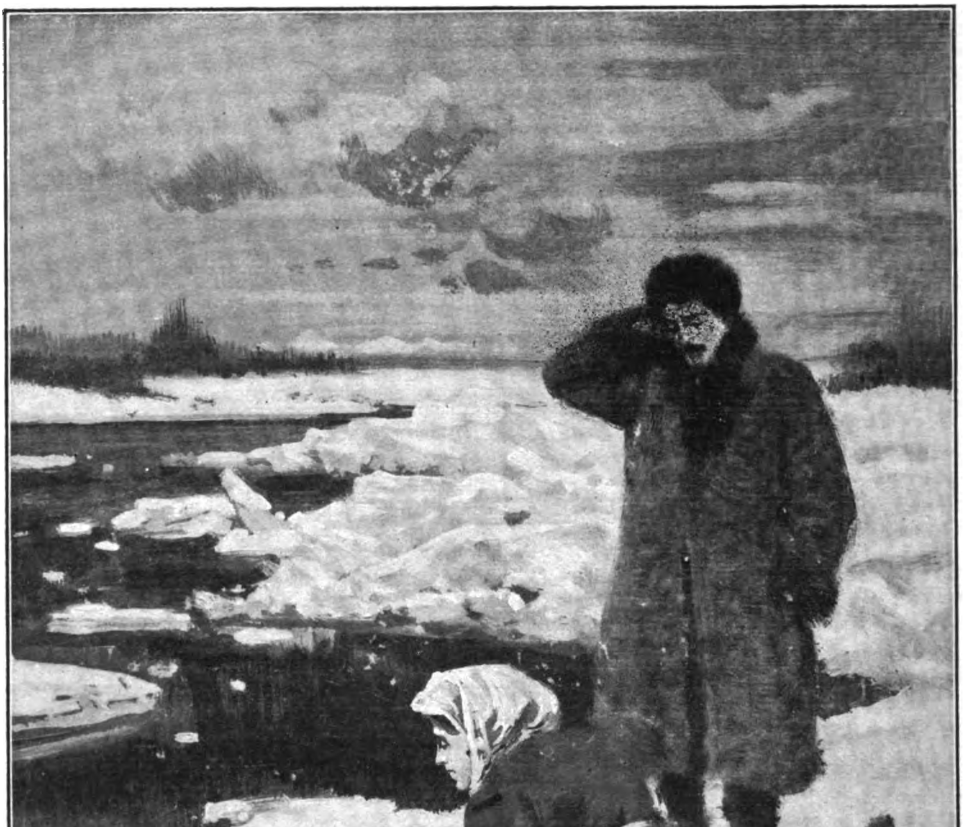
BERKELEY



"Here is your man," he said, simply. . . . She did not even speak to him or look . . .

Frontispiece, Sunset Magazine, June, 1907
[See Page 139]

SUNSET MAGAZINE

Vol. XIX JUNE 1907 No. 2

THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO

THE NEW CITY, UNDER THE IMPETUS OF ITS RAPID REBUILDING, IS MOVING SOUTH, FILLING THE ENTIRE PENINSULA, BEING HELPED TREMENDOUSLY IN SUBURBAN EXTENSION BY THE BAY SHORE RAILWAY CUT-OFF

By RUFUS STEELE

Photographs by Tibbitts

SAN FRANCISCO, a principality upon a peninsula, began, on the east, at the water. Long ago the old city occupied the last foot of dry sand at the north. The original outposts at the west are to-day hidden among growing blocks of buildings reaching to where the ocean writes "ne plus ultra" on the beach. The new city has seen its only outlet to the south, and in the south, extending from the bay shore almost across the neck of land, five parallel ranges of hills have presented a quintuple obstacle to invasion. San Francisco had reached the stage where its further lateral development must lie in the direction of the most resistance.

In demonstrating the ancient geometric axiom concerning the shortest distance between two points, the Southern Pacific Company has built lately a straight line of railroad ten miles long, whose immediate result is to double the habitable area of San Francisco by breaking the power of these hills. In constructing the Bay Shore cut-off the railroad company was moved by the requirements of its traffic rather than by the alluring project of multiplying the foundations of a city. Yet the result is the same. It is but a further example of the railroad furrowing a roadbed into which the tide of history flows.

In the past the Coast Line road has wound northwestward to Colma, and in a series of curves northeastward through Ocean View and the suburbs of the city proper to the terminus at Third and Townsend streets, a distance of 14.70 miles. This was imperfect railroading for several reasons. It was not the shortest distance between two points. There was excessive curvature and heavy grades, made necessary by following the grades of the city streets. Southbound, the maximum grade out of San Francisco through Mission hills to the summit at Ocean View, about five miles, is 158 feet per mile. Northbound through these hills it is sixty-eight feet per mile. Heavy grades are also encountered in

ON THE BAY SHORE ROAD, ALONG THE ROUTE OF THE RAILWAY CUT-OFF LINE

the San Bruno mountains, and helper locomotives frequently were required for both freight and passenger trains. For a considerable part of the distance the line is through a thickly-populated section of San Francisco, the track being laid across blocks and through streets crowded by traffic. The wide detour to the west adds about four miles to the rails over the distance in the air. The problem which a progressive railroad administration faced was how to eliminate distance, grade, and Time, which latter is written upon modern railroad schedules with an upper-case T.

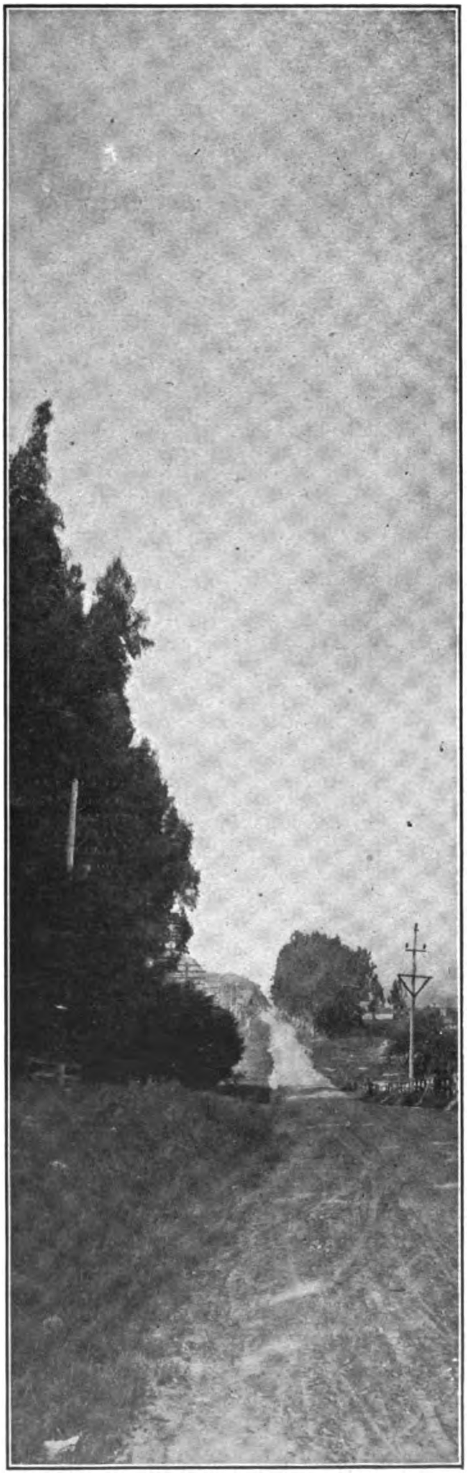
It is said that when he grew suspicious of the engineers he had directed to make a preliminary survey for the trans-Siberian road, a Czar, now deceased, laid his ruler between termini on the map, drew a perfectly straight line, and ended the audience with the curt order to his engineers, "Follow that!" A straight-edge laid between the foot of Third street, San Francisco, and San Bruno, on a topographical map, will indicate the route of the Bay Shore cut-off as exactly as it was practicable to build it. If your map happens to be one of the comprehensive papier mache affairs which are seen in schoolrooms and railroad offices, you will find the ruler lofted by ridges which cut it at no less than five points. These represent the five ranges of hills—ranges of barrier hills which have held the imprisoned valleys safe from occupancy by the spreading metropolis, San Francisco. The power of the hills has been broken by driving five tunnels, aggregating two miles in length, through their resisting bases.

Through this five-chambered gate San Francisco will expand!

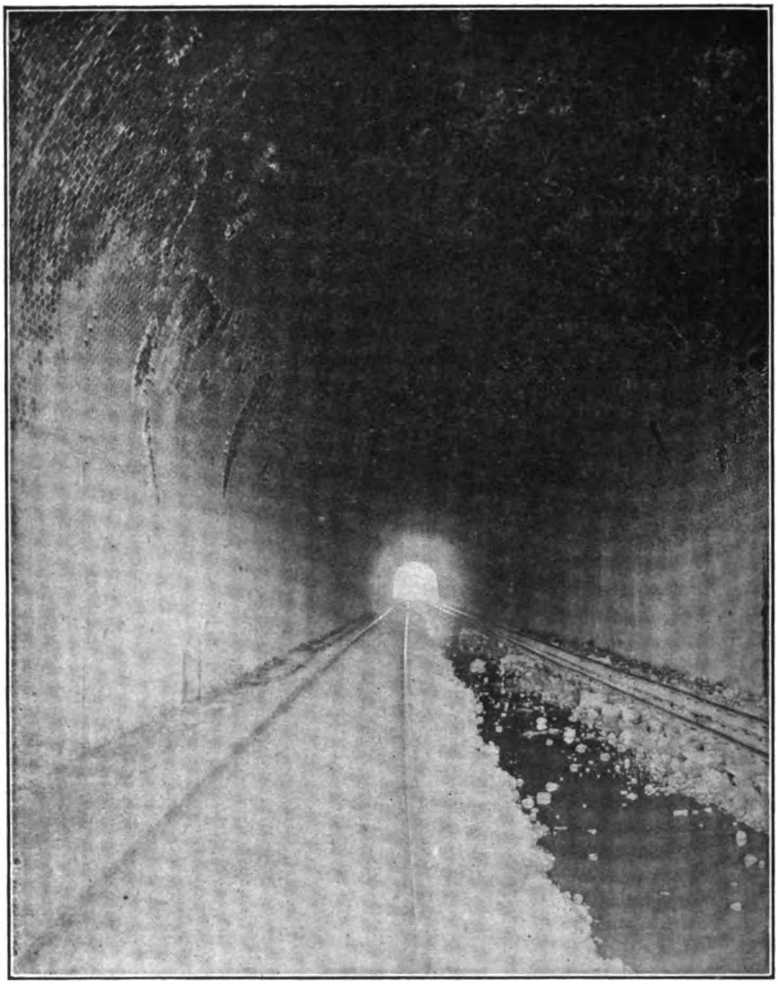
As the day approaches when this cut-off will be christened by gusts of steam and inducted into the schedule to the shrieking of whistles, what follows? The answer is the most interesting part of the story. Immediately nineteen towns—from San Francisco to San Jose—will feel the substantial advantage of seventeen minutes saved in coming to "the city" and in returning home. At Visitacion Point "the hump yard" will begin operations, which means that the dispatching of the vast volume of freight shipped out of the metropolis will be greatly expedited. On the day that the first train rolls southward through the tunnels an inviting area as large as that which it now occupies will be thrown open to San Francisco; and though the land may not be had as cheaply, this will be an event surpassing in importance all the opening of Indian reservations to settlement that the Government has done in a decade.

That four miles eliminated and that seventeen minutes saved will add a daily and substantial balance to the account of San Bruno, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Beresford, Belmont, San Carlos, Redwood City, Fair Oaks, Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield, Castro, Mountain View, Sunnyvale, Lawrence, Santa Clara, College Park and San Jose. The San Jose business man, leaving home at eight o'clock in the morning will reach the Third and Townsend depot in a little more than an hour, and can be up town sometime before the banks open. The San Mateo commuter, finding that a later train will now bring him to his office on time, can breakfast with deliberation. The Stanford University student living in San Francisco, who travels daily to Palo Alto, will find those seventeen minutes very precious. The truck farmer, the fruit-grower and the dairyman living along the way, who know the full meaning of "perishable goods," will show you how seventeen minutes earlier into market soon runs into seventeen dollars. With the country brought a quarter of an hour and two minutes closer to their work, many heads of families will find it possible to let the children grow up in the meadows and dells of San Mateo and Santa Clara counties.

A hump yard is a network of trackage upon a piece of rising ground where the law of gravity assists a railroad company in assembling freight trains. The hump yard is a new institution in California, and presently one of the most interesting expeditions which the San Franciscan may take, will be to go down to Visitacion bay where there isn't any bay now, and

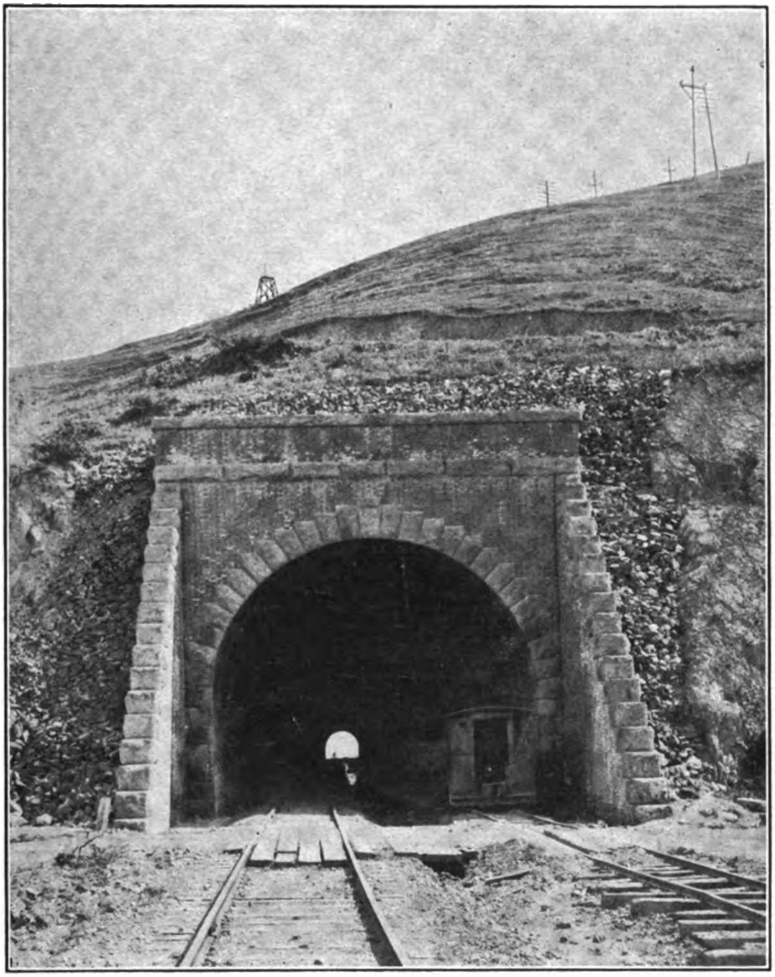


ON THE OLD SAN JOSE STAGE ROAD



ONE OF THE FIVE GATEWAYS THROUGH WHICH SAN FRANCISCO IS EXPANDING

watch the hump yard at work. Freight cars billed to many destinations will be gathered up as fast as they are filled in the city yards and whisked to the hump yard. The locomotive will drag the badly mixed train to the summit of the knoll and leave it. The main line stretching down the slope is like the trunk of a tree with countless spur tracks, like limbs, branching off on either side. There will be about as many spurs as there are important shipping points—points to which freight is shipped from San Francisco. Switchmen wait at the switches which open the spurs. A brakeman uncouples the first car of the engineless train at the summit of the yard and glances at the placard tacked to the sliding door. "New Orleans," it reads. The brakeman waves his arms in signal to the switchman down at the New Orleans spur as he loosens the brakes and lets the car glide down the slope by gravity. By the time Mr. Brakeman has the next car uncoupled and ready to shoot the chutes, the first car is in its place on the New Orleans siding. When it is time to start a long freight train to New Orleans, the locomotive comes along and it isn't difficult to draw out from their spurs all the cars bound down Louisiana way. This method of making up trains in a

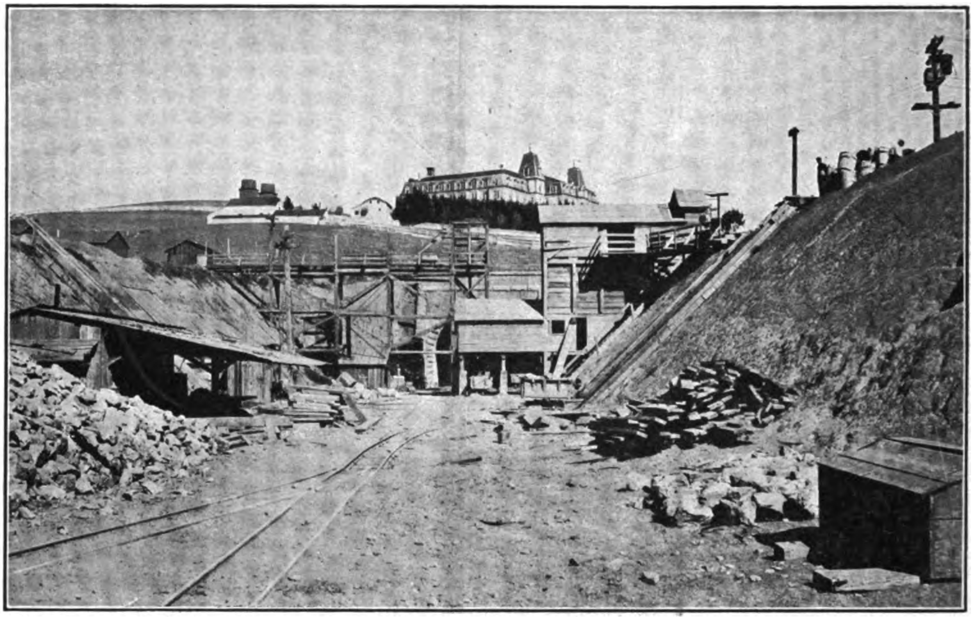


A TUNNEL ENTRANCE ON THE CUT-OFF LINE

hump yard is convenient and time-saving. It saves endless switching in city yards. It expedites forwarding. San Francisco shippers will realize an instant benefit.

On the one hundred and forty acres of ground where was once Visitacion bay the Southern Pacific will construct in addition to the hump yard, complete facilities for receiving, classifying, dispatching and storing freight. Here will spring up a great clearing-house for the freight—its own stuffs and wares it receives from the Orient—which San Francisco sends all over the country. Locomotives will puff in and out of a forty-stall roundhouse. Spreading over many acres will be the modernly equipped shops doing the repair work for the entire division. A thriving settlement will surround this scene where several hundred men will be employed.

As one follows the west shore of San Francisco bay southward from the Union Iron Works for five or six miles and takes note of land and water and the graceful coves, there arises before him the image of another land and seascape of which it is no mean counterpart—the shore of the Pacific north of Santa Barbara, which more than anything else, perhaps, has made the railway Coast Line world famous. That wonderful vista of hill and bluff and beach and lazy blue ocean is reproduced here in miniature with no

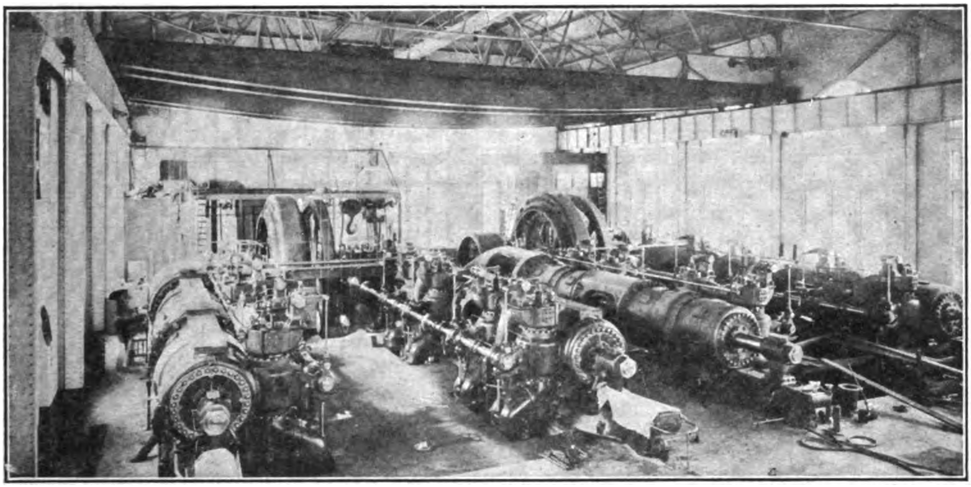


A SHORT CUT UNDERGROUND ROUTE WHICH RUNS UNDER SAINT JOSEPH'S ORPHAN ASYLUM

diminution of its charm. There the hills parallel the shore; here they leave the shore and come back to it again after throwing a high protecting wall around little valleys—the most enchanting little valleys which the five tunnels of the Bay Shore cut-off have now linked together and thrown open, like a Mission garden, to the city. The hills reach their greatest eminence at the back of these valleys, effectually protecting them from any gale which might sweep across the peninsula from the ocean. Few spots in San Francisco are so well protected. The only winds to which these valleys are open are the breezes from the east which cool the summer. These vales are hardly less balmy than Santa Barbara, and yet they might be said to offer a variety of climate. The temperature of each valley is affected by the configuration of its own hills which in some instances are more completely enclosing than in others. Perhaps it is not far-fetched to assert that the home-builder who comes hither may halt in one spot after another and lift up a moistened finger until he has found that climate he seeks.

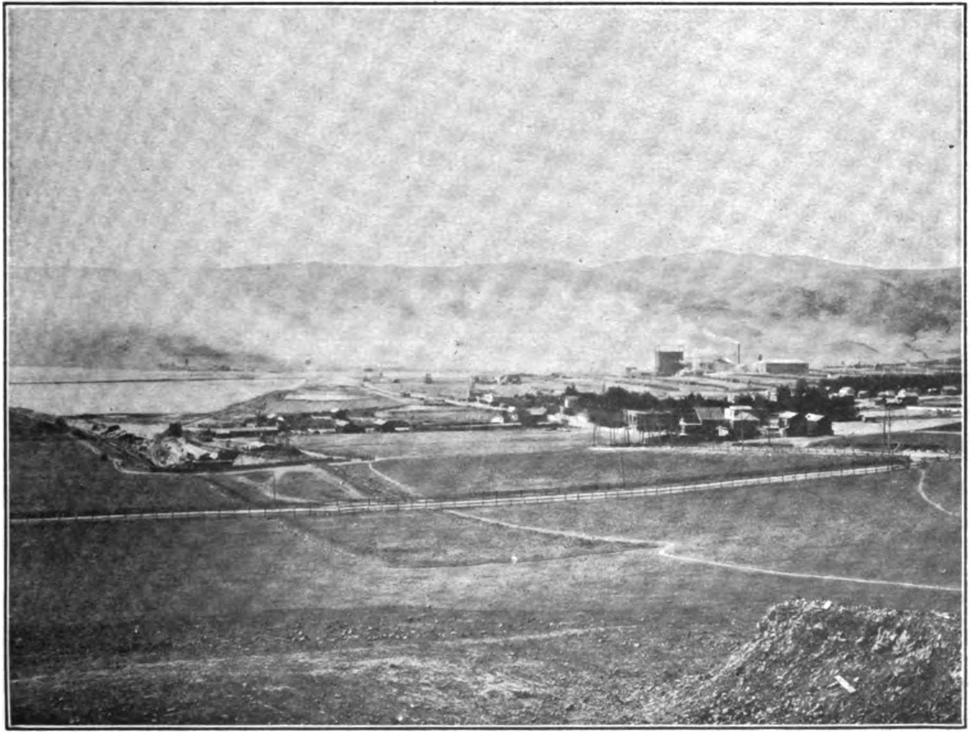
The hills have a beauty which is rare even if bald, but for the luxuriant grasses. The unforested condition of the slopes is due to the neglect of man and not to the unwillingness of the ground. Here and there where a very humble inn stands as a milestone upon the wagonroad, or where some dairyman has built his home among cows in a meadow, trees have been planted and have quickly sprung up to attest the productivity of the soil. When bungalows hang above the dairies, shrubbery and trees will come fast enough. Flower gardens, too, though many citizens-to-be of these vales may dispute the urgent necessity of hyacinths and tulips where garden areas are already a-blossom with poppies and lupines, larkspurs and wild roses. A distinguished botanist says in her book that she has not found finer beds of wild flowers in California than on the San Francisco peninsula, and the Latin names of several of them in understandable English mean that they are not found anywhere else.

At South San Francisco—or South City, as it is now called—which will be the first stop on the cut-off outside the city, there are unmistakable evidences of activity in anticipation of new and rapid train service. This section has been rather isolated heretofore on account of inadequate means of transportation.

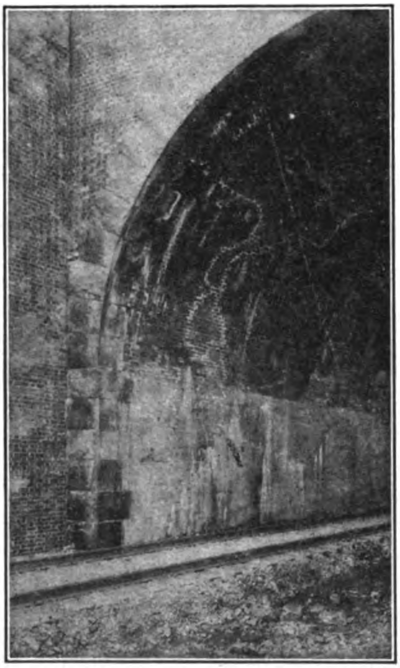


IN THE NEW STATION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

With the new line in operation, it will be in point of time, nearer to the business center than much of the residence districts of San Francisco itself, particularly so with reference to the congested industrial districts lying in the southern part of the Greater City. The territory here offers room and opportunity to the working class for suburban homes. The cut-off will give these people quick and cheap means of transportation. In anticipation of these conditions an enterprising



IN VISITACION VALLEY, WHERE THE NEW FREIGHT YARDS ARE LOCATED firm has purchased over four hundred acres comprising two large valleys, sheltered by the high hills on the north, east and west. The aggregate amount of this purchase exceeds over half a million dollars. Every part of this tract will be occupied by homes of wage earners, not only those from San Francisco, but the place itself is rapidly becoming an industrial center. It has now a population of over five thousand with all the modern facilities of a modern city. Already it has a large number of great manufacturing plants, employing upward of two thousand men. There are in operation now the Fuller Paint Works, the Steiger Terra-cotta and Pottery Works, the Western Meat Company's plant, the Pacific Jupiter Steel Works, the Alexander Brick Works. American Smelting Company is constructing one of the most extensive establishments of its kind in the world at a cost of over $5,000,000. A deep water harbor is in course of construction that will provide docking facilities for ocean going ships.



A SECTION OF TUNNEL CONSTRUCTION

The pen with which the railroad executive wrote "Go ahead" upon the plans and estimates of the engineers who spied out the Bay Shore cut-off project should be placed in the Smithsonian Museum. The true magnitude of the undertaking will not be realized by the traveling public until it receives a visual impression from the windows of trains flying over the new rails. In traversing ten miles of road the traveler will go through almost two miles of tunnels, with the surface of the ground three hundred feet above his head; over two miles of trestles, with the surface of the water fifty feet below his soles; through a cut ninety-five feet deep, and under six streets supported above him on iron bridges. There is perhaps no other ten miles of railroad in California which cost as much to build. The Southern Pacific has eliminated 4.86 miles of distance, several hundred degrees of curvature, heavy grades, and seventeen minutes in time at a cost of several millions of dollars.

"The saving in time," remarked a visitor who was watching a gang at work in the face of the drift in tunnel No. 3, "will probably be felt as far south as San Jose."

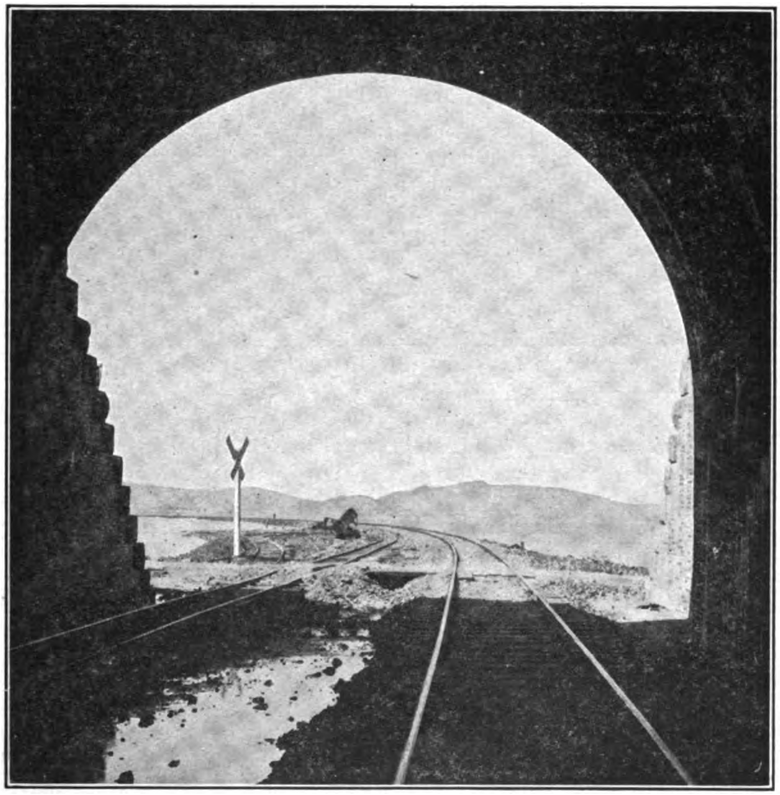
"In these hurry-up days," replied the engineer, "the saving in time will doubtless be felt as far south as New Orleans."

As a time-saver the Bay Shore cut-off is in a class with the Ogden-Lucin cut-off across Great Salt Lake, with the Pennsylvania's new tunnels under the river into New York City, and with the Southern Pacific's other California project of building a great bridge at Dumbarton Point, that passengers and freight may fly instead of float, across San Francisco bay. Incidentally, the two local undertakings are no mean exemplars of a great railroad company's unretarded confidence in the future of a city which is having to build itself anew.

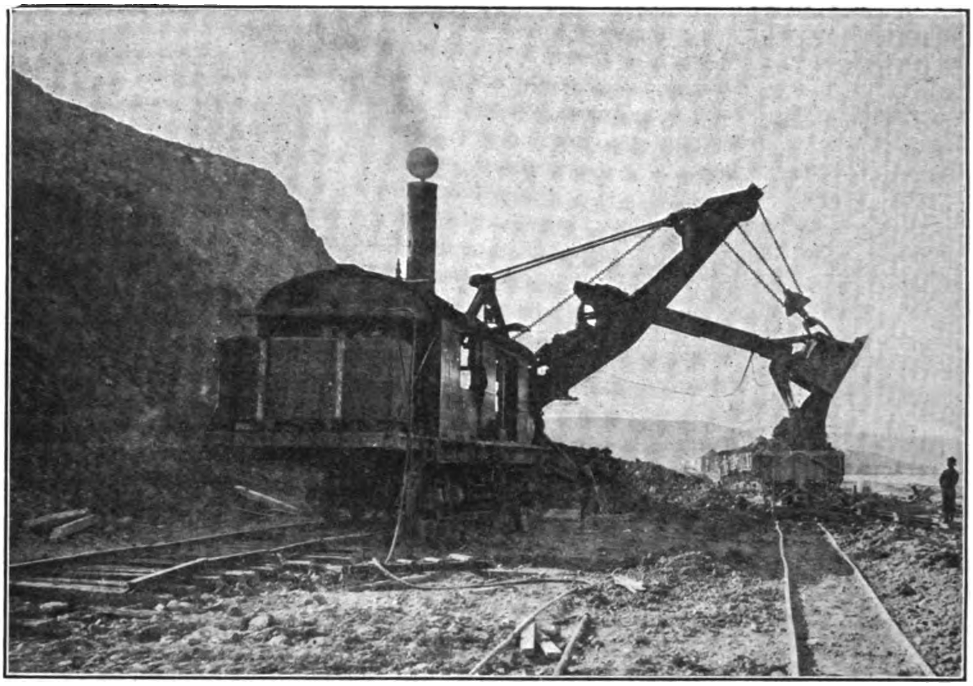
The double tracks of the cut-off will carry trains in three months. The last tunnel was completed in November. One main line is now ninety per cent completed; the other is half done. The entire work, which was planned under the supervision of William Hood, Chief Engineer of the Southern Pacific, has been carried out under the immediate direction of W. E. Marsh, Assistant Engineer. Tunnels No. 2 and No. 5 and most of the grading were done by contract. The remaining tunnels and all other work were done by company forces under Mr. Marsh.

The tunnels are, of course, the big spectacular feature. One and Two are through the Potrero hills; Three is through Hunter's Point hill; Four, the longest tunnel, goes under the ridge opposite Candlestick Point; Five is through Sierra Point. One is 1,817.3 feet long through massive serpentine with clay seams; Two, 1,086.4 feet long, also is through massive serpentine with clay seams; Three, 2,364 feet long, is in part through wet sand with seams of clay, and in part through very hard silicated formation. Four, which is 3,547 feet long, is mainly through very wet ground with quicksand and clay layers, and in part through medium shale. Five, 1,133.8 feet in length, is through hard sandstone. The total is 9,948.5 feet, being 1.884 miles of double-track tunneling.

The average progress in each end of each tunnel—gangs worked from both ends simultaneously—was a little over four feet a day, or eight feet a day total progress. No power drills were required excepting in the hard rock in Three. The tunnel sidewalls and invert are of concrete, and the tunnel arch of brick, with three sections, according to material passed through. The packing between sidewalls and arch-ring and natural material in some cases is broken rock and in other cases concrete. The tunnel excavation of maximum section, including an assumption of six inches all around the masonry, was approximately thirty-two and two tenths cubic yards per lineal foot.


ONE OF THE CITY'S OUTLETS TO THE SOUTH

These tunnels, with the exception of No. 5, were taken out with a center



CUTTING DOWN THE HILLSIDES TO MAKE THE CITY GREATER

core, being about eighteen feet high and about thirteen feet wide, supporting the false timbering, and in the progress of excavation two bottom drifts about eight feet by seven feet were driven on each side of this center core. Two other drifts followed, immediately over the first drifts, of about the same dimensions. These were followed by a heading drift between the top of the center core and the crown of the excavation, the intermediate material between the top side drifts and the center heading being excavated last of all. All excavated material was hauled out from the bottom drifts, reaching these from the upper drifts by convenient chutes.

That is how Mr. Hood describes the way it was done—the hills pierced, and the soil spread into acres. A layman, watching with wide open eyes, might say that in each case an arch was marked out against the base of the hill, that five separate tunnels were started upon the line of this arch and that the workmen never let up, except as the day shift filed out to make way for the night shift, until the five tunnels were through the hill and then the core which separated the tunnels was broken out, leaving one big tunnel.

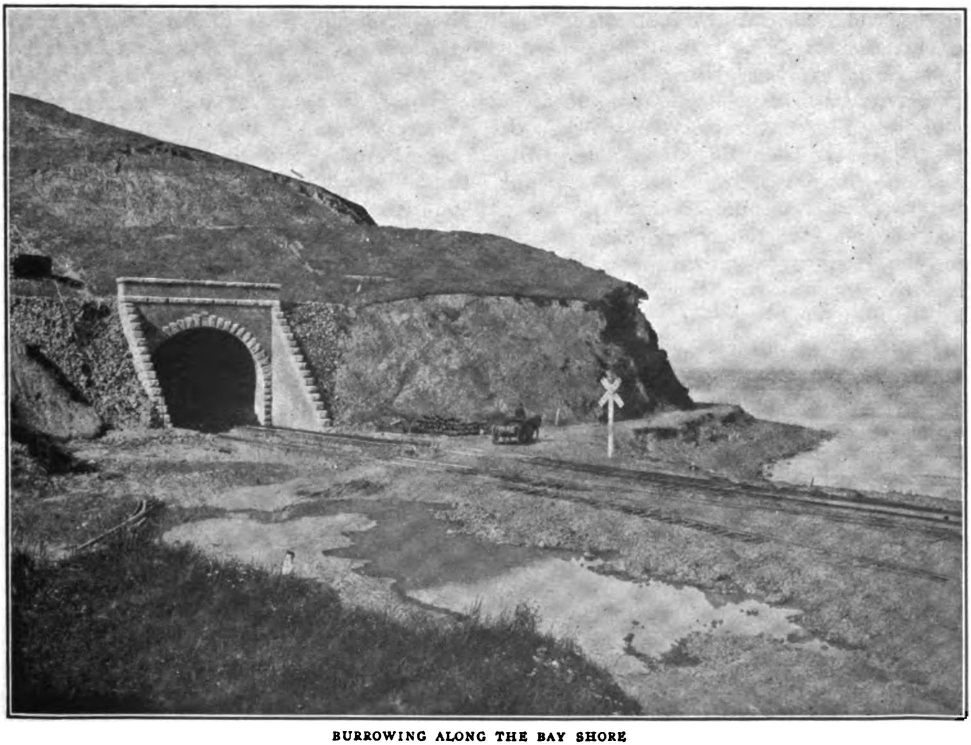
Tunnel Five, at Sierra Point, was not built around a center core as were the others, but by "cut and cover." The tunnels are "wainscoated" with cement, and ceiled with brick as snugly as if intended for a residence.

Of the hills tunneled, Hunter's Point hill, through which Three passes, is the highest. Its summit is 315 feet above the roadbed. Within the city Fourteenth avenue, South, is the only street which the new road crosses at grade. It goes under six streets: Mariposa, Twenty-second street, Twenty-third street, Fifteenth avenue, William avenue and Paul avenue. Six iron bridges have been built in order that the traffic of these thoroughfares may roll along uninterruptedly without danger of collision. The new road passes on neat trestles over Army street, Fifth, Tenth, Twelfth and Thirteenth avenues South, and Q street. The longest trestle of the Bay Shore cut-off spans Islais creek. It measures 3,500 feet, reaching from Army street to Twelfth avenue South.

Next to the tunnel work, the heaviest earthwork was at Visitacion Point, where a cut ninety-five feet deep, requiring the removal of 750,000 yards of material, was made. This material was used to fill in the cove known as Visitacion bay. One hundred and forty acres of land was thus made to order, and upon it will be constructed the large freight terminal and hump yard. The filling in of Visitacion bay is an important engineering undertaking in itself. Fancy a shallow lake one thousand, five hundred feet across; set the shovels of your imagination to work at replacing all the water with solid earth, and then upon the new surface build a nice little hill to rise and slope in accordance with blue-print plans made while the place was still under the tides of the bay. In many places piling was necessary, and thousands of straight tree trunks—some of them sixty feet long—were driven down through the mud to give the brand new hill a sure foundation. Out where the waters left San Francisco bay to sweep into Visitacion bay, reaching well back into the charming valley, a made-to-order waterfront will turn back the tides.

It was January, 1905, when, the preliminary work having been done, Assistant Engineer Marsh got his forces to work in earnest. In day and night shifts he has about three thousand men busy almost continually since that time. The payroll of three thousand men for two years and a half is no inconsiderable item, even to a railroad which is to save seventeen minutes in running time as a result of their work. Twenty million bricks went into the tunnels. Cement and other materials were required in commensurate quantities.

On the night of April 17, 1906, each end of every tunnel saw a full shift at work, a thousand men in all. The tunnels were brilliantly lighted by electricity, but most of the diggers were old miners, not one of whom could swing his pick with relish until the candle, to which he had been accustomed all his working life, was sputtering on his hat brim or in



BURROWING ALONG THE BAY SHORE

the socket whose point was thrust into a crevice of the sidewall. It was almost quitting time when that now famous convulsion of nature of the morning of April 18 occurred. The electric current was shut off instantly by the snapping of the wires. Oddly enough, every candle went out at the same moment. Into the heart of every one of these men working far under the ground shot a mortal terror. With the dominant instinct they whirled and ran, ran pell mell until the last was safe in the open air, and as each until then unseeing toiler burst out into the dawn, he gasped out that every mother's son but himself had been killed in his tracks. As a matter of fact not one suffered more than trivial injuries. Little material was jarred down. Not a brick or a piece of concrete fell. The work had been well done. To-day you will not find a crack or a chink in the spread of brick and concrete at the portals of either of the tunnels, and no trowel has touched these facings since they were built in the B. Q. days. "If all the brick work in San Francisco had been as carefully done—" said Mr. Marsh. And doubtless the rest of his remark is as full of logic as his brick walls are full of mortar.

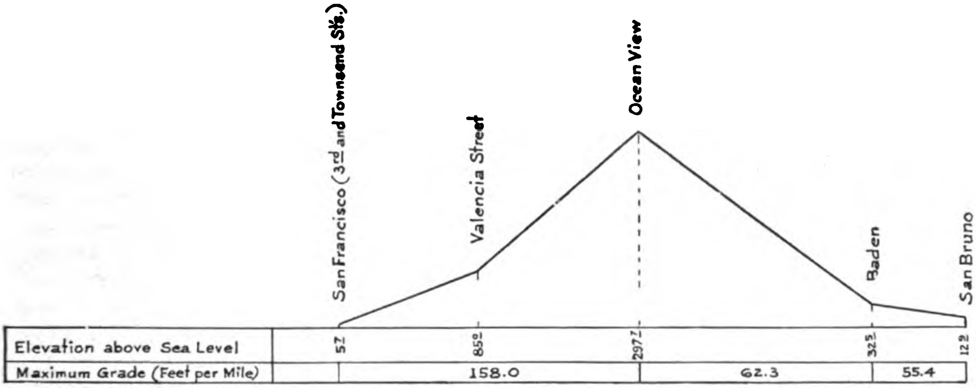
The great disaster brought no obstacle and no interruption to the work. A No. 9 earthquake did not fracture the faith of the builders. A No. 10 fire did not cause them to question the necessity of going on with the spending of several million dollars to save four miles and seventeen minutes. "We were delayed by the disaster," says the boss of the job. "It was nearly three days before we had our full quota of men back at work in the tunnels and on the cut!"

As one walks through the tunnels from one fair pocket of country to the next, the meaning of this new bit of railroad breaks in upon him with tremendous force. The rails cease to be the path for a train; the tunnels are no longer the loopholes of a locomotive that has not time to go around. It is rather that here is the means of the city's coming and that here are the open doors which Nature in reward of man's ingenuity in opening them will never close again. They are wide to that expansion which is inevitable: which is, in fact, at hand.

A burned city is not a buried city—not in the case of San Francisco. A population that was scared for a moment does not mean a population that is scattered after a year. It was said by the men who delivered the mail that San Francisco had five hundred thousand people at the time of the fire. On the anniversary of the conflagration the postmen estimated the city's population at four hundred and thirty-five thousand. The remainder of the population is gradually moving back from its temporary refuge in towns across the bay—moving back as fast as dwellings can be built to lodge them. With ten years of steady employment ahead—now, at least, at the highest wage ever paid in any city of the world—workers in the building trades are deserting every other city in the country to make San Francisco their home. The prosperity which is not to be divorced from such unprecedented building activity is attracting men of every occupation, with their families, in commensurate ratio. The statisticians who estimated San Francisco's population at one million in twenty years, a year ago, now declare that there is every reason to believe that it will attain that figure in less than half of twenty years.

And where will this growing population find abode? The city proper of to-day might stow them away, but there are several reasons for believing that the city never will. There has never been abnormal crowding in San Francisco. There have been no tenements in the sense that New York and Chicago and Boston understand the term. There is a quality engendered of the sunshine and atmosphere and the whole out-of-doors that has moved the San Franciscan ever to demand full measure of elbow room. He is content to do business in a skyscraper, but there have been no six-storied flats. The Bay Shore cut-off has found an answer for the most important and the most imperative public question which is taking shape in San Francisco.

The first trains that slip out of the city under the Potrero hills will carry men with building plans—neat blue-prints

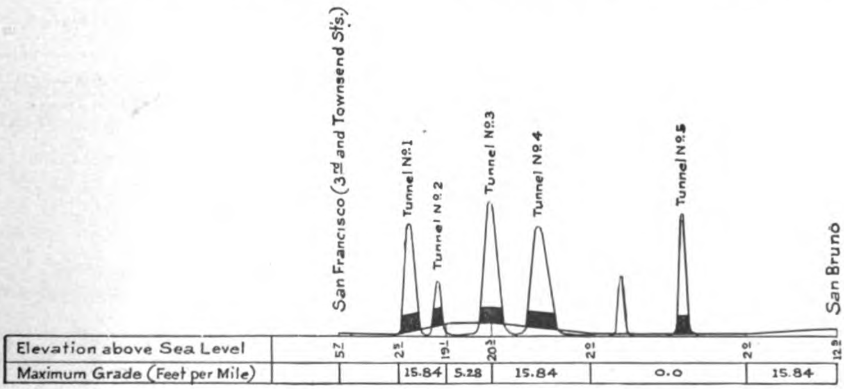


CONTOUR SHOWING THE OLD RAILWAY GRADE OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO

which call for two very different classes of structures. They will be the plans for homes and the plans for factories. It is possible that there will be sharp tussles for some of the choicest sites between builders whose purposes might be differentiated as builders for wealth and builders for health. Which valleys or which localities shall be given over to homes and which to the hum of industry remains to be decided. But the differences of their general requirements will make the contest, if contest there is to be, a brief one.

The day a spade turned on the Bay Shore cut-off, the directors of the California Gas and Electric Company autoed out to the south side of Visitacion valley and bought fifty-four acres of land for fifty-four thousand dollars. Upon this site they have erected a plant which is celebrated everywhere among engineers. Four 5,400 h. p. gas engines, each the largest in the world except for the other three, fill the little valley day and night with their pleasant monotone. But even the four largest gas engines ever set up could be accommodated on less than fifty-four acres of ground space, so the directors told a real estate dealer to sell off half their land for exactly what they had paid for all of it—$54,000. A week later a representative of the company was barely in time to stop the acceptance of a deposit to bind the sale. The offer was raised—raised to double the amount which had been asked. But the directors had decided very positively that they did not wish to sell.

The Guggenheims, known as factors in most of the great regions where ores are smelted, were quick to see and prepare for the advantages to come. Far down upon the bay shore they have



CONTOUR SHOWING THE NEW GRADE AND THE LOCATION OF THE FIVE TUNNELS established a plant which is to grow into large proportions. A colossal brickyard is already there. The city has suffered for want of a suitable and extensive factory district outside the town but not out of touch with it. Now the district is come: the factories are a matter of months.

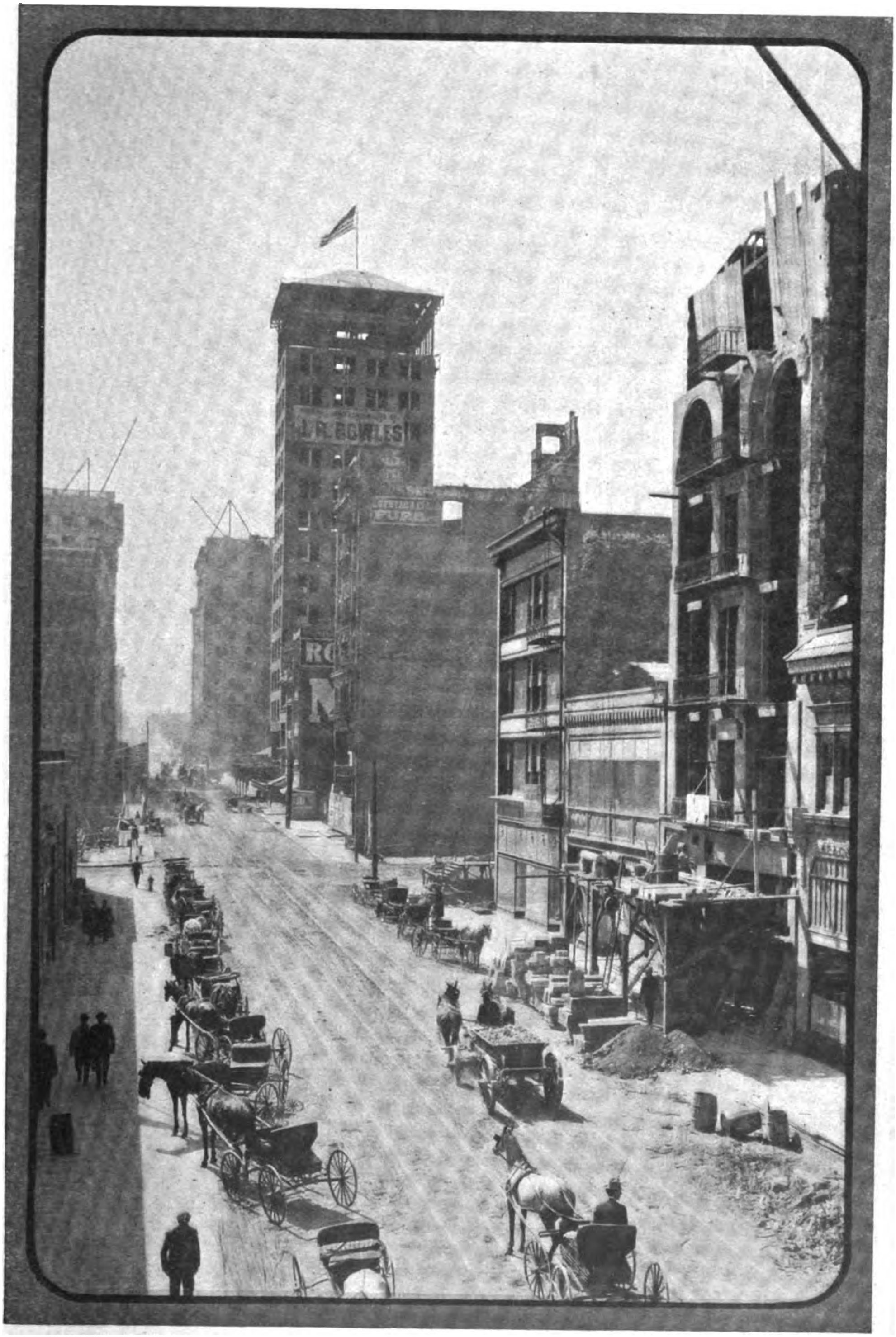
The big, fine aspect of this expansion, however, is not that it will multiply the industrial activities of San Francisco: it is that it will add comfort, picturesqueness and happiness to the home life of the city's people. The man who, unless city-bound by an unusual circumstance, can not find somewhere in these valleys or upon their sloping walls that spot which moves the old yearning in his heart to a cry of "This is it!" is a man who would live in a barrel and call it the best there is. There is no exaggeration in this picture of city folk eager to move into the country. As truly as the farm youth has always cast longing eyes in the direction of the city is there a sure law of compensation. The city-bred man longs for a seat in the country, even though he may delude himself with the belief that it is only because "it would be better for the children out there."

And now the heart of the country is to be brought within twenty minutes of the heart of the city! The very tunnels which connect the two, while setting no check upon the human stream which will ebb and flow all day, will ever serve that sentiment which makes the city worker love to say that he "lives out of town." Perhaps the width of the tunnels will prove too narrow to allow the evil things of a big city to flow out!

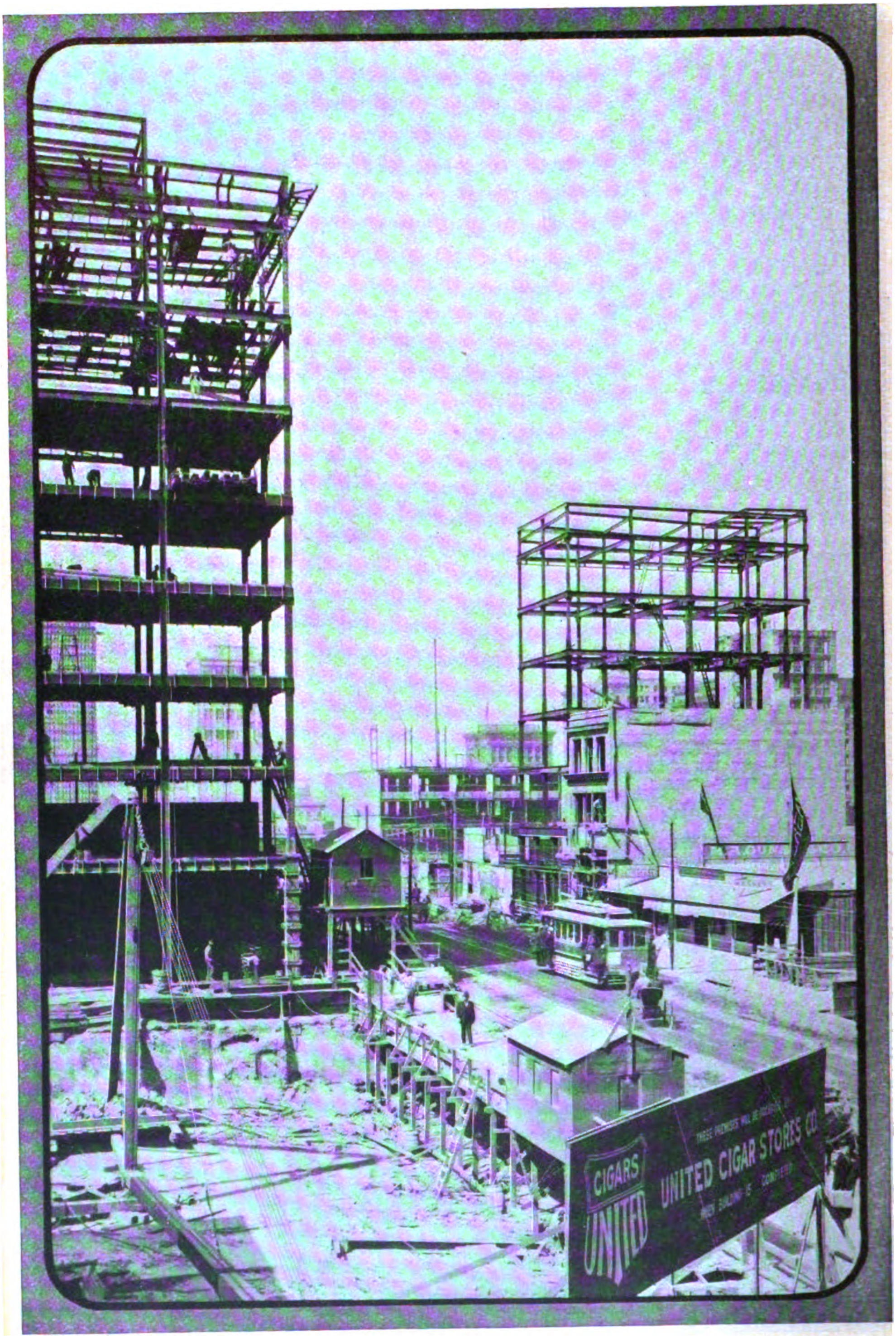
It is said that when a certain philosopher of Athens had been led along the Appian Way into Rome and shown the marvelous palace of a triumphant Caesar, he was asked: "And now, O sage, what is the sum of human happiness?" And the gray philosopher, whom much learning had not bereft of an appetite for the meads of life, in effect, made answer: "Give me a nook and a brook and a book and the noise of a distant city to make me enjoy my riches."

Come, wise man of the Greeks!

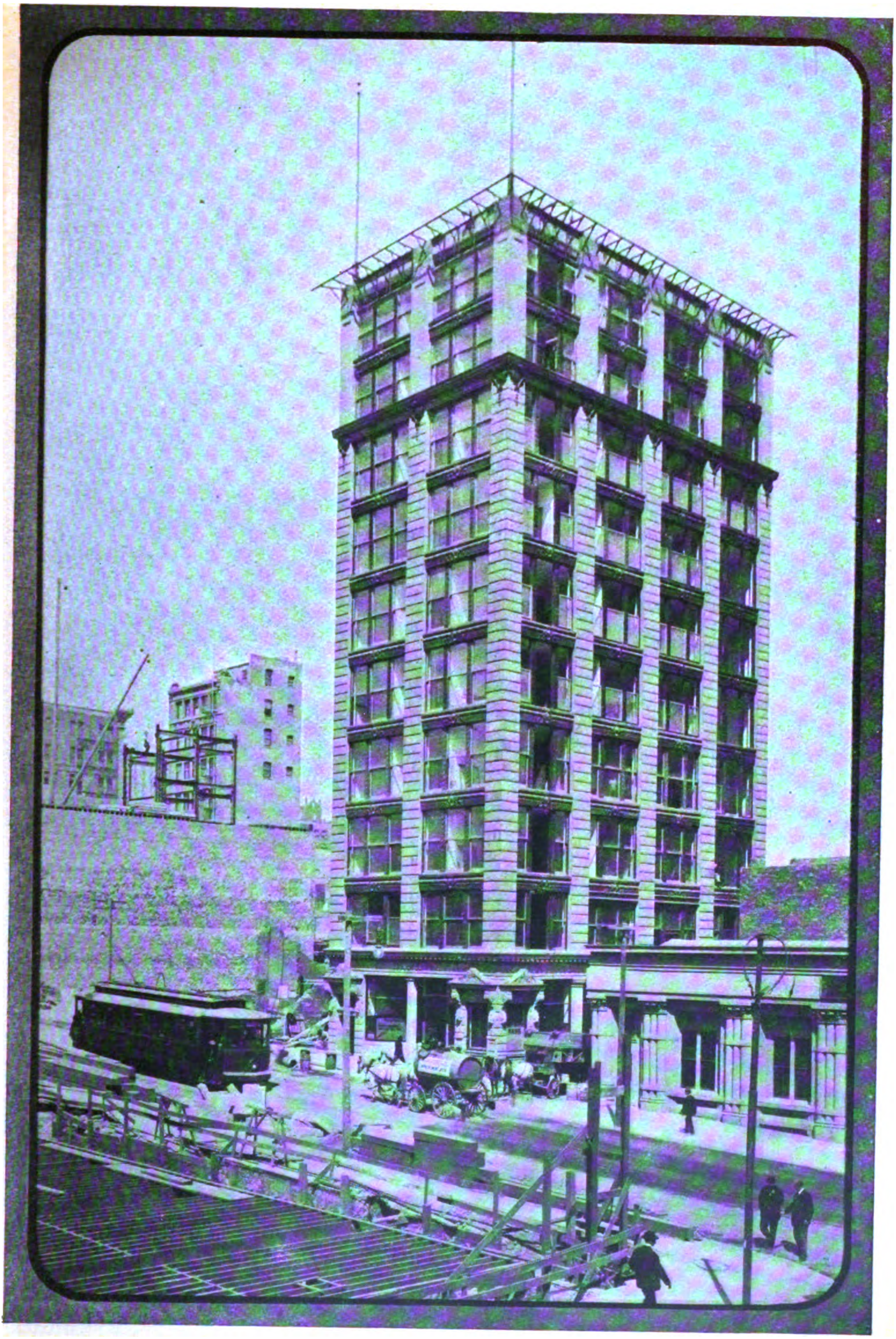
VISITACION BAY, BEFORE IT WAS FILLED AND MADE SOLID GROUND


I. R. BOWLES
FURN
RO

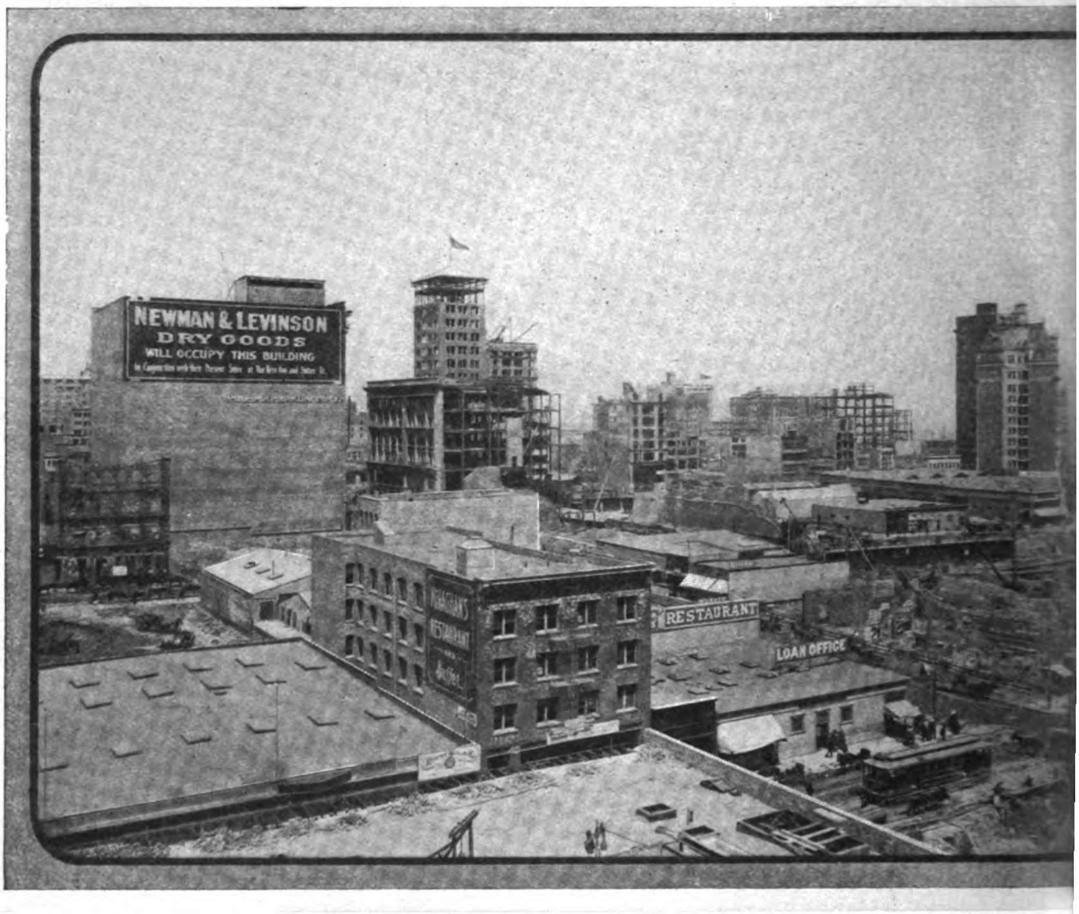
LOOKING WEST ON GEARY STREET--WHITTELL BUILDING IN CENTER


CIGARS
UNITED
THESE PREMISES WILL BE
UNITED CIGAR STORES CO.

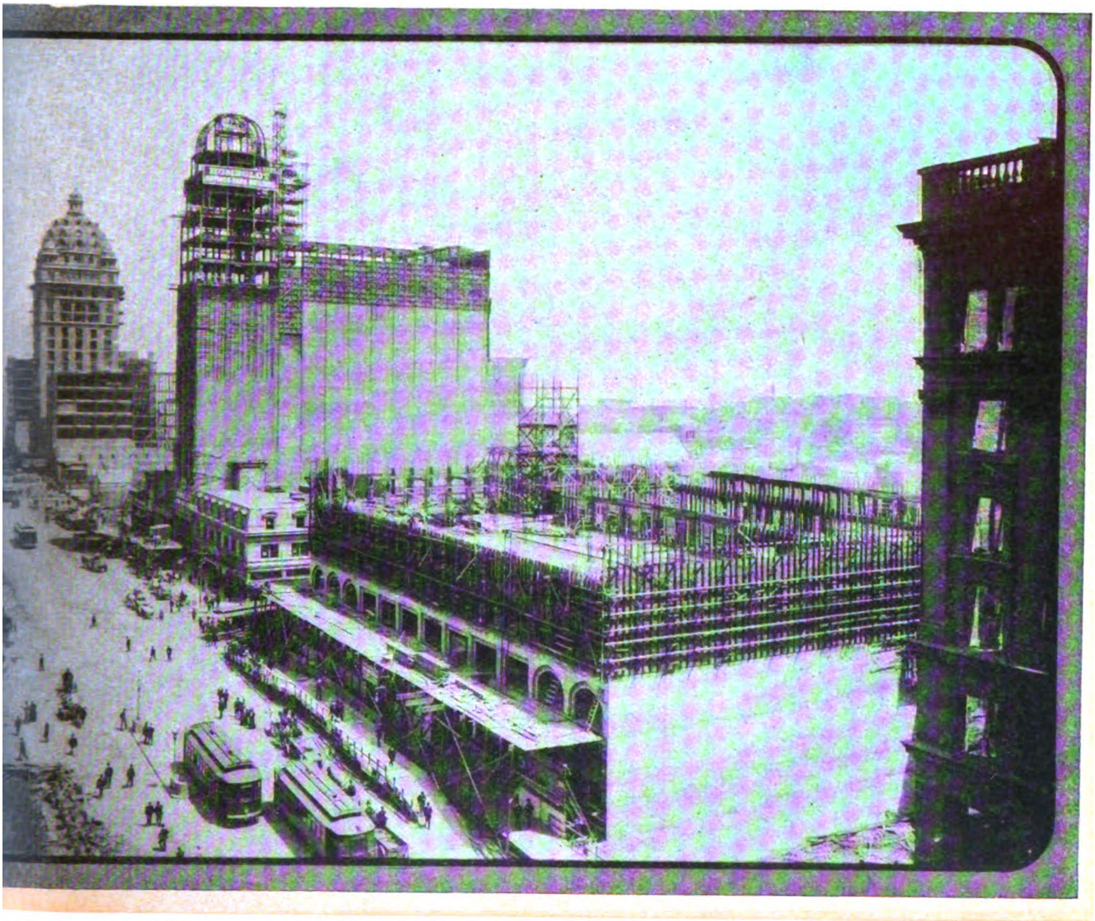
LOOKING NORTH ON KEARNY STREET

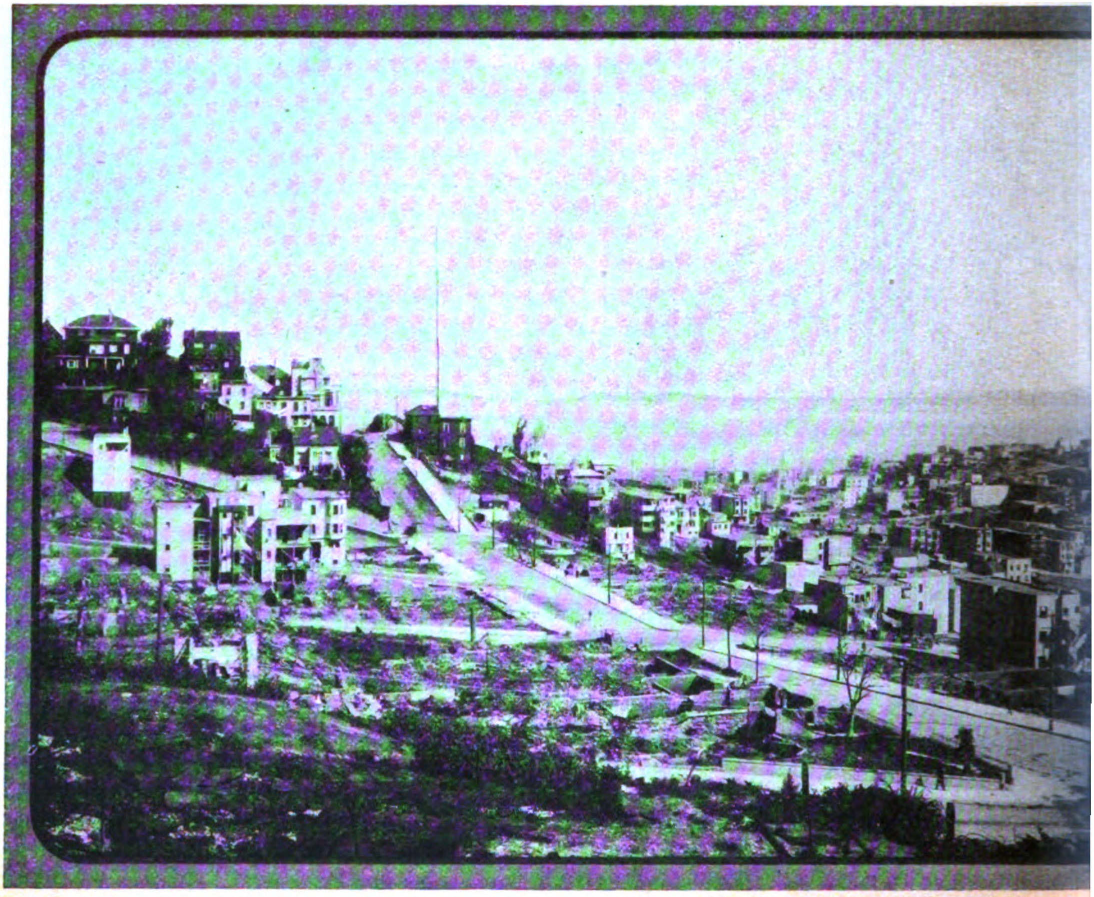


ON SUTTER STREET—FRENCH SAVINGS BANK IN CENTER (FORMERLY BULLOCK AND JONES BUILDING)

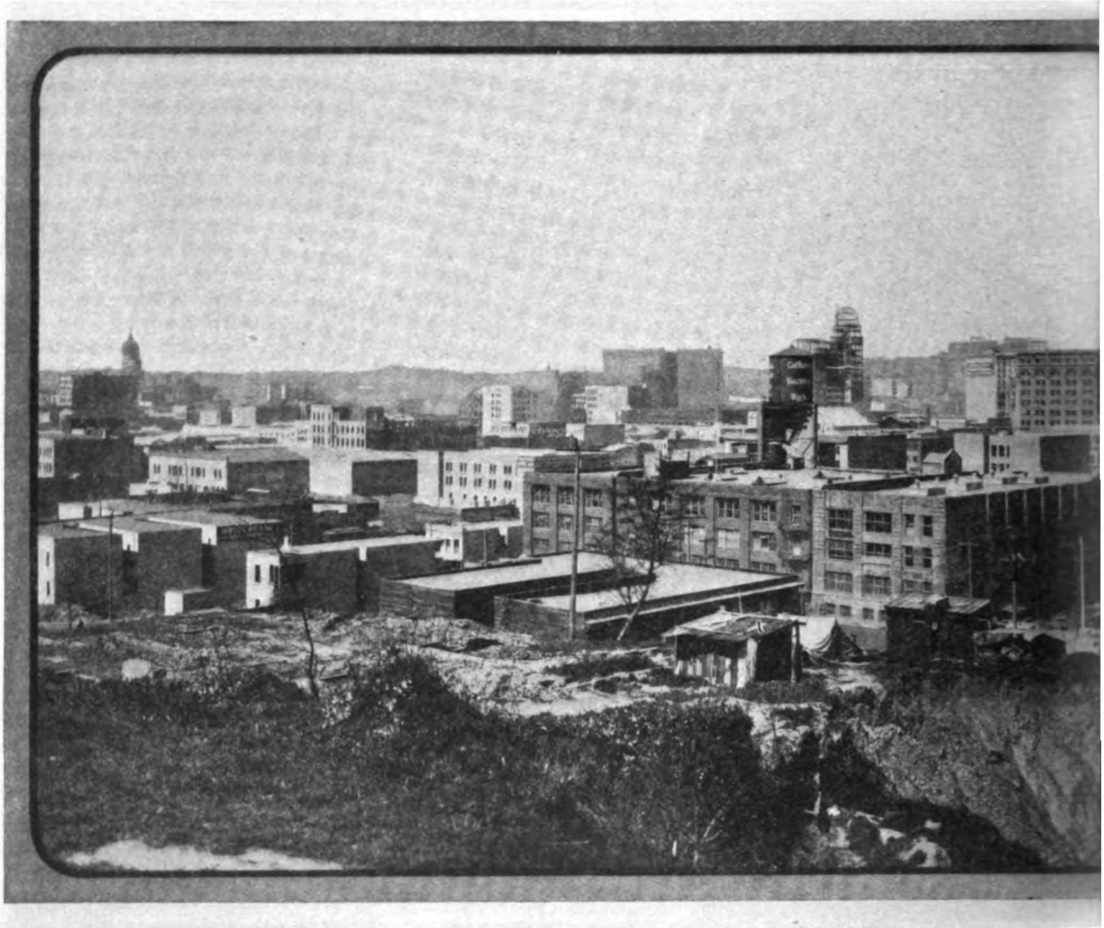

NEWMAN & LEVINSON
DRY GOODS
WILL OCCUPY THIS BUILDING
RESTAURANT
Buffet
RESTAURANT
LOAN OFFICE

THE CENTER OF SAN FRANCISCO, LOOKING FROM THE NINTH STORY OF THE FLOOD BUILDING DOWN MARKET STREET. THE BUILDING IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION ON THE RIGHT WILL BE THE LARGEST REINFORCED CONCRETE OFFICE BUILDING IN THE WORLD. BEYOND ARE THE HUMBOLDT BANK AND "THE CALL" BUILDINGS



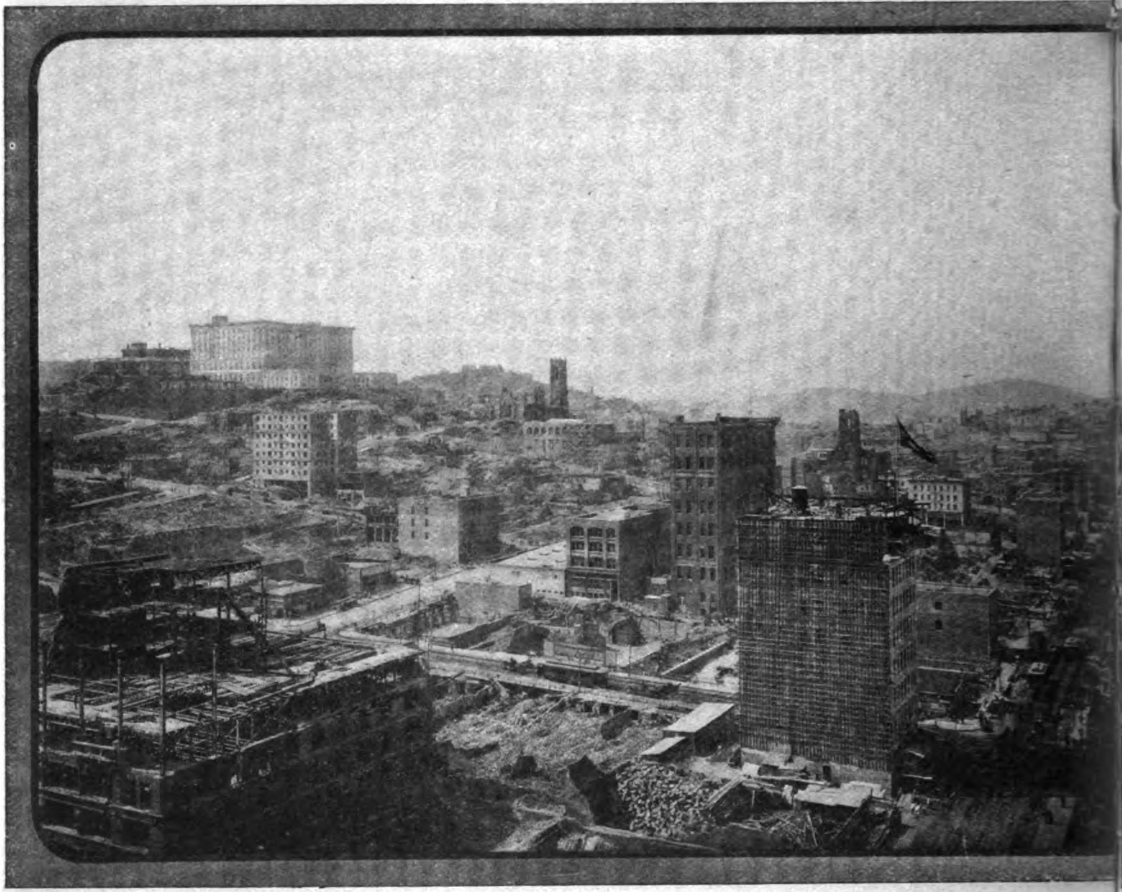


LOOKING NORTHERLY FROM CALIFORNIA STREET HILL, SHOWING THE RAPID GROWTH OF THAT SECTION OF SAN FRANCISCO —WHILE THE WATER FRONT WAS NOT DAMAGED BY FIRE, YET THIS ENTIRE SECTION WAS COMPLETELY DESTROYED. NEARLY ALL BUILDINGS HERE SHOWN HAVE GONE UP DURING THE YEAR

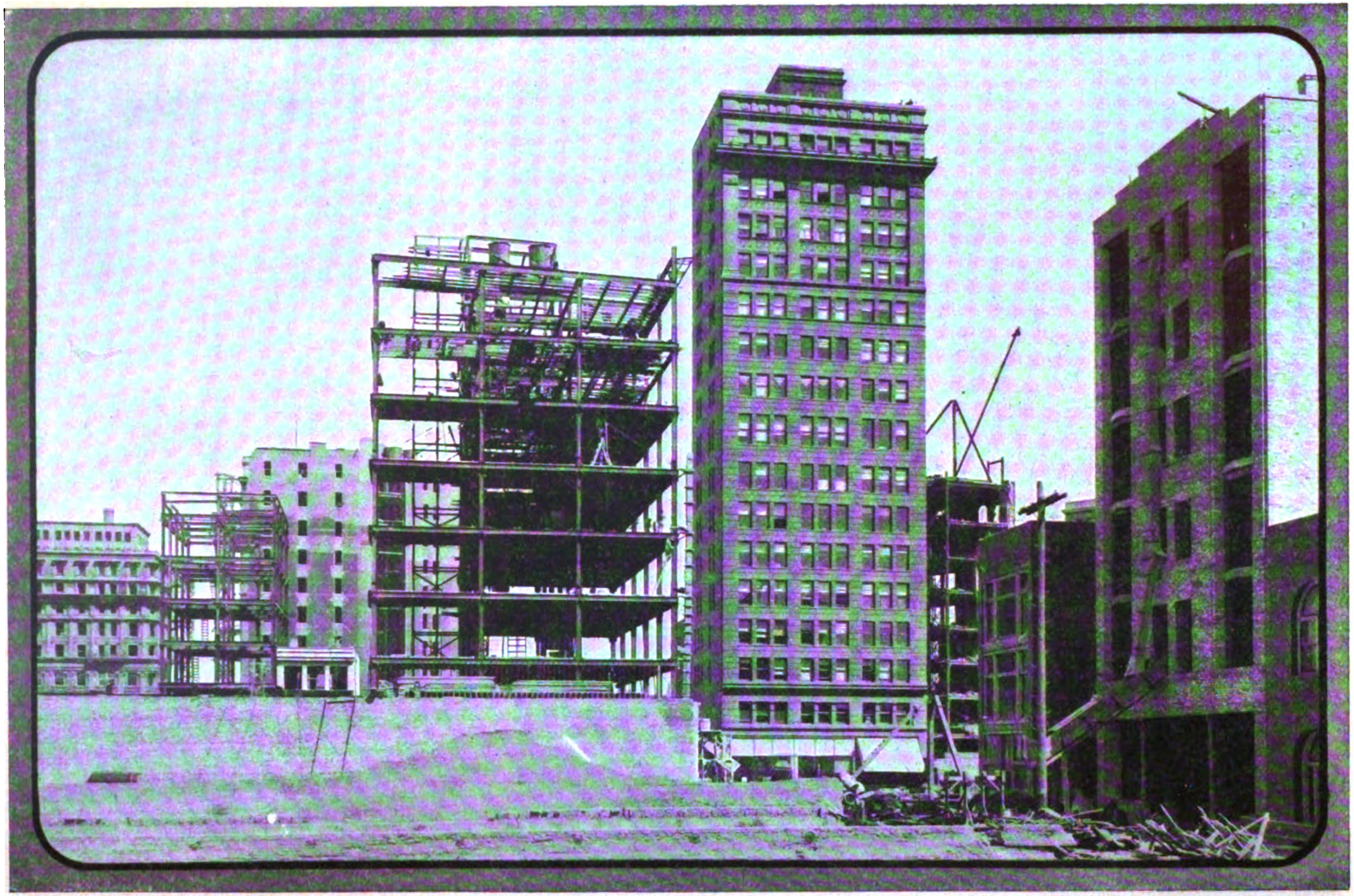


FROM RINCON HILL, LOOKING NORTHERLY—SHOWING THE NEW WHOLESALE DISTRICT AND THE LARGE SKY-SCRAPERS OF THE BANKING AND INSURANCE SECTION, WHICH HAVE BEEN RISING FROM AMONG THE RUINS—IN THE FOREGROUND ARE PILES OF BRICKS AND OTHER SIGNS OF RECONSTRUCTION. THE DOME ON THE EXTREME LEFT IS THAT OF THE CITY HALL

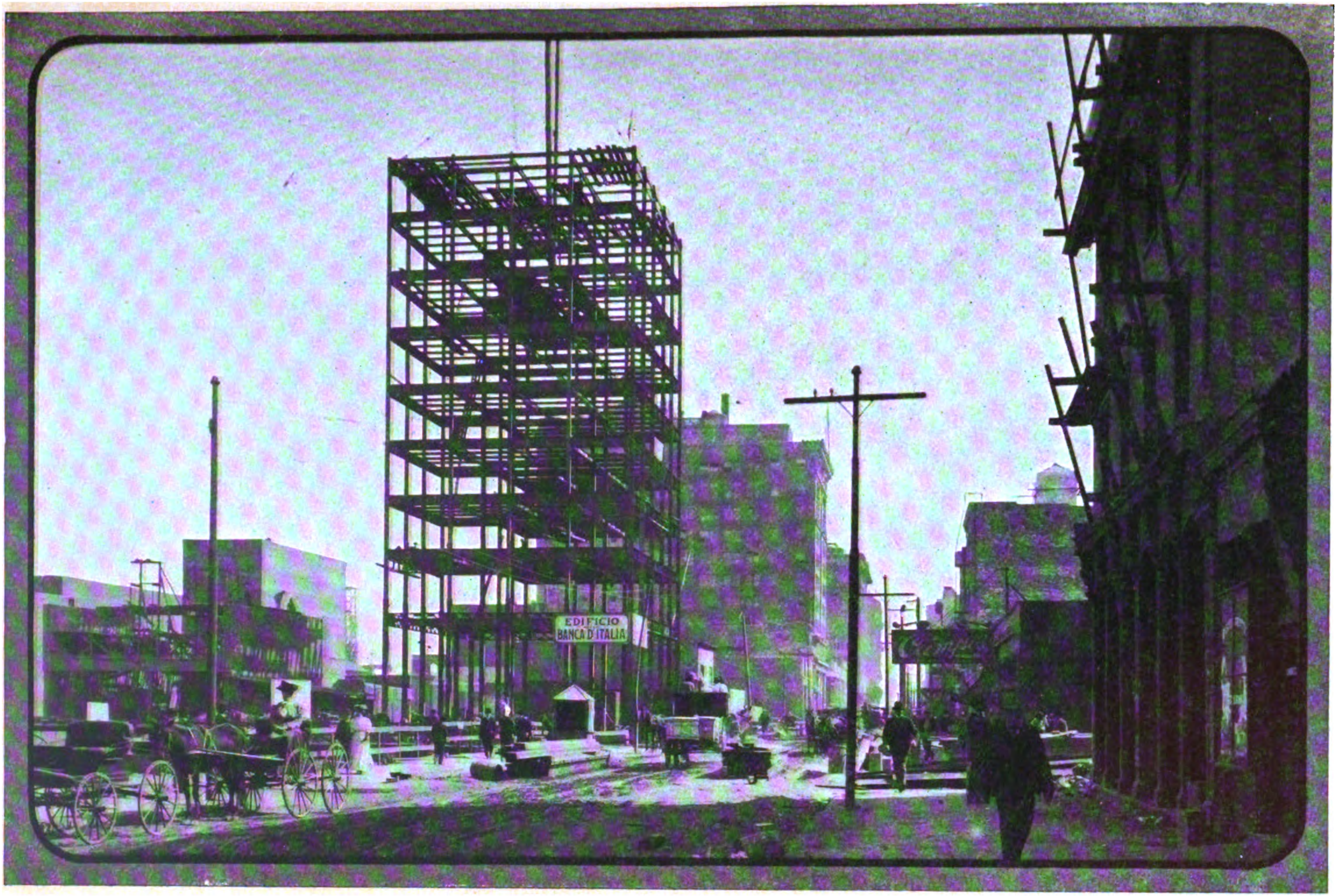
TO LEASE



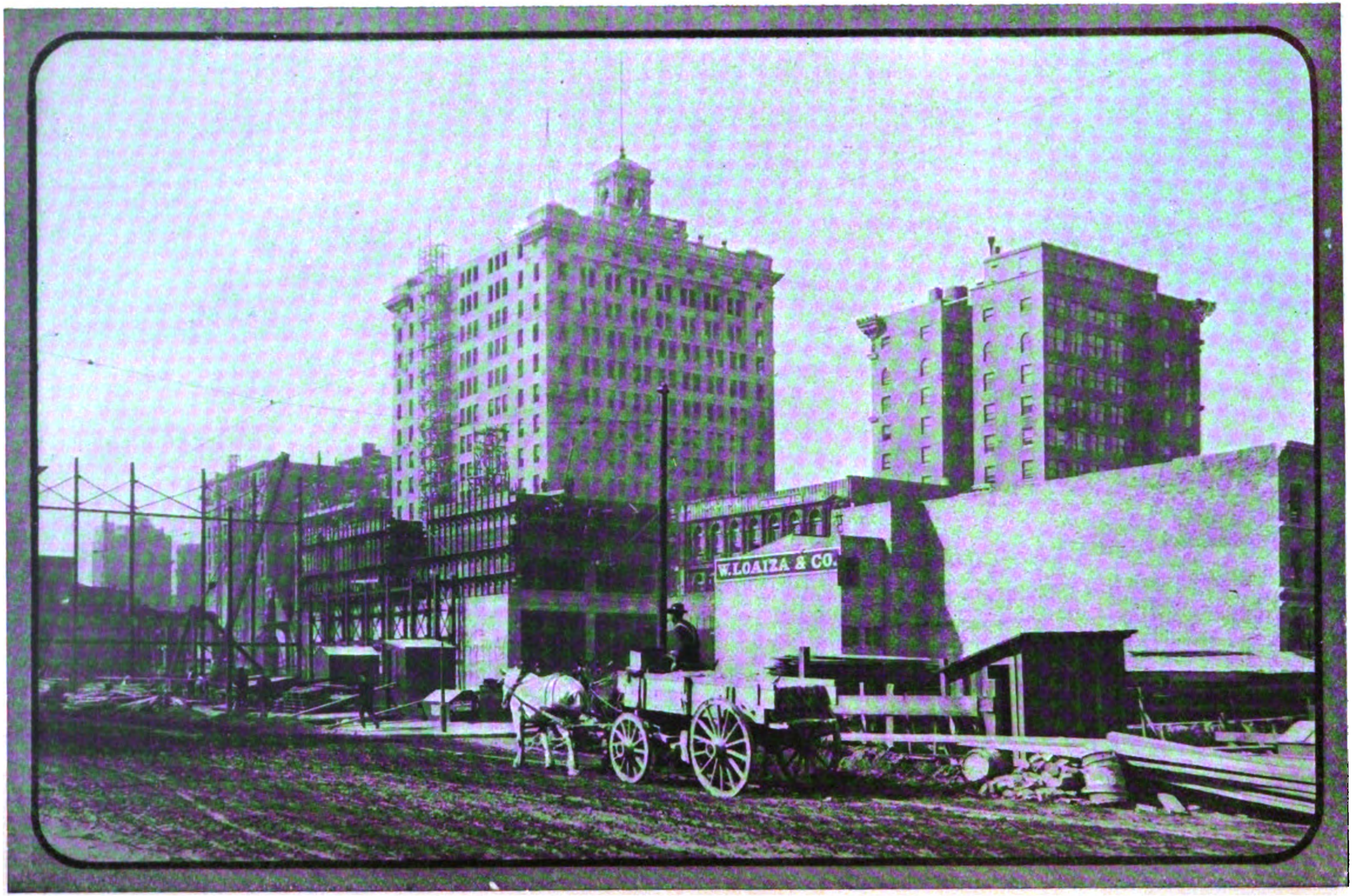
FROM THE "CHRONICLE" BUILDING, LOOKING NORTHERLY—SHOWING THE FAIRMONT HOTEL ON THE SUMMIT OF NOB HILL ON THE LEFT—IN THE CENTER, THE NEW BUILDING OF SHERMAN, CLAY AND COMPANY—ON THE RIGHT, NEW BLOCKS IN THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS CENTER. THE HILL IN THE DISTANCE ON THE RIGHT IS TELEGRAPH HILL, AND THE AREA BETWEEN THAT AND CALIFORNIA STREET IS NEARLY ALL COVERED BY BUILDINGS



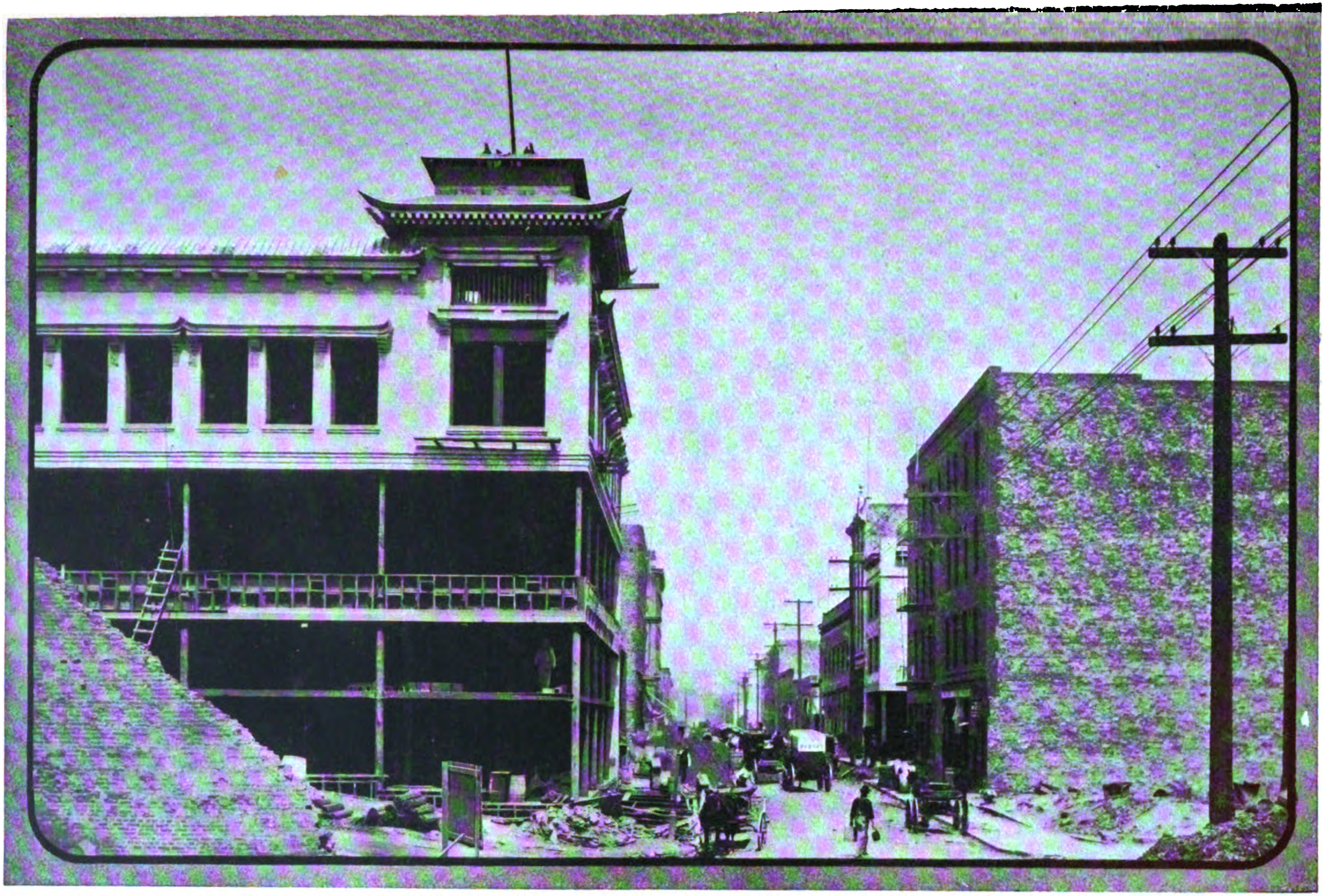
LOOKING EAST ACROSS KEARNY STREET, THE NEW "CHRONICLE" BUILDING IN CENTER


EDIFICIO
BANCA D'ITALIA

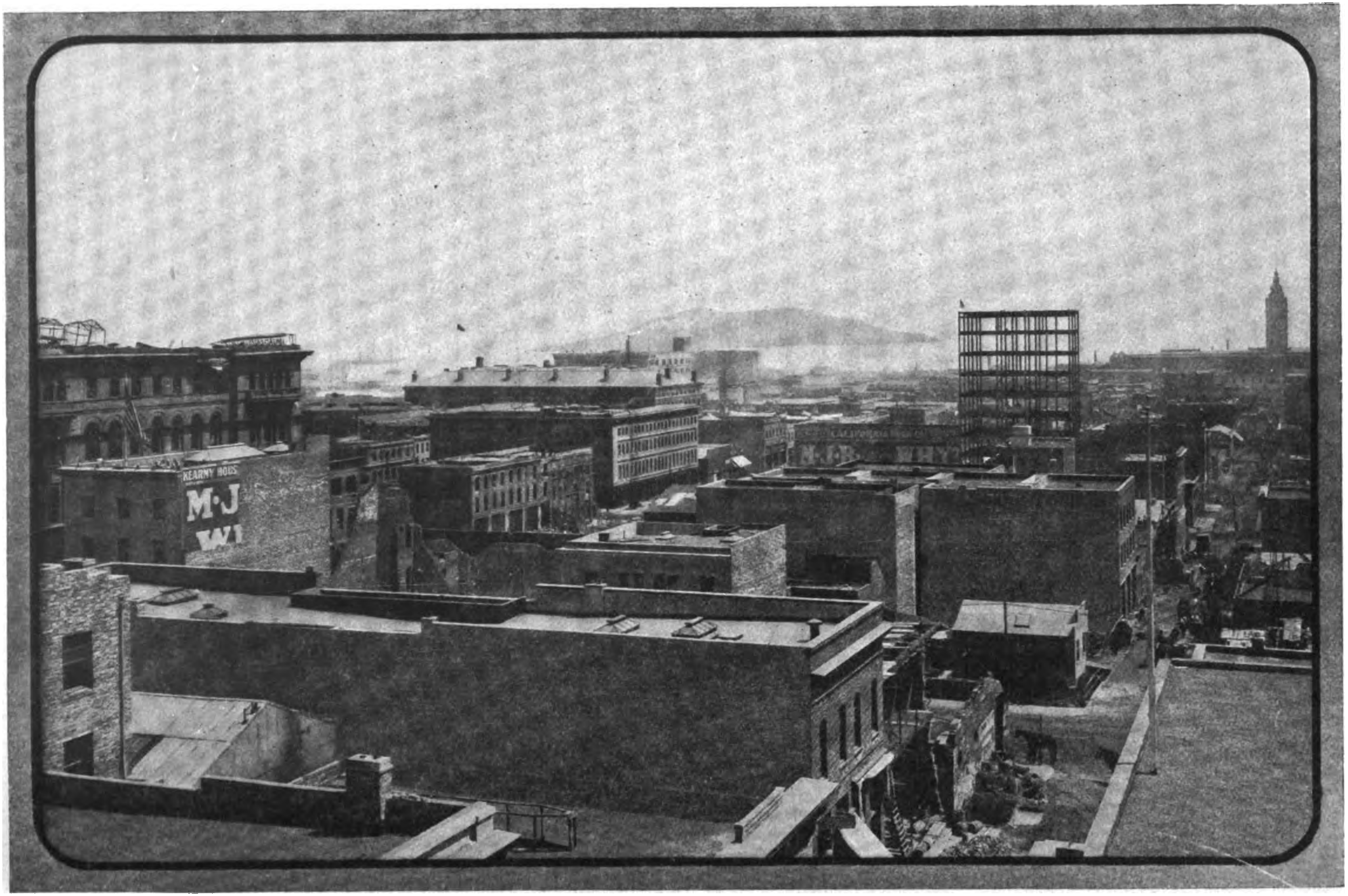
ON MONTGOMERY STREET, LOOKING SOUTH FROM CORNER SACRAMENTO STREET



ON SANSOME STREET NEAR CALIFORNIA. MERCHANTS EXCHANGE BUILDING IN CENTER, KOHL BUILDING ON RIGHT



ON DUPONT STREET, LOOKING NORTH, IN THE HEART OF THE NEW CHINATOWN


KEARNY HOUS
M·J
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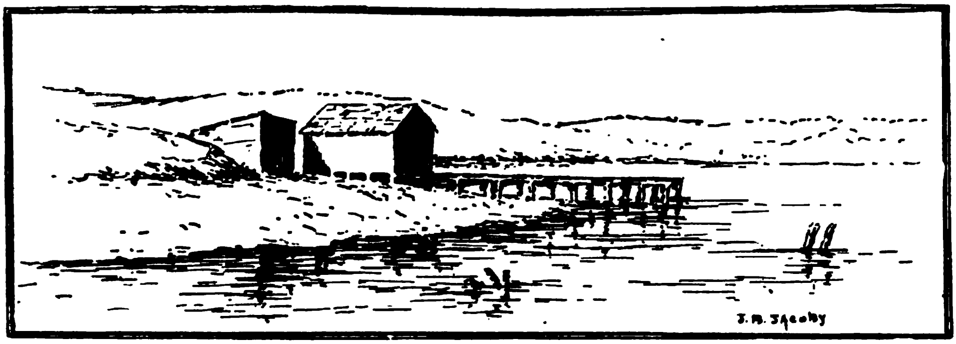
TOWARD THE BAY AND FERRY FROM MONTGOMERY STREET, SHOWING THE REBUILT WHOLESALE COMMISSION DISTRICT



A QUESTION OF STRENGTH

By WARREN CHENEY

(See Frontispiece Drawing by R. L. Partington)

THE bell continued to ring with irritating persistence and Grigory Mihailitch swore as he threw down his cards.

"Confound the priest!" he said. "What does he want to spoil sport for! Kosma, did you tell him that I said to put the confession off until to-night?" The man addressed half rose in his place and saluted sheepishly.

"Yes, your well-born," he answered with a grin, "but he did not seem to be convinced. He said that he had only these two hours to give to us, as he goes on to Nulato this afternoon with the dogs."

Grigory Mihailitch shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Half the time, then, is gone now," he said, "and you limbs of Satan are much too far a-field to be rounded up in the short time that remains."

"It is the fees," growled the man who sat next to him on the bench. "He does not want to lose the fees."

Grigory Mihailitch looked thoughtfully at the speaker and then shook his head.

"I am not so sure of that," he said slowly. "There is more of the hunter in him than you think. It is worth trying, though," he added with a smile. "I should like to see him when he is told." He turned again to the man who had spoken first and held out a glass.

"Here, Kosma," he said, "drink this for courage and go back to Father Gerasim. Tell him I say he is to go on to Nulato without confessing the men at this time, but that he may send in the account for the fees as usual to the clerk and the company will make it good." The man looked at him with sulky hesitation and crossed himself vigorously as he arrived at the meaning of the too evident charge.

"You can carry that message yourself, Grigory Mihailitch," he said resentfully. "My duty to the company does not run to the peril of my soul!" The bidarshik's face flushed at the defiance of his authority and he straightened his great bulk involuntarily into an attitude of command. The humor of the thing was still in him, however, and after a moment he settled back with a laugh.

"O go on!" he said coaxingly. "There is no need to be afraid."

"But it is rank sacrilege!" cried the man protestingly. "He will have me all the rest of the day doing penance up there by the screen."

"Well, that will not hurt you," returned the other laughing, "and it will save the rest of us from giving up our holiday to prayers." The unwilling messenger shook his head.

"It would not help," he persisted stubbornly. "He said he would consider nothing until you had come yourself." The young man's face sobered and he set his teeth together with a snap.

"So that is it, is it?" he said half under his breath. "I had a suspicion he might be after me." He sat for full a moment with his under lip drawn in between his teeth.

"Well, if I have to go, I will," he said with an attempt at his former gaiety, "and you sinners may depend upon it that I will make the best terms for you that I can." Going across to Kosma, he handed him the glass the man had refused to take.

"I do not blame you for your disinclination," he said gently. "I am not at all sure that I want to go myself." He strode leisurely across the room, paused for a moment to turn up the fur collar of his coat, and then pulling down his cap so that it would protect his ears, he went out without further word.

The keen nip of the wind chilled out of him the last vestige of the lightness he had assumed before the men and he let himself plod heavily over the creaking snow and scarcely lifted his eyes to look around. But as he approached the log building which had been set aside as a church, he forced himself to walk more jauntily and increased his speed and when he burst in on Father Gerasim in his little chamber off from the main room of the house, it was with much noise and stamping of his feet and a shout that echoed through all the confines of the place.

He found the priest sitting on his stove and smoking sedulously a long copper pipe; while beside him stood his bell, which he conscientiously rang again as a reminder even as he saw the bidarshik come in. Grigory Mihailitch rushed at him as he came down and without waiting for the blessing from his outstretched fingers, took him enthusiastically in his arms.

"So you are come again," he cried. "Surely you should stand high with the archimandrite for promptness in your rounds. Why, my fellows here do not get time to sin enough to render confession interesting before you reappear, wipe out the account, and start them in again. 'It is less than a month,' they said to-day in consternation. 'What have we to tell him in that time!' It is true, too, Gerasim Ivanovitch, and that is the reason they would not come when they heard you ring your bell." The priest made no answer to the voluble salute but drew himself away with a distinct reserve.

"And how about yourself, Grigory Mihailitch?" he said at length with quiet directness. The young man's face changed and he let down his eyes.

"I was away when you were here before," he began hesitatingly.

"Yes, and the time before that you did not come," broke in the priest impatiently, "and to-day again I should not have seen you if I had not forced the point." The young man studiously avoided meeting his accuser's eyes and he nodded sheepishly like a child caught in a fault.

"True," he murmured, "it is very true." The priest's face softened as he noted the culprit's repentant mood.

"Grigory Mihailitch," he said, "we have been good companions now for almost three years and I am loth to let you go away from me without a word. What is it that has happened to you all at once? If you could not come to me as a confessor could you not still approach me as a friend?" The bidarshik did not answer, but remained with his eyes cast down upon the ground.

"What is it?" insisted the other after a pause. "You had no concealment from me up to two months ago." The young man forced himself to answer though he did not raise his eyes.

"There is nothing," he said in a low voice. The priest continued to look at him in affectionate perplexity and for a moment did not speak. Then he came close to his companion and laid his hand gently on his arm.

"May I guess at your trouble?" he said shyly. Grigory Mihailitch looked up quickly as if to measure what the priest knew from his eyes.

"There is no harm I suppose, in guessing," he said slowly, but there was a covert note of challenge in his voice. But the priest, the permission gained, stood in evident embarrassment uncertain how to begin. In the end, he came to where Grigory Mihailitch stood and putting both hands on his shoulders, pushed him back from him so that he could see his face.

"Grisha, man," he said wistfully, "is there then no other woman in the world?" The young man met his gaze steadily and slowly shook his head.

"Not for me," he said huskily and gulped to clear his throat. Father Gerasim turned away and stood looking unseeingly out across the room.

"Christ help us!" he said solemnly and crossed himself as he spoke. Grigory Mihailitch followed him with his eyes but did not move till the priest spoke again.

"What is to come of it, Grisha?" he said earnestly. "Surely you are not the man to cry for that you know you can not have." The big man stirred restlessly and softly struck his hands together as he stood.

"I can wait," he declared doggedly and looked up at the roof.

"But," cried the priest, "Dounia Paulovna is Nikolo Kokovitch's wife, and even if she cared for you you could not take her away from him!" Grigory Mihailitch stiffened sharply and turned on his interlocutor with a gesture that was almost a threat.

"Why not?" he demanded fiercely. "Who is there to prevent me if I make up my mind?"

"God," answered the priest promptly. "He has not put it in you to do such a wrong."

"But would it be more wrong than the way she is living now?"

"That is not for you to decide. How can you know what God's plan for Dounia Paulovna may be?" Grigory Mihailitch ignored the question and came back to the first declaration he had made.

"I can wait," he said quietly. "Who knows but Nikolo Kokovitch may die?" The priest caught a sinister suggestion from his tone which was not shadowed by his words.

"You would not do that, Grisha," he cried almost pleadingly. "Surely you have not thought of that!"

"I do not know what I have thought!" cried the bidarshik with growing excitement. "Sometimes I am not sure that I think at all. Do you suppose I am doing this of my own accord? It is like a fire in me I can not put out. I can not eat, I can not sleep and the burden of it weighs on me as the ice does on the river there outside."

"But you have conquered it!" burst out the priest triumphantly. "I have seen more than you know, and you have fought a good fight. Do you think it is a small thing to do as you have done? I know—because you are of my people besides being my friend,—that when Dounia Paulovna has been hungry you have seen that she was fed, when she was cold you have kindled her a fire, and more than that, because it helped her self-respect to see it, you have put out your hand to her drunken husband and labored unselfishly to keep him on his feet." The bidarshik threw out his hands protestingly.

"I love her," he said simply. "How could I do less?"

"You could not," returned the priest promptly, "but you might have demanded so much more from her in return. It is a fine thing, Grisha, that when you found the pear you coveted leaned out to you, you did not touch it to make it fall into your hand." Grigory Mihailitch flushed and opened his mouth to speak, but the priest held up his hand for silence.

"Let me finish," he insisted. "You have conquered yourself so far, Grisha, but what about the time that is to come? Are you going to be strong enough to hold out to the end? O promise me," he broke off suddenly, "that you will find the heart to give her up. Surely you are strong enough for that!" He seized the bidarshik by the hands and gripped them impetuously as he spoke. Grigory Mihailitch did not resist him but he mournfully shook his head.

"I can make no promise," he said with gentle opposition. "As God wills it, so it must be."

"But you will try?"

"Yes, I will try."

"That is the same thing," cried the priest positively. "I shall go away with an easier heart." He went to the door and looked up at the sun.

"My time is already spent," he said. "Will you help me to get off?" The young man assisted at the gathering of the scanty luggage and saw that it was lashed securely on the sledge. Father Gerasim said no more, until the whole was ready for the start. Then he took Grigory Mihailitch tenderly in his arms and kissed him on each cheek.

"I have been thinking of what you said just now about the river," he said soberly. "It is true that this thing will take hold on you and overspread the whole current of your life. But after all the ice is only on the surface and I believe you will have the courage to hold on till it breaks up. But that is going to be the time that you must watch, Grisha. Pray God that when the ice goes out there may not be shipwreck for you in the sudden running of the flood."

Grigory Mihailitch stood absently kicking the snow with his foot, until the last sound of the priest's going had faded into air. Then he straightened himself moodily and looked irresolutely towards the barracks he had so lately left. The priest had put his finger unerringly on the sore spot in his heart and the discomfort of the process took from him for the time the desire to be with others of his kind.

"I am a fool!" he said in savage protest against fate, and, facing about, he went swiftly down to the river and almost at a run through the drifts along the levels on its brink.

He did not come back till the short day was fairly spent. Then the continued exercise had worked its miracle with him but it had not brought him any lasting peace. He was tired both in mind and body and his shoulders drooped pathetically with the weariness he did not take the trouble to conceal.

At the edge of the settlement he paused irresolutely at the parting of the ways and looked first at the barrack building and then at the little group of houses which stood by themselves beyond the church. The lights were beginning to blossom cheerily in the windows of the big public building and he caught intermittingly the shouts and singing of the men. There was not enough appeal to him, however, in the suggested cheer and he turned his eyes wistfully back again toward the little dwellings by the unpainted church.

"Why not?" he said to himself almost defiantly and turning suddenly into the side path, he went swiftly across the level in the direction his inclinations led. At the second house beyond the church he turned and passing around to the side, paused near a window and stood looking through it for a moment into the lighted room beyond.

Satisfied apparently with what he saw, he raised his hand and tapped cautiously on the glass. There was an answering stir within and a sound as of a chair drawn back. He let his hand fall to his side and moved away from the window, taking up a new station near the door.

After some minutes' waiting, he heard the rattle of the lifted latch. The door opened slowly and as softly closed. He knew the person he had waited for had come out, though the darkness showed her figure as scarcely more than a shadow against the deep background of the house. Grigory Mihailitch leaned forward eagerly and put out his hand.

"Dounia!" he said softly. The woman shrank consciously as she felt his touch and drew herself back till she was beyond the reach of his arm.

"What do you want with me, Grigory Mihailitch?" she said. Her voice was high and clear and the tremor of excitement in it gave it an unusual sharpness in the stillness of the dusk.

"Hush!" cried the man warningly, and stepped back into the deeper shade. The woman went on without waiting for further answer though she lowered her voice involuntarily in deference to his command.

"You told me you would not come again," she said reproachfully. The man made no further effort to come near her, and hung down his head.

"Is it then so unpleasant a thing to have me near you?" he asked. The woman gave a little exclamation of dissent.

"You know it is not!" she declared earnestly. "If the coming could be open and before the world, I would gladly have you with me when you would. It is the deceit of it!" she burst out with sudden excitement, "the hiding and the coming in the dark. I can not bear to have it in my life!"

"But you care," he interrupted, "or you would not have let me come before."

"Care," she repeated with a queer choke in her throat. "How could I help it, Grigory, after what you have done for me and mine?" He seized her by the arm and drew her swiftly after him around the corner of the house.

"Come!" he said almost fiercely. "Come here to the window where I can see your face." She followed him passively and let him thrust her close against the wall so that the light shown on her through the uncurtained panes.

"Look at me," he commanded. "I want to see your eyes when you tell me that you care." The face which she turned up to him was charged with feeling and he saw that her cheeks were wet with tears. She met his glance unwaveringly however and made no effort to avoid the issue he had made.

"I do care," she began tremulously, "though the way is not the one that you desire."

"It is the same thing in the end," he said. "There is but one way in which a woman can care for a man." Dounia Paulovna shrank from him with a quick indrawing of the breath.

"No! no!" she cried. "You know that is not true." Then with a sudden abandon of appeal, she leaned out to him and set both her hands against his breast.

"Let me go, Grisha! Let me go!" she cried brokenly. "I give you all that can honestly be given. You know that I can never come to you. Be generous and let me go in peace!" Her forlornness touched him though it did not convince him quite. He stood stubbornly in his place without word or sign, but his eyes went down before hers and he turned his head till she could not see his face. She was quick to recognize her advantage and went on without waiting for him to speak.

"You say you love me, Grisha," she said reproachfully. "Why then do you do that which you know will give me pain?"

"It is for you as much as for myself," he answered. "Why should I stand aside and let Nikolo Kokovitch spoil your life?" She was silent for a moment.

"Yes, he has spoiled it," she said at last.

"Then why do you not leave him and come to me? It could all be done in so easy and honest a way." She turned to him with reproachful eyes.

"What would Nikolo Kokovitch say if he knew what you were asking of me?" she began unsteadily. Her voice broke so that she came to a complete pause. Then she went on with an intensity that was almost bitterness. "He thinks you are his friend."

"Tell him," he urged with a ring of challenge. "I am not afraid to face him with the truth!"

"Oh I could not!" she cried impulsively.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"It is not so easy to explain to you," she said with evident embarrassment, "but for one thing it is because I do not like to give him pain." There was something in her words or voice which startled him, and taking her face roughly between his hands he looked at her with searching eyes.

"You still love him?" he demanded huskily.

"How can I tell," she answered almost under her breath. It was a new thought to him, and letting her go, he stood looking confusedly at her as if he did not know what to say. Her heart went out to him and she timidly put out her hand until it touched his arm.

"Is it so strange a thing," she said, "when I have been his wife?"

"Yes," he declared angrily. "He has long ago forfeited a husband's rights."

"I know he is weak, but he has never given me an unkind word and I am the only person in the world he has to love and comfort him. That is it, Grigory. Would you have me take away from him the only thing he has?" Grigory Mihailitch had a sudden mental vision of the irresponsible creature on whom she pinned her faith and his blood stirred hotly within him at the irony. He knew—as all the post knew—that the man was as unstable in his constancy to his wife as in all the other offices of his miserable life; and with a sudden stir of exultation, it came to him that he held in his hand the power to turn the situation as he wished.

"How do you know—" he began impulsively and then stopped. The woman took up the challenge almost as it was given.

"I have not had to reason on it," she said proudly. "He has told me and I can see it for myself." With a swift revulsion of feeling, the man forced himself to silence. They faced each other dumbly for a space and then, without warning, Grigory Mihailitch leaned forward and caught her in his arms.

"You are a good woman," he said, and kissed her fairly on the mouth.

"Oh Grisha! no! no!" she cried and struggled blindly to push herself away. He laughed grimly and let her go from him till he held her only by the arm.

"Forgive me," he said. "It was an honest kiss and one of which you need not be ashamed. I am going and this time I am not coming back. I should not have been here now if I had understood before that you still cared. I do not know why God should give you to Nikolo Kokovitch rather than to me, but he has, and I can only accept the fact. But believe me, I am not going out of your life. If the time comes when you no longer love Nikolo Kokovitch—"

"It will never come!"she broke in defiantly.

"I shall wait and see," he answered with the quiet positiveness he had before shown with the priest. "Though in the meantime your man shall have his chance."

"What do you mean?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Wait and you will see," he said. Of his own accord he let go her arm and stepped back into the darkness, leaving her alone. She stood for a moment listening, stirred to vague fear by the covert threat that had seemed to speak in his last words. Then, her faith in him reasserted itself and she straightened with a sob.

"He would not do that," she said softly and lifted her head as if she were defending him to some one other than herself.

* * *

When Grigory Mihailitch re-entered the smoke-filled barrack room, the men received him with a shout. He laughed and took the glass held out to him, but remained by the door and lifted up his hand.

"Where is Nikolo Kokovitch?" he asked abruptly.

"He has not come in," answered someone in the group. The bidarshik's face flushed as he thought of the waiting woman he had left.

"Send him to me as soon as he reports," he ordered. He drank off his glass and set it down, and raising protesting hands to those who would have detained him, slipped from the place and went to his own room.

It was morning before Nikolo Kokovitch returned. He came in on the bidarshik jauntily and bowed with easy deference as he took off his leather cap.

"You sent for me, your well-born," he said respectfully. Grigory Mihailitch nodded absently and for the moment did not speak. His eyes fixed themselves on the man with almost wistful intentness and in his mind he was questioning the familiar detail of his carriage and appearance as if in the hope of surprising there the thing which made him of such worth in Dounia Paulovna's eyes. The man felt the scrutiny and stirred uneasily in his place.

"Where were you last night?" asked the bidarshik at last. The man flushed consciously though he gave a sigh of relief that the inquiry led to a dereliction so much less weighty than he had feared.

"I was across the river at the native village," he said hesitatingly. "I did not know it was forbidden."

"It is not—for the younger men," returned the bidarshik coldly, "but you seem to have forgotten that you have a wife!" The man grinned sheepishly and hung down his head.

"It was only a diversion—" he began apologetically.

"What excuse is that?" said the other sternly. "The place for you at night time is at home." The man assented submissively but his expression showed surprise rather than belief. Grigory Mihailitch saw how lightly the argument weighed with him and turned to a new order of attack.

"Have you no fear of losing Dounia Paulovna?" he cried with rough directness. "Do you not understand that if you do not care to stay and comfort her, there will be some other man who will?" The smile and the obsequiousness went suddenly out of Nikolo Kokovitch's face and he licked his lips to moisten them as he took in the full sense of what the bidarshik had said.

"Who is it?" he whispered, coming closer and thrusting out his head. "Tell me who it is?"

"I am accusing no one," returned the bidarshik shortly. "If you spend your time at home as you should, there will be no one to accuse." But the leaven, thus set, stirred wickedly in Nikolo Kokovitch's blood. Once outside Grigory Mihailitch's door, he put on his cap and went straightway to his wife.

"What is this I hear," he said, "of you having men here while I am away?" The woman's heart sank within her at the unexpected attack, but with an effort she kept her composure and looked her husband steadily in the eyes.

"There have been no men in the house when you have been away," she said quietly. "Who has been telling you that there have?"

"Grigory Mihailitch," he declared passionately. "I had the word from him direct." Dounia Paulovna cried out involuntarily and the tears came into her eyes.

"Grigory Mihailitch!" she repeated when she could get her voice. "Grigory Mihailitch!" Then with a sudden revulsion of feeling, she brushed away her tears and drew herself up proudly to her full height. "If Grigory Mihailitch says it," she flashed out angrily, "surely it must be so!" Nikolo Kokovitch found assurance in her resentment and raised a warning hand.

"Softly," he said. "Perhaps I was too quick. He may not have meant the thing exactly so."

"What did he say?" she demanded imperiously. But Nikolo Kokovitch did not care to go into his conversation with the bidarshik as a whole.

"It was what he implied rather than what he said," he declared evasively. "He was giving me a warning to look out." He stopped, and though Dounia Paulovna burned with a desire to know just what had occurred, the fear lest she should hear too much was strong enough within her to hold further questioning in check.

"I have not been unfaithful to you, Nikolo," she said simply and went back to her work.

Grigory Mihailitch did not return to break in on Dounia Paulovna's peace, and she found no way of coming at the truth as to what he really had said. A fire of resentment, however, kept alive down in her heart, which, in the end, resolved itself into a fear. She was clear-headed enough to guess that the warning to her husband had been about himself rather than about her; but she remembered Grigory Mihailitch's parting words and was troubled lest they portended for Nikolo Kokovitch some evil that was to come.

In some ways she was not without warrant for her distrust. The bidarshik, with fine courage, had set himself resolutely to shut out his hopeless passion from his life. But there were times when the blackness of his loneliness weighed irresistibly upon his heart and the temptation moved him to use his power and take arbitrarily for himself that which he desired. If he chose to rid himself of the man and seize the woman, there was none to say him nay, and he found a morbid fascination in plotting to himself how the thing might be safely and easily attained.

The plan which urged itself most commonly was to keep Nikolo Kokovitch detailed at employment where the hazard would be great. Much of the work was fraught with constant danger and within the season it was reasonably sure that, intelligently ordered, the man would come to harm.

"I will not do it," he said when it first came to his mind. But the day arrived when he hardened his heart and gave the order which put the unwelcome husband in peril of his life. No sooner was it given, however, than a revulsion came and he waited with his heart in his mouth till Nikolo Kokovitch returned unscathed from the employment and he knew that his desire had not come true.

The next time and the next it was easier to do. The post saw nothing in the assignments to excite remark and Grigory Mihailitch's conscience had almost ceased to trouble him, when one day, he came upon Dounia Paulovna standing at the edge of the settlement in the path by which, if he came back, her husband must return. He did not speak to her nor she to him, but she turned and looked at him with such searching inquiry in her glance that he knew she had guessed his temptation and was fearful of his plans. After that, Nikolo Kokovitch found in his employment no more than his fair share of risk.

But the strain of it all was wearing and gradually Grigory Mihailitch withdrew into himself and spent his time in his room or in solitary walks. The priest's idea that he was held by his passion as the ice held down the river took hold of him with almost superstitious force.

"If I can wait until the break comes," he said to himself, "there will surely be a change." He had forgotten that the spring ferment which had the power to loose the floods would, when it came, stir also with equal magic in his blood. As the weather softened and brought him nearer to the going of the ice, there began to grow in him with increasing force the mad desire to have his way with Nikolo Kokovitch's wife.

"But I will hold out," he said grimly and set his face more squarely to the baffling fight. The struggle held him like a possession and he went about his life like a man walking in a dream. Without admitting it to himself he avoided Dounia Paulovna and kept her from his mind. But on the other hand, there began and grew in him a blind hatred of her husband which was not the original desire to clear him from his path but a resentment pure and simple that the man should be the cause to him of so much mental pain.

The hardest thing he had to meet was the constantly recurring conviction that Fate was on his side. He had long ago given up active interference for Nikolo Kokovitch's harm. But it was not so easy to keep down the belief that as a reward for his forbearance God Himself would bring the recreant husband to the punishment he deserved. And truly Nikolo Kokovitch seemed to be consciously contributing his own best efforts to this end. For a time, after his warning, the man had shunned strictly the temptations of the native village across the river; but as the rebuke faded from his mind, he let himself slip comfortably back into his old ways. Grigory Mihailitch watched him, but deliberately shut his eyes.

"Let him go," he said to himself. "If God gets him into trouble, it is no affair of mine." But one day he came face to face with the culprit coming down to the river with the evident intention of crossing to the other side.

"Where are you going?" he asked abruptly. Nikolo Kokovitch's cap came off and he flushed to his hair in his embarrassment.

"I was looking at the ice," he said in some confusion. "From the cracks yonder, I judge it is getting soft." Grigory Mihailitch studied attentively these signs of change as if there was no suspicion in his mind.

"Then you are not afraid to cross?" he asked slowly.

"Why should I be?" answered the man boldly. "There is no certainty the pack will move for days." The bidarshik hesitated yet another moment while he made up his mind to let the other see he understood.

"When you get to the village," he said finally, "go to Koochaak, the chief, and tell him to send his pelts across to me at once. The ice may go out any day and if he waits, it will be harder to get them here by boat." The man's face brightened with relief. Grigory Mihailitch's lip curled scornfully and he half repented his consent.

"Do not go if you are doubtful," he said. "I am not sure that it is safe."

"What has carried once, should carry again," returned the other lightly, and fearing lest after all he should be kept back, he bent a quick obeisance and running swiftly down the little incline of the bank, passed out onto the ice. Grigory Mihailitch, with a shrug, turned and walked slowly up the hill.

At the top, he paused to look back at the running man. Nikolo Kokovitch had reached the center of the stream, but as the bidarshik located him, he saw him stop and look about him with a cry of alarm that came distinctly back through the crisp air. Then, after a moment's indecision, the man whirled and began to run swiftly back along the way that he had come.

Grigory Mihailitch watched him in astonishment and was suddenly aware of a distinct report like the sharp crack of a gun. Then there was another and another as if a volley had been fired and, suddenly, Nikolo Kokovitch stopped running and threw up his hands. Then the bidarshik realized that the whole surface of the river was heaving and stirring as if it were alive and that in front of Nikolo Kokovitch the ice had parted, so that there was a stretch of open water between him and the shore.

"It is going out!" he said aloud. Then as the realization came to him that the thing was at hand for which he had so eagerly watched and prayed, he began to tremble as if he had a chill.

The lane of water which cut off Nikolo Kokovitch's return was already too wide to leap and the man, swerving in his course, ran wildly along the edge seeking some avenue of escape. The condition of the surface, however, changed with almost kaleidoscopic swiftness and he had hardly turned, before the ice floor under him cracked into a dozen cakes and the piece on which he stood, tilted up under the grinding pressure around it so that it was only by throwing himself flat upon his face and clinging with his hands, that he kept himself from being slid into the flood. Another moment, and the cake dropped back to the level of the water and with its helpless burden went whirling and bumping down the stream.

The catastrophe was so sudden that Grigory Mihailitch saw it without time to think. He heard a shout behind him and saw that the little population of the post had discovered it also and was streaming out of the village toward the river in a long straggling line. Then his eyes went back to Nikolo Kokovitch and he noted with relief that the man still clung to his precarious craft.

"God help him!" he cried under his breath and felt his throat go dry as the thought came to him that the clearing of the river was bringing him the relief he had longed for, in a way he had never thought. There was a touch on his arm and turning, he found Dounia Paulovna at his side. She made no outcry but stood dry-eyed and silent with accusing face.

"So you had to do it, after all!" she cried when she could find her voice. "Oh, why could you not let him go!" Her bitterness came to Grigory Mihailitch with a distinct sense of shock. He had not thought of himself as having a part in Nikolo Kokovitch's mishap and he flushed violently up to his eyes.

"I did not send him!" he burst out indignantly, but it is doubtful if Dounia Paulovna heard.

"Why do you not do something!" she cried with sudden vehemence. "Will you let him drown there all alone!"

"What is to be done," said the bidarshik, but Dounia Paulovna had turned and was away, running along the bank of the river and calling to her husband words of encouragement and cheer. The bidarshik's eyes went gloomily from her to the man out on the river and suddenly his heart gave a quick throb of hope.

A little distance down the stream a small island split the channel in two, and on the near side a bar of sand shallowed the water and turned the current toward the shore. The ice caught on the sunken spit, pushed up with the blind pressure of the pack behind and, jamming, filled the space until there was a close line of jumbled ice from the island clear through to the shore. The cake which sheltered Nikolo Kokovitch drifted to the left and striking the barrier paused of necessity against the restraining wall. The man on it jumped to his feet and leaped desperately up onto the face of the jam. But as he did so the cake of ice behind him shot up after him and falling, caught and pinioned him against the barrier's face. Grigory Mihailitch saw it and woke to sudden life.

Snatching an axe from a man who stood by, he ran swiftly down the river toward the jam. Dounia Paulovna was before him and when he reached her, she was trying vainly to climb up onto the pile of ice which formed the shore approach to the unsteady bridge. Grigory Mihailitch seized her by the shoulders and in spite of her struggles pulled her back.

"God makes this my work," he said, and scrambled by her up onto the ice. Dounia Paulovna accepted his interference and with her hands pressed convulsively together watched him as he worked his way cautiously out and along the rough face of the dam.

Grigory Mihailitch moved slowly but he did not stop until he reached the spot where Nikolo Kokovitch had been cast. The man lay as if dead and a long cut on his forehead bore testimony to the violence with which he had been flung. One of his legs was caught and held by the cake of ice which threw him down and the bidarshik set himself at once to chop at this and set free the imprisoned limb.

He could feel the unsteady arch between him and the racing water stir uneasily underneath his feet, and before the task was done the growing pressure had pushed out the jam across the center of the bar, so that the bridge of ice was no longer straight but lay in a wavering crescent between him and the rugged shore-line.

Lifting the unconscious man, he started on his backward way, making such speed as his awkward load and the difficult going would allow. Once, an insecure slab slipped under his weight, his head struck the ice and before he found a footing, he was down the slippery face with his feet in the suck of the flood as it dived beneath the jam.

The drop was so sudden that he had no time for fear, but he heard the cry of terror that went up from the woman on the shore. His head swam dizzily from the blow he had received and he sat for some moments without care to move. It was only after effort that he gathered his scattered wits and remembered what he had to do.

The watchers on the bank began to climb up onto the approaches to the barrier with the evident idea of coming out to him along the jam. His pride stirred in him as he saw them start, and, raising himself cautiously, he pushed his unconscious burden before him, back to the point from which he had gone down. When the helpers reached him he refused their aid and insisted on carrying Nikolo Kokovitch by himself.

Dounia Paulovna was waiting as he came down the pack.

"Here is your man," he said simply, and laid his burden at her feet. She did not even speak to him or look, but dropping on her knees beside her husband, gave her whole attention to calling him back to life. Grigory Mihailitch watched her, with his hand pressed to the back of his head where he had been struck. If he had needed assurance that Dounia Paulovna's heart was wholly centered on her husband, he found it in this absorption which left him so absolutely outside her thought. He waited for some moments in the vain hope that she would notice him and look, then with something that was almost a sob, he turned and walked unsteadily away.

At the foot of the hill he was conscious of a detaining touch and looking, found Father Gerasim with his hand upon his arm. The priest was wrapped in his traveling furs, but his flat hat had slipped back in his excitement and stood like a halo around his face.

"Am I too late?" he cried. "I saw the break as I came down the hill." Grigory looked at him confusedly and as his mind grasped an understanding of the situation a gleam of his old-time spirit came into his eyes.

"You have missed the feast, I fear," he said soberly, "but there is perhaps the chance to help the revelers get safely home." The priest held him at arm's length and looked at him searchingly and there was something in Mihailitch's manner which told him what he sought.

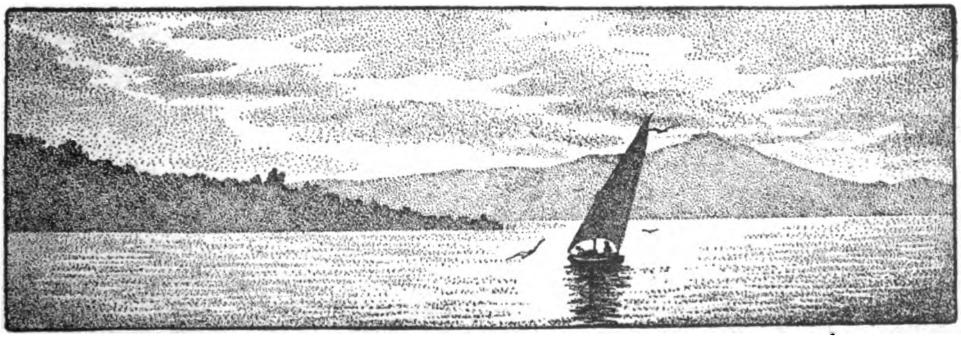
"Ah, you have conquered," he broke out exultantly, "I see it in your eyes."

"Yes. It was God's will," returned Grigory Mihailitch softly and let the other take him in his arms.

CALIFORNIA

By Julia Boynton Green

Sun crowned and neighbored by the wholesome sea
  She sits supreme, mother and nurse and queen;
  And unto her the ailing run and lean
Wan cheeks upon her breast confidingly,
And look up into her eyes, if so there be
  A reassuring smile. The babies glean
  Her roses and forget to weep. Serene
The aged rest with her. The toilers flee
  To her compassionate arms, and straightway find
  Care can not hold against a face so kind.
High hearted youth bends to her lips to wait
  Her utmost message; clasps her hand to wrest
  Its princely gifts; and counts himself thrice blest
To own her as the Mistress of his Fate.



SENDING A TELEGRAM

By Robert J. Burdette

The writer of this brief human nature study, the well-known humorist and lecturer, is to-day pastor of the First Baptist Church of Los Angeles, the new building of which contains the largest auditorium in the West: When asked not long ago for a contribution for Sunset, he submitted the following, explaining that it had been printed once upon a time. Readers will surely approve the editor's judgment that it is good enough to appear again:

AFTER the passengers had gathered around the wrecked locomotive and helped the brakeman to swear a little, and the conductor had assured us for the hundredth time that we would reach the city without fail by 6:30 that evening, we all went into the station for the purpose of keeping warm, sending a few telegrams and badgering the poor station agent with questions.

My business was soon transacted. I sent the committee the cheering words that told them nothing short of a miracle could get me to Bosshaven in time to lecture that night and then I ceased to worry and resigned myself to grim Fate and the grimmer cigar which the train boy sold me. A veritable wrecker is the train boy. An accident that lays the train out for half a day is his fortune, because by some inscrutable law of disaster a wreck never takes place in a pleasant harbor, and trains never collide at a dining station. Here is something for our great thinkers to ponder upon.

While I puffed tranquilly away at the alleged cigar, I amused myself by watching my fellow passengers. Presently one man reached a long arm over the little crowd clustered at the operator's window and asked for a "blank telegraphic form," explaining that he wished "to send a telegraphic dispatch" to his family.

Now, when a man speaks of a "telegraphic dispatch" I always wake up and look at him, because the cumbersome title is all at utter variance with the spirit of the telegraph. It's too long. The use of it betrays the man who has little use for the telegraph. The more he uses the wire, the shorter his terms. The more nearly he can come to saying "msg" the more content he is. And he doesn't call for a "telegraphic form," he asks for a blank, black or red, as the case may be. And he never telegraphs anybody. He wires them. He doesn't explain to the operator what he wants to do with the blank. Presumably he wants to write a message. And as for the matters referred to in that "msg," and the party for whom it is intended, the operator will know all he wishes to know—and sometimes much more than you want him to know—soon enough.

So I watched this passenger write his "telegraphic dispatch." First he asked the operator:

"What day of the month is this?"

There was nothing unusual in that. All men ask that. It is the opening line in the regular formula of sending a "msg." You may know what date it is before entering the office, you may even have it impressed on your mind by having a note fall due on that day, but the moment you poise your pencil over the blank, the date flies from your mind like the toothache from a dentist's stairway. So when the man asked: "What day of the month is this?" I was not surprised. I courteously answered him as a cover to approaching his position, but he did not believe me. He repeated his question and made the operator answer. Then I knew he was very new at it.

He was a tall man, with long hair and a thin neck. He had a nervous way of licking his lips and then smacking them as though the ghost of a good breakfast still lingered about them. His pantaloons were just about as much too short as his hair was too long, and he wore a shawl. That settled him. He spoiled three blanks before he got a "telegraphic dispatch" written to suit him. But even that is not very uncommon. A man always uses stationery more extravagantly in another man's office than he does at home. Then he wrote every word in the body of the dispatch carefully and distinctly, but scrambled hurriedly over the address as if everybody knew that as well as he did, and dashed off his own signature in a blind letter style as though his name was as familiar to the operator as it was to his own family.

But even this is not uncommon. A man will write "Cunningham" so that no expert under the skies will tell whether it was Covington, or Carrington, or Cummagen, or Carrenton, and when the operator points to it and asks, "What is this?" the writer will stare at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then answer: "Why, that's my name!"

"Well, yes, I know that," the operator will say, "but what is your name?"

Then the man will gasp for breath and catch hold of the desk to keep himself from falling, and finally shout, "Why, Cunningham, of course!" and look pityingly upon the operator, and then glance about the room with a pained, shocked expression, as one who should say:

"Gentlemen, you may not believe it, and I do not blame you, but Heaven is my witness—here is a man who does not know that my name is Cunningham!"

This is not unusual. Any operator will tell you that he has met Cunningham scores of times, and has morally offended him every time, by asking his name. Well, my tall man with the thin neck got along a little better than that, when he handed the operator the following explicit message:

MRS. SARAH A. FOLLINSBEE,
Dallas Center, Iowa.

My Dear Wife:

I left the city early this morning after eating breakfast with Professor Morton, a live man in the temperance cause. I expected to eat dinner with you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad, and I narrowly escaped being killed; one passenger was terribly mangled and has since died but I am alive. The conductor says I can not make connection so as to come to Dallas Center this morning, but I can get there by eight o'clock this evening. I hate to disappoint you, but can not help it. With love for mother and the children, I am your loving husband. ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator read it, smiled and said:

"You can save considerable expense and tell all that is really necessary, I presume, by shortening this message down to ten words. We have no wire directly into Dallas and will have to send this message part of the way over another line, which adds largely to the cost of transmission. Shall I shorten this for you?"

"No, oh no," the man with the shawl replied. "I'll fix it myself. Ten words, you say?"

"Yes, sir."

The tall man with the short pantaloons went back to the desk with his message. It was a stunner, for a fact, and the man heaved a despairing sigh as he prepared to boil his letter down to ten words. He sighed again after reading it through once or twice, and then scratched out "Dallas Center, Iowa" as though everybody knew where he lived. Then he erased "early" and drew his pen slowly through "breakfast with" and "in the temperance." Then he scratched over "dinner with" and went on to erase "and narrowly escaped." And so he went on through the dispatch. Occasionally he would hold it from him at arm's length after making an erasure, to get at the general effect. And at last after scratching and erasing and with many sighs, he came to the window and said:

"Here is the telegraphic dispatch to my wife. I have not been able to condense it into ten words, and do not see how it can be done without garbling the sense of the dispatch, but if you can do it, you will oblige me greatly, as I do not wish to incur any really unnecessary expense."

And with that he handed the operator the following expunged edition of his original message:

MRS. SARAH A. FOLLINSBEE.

My Dear Wife:

I left the city—this morning after eating—Prof. Morton alive—cause I expected to eat—you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad. I—being killed,—terrible mangled and since died; but I am—the conductor—I can not—come to Dallas Center,—but I can—I hate—mother and the children.

Your loving husband,
ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator smiled once more, and in the tense nervous way that grows out of his familiar association with the lightning, made a few quick dashes with his pencil, and without adding or changing a letter in the original message shriveled it down to its very sinews, like this:

SARAH A. FOLLINSBEE,
Dallas Center, Iowa:

Left city smorning; delayed by accident; all right; home sevening.

ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

"There, that is all right," he said in the cheery magnetic way these operators have. "Fifty cents, sir—only twenty-five cents if we had our own wire into Dallas, sir; we'll have one next spring, too; saves you several dollars, sir. That's right, thank you."

And the man with the thin neck and long hair went and sat down on a chair by the stove and stared at that operator until the rescuing train came along, as though he was a worker of miracles. And when he got off the train at the Junction for Dallas, I heard him whispering softly to himself:

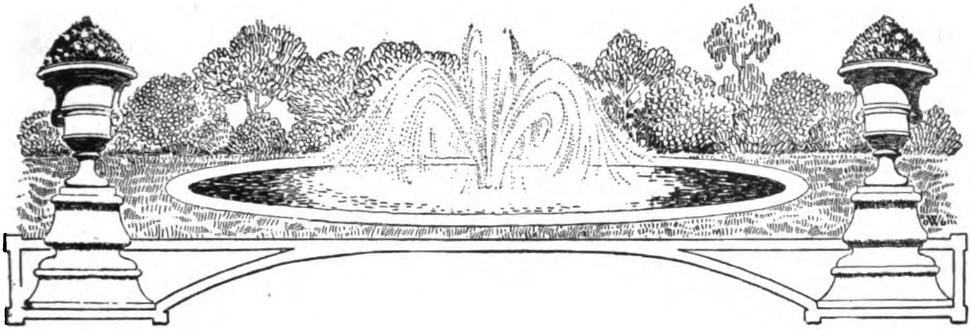
"S'follnbee—clish'n smorning—d'layed baxident—mall right—home safternoon. Rog."

And I knew that he was practicing his lesson and had "caught on."

THE PHANTOM OCEAN

By CAMILLA L. KENYON

The brown embattled hills that starkly rear
Their seaward-fronting scarps, to guard the coast
From wild assault of that unslumbering host
Of warrior waves that waste their fury here,
How gaunt and grim they stand! How in the clear
Splendor of morning, when with clamorous boast
Shout the onrushing seas, their uttermost
Mad rage beats idly on these ramparts sheer!
But lo! toward the hour of lessening light
A silent tide draws landward from the deep.
Softly it drifts, yet where but now the steep
Frowned on the sea, roll waves of fleecy white.
Then surging ever on, the pale floods sweep
Triumphant up the mountain's serried height.



POETRY AND LIFE

By William T. Patchell

PERHAPS I have not a sufficient sympathy with the efforts made to extract a science or a philosophy or a theology from the writings of our poets; but it seems to me that the very nature of their service is such that these efforts misconceive the function of poetry. For poetry is related to life in such fashion that it overleaps the boundaries of a science. The very thought of any systematic scheme is alien to its high purpose which is to reveal life. True enough there is always interpretation, and poetry is forever a "criticism of life"; but there can be no systematic presentation of the findings. The curse of generalization lies heavy on the spirit of almost every maker of intellectual schemes, and to the poet alone is left the high privilege of painting things:

Just as they are, careless what comes of it,
God's works—paint any one and count it crime
To let a truth slip.

Our supreme need is to see things as they are; to see them wholly; to see them true. And no intellectual scheme can by any possibility include all the facts of life. The poet's business is to see life as it is and then to state it. That this operation becomes an interpretation is simply to say that at last every man recreates the universe anew. He sees, he absorbs, he masters; then he cries, "Let there be light!" and from floating atom to flaming sun, from the heart of a child to the soul of God, he hurls forth his stupendous creation.

The poet can not stop to define. For definition is limitation, and he must be free to try his wings in rarer altitudes.

Science confessedly deals with a part of life, philosophy rightly defines, theology in theory claims all for its own, but in fact it fails of comprehensiveness; it must perfect a system, invent a formula; it builds a fence and invites all men to come within and be at ease. It takes little enough account of the flaming heart passions where feeling dwells and it does not, can not, include all the facts of life.

These all build a camp-fire about which men gather, but the poet may not abide in its warmth. Over his shoulder he feels the chill of a bleak universe unconquered, his eye catches the gleam of a star, and he must leave the warmth and comfort; he must leave the joy of fellowship, and across the spaces, the cold black spaces beyond the glittering outposts, he must follow a receding light. To the camp-fire he returns at last bringing his meager gains, for he loves men, but too often those who are warmed and fed draw their robes and he sits sorrowfully alone. For the poet is ever the crossbearer of the race.

Two things are his: "the light that never was, on sea or land," and "the still, sad music of humanity."

In himself he must live the love and passion of the race. All sympathy must be his, all love; that insight may be born, that he may experience and reveal the joy and sorrow of Nature, God and Man.

See Shelley! Did ever man have a weaker philosophy of life? It was the conception of a child. The brutal facts, the inevitabilities of social experience, the crude strength of the human animal, these he ignored; he could not understand. But did ever one live with a deeper passion for that same crude humanity? High in the blue vault like his own lark he went singing,—not for his own joy, but he thought he might call them up to himself and make them good. In Shelley there is a piercing crying note of love that brings together God and Man.

I remember passing along a road beside a great wheat field which covered a hundred acres. Across the prairies the Rocky Mountains stretched their vast bulk against the stormy sky,—deep indigo they were; somber, mysterious, brooding. Broken rain clouds trailed diaphanous garments over the earth and a broad shaft of sunlight shining through the gloom flooded the wheat which hung heavy headed and golden. Then down from the hills came stealing a soft wind which set all the field in motion; I could watch it coming and see the stalks bend low. Then I heard for the first time the clash of the ripened grain striking spear on spear and somehow the world was made young again and with Homer I stood face to face with the great mother who bore me. I knew with the poet:

That blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened: that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporeal frame

And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

And this is the poet's business to lead us, the uninitiate, into these deep blessed joys of Nature where our spirits shall find quietness and strength.

Do you recall Fra Lippo Lippi? Sitting on the curb with the night watch in old Florence? Dawn is just freshening the east, and the city and the river and the grey buildings begin to steal out into the day.

You're my man, you've seen the world,
The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades,
Changes, surprises,—and God made it all!
For what? Do you feel thankful, aye or no?
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain 'round it and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to? What's it all about?
To be passed over, despised? or dwelt upon,
Wondered at? Oh, this last, of course! you say.
But why not do as well as say—paint these
Just as they are, careless what comes of it?
God's works—paint any one and count it crime
To let a truth slip. Don't object. His works
Are here already; Nature is complete:
Suppose you reproduce her—(which you can't)
There's no advantage! You must beat her then.
For don't you mark? We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so.

And not Nature alone shall the poet reveal, but Man and God and the splendor of moral relations:

Interpret God to all of you! Oh, oh,
It makes me mad to see what men shall do
And we in our graves! This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

I have stood beside the open casket watching friends file slowly by, each saying his mute farewell to him who lies so still. Common people they are, with bent forms, bent with toil and suffering; with hardened hands, hardened with the world's weary work; and I have seen a gesture, an expression which relieves the pressure of the heart and flushes the eye with tears. When the feeling of a man, heavy and crude, suddenly redeems the dark circumstance and floods it with a light so splendid that within its glare we behold another figure walking, and God Himself is brought down to share our pain.

Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to enrich;
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would,—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak thro' me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So woulds't thou—so wilt thou.

Thus we hear David's cry in presence of the tragic failure of the great first king; and it is the poet who makes concrete and certain these high moral passions—the poet and life. But as we miss, most of us, the beauty of the "fair town's face, yonder river's line, the mountain 'round it and the sky above," much more do we miss "the fignres of man, woman, child these are the frame to."

Our own Joaquin Miller singing, "sail on, and on, and on," holds us in the grip of a moral intensity while the soul of the old world's myriads waits breathless in that thrilling call.

In the common life we are not able to detect the beautiful and splendid things which glorify existence. The squalor offends us, the heaviness appals; but the poet right joyously presses down into the depths and there reveals the shining wonders of the sacrificial soul. Or the crush of materialism overwhelms us; the whir of looms, the hiss of steam, the thunder of machinery; these stifle us and and we stand confused. Then Kipling speaks, and,—

From coupler-flange to spindle guide I see Thy hand, O God—
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.

And the prayer of the dour old McAndrew: "Lord, send us a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam," is answered in the asking. I have seen a fugitive poem of Harriet Monroe's, written out of the power station of the electric light plant of a great city and not the bulbul singing in the leafy groves reveals a beauty more haunting, more suggestive. For imagination is at last the home of reality, and truth lies, not in the obvious naked fact, but in the fact flooded with the meaning which imagination alone can grasp and utter.

Neat conception of poetry which banishes the poet to the regions of fancy and unreality is false—utterly false! The greatest, truest poet is he who keeps closest to the facts, the myriad whirling facts of life; he who can see and understand, and who with the sheer lift of his divine genius, can invest them with adequate significance and make them glow with beauty and joy. Isaiah is a poet—he speaks from the central heart of things! Jesus is a poet—his utterance is inevitable; and he comprehends all life; he invests it in glory, he reveals it in greatness, and the least human value becomes in his grasp a symbol which includes the moral beauty and adequacy of God and Man.

A systematic theology drawn from the teachings of Jesus is and forever must be open to certain criticism; for always one side of His teachings sweep upward out of sight. No one ever penetrated the facts of human experience as He, no one ever related these facts to a moral order and a moral whole as He; but to accomplish it He reached into the high heavens and brought God down.

So the poet must and does apprehend life; its greatness, its dignity, its ethical and moral beauty, its failure, its pain, its misery and sin and the mild mockery of its experiences. These all must run through his soul; he must see and believe and love to the uttermost.

I think nothing is much more sadly beautiful than Matthew Arnold's grave estimate of the universe. As Faith recedes, as Christianity, a fair dream, vanishes, and his tired eyes, tired with much looking out into the unseen, turn upon us again, we feel the moral grandeur of the man, who though God shall disappear, will yet remain, true to himself and to his friend:

The sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and 'round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
It's melancholy, long withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.
Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world which seems
To lie before us like a world of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

How different the deep rebellion of Swinburne who flings his protest to the skies. For though austere and splendid as poetry I feel the presence of art. Art in which rebellion is made to subserve artistic ends. His rebellion is not finally sincere:

Because Thou art over all who are over us,
Because Thy name is life and our name death;
Because Thou art cruel and men are piteous,
And our hands labor and Thine hand scat-
tereth,—
Lo with hearts rent and knees made tremulous,
Lo with ephemeral lips and casual breath,
At least we witness of Thee ere we die
That these things are not otherwise but thus—
That each man in his heart sigheth and saith
That all men, even as I,
All we are against Thee, against Thee, O God,
most high!

It is surely presumptuous to say a word against such majestic poetry as this, but lacking as I feel it does, the final integrity of Arnold's spirit, and swerving by a hair from the truth of Swinburne's own being, it somehow fails to convince and therefore lacks helpfulness and power.

I can conceive of one stating a science, or formulating a philosophy whose heart may not be attuned to "The still, sad music of humanity."

I can conceive a theology whose creators like those of the Westminster confession, lack humor and imagination, but first, last and all the time great poetry must reveal all of life; must be true to all the facts of life,—all that are available; and it must be the revelation of these facts in the heart of a man who lives them through his own soul. Insincerity, inadequacy, are to be found in poetry; but not in great poetry. Was ever such sincerity and breadth as we find in Shakespeare? We are told that we know little of the man. Why we know all about him! Do we not know Dante through and through; and is not Jesus the Son of Man because in His heart all of life lies open to the world?

See how Tennyson clings close to the facts of life. Philistine as he would be; with a whimpering notion that Heaven must be a reproduction of English society, with a house of lords and him in it; see how in spite of these limitations, within him rose up something imperious, overruling, which made him one with the joys and sorrows of the race. Sit with him through the seventeen years while from the depths of his own sad heart "at last he beat his music out"; the slow sweet music of a soul's love and loss until it rises at length to the heights of vicariousness, as such music ever must, and becomes the sadness and the triumph of the world's deep heart—aye, of the meanest as of the greatest of the children of man. Does anything produced by the nineteenth century fit so closely to the facts of life, the truth of experience, as does Tennyson's "In Memoriam"?

I found Him not in world or sun,
  Or eagle's wing or insect's eye;
  Nor through the questions men may toy,
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
  I heard a voice, "Believe no more,"
  And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep:

A warmth within the breast would melt
  The freezing reasons colder part,
  And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt."

No, like a child in dark and fear:
  But that blind clamor made me wise;
  Then was I as a child that cries,
But crying, knows his father near.

In himself he reveals the sweep and turmoil of his age. Tennyson did not know all things; nor could he interpret all life—he saw sometimes more than he wanted to see—but he saw with unerring clearness and felt with exceptional pain the problems of his age—the spiritual problems; his vast personal longing drove him out on the highways of life until he speaks at last, and with unutterable sweetness and beauty, the cry and the hope of the human heart. Listen:

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
  When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the bound-
less deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that, the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For though from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

In Browning we behold one who walks joyously among the sons of men. All life is good life, all experience is good experience, and not since the days of Shakespeare have we beheld one who with such robust energy and such high courage has faced and understood and accepted the bewildering sweep of life. To him arrested development, not living, is the only tragic woe and he hails as brother the high and the low of earth. His sense of humor is profound; his urbanity may sometimes offend, but rarely does Browning do other than reveal himself. His passion was the whole of life and ranging to and fro over the earth he gladly records what he sees.

Shelley was without humor; Wordsworth would have been shocked by any exhibition of it in himself or in the nature he loved; Tennyson had heard of it but he took himself too seriously ever to indulge in it; Arnold makes us weep because in him it lay deep as a fundamental quality enabling him to see clearly, but he never gave it the rein as did Browning. He lacked Browning's robust faith. The disparity, the "lying, thieving fact" remained a "lying, thieving fact" because the ideal was impossible. I think that Browning saw always in every soul, however coarsened or brutalized, the indestructible capacity for perfection. One can laugh with the grotesque failure of to-day if to-morrow the failure shall become a god. So in his sheet we find them all, clean and unclean, and he seems ever to expect the voice of God saying "arise and eat."

But he is the poet of the life of the soul. After all life is a serious business and this man loves mankind. I do not think he loves men, and this is his limitation, but he loves his human creations and rejoices in them with a great virile joy. He believed in the value of the conflict, the worth of the process and the greatness of the aim. He saw the worst and believed the best, and this great manly belief of Browning invests life with dignity and brings abundant courage into our bitter conflict.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain,
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

He fixed thee 'midst this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This present, thou, forsooth would fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

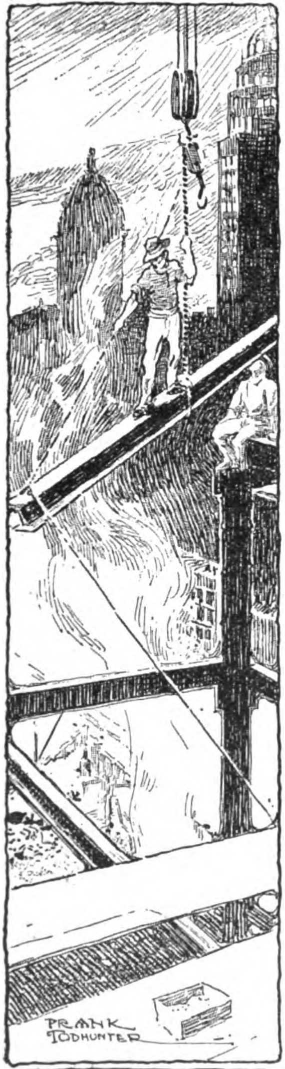
Let me add but one more word of this poet; a confession of faith; the faith of one who has seen the depths and heights of life. It is in those superb lines of Abt Vogler:

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

Here is the splendid confidence of one who was open to all of life; one who dares "show you doubt to prove that faith exists"; who, seeing and feeling all the discords, is able through the poise of his own soul to compel them to harmony:

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

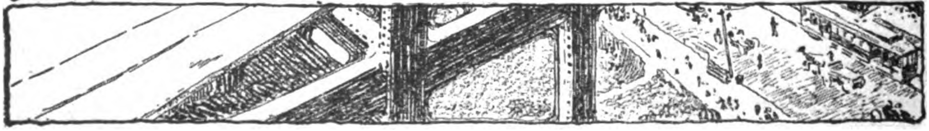
The San Franciscan's Alphabet



(With all it has stood for since April, 1906)

By **Rosalie M. Cody**

Ashes and ruin! Acceptance of Fate,
Brotherhood, blessing both lowly and great,
Courage, accompanied always by cheer,
Determination, that sweeps the path clear,
Energy enters where fear would take wings,
Fortitude, following, buoyantly sings;
Grit knows no barrier, no effort too great,
Heroes take boldly the hurdles of Fate.
Invincibility breathes in the air,
Joyousness lifts from the deeps of despair,
Kindliness warms, like the rays of the sun,
Loyalty welds a great people in one.
Manliness rises, erect in its might,
Nerve and Nobility put doubts to flight,
Organization has weapons to lend,
Patience has made Perseverance her friend;
Quickness will harbor no thought of delay,
Reason and Hope gladly greet the new day.
Strength, from the strong, is a small boon to ask,
Toil, when the toiler bends, glad, to his task.
Unity's banner unfurled to the light,
Victory follows, as day follows night;
Wonderful praise has been worthily bought,
Xceeding great are the miracles wrought!
Yearning may be for the city that's gone;
Zeal for the new one cries, "Forward! Fight on!"



HELPING OUR STATESMEN

HOW THE LEGISLATIVE REFERENCE BUREAU HAS BEEN DEVELOPED AND WHAT IT MEANS

By ERNEST BRUNCKEN
Of the California State Library

PRACTICALLY every state in the Union has its state library, and all these institutions were founded with the intention that they should be the working collections of books for all the branches of the Government. It turned out, however, that in the majority of cases a single department, the law library, was for a long time the only one to receive fairly adequate support and become a useful instrument of Government. No doubt this happened largely because such a library is indispensable to the Supreme Court of each state (which indeed often superintends its management) and to members of the bar. But apart from the collection of law books, the majority of state libraries failed signally in performing their intended functions. With absurdly small pecuniary means, without expert management, often the plaything of the lowest sort of party politics, many of them, until within a few years, dragged on a miserable and useless existence. Some, it must be feared, have not risen above that level even yet.

There were a few libraries which from the beginning performed their duty at least to the extent of making a valuable collection of books. A little later, when the prevailing notions of library work had become revolutionized, two or three of these institutions rose to the occasion and became the center of a great variety of activities. The State Library of New York is perhaps the most conspicuous case of this kind. But even then the very object for which state libraries were originally established was pretty nearly forgotten. For the legislator and the administrative official, the state library was merely a mass of miscellaneous books, well or ill-selected, poorly or properly arranged and catalogued, as the case might be, but of which he could make very little effective use. Of course, even the most old-fashioned librarian, in the days when he was hardly expected to be more than a custodian, if he was fairly competent to hold his office, would give to the bewildered inquirer some casual help to find a way through the maze of printed pages. But it is only within less than a decade that the original purpose of state libraries has been seriously considered again, and that attempts have been made to accomplish it in a systematic and efficient manner. To this resurrection is due the undertaking of legislative reference work.

It may be said that the first step in that direction was made when, in 1891, the State Library of New York, under the direction of Melvil Dewey, began the publication of its bulletins of state legislation. Under the successive editorship of W. B. Shaw, E. Dana Durand, and finally Dr. Robert H. Whitten, this series has become an indispensable tool and is well known to every librarian. In 1892 the New York State Library notified members of the legislature that material relating to any special topic of legislation in which they might be interested would be "collected promptly and made available to them with the least expenditure of their time." Ever since, that library has done excellent work in this direction, principally by the compilation of handy reading lists. The Library of Congress also has done much of the same sort. Many of the lists so compiled have been published and thus made useful to wider circles.

THE BEGINNING

The legislative reference bureau as we know it to-day did not come into being, however, until it happened that the library of the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison moved from the capitol into its new building on the opposite side of the town. Then, it is said, it struck F. A. Hutchins, who was at that time secretary of the State Library Commission, that the legislature should have at least a small reference collection close at hand, and that his commission ought to supply this want. It must be understood that what is known as the Wisconsin State Library is purely a collection of law books. At any rate, the Library Commission established the first legislative reference bureau and put at its head Charles McCarthy, Ph. D., who has made his office into something far greater than had originally been contemplated and become widely known as the chief exponent of a new policy, destined perhaps to play a part of increasing importance in the legislative and administrative life of this country.

The Wisconsin bureau was established in 1901. At first its total expenditure was but $1,500 a year. It was soon recognized officially by the legislature and its appropriation augmented to $4,500, while this year an appropriation of $10,000 is contemplated. The head of this bureau has now, during the session of the legislature, a staff of about a dozen assistants of various grades. It is an established part of the governmental machinery of Wisconsin. Everybody there is wondering how they ever got along without it. In a letter from Mr. McCarthy, received by me March 7, he says:

"Two weeks ago we had fifty-three people working here at one time—all strictly under civil service. We have three lawyers working all the time as counsel for the legislators and committees. Nine-tenths of the bills are drafted here this year."

So far, no other state has by express legislation established a similar department, although efforts in that direction were made in Maryland, in Ohio, in Washington and elsewhere.

Two years ago the State Library of California, without waiting for the legislature, began to do such work. Within a year, the State Library of Indiana, with C. B. Lester, and the State Historical Society of Nebraska, with E. A. Sheldon in charge, have initiated the system. In Washington, Oregon, Idaho, North Dakota, Kansas, Ohio, Minnesota, Illinois, in the city of Baltimore, and probably elsewhere, a movement in the same direction is on foot, and it looks as if within a few years every important state and many of the larger cities would have legislative reference bureaus. While these departments may take different forms, according to local circumstances, in most cases they will naturally grow out of the present activities of state or city libraries.

ATTRACTING ATTENTION

The movement is beginning to attract considerable public attention, as is shown by the increasing number of articles about it in the papers and magazines and the frequent inquiries from various sources. The consensus of opinion seems to be that the legislative reference bureau is one of the many agencies which for a number of years have made for a readjustment of our public life on a higher level.

The remainder of this paper will be devoted to considering two questions: First, Why is there a special need of some such agency as legislative reference bureaus in the United States; and Secondly, What are the methods of operation of such a bureau, particularly in our own state of California?

Probably there is no legislative body in any country in the world but has some sort of library for the use of its members in the discharge of their duties. A few parliamentary libraries are among the most valuable collections of books in the world, as notably the library of the German Reichstag, with its rare wealth in the field of comparative jurisprudence. But a legislative reference bureau aims to be something more than a library, more even than a library properly catalogued, amply indexed, and rendered easily accessible. If its functions are fully developed, it must be an indispensable part of the lawmaking and administrative machinery of the commonwealth. In order to show why there is a special and peculiar need for this in the United States, a brief glance will be necessary at the manner in which laws are enacted in this country as compared with others.

Until within little more than a generation, the legislative and administrative problems presented to the governmental authorities of the United States were relatively simple. Social and economic conditions had little complexity. A simple framework of government, a few simple statutes sufficed, and could easily be administered by the common sense of the average citizen in the brief time he could spare from his private pursuits.

DIFFICULT PROBLEMS

The greatest task before the American people during the first century of its national existence, the wresting of a continent from the wilderness, was accomplished not by government, but by the individual citizens in their private capacities. Such difficult questions of a political nature as there were lay in the realm of constitutional law: The rescue of the federal constitution from the fetters of strict construction, the readjustment of the fundamental law after the tremendous shock of the Civil War. For the solution of such problems we had an incomparable body of experts in the early American bar. Some of the greatest constructive statesmen of all times, with John Marshall at their head, have pleaded at the bar or sat on the bench o American courts of justice.

But the conditions of to-day are radically different. Instead of the almost pastoral simplicity of the old public life has come a complexity rivaling that of the oldest states in Europe. Backwoods communities have grown into powerful commonwealths, often, like our own California, comprising districts in the most varied stages of development, from metropolitan over-civilization to the most primitive beginnings, and consequently with tremendous differences in interests, habits, views and inclinations. Overgrown fortunes are contrasted with depths of poverty never dreamed of in the olden days. Private interests, greedy, selfish and anti-social, are bidding insolent defiance to all efforts for the common welfare. Under these conditions, the simple governmental methods that were once sufficient can not help but prove inadequate. But they are still the only methods we can employ. The complexity of our conditions cries for legislation by experts, and we still rely upon legislation by amateurs.

It is the purpose of the legislative reference bureau to help in remedying this evil, and to bring expert knowledge and skill within the reach of those charged with the business of legislation.

In all other countries, provision is made for this purpose. In the states of this country alone we have acted on the theory that legislation is such a simple matter as to require no knowledge or skill which every full-grown, sane citizen does not possess. Leaving out of the reckoning the ancient civilizations, as far back as the early period of the Germanic peoples, when the affairs of the state were settled in public meeting of the freemen, the intervention of expert advice was required, though in a rudimentary form. At least, among the Friesians, where these primitive institutions survived longest, we have *"asegas,"* or "law-sayers," who not only knew the law as it stood, but also seem to have drawn up the new *"keuren,"* or laws, which were assented to by the assembly.

IN MEDIAEVAL DAYS

During the early mediæval times, the clergy, many of them learned in the law, and familiar, through the work of the religious houses, with numerous branches of industry, furnished an admirable body of expert advisers to rulers of every degree. When the absolute monarchies arose on the ruins of feudalism, the law-making power almost everywhere in Europe fell into the hands of kings and similar potentates but the decrees, edicts and orders in council that appeared over their signatures were in reality made by men specially trained for the business of legislation, as "jurists" and "cameralists." Then, if ever, there was legislation by experts, and it may be stated, in passing, that at its best the legislation so brought about was of a quality unrivaled. For example, it would be difficult to match such great laws as the *Ordonnance de la Marine* under Luis XVI of France, which has become the foundation of modern international marine jurisprudence; or the edicts by which Stein and his associates regenerated the Prussian state after the catastrophe of Jena. For good and sufficient reasons, however, nobody regrets the disappearance of the absolute monarchies. In practically all the representative governments that have taken their places, the theory has prevailed in imitation of their prototype, the parliament of England, that every member of a legislative body has an equal right to propose legislation. But in practice it is only in the United States that the bulk of the business coming before the legislature actually consists of bills and resolutions first introduced by individual members. Everywhere else, the introduction, still more the adoption, of a bill coming from a private member is a rare exception. Thus, in Great Britain practically all bills, except those called technically "private" and relating to the affairs of individuals or particular localities, are introduced by the Cabinet, which is in effect a committee of the parliamentary majority.

Quite similar is the process of legislation in France. In Germany, parliament has even less to do with the initiation of proposed laws, for nearly all bills are proposed by the government, which stands quite outside of and independent from parliament. The governments, however, which thus stand charged with the duty of preparing bills to be submitted to the legislative bodies, have of course at their disposal the whole corps of experts in their civil services, including a number of specially trained draughtsmen. Besides, they may call upon all the expert advice to be found outside of the government service. They can take all the time needed to thoroughly digest each matter. Consequently the bills introduced into Parliament, into the Chamber of Deputies or into the Reichstag are almost always well thought out and very near to perfection from the technical standpoint.

AMBITIOUS STATESMEN

How different in the United States! Here every member does, not in theory only but in practice, propose new legislation. Every one usually feels it his duty not to lag behind his colleagues in the number of bills introduced. The personnel of American legislative bodies compares favorably, in character and intelligence, with that in any other country. But few of the members know very much of the matters with which they are called upon to deal. They are not a body of experts in anything, not even in political manipulation. They ought not to be a body of experts, for then they would cease to be representative. The more varied the membership is with regard to occupation, training and intelligence, the more truly does it represent the people. If expertness were wanted in the legislative assembly itself, the Bar

Association would probably serve the purpose, and we might save ourselves the expense and trouble of elections.

The bills which are thus thrown into the legislative hopper are of every imaginable degree of fitness, from really well-conceived and skilfully executed pieces of legislative workmanship to the most absurd screeds, ridiculous as to subject-matter and ignorant as to form. The greater part is intelligent as far as the object in view is concerned, but often seriously deficient in form. Frequently such bills are quite needlessly obnoxious to one or more constitutional provisions, so that an ingenious lawyer might drive not merely the proverbial coach and four through them, but a whole express train. Still more often they are drawn without regard to other existing laws, so that they create the utmost uncertainty and confusion. The statute law is like a delicate piece of machinery with all its parts closely interdependent. Change in one part usually requires corresponding changes in many other places, if the machinery is to run smoothly. A long chapter might be written on the faults of bills in this direction, and unfortunately not only the bills, but also of the finished acts which have passed through the whole process of committee reports, consecutive readings, and gubernatorial scrutiny, without elimination of their faults. This is no reflection on the intelligence or conscientiousness of members. These are difficulties which only a lawyer, and a lawyer specially trained in this field, can be relied on to detect. Clearly, expert draughtsmen are needed by American legislatures.

REFERENCE TO COMMITTEES

So much as to matters of form. But quite as difficult is the task of the American legislator in the matter of substance. As everybody knows, the American practice is to refer every bill to a committee. The legislature itself can not even vote on the passage of a measure until the committee has reported on it. Each member is therefore called upon to form a judgment on all the bills coming before his committee. Rarely does he personally know very much regarding the matters with which these bills deal. He must rely upon some one to tell him about it, or he must study the subject up himself, presumably at the cost of much time and effort, at the moment when he is already a very busy man. Most frequently he takes the former alternative, but not always is there somebody on hand to tell him all about it.

Many a meritorious measure dies in committee, simply because it is nobody's business to give the necessary information. If the bill attracts a good deal of attention, there are usually a number of people anxious to argue for and against it. Then the tendency is for the committee practically to abdicate its proper function and assume a quasi-judicial attitude. They listen to the argument and decide the fate of the bill, not according to its own merits, but like the jury in a law suit according as one side or the other has made the more plausible argument. Here is where the opportunity comes for the special interests, which have favors to ask that may or may not be compatible with the public welfare. These interests send skilful attorneys and lobbyists to plead their case; nobody appears on the other side, and too often the better cause appears the worse for want of proper presentation. Of this kind of expert advice there is no lack in any American legislature.

EFFECTIVE LEGISLATION

To trace in further detail the ways in which our system makes intelligent and effective legislation difficult would spin this paper out to quite unreasonable length. On all sides the fact is admitted that the quality of American statute law, as it is ground out in ever-increasing quantity by nearly half a hundred legislative mills, is poor. The lack of participation by experts in the work, such as is provided in other countries, is not the only cause of the evil. But it is one very important cause, and to help in eliminating it is the function of a legislative reference bureau.

Of course, the reference bureau, no matter how large, able and highly trained a staff it might possess, could not itself give the expert counsel needed, except perhaps in the matter of giving to bills their proper technical form. If any officer of such a bureau were bumptious enough in his own person to pose as an expert on all the multifarious business coming before a legislature, he would deservedly be laughed at from California to Maine. It is not at all the function of the bureau to give advice. It merely proposes to enable each legislator who wishes to do so to obtain such expert advice as has been laid down in writing, and such information as may throw light on the subject, as thoroughly, quickly and conveniently as circumstances may permit.

It would be strange if so patent a fact as the need of expert aid in legislation had not brought about efforts to supply what was lacking. Among the devices of this kind which are well-known and important factors in American public life is the legislative commission, charged with the investigation of important subjects and the formulating of legislation regarding them. Such commissions usually work during the legislative recess and are given the time and the means, pecuniary and legal, to obtain the necessary information and the expert points of view. At the recent session the reports of no less than four such commissions were laid before the Legislature of California.

CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS

Another device for bringing together the legislator and the expert begins at the other end: Instead of a legislative committee sending for witnesses and advisors, citizens join together in a civic association, have somebody whom they deem competent draw bills on such subjects as they are interested in, and submit these to the legislative body through some friendly member. Sometimes the result of this method is most excellent. I may mention as an instance the work of the California Water and Forest Association. But we must remember that the foolish as well as the wise may associate themselves and acquire the added power which springs therefrom. It is unnecessary to go into details regarding so familiar a device of improving the quality of legislation. Probably no one at all interested in public affairs but can boast of belonging to one or more such associations.

Perhaps most well-drawn bills going before legislatures deal with subjects in which some body of men has an interest, may be an unselfish, more often a selfish one, an interest great enough to make them go to the expense of retaining experts and lawyers properly to formulate their wishes.

With such and all similar methods the legislative reference bureau does not enter into rivalry. On the contrary, it desires to aid and supplement them. It wishes to help legislation in all its stages to be better instructed, more fully versed in everything connected with its subject matter. Under the democratic forms of our public life, the preparing of a bill is far from being the initial step in legislation. At least, in all matters of great importance, a previous stage of suggestion, discussion, often of popular agitation has first been passed through. At all events, every legislative proposal must first have originated in the mind of an individual, whether a member of the legislature or an outsider. To all concerned in the process the legislative reference bureau offers its services.

Before entering upon a discussion of the methods by which this purpose may be accomplished, it may be wise to stop a moment and answer the possible objection.

SOME OBJECTIONS

Admitting that more systematic utilization of expert knowledge is needed in American legislation, why invent a new plan for getting it? Why not adopt the means proven successful elsewhere, and restrict the actual initiation of legislation to a chosen few of experience and knowledge, instead of allowing each individual member to carry grist to the lawmaking mill? A sufficient answer would probably be that a change to the English plan is far too radical a step to find the approval of the American people, most conservative of nations as it is in its political habits. But furthermore: the English plan has its own drawbacks. Long and loud are the complaints heard in Great Britain about the impossibility of getting laws passed, no matter how badly needed, in which the government of the day can not see a partisan advantage. Conversely, every bill introduced by the government becomes at once the target of partisan assaults by the opposition. The merits are lost sight of, and the measure becomes merely a pawn in the parliamentary game of chess. In France, the same thing is seen in an exaggerated form.

In Germany and the German states, the promptness and quality of legislation are probably better than in any other large country. But it is kept from the faults of Great Britain and France only by the fact that the strongly monarchical constitutions of Germany do not make governments dependent on the shifting majorities of parliament. The monarchical feature, of course, we neither would nor could imitate in America. However, if there is a point of excellence in our legislative methods, it is that the passage or rejection of bills is rarely affected by partisan politics. Only in a few cases where a measure has been an issue in the preceding campaign, or where some partisan scheme is in question, is it likely that partisan lines are drawn regarding it. Even in Congress, where this is done much oftener than in state legislatures, the ordinary legislation (which is apt to be of much greater importance than the political measures) is hardly ever passed by a party vote.

It is clear, then, that we can not look abroad for the solution of our problem of bringing expert knowledge within the grasp of the legislator. In this as in other things, America must work out her own salvation, observing and learning from the experience of all others, slavishly imitating none.

WORK IN CALIFORNIA

Assuming now, that the need of such an institution as the legislative reference bureau has been amply proven, the task remains of showing the methods by which it may attempt to do its work, and especially those which have been adopted by the institution in California.

Argument is hardly necessary to justify the organic connection of the legislative reference bureau with the state library, an institution originally designed, as already stated above, to do the very work to which it has now returned. A library, a large library, is manifestly a fundamental necessity for the bureau's work. This library must be made quickly and accurately available. Thus the work of the California bureau, which constitutes an integral part of the Sociological Department of the State Library, naturally falls into two branches: building up the collections of the parent institution in the branches relating to public affairs, and opening them up by indexing and the personal activity of the reference librarians. In both branches of the work, regard must be had to the various classes of people concerned in the long and intricate process of crystalizing a political idea into an actual statute. Each class has its peculiar needs, but each must be served with equal faithfulness if the state library is to live up to its ideals.

At the beginning comes the thinker, the scientific investigator, who collects and arranges social facts, formulates political theories. His library needs are the greatest of all; he requires books new and old, covering a vast range of learning, far wider than what the classifier puts under the head of "sociology." But he knows his books, knows the bibliography of his special field, presumably far better than any librarian could. Here all the state library has to do is to furnish the books. I should say, then: If this state, through the State Library, desires legislative reference work done as it should be done, it must first build up a great collection of books relating to public affairs in the widest sense. This duty is particularly great in California, because here we are remote from large libraries. An investigator in New York, if he does not find what he wants at home, is within a few hours' travel from the library treasures of Boston, of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. The Californian has no resources outside of the few libraries of his own commonwealth, and no matter how patriotic a son of his state he may be, no scholar can fail to be painfully conscious how slender the means of serious study still are on the Pacific Coast. In conjunction and intelligent co-operation with our two universities, the State Library should gradually remove this reproach, and can do so if the Legislature can be brought to realize the need and give the necessary financial support.

MAKING PUBLIC OPINION

After the theoretical student come the many sorts of people who are interested in public affairs, and in one way or another help in making that public opinion which finally causes the drawing up of a bill: newspapermen, members of civic associations and intelligent people generally, who wish to inform themselves on such subjects. These are not served by at least a portion of the literature that is indispensable to the scholar, while a considerable body of popular writing is precisely what they require. This class has greater need of the reference librarian than the first named, to guide them to the things they are looking for. They are as much entitled to the services of the state library as any other class, and their indirect influence on legislation is a factor in the process that may not always be on the surface, but can not possibly be over-estimated.

Finally, however, comes that class who are directly engaged in the ultimate phases of the legislative work, and whose special need has called forth the legislative reference bureau, as distinguished from general reference work in a library: members of the legislature, and those who appear before legislative committees to argue for or against proposed measures. The need which this class has for books and other printed matter is of an entirely different sort from that of either the special student or the general reader. With them there can be no question of leisurely study, no reading of good books from cover to cover, nor patient search for original authorities. They are working under high pressure, and that library is the best for them which enables them to find in the quickest and surest manner any given fact, any required authority, wherewith to answer questions as they turn up in argument or debate, from minute to minute. The more concise the argument, the simpler the form in which the facts are stated, the better the material for this class of readers. Moreover, the information wanted is the very latest; last week's statistics are better than those of last year, and yesterday's information is better still.

MEETING SPECIAL NEEDS

To meet these special needs is the business of the legislative reference bureau. Therefore it will gather, in addition to the books of the main library, which form the solid background of its work, all the pamphlets, broadsides, fly-sheets and scraps of paper relating to public affairs, which it can buy, beg, coax, wheedle, and, I had almost said, steal; it will make copious newspaper clippings; it will tear up old magazines, if it can get hold of them, for the few valuable articles or scraps of information they may contain; it will even commit the unpardonable sin, in the eyes of the bibliophile, and cut pages out of a book (provided it is a duplicate). About all the spoil so gathered it will make an elaborate set of index cards. But let not the veteran cataloger look into the drawers containing these, lest her soul be grieved. For she will find all her scientific rules of classification, all her artistic styles of entry disregarded. Anything is permissible in the index that will in the quickest way hunt down the given fact, answer a given question. The quickest way being evidently to have the answer right there on the card, this plan is adopted wherever feasible.

Thus the index becomes really much more than an index. It might more properly be called a set of notes, such as a student would prepare for his own use. Only it aims to cover the whole vast field of contemporaneous public life. Between the same guide cards may jostle each other a card referring to the book where the subject is most fully treated; others referring to two or three magazine articles; another, containing a short newspaper clipping, and another with some such note as: "Laws on subject—

see Ohio, Mass., N. J., Wis., Kansas"; still another with a quotation from a speech of some noted man, or possibly the address of some person supposed to know more about the subject than anybody else, put in because of a hope that at the proper time an artful letter may coax a valuable disquisition from him. All these notes have, of course, been accumulated before the legislative session begins, when they are to be brought into play. It is evident that there is no limit to the extent of this work. It is merely a question of the size of the staff employed in preparing the notes. The more voluminous these are, the quicker and more effective will be the service.

FROM OTHER STATES

One feature of particular importance in the work is to obtain from other states bills pending there while the same subject is under discussion at home, and to obtain quick information regarding action taken in any of the forty or more legislative bodies usually sitting simultaneously in the different states. This has heretofore been particularly difficult, but when most states shall have legislative reference bureaus in working order, it will be easy.

The drawing of bills by the legislative reference librarian is not necessarily an integral part of his duty, but wherever the system has been introduced, so far, members have come to him with the request that he do so. This has been the experience in California. It is to be hoped that in the future each state may employ an official draughtsman, such as is employed in Great Britain to draw government bills. But until then, this work seems to fall naturally to the legislative reference librarian.

This somewhat fragmentary outline of the functions of a legislative reference bureau would be incomplete without laying stress on the evident necessity that the work must be absolutely impartial. The friends and opponents of each pending measure must be able to obtain information with equal facility and accuracy, and moreover, they must feel that they can do so. Between the librarian and those who avail themselves of his services there will naturally exist a relation of confidence akin to that of attorney and client. The librarian will undoubtedly have opinions, and possibly strong opinions, on many pending measures. But he must never obtrude them, and above all he must avoid like a pestilence the bare appearance of lobbying for or against any bill. It is unfortunate that a widely read weekly paper, in a recent article on the most distinguished of present legislative reference librarians, had the bad taste to dub him a "lobbyist for the people." It puts an altogether erroneous aspect on the work.

The name commonly given to this new institution implies that its functions are peculiarly connected with the legislature of the state, and there, no doubt, is its first and foremost field of usefulness. But it is a mistake to think that its work must stop there.

NOT FOR LEGISLATURE ALONE

The various local legislative bodies, boards of trustees, town and city councils, county supervisors, are as much in need of whatsoever assistance the legislative reference bureau may be able to render as the legislature, if not sometimes a little more so. The State Library has a very simple machinery for extending its Legislative Bureau as well as all other branches of its service to every part of the state, no matter how remote. A letter of inquiry regarding matters of local administration, ordinances and the like, will bring prompt response. If required, books and pamphlets containing information on the subject of the inquiry will be sent to the local library for the use of the inquirer; or the inquiry may be made to the local librarian, who will forward it to the State Library. The latter has already a fair collection of city ordinances, charters, and books relating to municipal government, and will increase and round out its collection as rapidly as circumstances will permit. In time, the larger cities will probably have legislative reference bureaus of their own, such as Baltimore has just instituted. But to the ordinary municipality the state library will render even more efficient service in the future than now.

IRRIGATION AS A SOCIAL FACTOR

By WILLARD M. SHELDON

THERE is no more grave social and ethical question than the tendency of people to congest in cities to the detriment of rural population. The problem is as old as civilization. Its evil was recognized in Greece and Rome and the movement proved superior alike to the arguments and legislation designed to check or divert it. The country then, as now, supplied the physical vigor and the mental and moral force which made and still makes for permanent national life. The deteriorating effect of the movement then, as now, was recognized as destructive of character, mental as well as moral and as sapping the vitality of the race. When marked in volume it has been synonomous with decay of national life.

It is only in recent years that students of social questions have regarded this problem as a menacing one to us. The condition when first exhibited in the New England states was attributed to a sterile soil, the fertility of which had been quickly exhausted. When the census returns of certain rural districts in New York, Indiana and Ohio showed a falling off, it was regarded with seriousness. When Kansas in forty-four of her agricultural counties showed in ten years preceding 1905 a depreciation in population of thirty thousand, the problem appeared grave, and it has become still more serious with Iowa, which possesses perhaps the largest ratio of good soil of any state in the Union, showing in seventy-seven rural counties a decrease since 1895 of seventy-three thousand, six hundred and eighty-seven in population.

That the movement is general, not special, is shown by census returns for 1905 available from five hundred and fourteen agricultural counties, of which thirty-eight per cent show a decrease in inhabitants. With the trend of the movement recognized and its evils apparent, in the lower moral standard and a deterioration in both mental and physical fiber, it is well to consider causes and remedy.

This congestion of population in the cities, at the farm's expense, being confined to no time and to no race, suggests reasons inherent in conditions, or in mankind, or in both, and as a first cause deterioration in soil is suggested. So long as it pays, man abides with the farm. So long as he is secure in the fruit of his labors, and only so long, is the sentiment for the old homestead cherished. Unfortunately, continued cultivation does exhaust the soil. Summer following, with a crop every second year, is but a makeshift. Grain growing does cease to be profitable; a fact, the proof of which, can only be appreciated when the farm passes to the mortgagee or to the neighbor whose larger operations with improved machinery has temporarily kept cost of production under returns. The story is but too well told by the banks' invoices of real estate and by deserted farm buildings.

A second cause is in the gregariousness of man. Profit in cultivation of virgin soil offers compensation, justifying the isolation of new communities, but with the falling off in products and the decrease in rural population comes a greater isolation which is relieved by "moving to town," with a too often descent in the social scale. Trade avenues are found filled or blocked by restrictions. The demands of a family must be supplied at the cost sometimes, of independence and character. Living by one's wits does not permit of high moral standards. The city offers superior educational advantages but the sins of it are often visited on succeeding generations. The love of companionship, of a social life, is inherent and necessary, but the congestion in cities is gratifying it at the expense of the race.

A third cause suggests itself in the desire for more pleasing environments than ordinary farm life affords. This desire, too, in itself, is a natural and proper one. It affects to a marked degree the boys and girls with a will to better conditions. It takes from the rural districts the ambitious and artistic, leaving those more easily contented. It reduces the average of energy and ability remaining on the farm, and only in exceptional cases does the city receive a corresponding profit. Farm life, especially grain farming, under old conditions, with its depreciating returns; the lack of comforts and conveniences entailed, the barrenness of it from an æsthetic point of view, the dearth of trees, vines and flowers, the dust discomfort and lack of attractive features, compared with the pleasing promises and manifold attractions of the city, will continue to stimulate the emigration of the best material from the farm to the city.

With the evil of this movement apparent in the lower moral standards and a deterioration in physical and mental poise, it is gratifying to note that here in the West such evil is working out its own remedy, all the more certain of cure as it proceeds along natural lines. There is no other area in the world that offers to rural homes the attractions and possibilities of the irrigated districts of the West and especially California. The realization of this truth is becoming more widely appreciated, and it is now apparent that there is building up on our western shore an industrial and social condition, essentially different from the farming sections of the East and capable of expansion and results never before attained.

Irrigated farming in controling and directing natural forces, permits, under our climatic conditions, of the greatest variety of products. It increases, not wastes, the fertility of the soil. It leads to intensive cultivation, to small farms and to well-settled communities.

The problems arising out of irrigated farming are simple and easily compassed but the possibilities call for technical skill and mental equipment second to no other profession. It offers a promising field for the ambitious. It secures an assured competency for one's labor with environment appealing to the social desire and permitting of such attractiveness and harmony in rural life as satisfies the artistic sense. All of which has been and is being realized in the irrigated sections of California, as witness the pleasing and convincing evidences in the beautiful and prosperous rural homes throughout the southern counties and along the newer irrigation canals in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. It is certain that the highest form of production, and the best in our civilization, progresses along the lines of irrigation canals. The beautifully ideal rural homes of Redlands

Riverside, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Fresno, Merced and Stockton, with their wealth of foliage and profusion of flowers, are all the more satisfying from their credit balance at the end of crop season.

The conditions are attracting and should attract the best brain and brawn of the East, as witness the present population of the seven southern counties, estimated at six hundred thousand, as compared with a population of thirty-five thousand in 1870, which date marks approximately the era of larger irrigation development. The same ratio of increase is also observed throughout the other irrigated areas, accompanied, too, by returns justifying the rapid growth. The southern counties, with about two hundred and fifty thousand acres irrigated—the basis of principal production—are supporting a population of six hundred thousand people. They have an assessed valuation of nearly $500,000,000 and are marketing products from the irrigated area of over $35,000,000, annually, or about $150 per acre per annum.

What has been done in the southern counties is being accomplished in the great valleys of the San Joaquin and the Sacramento. With a greater acreage of excellent soil, similar climatic conditions and larger available water supply readily and more economically diverted it is clear that these valleys have a marvelous future for the farmer and professional man, and in particular for the student of economic questions.

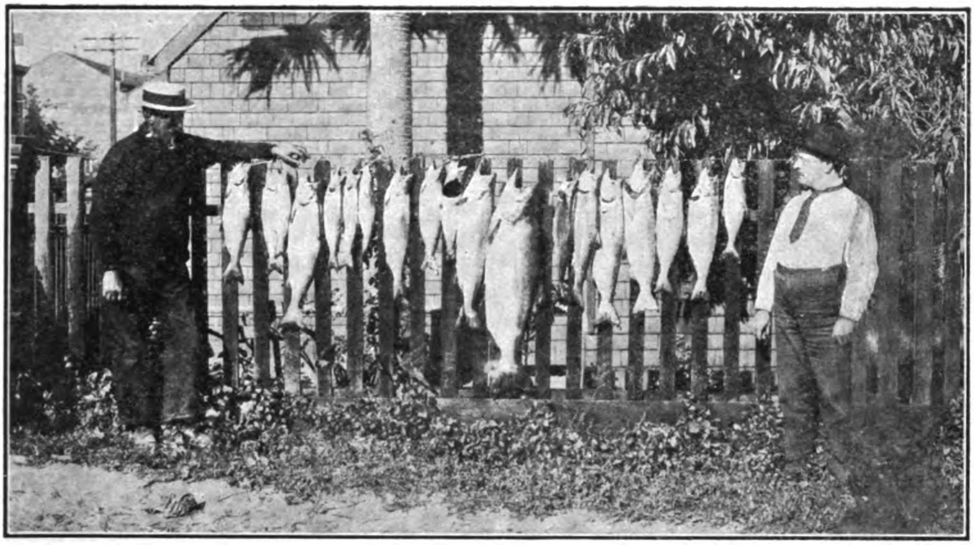
The great irrigation works in process of construction by the National Government and the arrangement of details calculated to build up small farms is the greatest piece of progressive and sound economic legislation of recent years. Its guarantee of profit to the farmer; of improved social conditions and attractive homes, will stimulate the "back to the farm" movement and make for the preservation of the mental, moral and physical excellence of the people.

The Sacramento Valley of California alone has an area which under irrigation can and will support, three million people or about double the present population of the state. Natural conditions here will continue to overcome the evils of overcrowded urban existence. The out-of-door life possible for twelve months in the year will continue to increase the high physical average of the people. The dependence on irrigation will maintain fertility of soil and insure the competency necessary to contentment. The small farm well tilled will continue to satisfy the social contact demanded, while climate and water combine to build up and develop homes of ideal attractiveness with perpetual green of grasses and trees and profusion of vines and flowers. Westward the course of empire has taken its way and here on the western shore of the westermost continent it is destined to reach its greatest physical, mental and moral perfection, in sure fulfillment of Bishop Berkeley's famous prophecy.

SONG

By Geraldine Meyrick

The gift of song! Thereof men lightly prate,
Nor dream how ardently true song is sought.
On dizzy heights of love, down depths of hate
With ecstasy and anguish is it bought!



A GOOD DAY'S CATCH

AT SANTA CRUZ BY THE SEA

By H. R. JUDAH JR.

Secretary Santa Cruz Board of Trade

ALLURING and picturesque—these words describe California's City of the Holy Cross, Santa Cruz by the sea. Sloping gently down from the green terraces of the Santa Cruz mountains the municipality spreads out to the east and west from the banks of the San Lorenzo river, which flows southerly through the center of the city, and south to the splendid sandy beach of Monterey bay. Here is a city of nearly fifteen thousand people just eighty miles south of San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. Aside from its established reputation as a summer and winter seaside resort, the city is the center of several large industries and the distributing point of their products and is fortunate in the possession of excellent transportation facilities. Two lines of railroad, with a third being built and a line of steamers, connect the city with the outside world.

The climate here has attributes of variety and charm and not any excesses. The average summer temperature is about seventy degrees, and in winter the average mean temperature is 50.45 degrees. A year's rain usually adds up thirty inches and the strongest winds which ever visit the community bring up the rains from the south in winter. Freezing weather is practically unknown and the infrequent visits of cooling fog in the summer are welcomed by all. Generally speaking the climate may be described as healthful and exhilarating, and to improve on the clear, crisp winter days just after a rain is not possible.

The beach at Santa Cruz, sloping gently from the esplanade and the pavilions to the water's edge, is composed of fine white sand and during the year is the playground for some forty thousand visitors as well as for the inhabitants of the city and the nearby towns. Situated on this

WHERE YOUNG TROUT BEGIN LIFE AT BROOKDALE

stretch of sand are two beautiful pleasure pavilions erected recently at a cost of $500,000. Here also is a substantial board walk nearly a quarter of a mile in length, as well as a skating rink, power plant and smaller beach concessions. Back of the pavilions and built on the sand is situated the cottage city—over two hundred little houses arranged in groups and fronting on broad streets beautifully decorated with beds of flowers. In the smaller of the beach pavilions is a copious plunge bath with admirable accommodations in the way of dressing rooms, sun rooms, smoking apartment, massage rooms and hot baths. The larger building has for one item of its construction a modern theater and convention hall which will seat three thousand people, and which opens into an enormous grill and private dining-rooms, overlooking the bay. A penny arcade, curio stores, palm garden and a wide promenade complete the building.

The pleasures on the beach are manifold. One can enjoy the refreshing dip in the surf or plunge, the promenades and dances, the daily music of the bands, a launch ride starting from the electric pier, or a quiet chat on the sands.

Perhaps the strongest reason for the unlimited popularity of the place as a homesite and a resort, lies in the fact that easily accessible to the beach with its improvements and pleasures are the attractions of the mountains. The giant redwoods with their massive boughs outstretched and surrounded on all sides by more ever green trees are easily seen from the beach as they rise majestically from the wooded heights back of the city. Of romantic and absorbing interest is the drive from the city to the world-famous grove of Big Trees, five miles north. The road follows the cañon of the San Lorenzo the entire distance, leading one through numberless vistas of redwood, pine, manzanita and madroño, growing from brilliant green banks of moss and fern, past rushing streams and springs, around corners from which can be seen, hundreds of feet below, the seething river as it turns sharply in its course, and finally through a ford in the river to the grove itself. There one stands and looks, absorbed and awe-struck, at these monuments, the *sequoia sempervirens* in all their impressive greatness. "The Giant" attracts particular attention, being three hundred and six feet high, and over twenty-one feet in diameter. All of the larger trees are named for great Americans—Theodore Roosevelt, General Sherman, General Grant and General Fremont. In the hollow of one, General Fremont is supposed to have once camped.

This grove can be reached from Santa Cruz every day in the year by train as well as by carriage. By the same means of transportation from the city one can easily visit the fish hatchery at Brookdale; Boulder Creek, the terminus of the railroad branch; and the Big

WHERE PORTLAND CEMENT IS TURNED OUT AT THE RATE OF 5,000 BARRELS A DAY

Basin redwood park, an area of three thousand eight hundred acres set apart, owned and controled by the state. The fish hatchery is exclusively owned and operated by the county and the Southern Pacific Company, and is unique in that the fry supplied by it is "planted" only in the streams of the county and in the Monterey bay.

Santa Cruz is, and always will be a great place for fishermen. The greatest variety of fish in the world in any one body of water is credited to Monterey bay and it is here that thousands annually spend their leisure hours with rod and reel in quest of the elusive salmon. Barracuda, sea bass and cod are caught in large quantities and considerable pompano. In the streams north of the city fine catches of trout are made, the fishing improving as time goes on. To an all-round sportsman the combination of deep water and stream fishing offered here, is of great interest and very unusual, especially when it is considered that quality, quantity and variety of fish are to be easily obtained.

Brookdale and Boulder Creek are attractive mountain communities, situated on the San Lorenzo river and having rail connection with Santa Cruz. Apples and berries grow well in the vicinity of both places and lumbering is extensively carried on near Boulder Creek. In the summer time the visitors are numerous in the mountains and all towns along the San Lorenzo are well filled with vacation spenders. Boulder Creek is the gateway to the Big Basin. It is possible to leave Santa Cruz in the morning, visit this park and return in the evening. It will not be necessary to dwell on the grandeur of the Big Basin further than to quote the words of Senator Perkins, spoken after a recent trip into the park, "I have traveled through the forests of Mariposa, and I have driven through the wonderful forests of Southern Germany, yet I have never seen the equal of this redwood park."

IN THE SUMMER EVERYONE LIVES ON THE BEACH

The pleasures of driving and horseback riding are matchless here, all the hills and valleys overlook the bay and one's choice of an excursion may be along the cliffs beside the booming breakers or over the hills through countless vineyards, orchards and green fields.

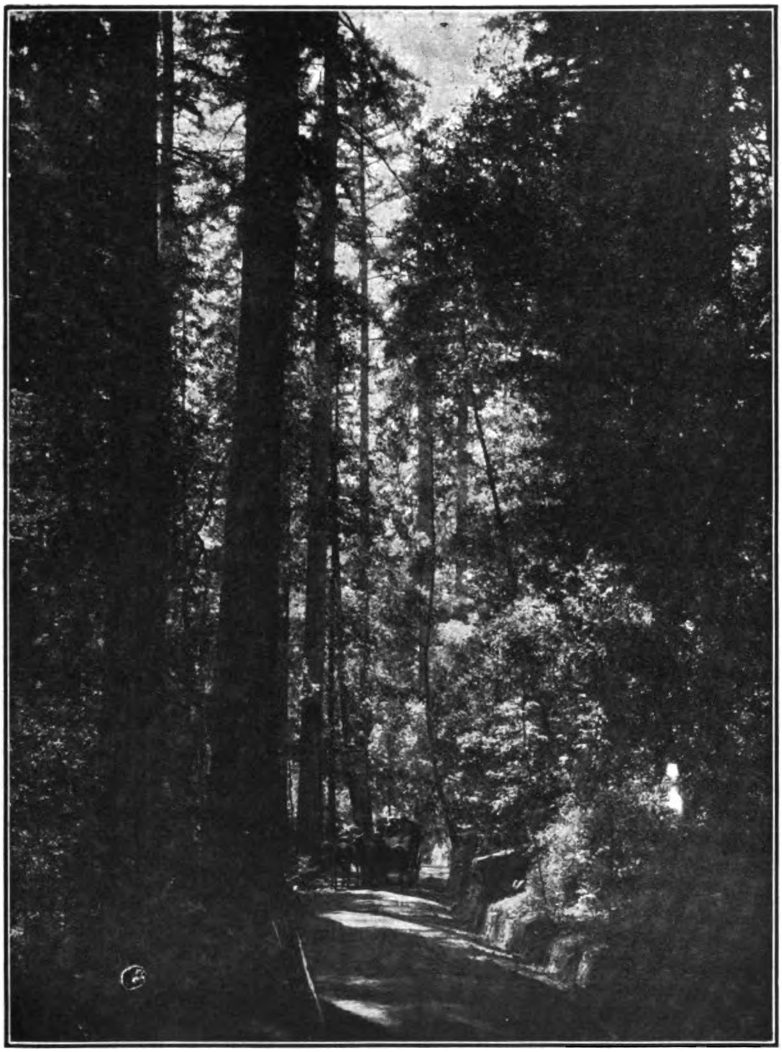
The poultry industry is assuming large proportions at Santa Cruz. The market is good, California demanding fifty per cent in excess of the supply of eggs and chickens. A poultrymen's association, recently formed, protects the new-comer who desires to go into the business. West of the city, up the coast, are many dairies. The largest establishment has over three hundred cows. The odd combination of milking cows and manufacturing cement applies to this section. At San Vicente, twelve miles due west of Santa Cruz, is located the large plant of the Santa Cruz Portland Cement Company. Its output is five thousand barrels

J. T. McKean, Photo

ONE OF MANY CASCADES THAT MAKE THE MOUNTAINS A PARADISE

a day and in about a year will be increased to nine thousand barrels. The cement rock is obtained in great quantities within a few miles of the plant. Five hundred men are employed.

North and east of Santa Cruz are numerous vineyards of wine and table grapes. Over twenty varieties of wines are produced and in 1906, four hundred thousand pounds of grapes were exported in addition to six hundred thousand pounds of mountain apples, ten thousand pounds of berries, twelve thousand pounds of cheese and three thousand pounds of butter. Truck farming is profitably carried on. A large tannery ships its product to the Orient and the California Powder Works, just back of the city, and employing over two hundred men, sent out in 1906, four thousand, nine hundred and fifty-seven tons of explosives. Near by are several lime kilns from which three hundred thousand barrels of lime are produced annually and an average of thirty thousand tons of bitumen each year goes to other coast cities to be used in the making of first-class streets. Near here may be found sand suitable for the manufacture of glass and sand-lime brick, clay from



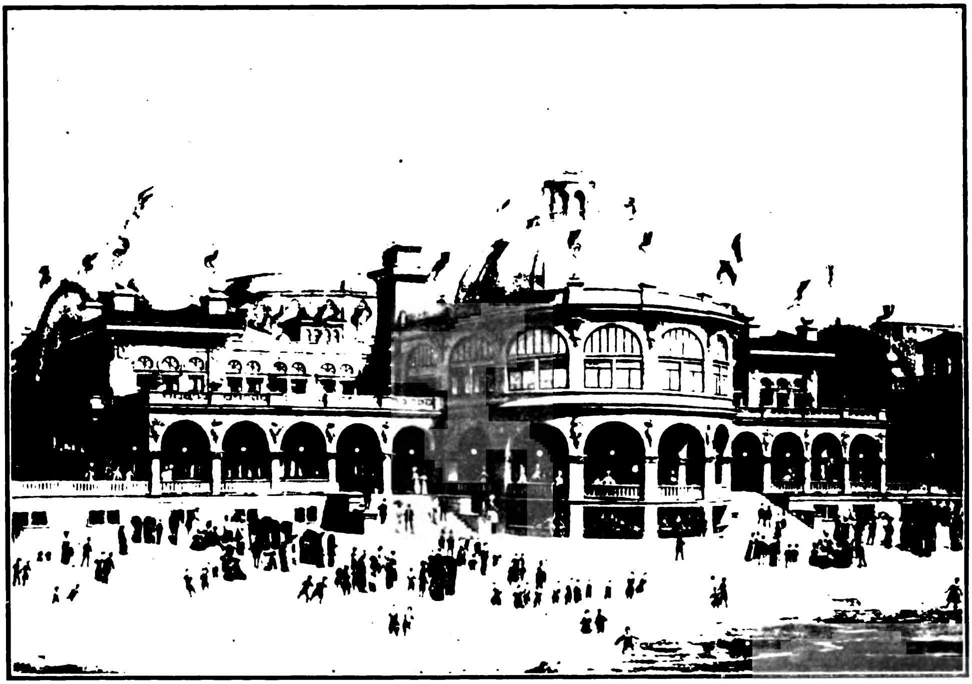
J. T. McKean, Photo

AMONG THE BIG TREES IN THE MOUNTAINS THAT SHELTER THE TOWN

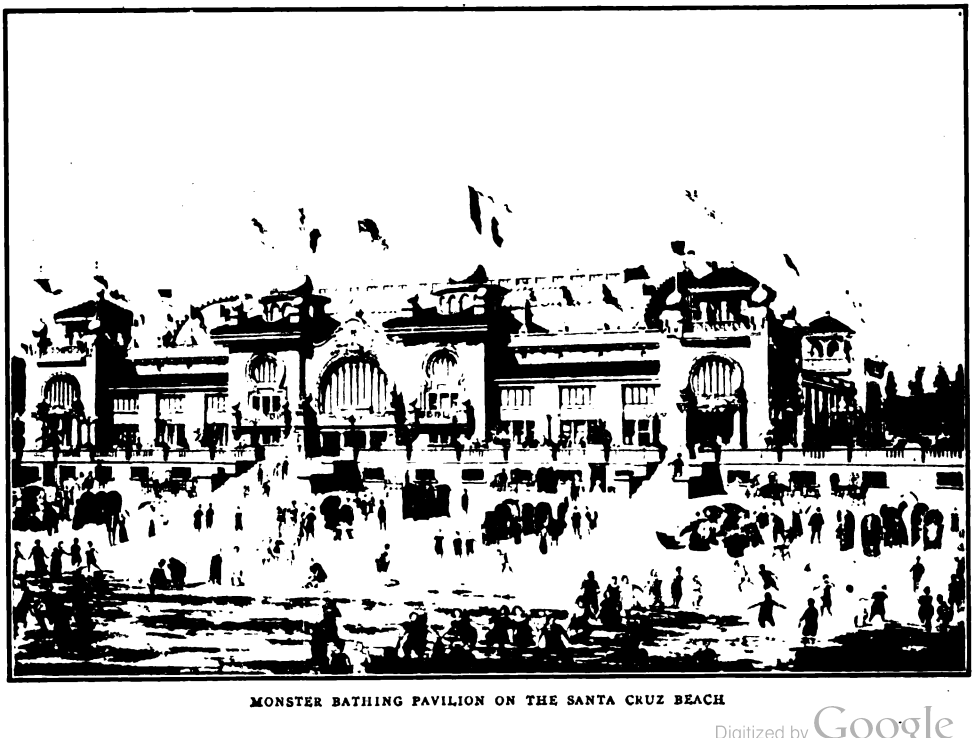
which can be made fire brick and pottery, and abundant fruit for canning and processing. Oil for fuel can be bought here cheaply.

In April, 1907, Santa Cruzans elected to office a council of progressive citizens, the first body working under a new charter and with full power to build and improve streets and sidewalks at the partial expense of the interested property owners. The street-car lines of the city are being broad-gauged and double-tracked and a suburban line to Soquel and Capitola, four miles east, is being constructed. Tracts for residence purposes are being opened up in modern fashion; in fact one feels the air of improvement on all sides.

The city's water is brought sixteen miles from the headwaters of Laguna creek to reservoirs situated back of the city and from there distributed by gravity to the inhabitants. The public schools of the city rank high in the educational department of the state and the efficiency of the teachers has been noteworthy for years. All of the religious denominations and fraternal orders are represented at



THE CASINO, WHERE VARIED AMUSEMENTS ARE PROVIDED FOR THE SUMMER VISITORS TO SANTA CRUZ



MONSTER BATHING PAVILION ON THE SANTA CRUZ BEACH

CALIFORNIA

ON THE BEACH AT CAPITOLA

Santa Cruz. A business college, with a large patronage, a Carnegie Public Library and a well managed Young Men's Christian Association are institutions of strength in the community. The cost of living here is nominal,—fruits, vegetables and dairy products from the nearby districts being in market at all times. The lighting system is being enlarged and improved, the work being imperative, due to the opening up of new residence districts.

THE MYSTIC SINGER

By Lillian H. Shuey

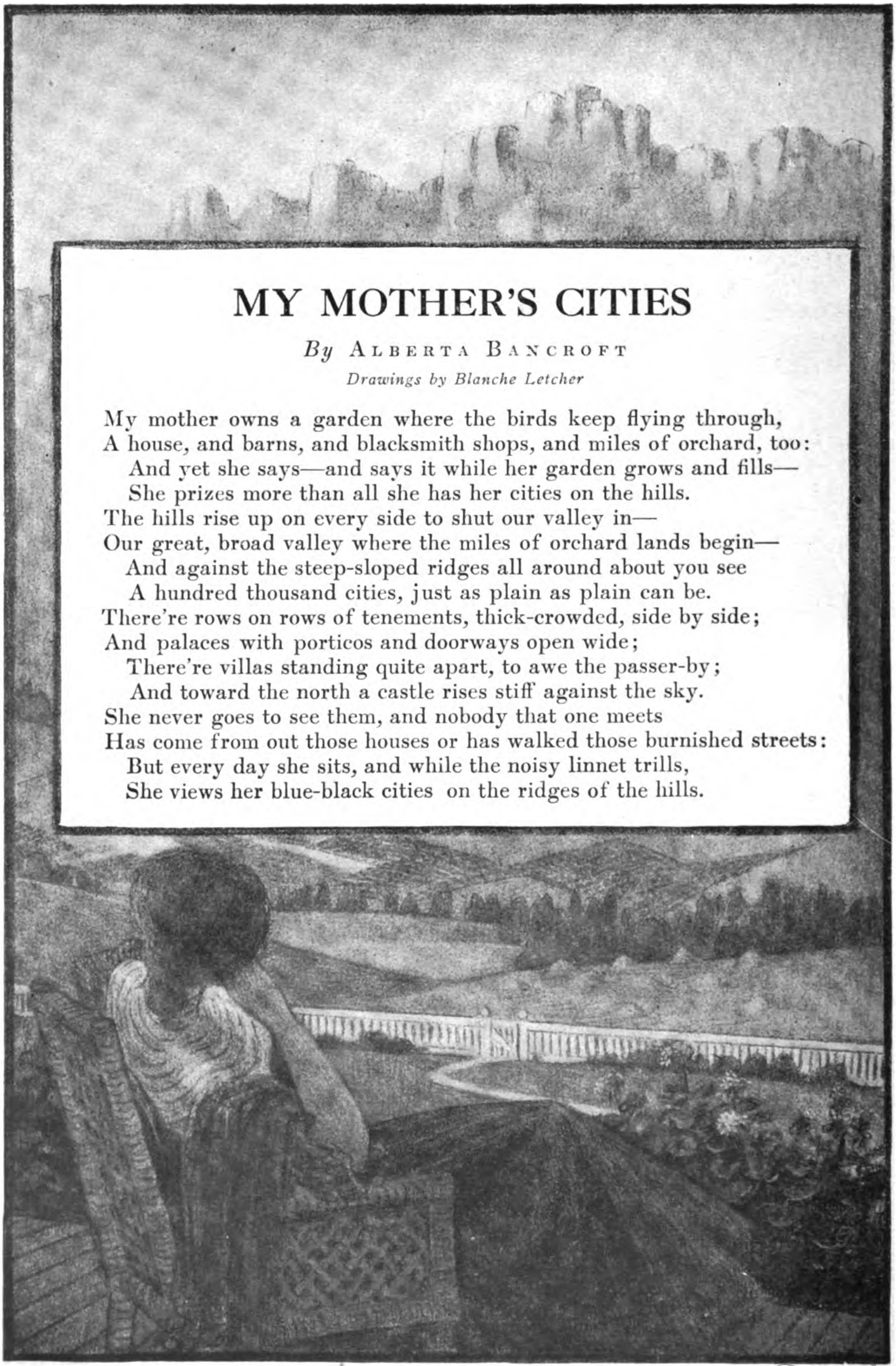
When the blithe lark sings so sweetly
As morn's grey curtains part,
He breaks with joys of memory
The silence of my heart.

He knows the peaceful, home-like grace
Of the fruited San Joaquin;
He sings the warmth of winter fields
The cottage hedge between.

He remembers oaks and orchards
The clovers of the lea;
His cabalistic lyric brings
The free life back to me.

I ride again the fenceless plain,
The wide sweet world is mine,
The coveys of the reedy lake,
The summits where they shine.

So when he pipes, like princely Pan,
With all his tender art,
The shadows of the vagrant years
Are lifted from my heart.

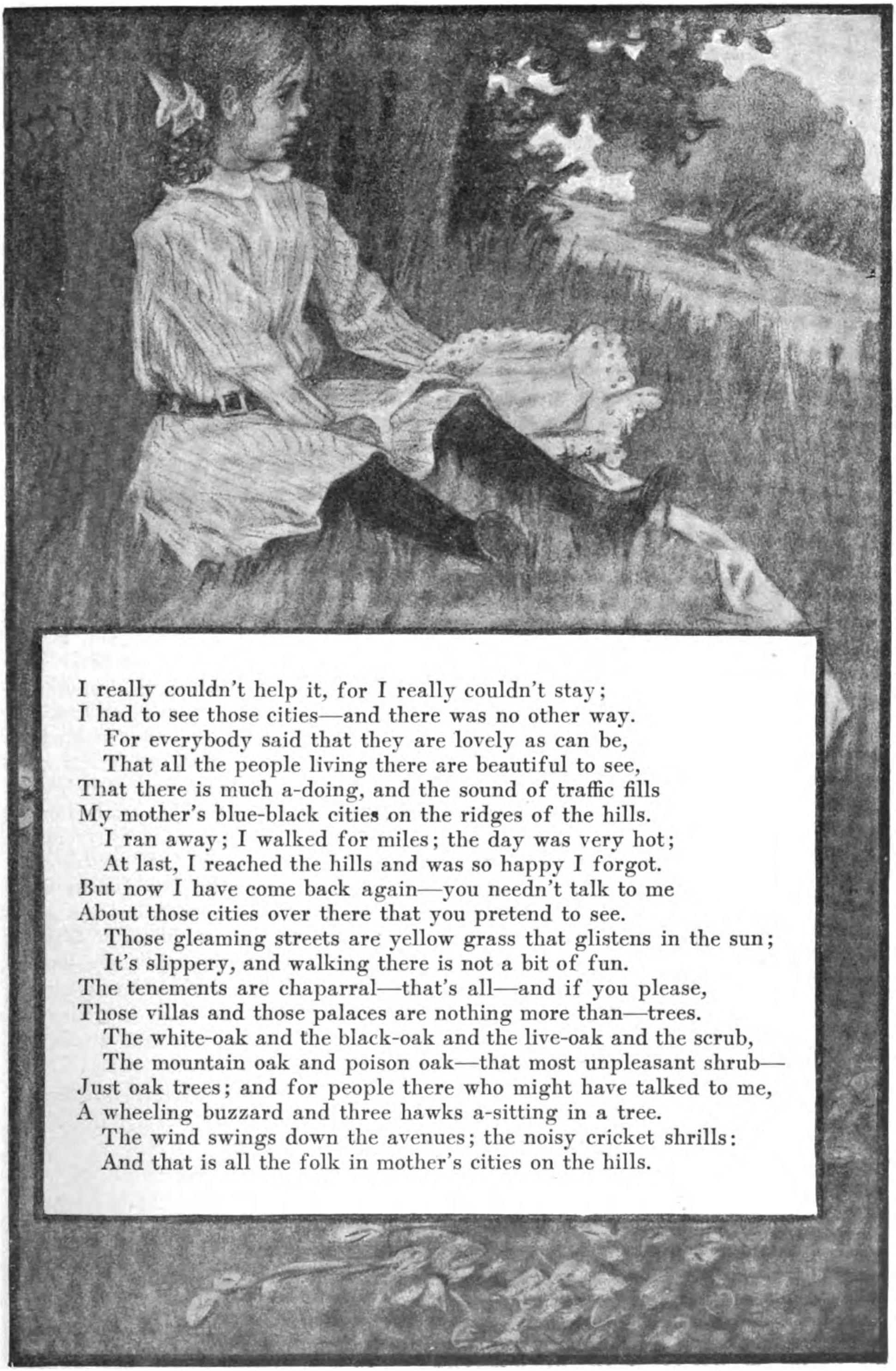


MY MOTHER'S CITIES

By Alberta Bancroft

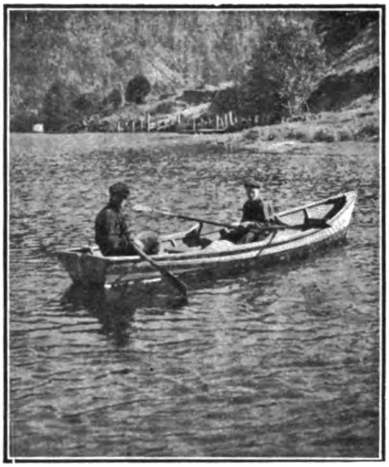
Drawings by Blanche Letcher

My mother owns a garden where the birds keep flying through,
A house, and barns, and blacksmith shops, and miles of orchard, too:
  And yet she says—and says it while her garden grows and fills—
  She prizes more than all she has her cities on the hills.
The hills rise up on every side to shut our valley in—
Our great, broad valley where the miles of orchard lands begin—
  And against the steep-sloped ridges all around about you see
  A hundred thousand cities, just as plain as plain can be.
There're rows on rows of tenements, thick-crowded, side by side;
And palaces with porticos and doorways open wide;
  There're villas standing quite apart, to awe the passer-by;
  And toward the north a castle rises stiff against the sky.
She never goes to see them, and nobody that one meets
Has come from out those houses or has walked those burnished streets:
  But every day she sits, and while the noisy linnet trills,
  She views her blue-black cities on the ridges of the hills.



I really couldn't help it, for I really couldn't stay;
I had to see those cities—and there was no other way.
For everybody said that they are lovely as can be,
That all the people living there are beautiful to see,
That there is much a-doing, and the sound of traffic fills
My mother's blue-black cities on the ridges of the hills.
I ran away; I walked for miles; the day was very hot;
At last, I reached the hills and was so happy I forgot.
But now I have come back again—you needn't talk to me
About those cities over there that you pretend to see.
Those gleaming streets are yellow grass that glistens in the sun;
It's slippery, and walking there is not a bit of fun.
The tenements are chaparral—that's all—and if you please,
Those villas and those palaces are nothing more than—trees.
The white-oak and the black-oak and the live-oak and the scrub,
The mountain oak and poison oak—that most unpleasant shrub—
Just oak trees; and for people there who might have talked to me,
A wheeling buzzard and three hawks a-sitting in a tree.
The wind swings down the avenues; the noisy cricket shrills:
And that is all the folk in mother's cities on the hills.

COOS BAY'S NORTH BEND



By Francis H. Clarke

ONE hundred and ninety miles south of the mouth of the Columbia river and four hundred miles north of San Francisco, the ocean tide of the Pacific swells over a diminutive bar and sweeps into the mainland fifteen miles and more. Northward a peninsula projects against this tide, bending and dividing it into two great divisions, one of which is known as the lower and the other the inner harbor of Coos Bay. As it enters the bay the waters are deep; the channel broad enough but acceptably narrow; the sand dunes whiten the northern and western shore; the white houses of Empire City and the fir-capped hills and levels of the peninsula diversify the scene and zigzag the skyline east and south. When the bend is reached the channel becomes so narrow as to be less than a mile across and through this the tide rolls in and over an extensive tidal area. Ships from the stormy sea come into Coos Bay for security and the universal verdict of all sea-faring men assigns to Coos Bay the position of the best harbor on the coast between Puget Sound and San Francisco.

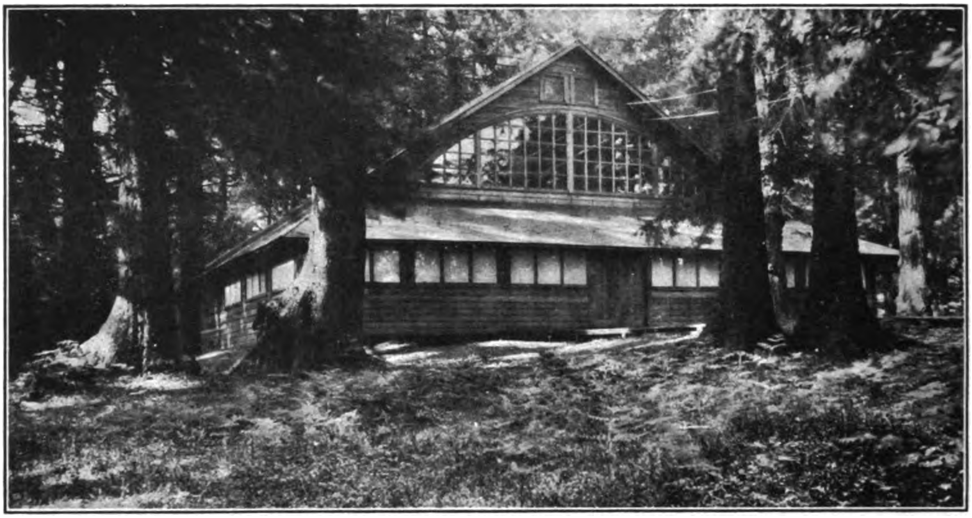
The bend in the bay makes the north end of the peninsula a point. On this are one hundred and sixty acres of land where the virgin forest stands in primeval glory. They are wonderful acres, too, and it is a wonderful forest which covers them. The owner of this tract, A. M. Simpson, forsees a city of no mean proportions on Coos Bay, and proposes to dedicate this land to the uses of that city as a public park. No better monument could be devised to impress future ages, for surely as this point of land suggests the southern end of Manhattan Island, and surely as the tide rolls by from the farthermost extremities of earth—commercial man needs this bay for its shipping and needs this peninsula for a great market place. It is already evident. Twenty-five hundred people are located just south of the park. Even now a great avenue extends from its gates for two miles southward, as Broadway extends northward from Castle Garden. Even now a thriving city revels in department stores, four-story buildings, hospitals, factories, street-car lines, electric lights and a finely built up water front. The spirit of this little city is so vitalized that it brooks no backset, and scorning the mere sentiment and boom of fine names and stilted phrases—it shouts its practical origin and its unfaltering purpose in its slogan—"North Bend—Its Payroll Talks!"

But who cares for cities? Such aggregations are everywhere. There is no question that a city will grow up on Coos Bay peninsula and be as dense and heart-rending and strenuous and pitiless and purse proud as others are the world over. Everybody admits that. If it were only to prove that a city had been started—and that it was destined to greatness—this article would not be worth writing. It would be like trying to place the incontrovertible on a firm basis. With sixty billion feet of timber looking North Bend square in the eye—with millions of tons of coal underlying the whole peninsula and the mainland, too; with the best bay and the best harbor within four hundred miles in any direction; with the world's activities changing base to the Pacific seas; with a climate which knows no winter and is never overheated; with a farming country capable of raising anything and everything; with a dairy country unsurpassed; with fruit orchards abundant and fruit unequaled; there is no doubt of the city or its future bigness. The only question is will it be a city which will have attractions?

Here then is the remarkable advantage which North Bend has over many places. It was born yesterday. Had it been born a quarter, or a half century ago it might not have had Simpson Park. Not yet is the park laid out. There are no nicely graveled avenues and walks. There is no artificiality, no labored arrangement of flower beds, no importation from the tropics. Nature is the only gardener that ever wrought a minute in this park. But she has wrought here with the plain purpose of making a record. Here the giant fir, the towering spruce, the hemlock, pine, cedar, and all the varieties of wood stand in close luxuriance. Here the cypress and myrtle contribute refinement to the wild scene of beauty and profusion. Here all the wild flowers of the coast lend their bloom and fragrance. Here are wonderful hollows which the future landscape artist, when he shall trim and dress this rough gem, must not disturb. Such an opportunity to establish a botanical garden is not presented by any similarly located tract in this country.

North Bend will probably always be North Bend. But it will not always be the city of North Bend. The peninsula contains not more than sixteen square miles and Marshfield, Empire and North Bend are all within that limited area. The people believe in consolidation. They want one city and it is certain to develop if the present growth continues. Already it is conceded that Coos Bay will be the name. All the cities of the peninsula have the water habit. They worship the bay. They rise, eat, go, come, retire, and live with Coos Bay always before and around them. All their carrying business is done on the bay in launches. The farmers, milkmen, drays, cabs,

FROM THE HEIGHTS OF NORTH BEND, LOOKING TOWARD THE HARBOR

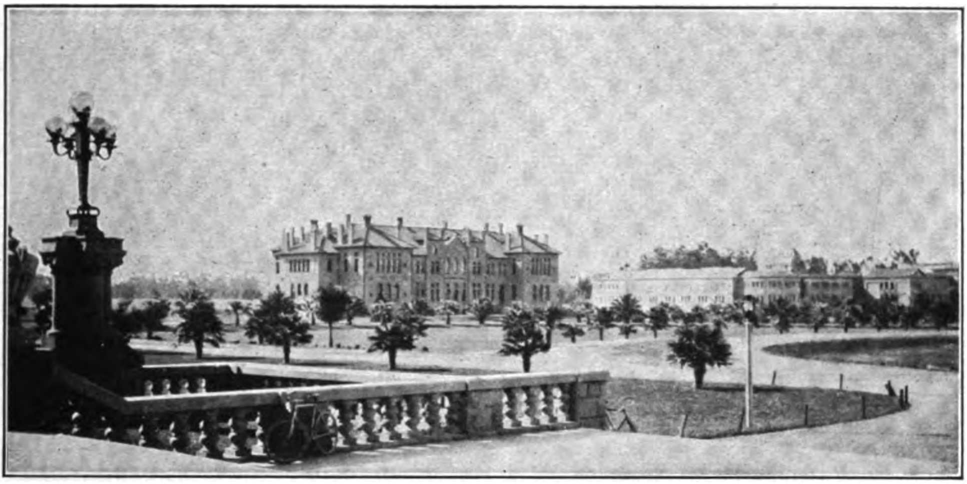


IN SIMPSON PARK, WHERE NATURE EVER WEARS A MANTLE OF GREEN

buses, expressmen and delivery men do their business in launches. The water front is lined at all hours with launches loading and unloading.

North Bend is sure to be a busy part of the city. The railroad coming from Drain will reach North Bend first whether it crosses the bay or not. Glasgow is just across the Narrows opposite the park. If the railroad puts its first station there a ferry will carry the people across to North Bend. The slogan of North Bend—"Its Payroll Talks"—is appropriate. It talks in the form of $60,000 per month. Its saw-mills, factories and jobbing houses are lined along the water front in picturesque array. Its vast resources insure a rapid increase of population and wealth. Its forests abound in hard woods suitable for furniture. Already the furniture and veneer factories have marked it as a furniture center. Myrtle furnishes a veneer which takes a high polish and is very attractive. Port Orford cedar is abundant in the vicinity and is an exceptionally fine ornamental furniture wood. It is easy to see that some day North Bend will supply the market of the coast with furniture and has reasonable expectations of becoming another Grand Rapids.

The lumber interests here are virgin and vast. Midway between Seattle and San Francisco it is the natural outlet for the resourceful interior. Its coal is an excellent quality of lignite. The Government has determined by recent thorough experiments that this coal will produce a fine quality of gas. There are strong indications that natural gas and oil will be developed in this territory soon. The local trade of the bay, its fifteen tidewater inlets, the Ten Mile Lakes, the Umpqua, Coquille and Rogue river valleys, comes naturally to the peninsula and is being absorbed. This absorption is due also to topographical conditions. The Southern Pacific's branch is coming from Drain in the Willamette Valley down the Umpqua river to the coast and Coos Bay. Were it to stop at Coos Bay it would still be a railroad of importance because it would connect the rich interior with the ocean, but Coos Bay people hope it may be the main line between San Francisco and the North, effecting a complete union of all the Pacific cities and seaports—making Seattle, Tacoma, Gray's Harbor, Portland, Astoria, Coos Bay, Eureka, San Francisco, Stockton, Los Angeles and San Diego, stations of one great circuit.



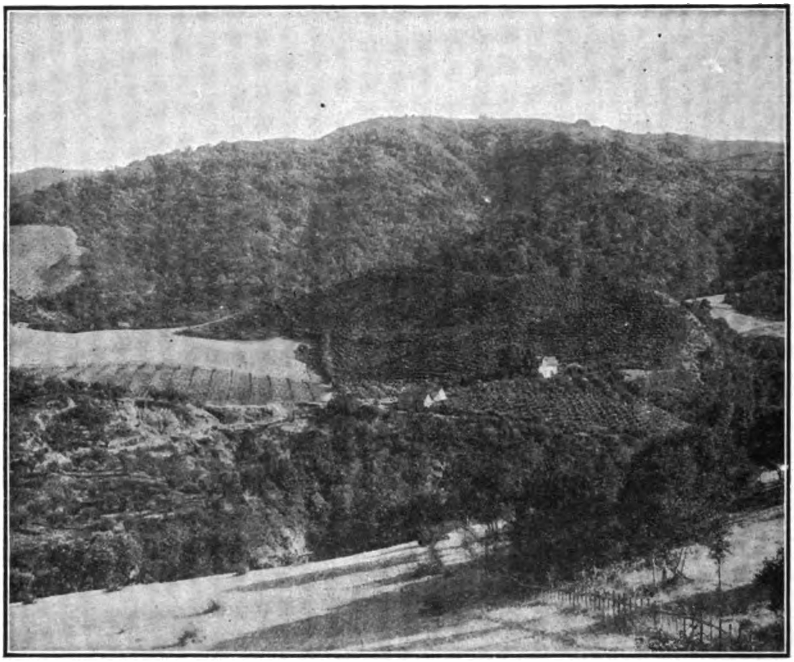
CHEMISTRY BUILDING, STANFORD UNIVERSITY, NEAR THE NEW TOWN OF LELAND

PLANNING AN IDEAL CITY

By KNUTE SULLIVAN

DOWN the San Francisco peninsula near Stanford University an organization of enthusiastic citizens has laid out what they hope will be an ideal city. They have called it Leland, presumably in memory of the same lad, Senator Stanford's son, in whose honor and memory the great university was founded. The town site occupies about one thousand acres of land close by the campus of the university, stretches along the tracks of the Southern Pacific for a mile and a quarter, and extends two miles eastward to the bay. On the shore a harbor will offer ample dockage for both freight and passenger steamers. Across the entire railway frontage an attractive park boulevard will extend from which will lead paved, palm lined avenues, as well as a main boulevard one hundred and fifty feet in width, with a double driveway and six rows of palms extending eastward toward the bay front. Fully thirty-seven miles of the city's thoroughfares will be thus beautified at a cost of not less than a million dollars.

The president of the Leland Improvement Company, W. B. Nash, until recently the cashier of the Market Street Bank, of San Francisco, explains the plan of operation of the company in very few words: "Just make each realty holder an owner of stock in the company and he becomes a co-operator in the city's welfare." Thus it is he explains that anyone wishing to purchase a lot, either for business or residence in Leland, must first become possessor of at least one share of stock in the Leland Improvement Company, thus becoming a member of the company and part owner in all its lands, lots, improvements and utilities. To the extent of ownership of shares in the company's stock, a member becomes a sharer in all profits accruing from advancing values, and from all dividends and sources of revenue beyond the

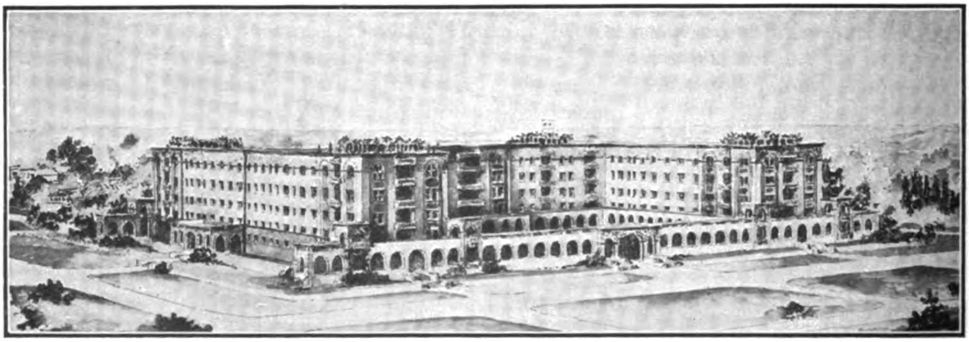


IN THE SANTA CLARA FOOTHILLS, NEAR STANFORD UNIVERSITY

company's guarantee of six per cent interest. A limited amount of the one hundred thousand shares of the capital stock of the company has been placed on the market.

Architectural restraint will be strictly enforced, in order that symmetry of design be preserved. No buildings or fences will be within twenty-five feet of the front line of lots, and no wires may be strung overhead. The company has planned a model system of underground conduiting, reserving a strip of land running through the center of each block which shall remain forever under the company's control; and all sewers, wires, pipes and conduits must be placed there. The company plans a big modern hotel to cost three quarters of a million dollars. The structure will occupy the center of a park of twenty acres.

A library, a perfectly equipped gymnasium, and an opera house are among the plans for the city. A co-educational college and a training school have decided to locate here and it is said that the trustees are planning to expend $150,000 during the ensuing year toward the con-



PROJECTED HOTEL IN THE NEW TOWN OF LELAND

LOOKING TOWARD THE QUAD, LELAND STANFORD UNIVERSITY

struction of their buildings. Several manufacturing firms have applied for space along the shore line of the bay. The organizers count largely upon the superb climate of that section—the foothills of the Santa Clara valley—to attract residents while the educational advantages offered by the great university should prove a strong argument for home seekers.

THE CALL OF JUNE

By JEANETTE CAMPBELL

Gray stifling walls, and cheering store
Of ancient tomes, and learnéd lore;
  Long hours of nerve-distracting chase
  To catch the first elusive trace
  Of some thick veiléd fact or face—
And all about, without, within,
The city's ceaseless, surging din.

Blue skies and hills and trees off there,
And flowers, flowers everywhere!
  A silver streamlet rippling down
  From some far cañon toward the town,
Fraught with the all-compeling lure
Of sylvan shadows, and the pure
  Wide sweep of spaces, still and sweet,
  Far from the throb of hurrying feet.

What leagues away the day-world seems
From this embowered haunt of dreams!
  Who lingers long in such a place
  Must meet the dryads face to face,
Himself a spirit of the wood,
With all its subtleties imbued.

Down dappled glades that stretch away,
A thousand vagrant fancies stray;
  The blue hills guard enchanted ground
  Where from dim dells the syrinx sound
Comes blended with a stir of leaves,
Bird songs, and flower-melodies;
  Soft echoes down the hillsides float
  Now clear, now fainter, now remote
As fair Diana leads her nymphs
Through wooded wynds and labyrinths.

O winsome witchery of June!
With all Arcadia in tune,
  Framing its imagery of old
  In living blue and green and gold,
And luring me this flawless day
To walls of green from walls of gray—
  A grown-up child who but forsook
  The prosy, for the picture book.

In the Wide-Awake West

EDITORIAL COMMENT

MORE ABOUT SAN FRANCISCO

The rebuilding of a big city seems to be a popular sort of entertainment, judging by the interest shown in the April number of SUNSET MAGAZINE, which was largely devoted to the progress of the year. The sales of this number were phenomenal—the edition of eighty thousand copies was exhausted within five days. Demand for this number has come from everywhere. The whole world evidently desired to know how San Francisco had fared in the twelve months of presumed dust and ashes. Pictures and figures told the story in the April number and they are telling it again in this June issue. The camera is not a good falsifier. The sun is so far away from civilization that it doesn't know how not to tell the truth. The photographs here reproduced were taken especially for this magazine. Hundreds more were secured, all equally significant but space does not permit their publication. They show temporary buildings and permanent buildings, all telling of energy, hope and ambition. The ashes are still blowing and there's still considerable scrap iron for the junk pile, but every day shows a new hump, or a tower on the sky line.

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TEACHERS COMING

As the returns come in, all indications point to a crowd of school teachers in Los Angeles early in July to attend the annual convention of the National Educational Association. The committees in the orange belt say they are looking for over thirty thousand teachers and friends, and they promise to show the visitors all that is worth seeing in all parts of California. There are teachers who give the impression of being unable to learn anything more, but there are others who have the characteristics of the really wise who seek for daily enlightenment. It is a barren mind, indeed, which travel will not help, and the visit to California at this season should prove instructive to all, and a merry round of joy.

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DOWN THE PENINSULA

Everyone who has ever been to this Golden Gate city knows it is on the tip end of a sandy peninsula, with ocean on one side, the bay on the other, the gate at the north, and high hills for a southern barrier. Until to-day the easiest way the city could spread was across the bay. So it was the big suburban towns have grown up—Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Rafael and a dozen others. Now the hills to the south have been cut through, trains will soon be running over the so-called Bay Shore cut-off, and the running time between the city and towns down the peninsula will be reduced so that every business man can have his own rose garden and berry patch. Just what this means for the city's development is clearly pointed out in this number in the excellent article by Mr. Steele. Other features of this development of the city and the peninsula will be discussed in similar articles to appear in SUNSET for July and for August. Some ambitious prophet once said that the world of the twentieth century would have three chief cities—London, New York and San Francisco. This cut-off completion is preparing the way for that prophecy to come true. Chicago may scoff and Kalamazoo may kick, but what is a good healthy prophecy for if it is not kept alive and working?

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SOME HANDICAPS

The pictures and the figures and the promises of men all go to show progress, but after it is all done courageous San Franciscans will admit among themselves that the accomplishment has been with some handicaps. During May came more strikes—strikes of telephone operators, of street-car employes, of electricians and metal workers. About the only cheerful thought that comes from these actions is that strikes never occur except at times of prosperity. Just when the city like a convalescent patient had removed a few bandages and was hobbling about on crutches, trying to get well again, the labor unions felt justified in striking one or two disturbing blows. There was arbitration which did not arbitrate, and some police protection which did not protect, and then the citizens—the same crowd that stood together a year ago in time of stress—met, shook hands, talked things over, and agreed to brace things up. It is hard enough work rebuilding a city without having to walk to and from one's work. But the fact that fifty thousand San Franciscans have done this twice during the past year, and have done it more or less cheerfully, is simply an index of the spirit that will not down. Obstacles of fire, flood, shake, strikes or social upheavals—none of these can long hold back or check the steady movement that means the city's resurrection.

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"TRUTHFUL JAMES"

James Gillis, who was at one time a mining partner of Mark Twain but lived that down, and became a staid citizen of Sonora, owner of the Jackass Hill mines, and a man of affairs, passed away at his home in the Sierra foothills a few weeks ago. Mr. Gillis suffered in his ideas of fame by being widely heralded as the original of Bret Harte's "Truthful James." Now, while the quality of being truthful is an estimable one, the reputation of being really "Truthful James" is one that is valued more the farther one gets from Bret Harte's scene of action. And, then again, Mr. Gillis knew that his old-time friend, Jim Townsend, was entitled to the honor of being the real James, and he spent no little time in letter writing and notifying newspapers that Townsend and not he should be sent ringing down the corridors of Time as the man who shook the aces from Ah Sin's capacious sleeves.

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COLLEGE MEN WANTED

As a result of the unprecedented demand for engineers, architects, bank clerks, draughtsmen, chemists, surveyors, stenographers and other men of degree, May L. Cheney, for ten years Appointment Secretary at the University of California, has asked that a man be appointed to look after the filling of positions of this nature. The demand for teachers was never greater than at the present time, and it is more than one person can do to register the graduates who wish to enter this profession, and see that they are sent to the positions in which they will give the best return for their training. A year ago the university undertook to organize the work of recommending the graduates of the technical colleges also. The alumni has been asked to elect a permanent paid secretary of their association, who shall have his headquarters at the university, and who shall combine with his duties as alumni secretary, the work of recommending individual graduates for positions. As the Alumni Association now numbers over seven thousand members, and each Commencement Day adds five hundred more, the mere matter of keeping the official list of addresses requires the continuous oversight of a man of figures, energy and business experience. In November, 1905, the university published a directory of graduates. It had been in the hands of the alumni but a few months when the fire in San Francisco rendered it unreliable as an address list. During the past three months the appointment secretary has undertaken to revise this list, and bring it up to date. With the help of the class secretaries, two thousand, five hundred corrections and changes of addresses were made. These have been published in a pamphlet which will be distributed free to graduates

Since the demand for graduates of the university is so great, the next step is to keep in touch with the alumni. The mining men are the most difficult to handle, and yet with a college of mining which is known all over the world, and which has just moved into the most complete and thoroughly equipped mining building in the world, it is natural that the call for graduates of this department should be many and need the most careful attention. Yet when a man is wanted to go to Peru or South Africa, the very best man for the position may be in Korea or Kalamazoo. Clearly only a systematic registry, with frequent reports from candidates, can ensure prompt and effective action in such cases. All of the work of the alumni secretary will therefore serve the purpose of the appointment secretary's office.

The Harvard alumni have recently established a similar headquarters, combining the work of the secretary of the Alumni Association with that of the appointment secretary, with an office in Boston, as well as one at the university. Their admirable association of Harvard clubs, and class secretaries will be further strengthened by the appointment of this general secretary, who will keep the roll of the graduates, and furnish them with authoritative information in regard to the many activities and the achievements of the members of the university family. Why may not the Berkeley graduates look forward to a similar organization, and eventually the publication of an official organ of their own? Then we should not hear the complaint, now too common, that the older men hear nothing from the university, except when the undergraduates are in need of a new shell for the boating crew, or a new fraternity house.

"Oski wow wow!"

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THE DAYS OF BARANOFF

Jack London, Rex Beach, Bailey Millard and other writers have found in Alaska a mine as rich as any that underlies the tundra at Nome. The literary output of the past few years, of which Alaska has been the theme, is an asset that Secretary Seward reckoned not with when he recommended the purchase of the territory from the Russians. Mrs. Atherton went to Sitka not long ago in order to find material for a novel relating to the Russian occupation of Alaska and the Pacific Coast, but another writer, just as resourceful, had been there before her, and his books bear promise of maintaining a sure standard of fiction relating to Baranoff and his times. In the "Challenge" and in "The Way of the North," Warren Cheney, California poet, editor and man of affairs, struck an extremely high average of literary quality, combined with historic truth. The books have attracted many readers, and his publishers have requested another volume on the same general theme. In this number of SUNSET appears a strong short story by Mr. Cheney, dealing with the same life which he has pictured so graphically in his novels. In "A Question of Strength," a little study of the life of long ago in the far away North is given, and the story has been well pictured (see frontispiece) by Mr. Partington. Here theme, field, writer, painter, are all of the Far West country. The printing of such a combination of entertaining talent is just what this magazine aims to accomplish each month.

THE JULY "SUNSET"

The July number of SUNSET MAGAZINE will include among its features of interest, an article on the development and present aspect of the city of Los Angeles, elaborately illustrated with pictures, especially secured for this purpose. The large number of visitors to the southern metropolis at this season should welcome a thorough-going story of how Los Angeles has happened, and why it is growing up to be one of the big cities of the country. Another story, following up that in this number of the magazine concerning the spread of San Francisco will appear, showing how recent developments are making accessible for residence sites the attractive and alluring hillsides and oak groves, which, in earlier days, could only be possessed by men of much time and more money. The performance of "Nazareth," the Passion Play of Santa Clara, will be told about by that veteran poet and story-teller, Charles Warren Stoddard. Alberta Bancroft contributes a bit of midsummer verse; Laura Bride Powers writes of the restoration of Mission San Antonio; Herman Scheffauer contributes a tribute to California's flaming orange poppy, and authorities on irrigation give facts and figures which should prove of interest to the National Irrigation Convention.

"SPOKANE, HUB OF EMPIRE"

That is the title a progressive man, August Wolf, of Spokane (and Spokane, as pronounced rhymes with man and pan), gives to the growing city, and this is the way he writes about it:

"Spokane, enterprising and public-spirited, alive and virile, awake to its opportunities, will never suffer from arrested development. What has been accomplished in the last six or seven years is a romance of achievement, and 1907 promises to be the greatest in its history. What the future years hold no man can compute, so numerous are the resources and so vast the possibilities presented on all sides. It is progressive and with its growth it gathers strength and sustenance from the fruitful territory, called the Inland Empire, of which it is the hub.

"Not so many years ago the pioneers of Spokane lived in log cabins—to-day they and their children and the thousands who have since come from various points of the compass occupy comfortable homes in what is pronounced the best built city on the continent, situated in the heart of an empire within itself, which has a combination of natural advantages and conditions probably without parallel in this or other countries. Located in the geographical center of one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of the richest timber, mineral, grazing, agricultural and fruit lands in the Pacific Northwest, blessed with a climate which is a commercial asset, streams with almost unlimited water power for the development of electrical energy; steam and electrical railways, leading spoke-like to the east, west, north and south, and various other great industrial and commercial enterprises, Spokane, ideal in its robustness, the city of homes and attractive environments, stands the "Queen City of the Inland Empire," without a possible rival between the Great Lakes and Puget Sound.

"While activity and progressiveness are in evidence on all sides, the tone of the community, perhaps, is the best of Spokane. This is easily demonstrable in its public and private educational institutions and it is more than noticeable religiously. It is democratic in the best sense of the word and its people, whose loyalty is one of the mainstays of the city, have a warm welcome for men and women of brains, energy and capital to develop its natural resources. In its hospitality it has gained an enviable reputation, which extends from coast to coast and from the Far Northland to the Gulf. Its people are doers of things; they have unbounded faith in their city, rightly named "the beautiful," which has just begun its growth and to develop its personality, and they are leaving nothing undone to encourage the commercial and industrial activity to sweep forward on a broader scale.

"Spokane is ambitious, but it is not selfish; its people are doing as much in the interests of the various communities in the Inland Empire as they are for their home city, knowing that with these rich wealths of resources at its back, Spokane will become more important and that a greater empire than has been is certain to follow."

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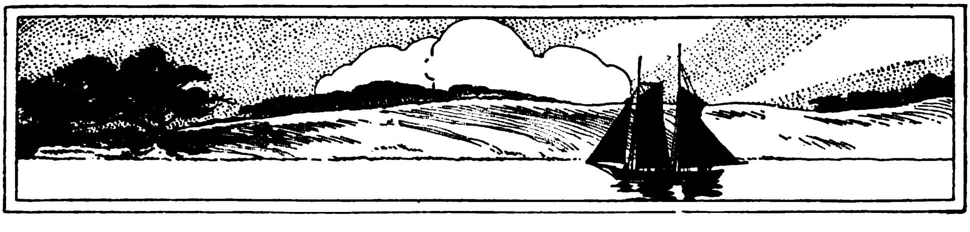
SHORT STORY CONTEST

The offer made by this magazine of ten prizes for the ten best short stories of the West, attracted the attention of a number of the best writers. When the contest closed, fifty-three manuscripts, each averaging about four thousand words in length, had been received. They came, not merely from the West, but from all parts of the country. The prize offer consisted of a free railroad journey for two persons between any two points in California, with ten days' accommodations at any high-class resort. The names of the winners and one of the stories will be printed in SUNSET for July.



WITH WESTERN WRITERS

"THE DIARY OF A FORTY-NINER"

In the "Diary of a Forty-niner," Chauncey L. Canfield, a well-known Pacific Coast railroad man, has taken from his memory many entertaining recollections. A former San Franciscan (Morgan Shepard), now located in New York in the publishing business, has presented this story of the past in an extremely attractive form. The writer as a lad ranged over the Sierra foothills with his father during the gold-mining days, and the interest aroused then has since kept him in close touch with the happenings of what he has elsewhere designated as the Bret Harte country. This forty-niner's diary, by an odd anomaly, begins in May, 1850, and runs along to June 17, 1852. It is a good picture of the routine life of those days, with enough of romance run in to keep the action moving. A carefully drawn map attached shows the geographical location of Greenhorn creek, Badger hill, Saleratus ranch, Jericho, Humbug, Poverty hill, and other picturesquely named points of the mining country.

Here is the story of the first edict that the Chinese must go, as told by Mr. Canfield:

> The miners on Deer creek, below the town, turned out last week and drove all of the Chinamen off that stream. The heathen had got to be impudent and aggressive, taking up claims the same as white men and appropriating water without asking leave. They cut one of the miner's dams, and when he attempted to repair it, chased him away, brandishing their shovels and making a great hullabaloo. He passed the word up and down the creek, and that afternoon about fifty miners gathered together, ran the Chinamen out of the district, broke up their pumps and boxes, tore out their dams, destroyed their ditches, burned up their cabins and warned them not to come back under penalty of being shot if they made a reappearance. The miners' actions are generally endorsed and there is a disposition to bar the chinks out of the district. It is said that they are coming to the state by thousands, and, if not molested, they would soon overrun the country.

An epilogue to the book notes the happenings in San Francisco of a year ago, and the writer pays a loving tribute to the city by the bay. The "Diary" is a book that all Californians, old and new, should read.

* * *

"OPPORTUNITY" AGAIN

Walter Malone, of Louisville, has written considerable verse, and has put it in book form. His latest volume is "Songs of East and West" (Morton & Company, Louisville). He has a neat turn at rhyming, and is wise enough to come to the West for many of his ideas. Incidentally, he has a poem on "Opportunity," replying to the late Senator Ingalls' famous sonnet. Mr. Malone says of "Opportunity":

They do me wrong who say I come no more
  When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
  And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances past away,
  Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day,—
  At sunrise every soul is born again!

In the "Youth of Messiah," Edward Farquhar tells in graceful rhymes of the boyhood of Christ. He prefaces his verse by explaining that the material is supposed to have been found in an ancient manuscript newly discovered. The best that can be said about the book is that it is better poetry than the publisher (Badger, of Boston) usually puts out.

★ ★ ★

A timely volume is "Spots" or "202 Cleansers," compiled by Clarice Courvoisier (Paul Elder & Company). Here one may learn how to clean anything from a smoky chimney to a supervisor's record.

★ ★ ★

STORY OF THE RUSTLERS

The latest story of the West is "Langford of the Three Bars" (McClurg, Chicago), by Kate and Virgil D. Boyes. Everyone is going to like this capital story about South Dakota in the days when the "rustlers" held sway in the cattle country—when they owned the deputy sheriffs and the juries—owned almost everybody except Paul Langford and Gordon, the county attorney. For Langford, Langford of the Three Bars Ranch, was another kind. "Here was a man—a god-like type with his sunny hair and his great strength. This was the man who had thrown not only the whole weight of his personal influence, which was much, but his whole-hearted and aggressive service as well, into the long and bitter fight." And Richard Gordon was another such, although every one seemed against him and against his law. Yet a few brave words from a girl he had just met—a girl of the kind he had not seen for years—came just in time to stir him from his discouragement. There is another girl, too, Mary Williston, who will make the same thorough conquest of the reader that she did of Langford. Then there is Jim Munson, a splendid characterization of the real cowboy, whose whole life is bound up in the Three Bars "outfit," and against him the sinister figure of Jesse Black, who makes all the trouble—and the story as well. Seldom has a book contained so many characters that stand for plains life as it actually was in those days, or so many that have the faculty of appealing to the reader. The illustrations by N. C. Wyeth strike one foolishly, and suggest that the artist ought to get in closer touch with his subject. His horses all look like dray animals just turned out to pasture, and his cowboys are the craziest looking hoboes that ever came over the pike. The bronco of the cattleman is a type of horse that can not be mistaken and artist Wyeth ought to realize his limitations and wake up.

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THE LAND OF CLIFF DWELLERS

In this volume, "On the Great American Plateau, Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden (G. P. Putnam's Sons), reprints from *Harper's Magazine* and the *American Anthropologist,* a series of entertaining articles relating to the great American plateau. This plateau, as Dr. Prudden considers it, comprises that vast section of the United States west of the Rocky mountains, reaching far into Wyoming, touching the border lands of Utah and Colorado, and broadening southward over the upper half of Arizona and New Mexico. "This land", says the author, "of mighty wind-swept uplands and bewildering gorges, of forest and desert and plain, lies to-day almost as the Spaniards found it more than three hundred years ago. Some favored valleys have yielded to the magic touch of irrigation, and small farming hamlets nestle beside the waterways. Along the line of the few railways which have pushed across the plateau in quest of the Pacific, are widely sundered, uncouth, villages. But get out of sight of the settlements and out of hearing of the locomotives, and you are face to face with the naked earth as the great sculptors, flood, wind, and sand, have left it." Through the country of the primitive house builders and the cliff dwellers, the author has gone and he tells graphically of the charms of that land of the sun. The book is well illustrated by halftone engravings made from photographs, and with original drawings by Edward Leaming.

TO THE DESERT FOR HEALTH

"This Labyrinthine Life" is a somewhat confusing title of a story of the Arizona desert (Dodge & Co., New York). The writer is George Alexander Fischer. The book contains four hundred pages of fiction, dreadfully illustrated and not over well written. He pictures the value of the desert country for sufferers from tuberculosis. The idea is a mighty good one—the pity being that the story was not better done. There is enough fact here, though, to hold attention—the desert's offer of the boon of health to those who think enough of it to go there and live in the open. From the desert country, the people of the story move to the California foothills for a permanent home; there they enjoy sleeping out-of-doors, and in making an easy living in that attractive climate. The book is full of suggestions for combating the great white plague.

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TO BOHEMIANS

Here are some heart-felt words written by Charles K. Field for a recent reunion of wanderers of San Francisco's Bohemian club:

THE PRODIGALS

They wander through the world afar,
'Neath many an alien sky,
Where unaccustomed pleasures are,
Or fancied fortunes lie;
But still they seek the friendly fires
That star Bohemia's dome,
And dearer than the world's desires
They find the welcome home.

It matters not what music weaves
Its spell in foreign air;
The voice that sings through redwood leaves
Will haunt them everywhere;
Whatever joy may sparkle up
Through stranger wassail-foam,
The love-light in Bohemia's cup
At length must guide them home.

Then here's to every man away,
Who sails on other seas;
Good fortune speed the shining day
He finds the homeward breeze.
If glad or sad the heart he brings,
If rich or poor he come,
The Owl will spread his big brown wings
And give him welcome home.

"THE GREATER AMERICA"

Here is a book that ought to make the muck-raking microbe run away and hide. The author is Ralph D. Paine, assistant editor of *Outing*, and the book is put forth by the Outing Publishing Company. The author says in his introduction: "This book is a record of impressions of a western journey undertaken for the purpose of getting out among some of the millions of good Americans who are doing their day's work as they find it, with a cheerful faith in themselves and an abounding confidence in the future of their country. This product of my note-books contains nothing that is startlingly new, nor does it pretend to be more than a series of glimpses of the splendid activities of the American West of to-day." The development of Montana copper mines, the timber country on the Great Lakes, in the Nevada gold district, on the pilot schooner's deck off San Francisco harbor—all these themes are told about in an entertaining manner, and in a way to show that high-class, vigorous men are as busily at work to-day as they ever were; that all is not graft and dishonesty, but that truth and integrity are attributes that are very much alive, especially in the great West country.

★ ★ ★

In "Westward the Course of Empire" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Montgomery Schuyler tells of the first run of the Los Angeles Limited train. Evidently Mr. Schuyler had an extremely good time, and he suggests that other people who want as good a time go and do as he has done. The volume is made up from a series of articles which were printed originally in the New York *Times*. It makes a good story of the run across the country—a country that is every year, by reason of better communication, growing nearer to the congested centers of the Eastern states.

★ ★ ★

SCHEFFAUER'S PROPHECY

Herman Scheffauer, poet, artist and historian, who has been abroad for the past two years, is on his way home. He is in New York at present writing for various magazines, but expects to reach San Francisco during the summer. He was in London during the disaster of last year, and promptly contributed a number of articles concerning San Francisco to the English publications. In the course of an article in the *Fortnightly Review,* he gives this assurance and prophecy:

> The Great Change has become the Great Chance, although it came in violence with coals of fire and ashen rains. The coat-of-arms of San Francisco shows a phœnix rising from the flames. Its motto is: Gold in Peace, Iron in War. In earthquake, conflagration and affliction, both gold and iron have stood the test. What is to be the youngest, fairest and strongest of cities is once more lifting up her head and smiling on sea and sky. Voicing the cry of her people and their invincible desire, one of her poets, Edwin Markham, sends forth a call in song:
>
> "Build greatly, men, for she must shine
> With Athens of the Singing Nine—
> Build airily, for she must stand
> With Shiraz of the Rose-Sweet Land—
> Build strongly, for her name must be
> With Carthage of the Sail-White Sea."

★ ★ ★

A STORY OF DISASTER

In a little book of close to three hundred pages (published by the Edward Hilton Company, of San Francisco), Frank W. Aitken and Edward Hilton summarize, with reasonable fairness, the history of San Francisco's disaster of April, 1906. The pictures by which the book is illustrated are emtremely poor and inadequate, and the story itself a trifle exaggerated, but as a whole the work has been fairly well done, and the book should have a permanent place in the literature of the city's trouble. The writers point out that the principal damage to the city by earthquake was done on filled land, and that the city would have come off very well had not the disastrous fire spread uncontroled. The book contains a statement of the disposition of the relief fund, insurance settlements, and outlines plans of rebuilding. The writers note that "the material city that has been hurt; the real city is uninjured. The spirit is there; the 'atmosphere', the city's life. Once again, San Francisco, the joyous-hearted, is pulsing with the vigor of achievement, full of the joy of living. Soon will come a time when all that has been suffered will seem but a passing storm, which for a time made all dark and drear." And for this glory be.

★ ★ ★

"MY LIFE AS AN INDIAN"

This is a good story of a novel sort of existence, written by a man who knows of what he speaks. Mr. Schultz lived for many years among the Blackfoot Indians, possessing an Indian wife, and enjoying life on the plains. It is a life that is fast passing, and the American people owe Mr. Schultz more than they can pay him for putting down his impressions so faithfully. He was largely inspired to do this by Editor George Bird Grinnell of *Forest and Stream,* and the chapters of the volume were published recently in that weekly, under the title "In the Lodges of the Blackfeet." Reviewing these papers and the book, Mr. Grinnell truthfully says:

"The book has extraordinary interest as a human document. It is a study of human nature in red. The author has penetrated the veil of racial indifference and misunderstanding and has got close to the heart of the people about whom he writes. Such an intimate revelation of the domestic life of the Indians has never before been written. The sympathetic insight everywhere evident is everywhere convincing. We feel that the men and the women portrayed are men and women of actual living existence. And while in the lodges on the Marias the elemental passions have fuller and franker sway, we recognize in the Blackfeet as here revealed a creature of common humanity like our own. His are the same loves and hates and hopes and fears. The motives which move him are those which move us. The Indian is the white man without the veneer of civilization." The writer has long ago abandoned his wild life and has been trying life in the cities, but he cares little for it and longs for the freedom of the plains. At last reports he was going back to get material for another book. The venture will be well worth it if he gets as good material as the story that is told in the present volume.

HONORING INA COOLBRITH

Praise and greeting in prose and verse came to Ina Coolbrith at San Jose a few weeks ago. It was a well deserved tribute to the poet whose verse has led California's literary procession for as many years as there are years since Bret Harte days. The big fire destroyed her storehouse of treasures and Fortune treated her otherwise unkindly, but friends and philosophy have come to cheer her, and occasional products of her pen are seen in various publications. At the San Jose gathering, Clarence Urmy among other poets, had this to say concerning the honored guest:

Poppy Fields, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Tell her that our buds unfold
More of grace and more of gold
Since her singing chanced to stray
O'er this land with blossoms gay."

Redwood Groves, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Of a primal love sincere
Whereby we her name revere,
Teaching it to sprite and fay
And to tender, new-born spray."

Western Winds, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Tell her how we bear afar
Songs of hers from star to star,
Where they sweep and swing and sway
Till the angels homage pay."

Sun-down Seas, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Tell how Wave and Shore desire
Speech like that of her fond lyre.
How they fain would learn one lay
That her golden strings convey."

Sunset Skies, what shall I say?
"Tell her of our love, alway;
Tell her of the peace that lies
Far beyond all earthly skies,
Peace that shall be hers for aye
When shall dawn that Perfect Day."

As an expression of her present state of mind, as well as her poetic power, the following poem, printed recently in *Putnam's Magazine,* is of interest:

SAN FRANCISCO

In ended days, a child, I trod thy sands,
The sands unbuilded rank with bush and brier
And blossom—chased the sea-foam on thy strands,
Young city of my love and my desire!

I saw thy barren hills against the skies,
I saw them topped with minaret and spire,
On plain and slope thy myriad walls arise,
Fair city of my love and my desire!

With thee the Orient touched heart and hands:
The world's rich argosies lay at thy feet;
Queen of the fairest land of all the lands—
Our sunset-glory, proud and strong and sweet!

I saw thee in thine anguish! tortured, prone,
Rent with the earth-throes, garmented in fire!
Each wound upon thy breast upon my own,
Sad city of my love and my desire!

Gray wind-blown ashes, broken, toppling wall
And ruined hearth—are these thy funeral pyre.
Black desolation covering as a pall—
Is this the end, my love and my desire?

Nay, strong, undaunted, thoughtless of despair,
The Will that builded thee shall build again,
And all thy broken promise spring more fair,
Thou mighty mother of as mighty men!

Thou wilt arise invincible, supreme!
The earth to voice thy glory never tire,
And song, unborn, shall chant no nobler theme,
Proud city of my love and my desire!

But I—shall see thee ever as of old!
Thy wraith of pearl, wall, minaret, and spire,
Framed in the mists that veil thy Gate of Gold,
Lost city of my love and my desire!

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

DEVOTED TO TIMELY FACTS OF MATERIAL PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST

SAN ANTONIO RESTORED

ON San Antonio's day, June 13, the restoration of the Mission San Antonio by the California Landmarks League will be celebrated as in the days of old, amid scenes that have known no change since the passing of the padres. Here lingers still the aroma of days before the gringo came—it is a bit of Old World forgot. The celebration will consist of mass in the restored church, with an address upon the history of the idyllic old landmark, visits to the surviving evidences of the early civilization, mills, conduits, wells, baths, etc., and luncheon under the willows of the San Antonio river.

When the roof of the church fell, the feast day was celebrated in the vestibule; when the vestibule became unsafe, an enramada (arbor made of branches) was erected, and beneath its shade the people gathered from the mountains and valleys round about, to participate in the quaint and beautiful service. Everybody goes. Work ceases in the whole countryside on San Antonio day, and this day—the one hundred and thirty-sixth anniversary and the restoration celebration in one—will be a red letter day in truth.

The only remaining Indian family, the Encinals, will attend, Doña Perfecta having come to the Mission as a bride. And a truly wonderful old woman is she! Besides these interesting people, the descendants of the Mexicans and Spaniards who lie sleeping in the Mission churchyard, will be there, every man of them. Artists, take note. There are magnificent types among them.

The Mission is twenty-six miles south of King's City, Monterey county, on El Camino Real—every step of the way, and a capital road, particularly the run out of King's City to Jolon, and thence to the Mission. At Jolon is the wayside inn that entertained the traveler of old on his way to Los Angeles, and that still holds forth a welcome to the weary. An overnight stop may be made here, running out to the Mission (six miles) in the morning.

The trip can be made from San Francisco by train in two days comfortably. And by team or automobile from any point in Monterey county; the roads here are in excellent condition in summer, being oiled regularly.

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THE COMING EDUCATORS

THIS year California is to entertain the National Educational Association for the third time. In 1888 the annual meeting was held in San Francisco. In 1899 the association met in Los Angeles. Last year San Francisco was to have entertained the organization again; circumstances prevented, and now Los Angeles has been chosen, and according to present indications, will make the July meeting of true California proportions. The fact that this will be the half-century anniversary meeting lends it special interest, the association having been organized in Philadelphia fifty years ago.

This is the largest educational organization in the world. Thirty-five thousand teachers attended the general session in Boston two years ago. While the serious work of the association is done largely in the department meetings, and in the sessions of the national council, where the subjects of special interest are discussed, there is no question that the organization as a whole wields a powerful influence. All other countries have a federal organization of education. The United States has no such organization, and the national educational association supplies a unifying agent of the greatest value to the country. The social side of the great summer convention is another valuable influence. It has been said that good fellowship and the inspiration that comes from meeting face to face, and hearing wisdom from the lips of the leaders of educational thought, are the magnets that draw the vast crowds to these meetings. The worst feature of the teacher's calling is the isolation it entails.

These great conventions would be worth all they cost if they served no other purpose than to lure the country school teacher from her narrow environment, and introduced her to the wider view through contact with her fellows. No fault should be found, therefore, with the committee which has just issued a booklet "About a Vacation in California and Its Cost," and painted in vivid colors the advantages of an outing including trips to the famous beaches of southern California, a visit to the new San Francisco, to Del Monte, to the Yosemite Valley, King's river Cañon, Tahoe, or the Shasta region, with a possible stop at the Grand Cañon, all as an incident, of course, of a four days' stay at the great educational convention, or a six weeks' attendance at the summer session of the University of California or the State Normal School at San Jose. Tally-ho rides and an excursion in the glass-bottomed boat at Catalina have an educational value.

Nobody understands the inexorable law of the rhythm of work and play better than the school teacher, and the programme of this great convention illustrates it. There are to be addresses by Hon. William T. Harris, Superintendent Schaeffer, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; the President of the Association, President Wheeler, of the University of California, Professor John Adams, of University College, London, England, and other men of note. But these will not occupy all of the time, and a very competent committee on entertainment proposes to fill in all the interludes with excursions and social meetings.

The most liberal rates (generally one fare plus the two dollars membership fee, for the round trip), have been obtained from all the railroads, with the privilege of going by one route and returning by another, and liberal extensions of time and stopover privileges, and all of these privileges are extended to librarians and teachers and their families, from June 1 to September 15, provided they reach Los Angeles by July 8. The convention will be in session from July 8 to 12. The membership committee pledged five thousand members from California and five thousand more from the Pacific Coast and Rocky mountain states. There should be no difficulty in redeeming this pledge, and making this west coast convention and fiftieth anniversary of the N. E. A. the largest meeting ever held. James A. Barr, of Stockton, is the chairman of the membership committee, and can furnish full particulars about dates and rates.

MAY L. CHENEY.

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ONE YEAR AFTER

I'm going back, I'm going back—
I know I ran away,
But now I'm on the homeward track,
I'm going back to stay.

Oh I'll admit that I was scared
And joined the Down and Outs,
And with the fleeing hundreds shared
The loud-mouthed croakers' shouts.

They said the town was gone for good
In ruined blackened heaps,
And be rebuilt it never would,
It sure was dead for keeps.

So many, many miles afar
I tried to make my stand,
But everywhere I got a jar
In strange and distant land.

I blistered in the burning East—
Baked dry as summer log,
And longed for one more grateful feast
Of cooling western fog.

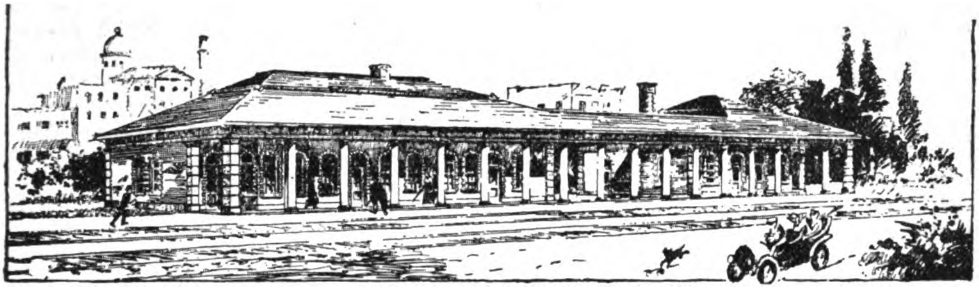
I froze amidst the blizzards sleet,
I floundered in the snow;
A cyclone struck my next retreat,
My days were endless woe.

Then, too, the people chill and stern,
Not like our friendly folk,
Made strong the wish I had to turn
To HOME out on the slope.

I hear the old town's building fast—
Sky-scrapers rising high;
That debris days are nearly past,
And Prosp'rous times are nigh.

Then westward ho! for me I say,
Ho, for the Golden State!
To San Francisco on the bay,
The city by the Gate.

J. M. C.



ADAPTATION OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE TYPE TO RAILWAY ARCHITECTURE—PROJECTED STATION OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY AT FIRST AND BROADWAY, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

A MODERN STATION

THAT good art can enter into the construction of so useful a thing as a railway station is well shown by the series of buildings now under construction throughout the West by the Southern Pacific Company. These include two classes of buildings, one the elaborate metropolitan depot; the other the smaller, but no less useful suburban and intermediate town station. One of the most effective of buildings now under way is that for which contracts have been let, to be located on First street in Oakland, between Broadway and Franklin streets. It is a long, low structure of the French renaissance order of architecture, and will cost when complete close to $25,000. It is to be built of pressed brick, reinforced concrete and California redwood. The general lines are shown in the accompanying engravings. It is adapted especially to the climatic conditions, the overhanging shelter being especially necessary during the California rainy season. The platforms about the porch will be of tile, and the roof of slate. The interior will comprise the usual waiting rooms, artistically finished in redwood paneling and beamed ceiling, each containing large stone fireplaces. There will also be a baggage room, smoking room and news stand. The express office will be in a separate building, connected by a covered passageway. In the rear of the station will be an attractive garden, with flowers and blooming vines, such as can only be effectively grown the year around in a region like this where the climate is ever kind.

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MADE IN THE SOUTH

MOST of the world has a habit of thinking of the southern part of California as a land only of fruit, flowers and fresh air. And for many years Southern California has been content to be thought of for this and nothing more—surely a sufficient and an enviable claim to fame. But gradually, so gradually that its own people are scarcely conscious of the fact, this part of California has bourgeoned in another direction—one in which it is destined broadly to grow. During the past year the manufacturing industries of Los Angeles and vicinity have shown a product of $50,000,000. To acquaint not only the people at home but also the many thousand visitors of the Shriners' conclave with this new-found fact was the object of a "Made in Southern California Exposition" held in Los Angeles under the auspices of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association early in May. One hundred and fifteen different manufacturers were represented in this exposition, each with some portion of his plant in actual operation in the exposition building. Everything was made while you waited from baby food to automobile parts, and from soap to tin cans and mining machinery. After a trip through the exhibit, about the only thing an average, every-day mind could think of that was not there was leather shoes. And there was a compromise on this point by the making of felt shoes.

There were food stuffs for which Los Angeles has already gained a national reputation, such as crystallized fruits, jams and preserves; olives and olive oil, beet sugar, honey, condensed milk and catsup; green chilis, of which a million cans were sold last year, the million cans being one of eighty million tin cans which were the output of a single can factory among the exhibitors.

Among the unique features was the honey booth which was built entirely of the honey comb. California wine spouted continuously from a fountain and was free to visitors. This and the free distribution of samples of all food stuffs made necessary a small admission fee for the purpose of keeping out the perpetual free-lunch hunters. A notable display was that of a gas engine company which had in operation a pump throwing a volume of water twenty feet into the air, where it was caught by an arrangement of glass plates over electric lights and released in a beautiful cascade.

Visitors could watch the process of tanning leather and later see how it was made into trunks and harness. At the next booth, perhaps, it was macaroni, and beyond that, paint or art tile and pottery. They saw in the making the new straw board which is to replace wood now used for orange and lemon boxes and which utilizes waste straw. And among the interesting facts they could put down in a corner of their gray matter to carry home with them were these:

Los Angeles has the largest manufactory of assaying machinery in the world, and forty-two separate plants were shipped from there to South Africa last year. Another Los Angeles concern is one of the largest three in the United States, manufacturing concentrators and mining machinery.

Everything known in the line of structural iron is made in Los Angeles in immense quantities. More automobiles were made by one Los Angeles manufacturer and sold there than were sold last year in Los Angeles by all the eastern manufacturers put together, and that in a city with more automobiles in proportion to its population than any other city in the country, with one exception.

A carriage company, formerly of Cincinnati, now makes in Los Angeles everything from a delivery wagon to a trap. Eleven thousand stoves were the output of one factory last year, while another turned out thousands of electric heaters, irons and various other electrical appliances.

Of course there were too many things for mortal mind to remember, but one of the sights of a lifetime was that of all the newspapers lined up in the lobby side by side with exhibits from old Washington hand presses to the most improved linotpye machines, a truce from their eternal warfare declared for the time in the interest of passing on the good word that the southern part of California is able to manufacture almost all the needfuls not only for herself but for her neighbors.

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THE SHRINERS' PILGRIMAGE

OVER the hot sands of the desert, from every corner of the United States and beyond the border, traveled the red-fezed caravans of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine toward the oasis of Los Angeles.

The hoodoo that hovers over postponed entertainments must have fallen asleep on duty, and the appetites whetted by the promises of last year, left unaccepted by the edict of the Imperial Potentate after the San Francisco fire, were but keener for the delay and apparently lacked nothing for their gratification. Not only Los Angeles, but the neighboring beach towns were thrown wide open to the visiting nobles and their ladies, and no hours of day or evening from May 5 to 11, were without some plan of entertainment. Nor was any coin of Arabic stamp found to be legal tender in the oasis of Los Angeles. Everything was without money and without price to anyone wearing a fez or showing the emblem of crescent and scimeter. Boats were chartered for the exclusive use of the visitors for a trip to Catalina, automobiles and tally-hos were at the doors of their hotels every hour of the day for drives about the city, special cars bore them to Pasadena, Long Beach, Venice and to the great Spanish barbecue at the White City on Baldwin's ranch. For two nights all the seats in two theaters were bought by Al Malaikah Temple, the host of the occasion, and any seat was free to anyone bearing the mystic emblem.

On three evenings occurred the electrical Turkish and Moorish pageant. At its head was the emblem of the Shriners in glittering lights resting on four sphinxes. Following this came in solid platoons a mile of Shriners in evening dress and fez, and at least a dozen patrols in costume, hosts and guests uniting as an advance guard to the gorgeous spectacle of electrical floats representing precious jewels.

But the feature of the programme was that typical, semi-tropical féte for which Los Angeles is famous—La Fiesta de las Flores. Truly is it a feast of flowers, and never was it more bounteous than this year when plentiful rain has set every garden abloom and every hillside ablaze with color. Even Californians do not tire of the flower parade and visitors never get through oh-ing and ah-ing. All the old favorites were in line, rose-covered traps, sweet pea victorias, geranium coaches, carnation tally-hos, and automobiles without end, and in every variety of bloom and color from the purple of the bougainvillea to the gold of the California poppy. The firemen were there with their engines and trucks, half hidden with blossoms, and the letter carriers, nearly two hundred strong, marched with a float and showed by their numbers that Los Angeles has left its village days far behind.

The street decorations were more beautiful than in any previous year. The permanent decorative lighting of Main, Spring, Broadway and Hill streets is distinctive in itself, and this was augmented by a canopy of lights strung on the span wires of the car lines, lifted high like a tent at the street intersections. None of the gaudy bunting of past years was used by the committee, and as far as possible the decoration of business houses was confined to flags and flowers. Any village anywhere can use bunting profusely on its gala occasions but only in California are flowers plentiful enough for their lavish use in street decorations. Merchants eagerly took up the suggestion and vied with one another in filling their display windows with all sorts of gorgeous blooms.

It was a wondrous show.

Great are the Los Angeleños.

BERTHA H. SMITH.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE financial condition of the University of California, its resources, the value of its property, the care of its endowment, its sources of income, the comparative cost of its varied activities,—all these matters are discussed in the annual report of Secretary Victor H. Henderson to the Regents of the University, recently issued from the State Printing Office at Sacramento.

That greater productivity is assured an endowment given to the University of California than would be possible with practically all the other leading American universities is pointed out by the report. The rate of income on the endowment pool last year was five and ninety-nine one-hundredths per cent, or from one to two per cent higher than the income rate on endowment netted by most American universities.

A national university, a state university, a privately endowed university—all three of these is the University of California. Of last year's receipts, twenty-six and seven-tenths per cent came by the gift of private citizens; seventeen and seven-tenths per cent from an endowment in large part created by such gifts in the past; three and seven-tenths per cent from the nation; forty-three and four-tenths per cent from the State of California; five and two-tenths per cent from the students; and three and three-tenths per cent from all other sources. Of the endowment of the University, sixteen and eighty-eight one-hundredths per cent came from the United States through its land grants; seventeen and thirty-eight one-hundredths per cent from the state through its conveyance to the University of national land grants; fifty-seven and two-tenths per cent from the generosity of individuals; six and seven-tenths per cent from the capitalization of savings and income; and one and eighty-four one-hundredths per cent from all other sources.

The income available during the year ending June 30 last, for the current educational and administrative expenses of the University, was $615,218.39. The moneys for the support of the Lick Observatory, anthropological research, the symphony concerts, and the Wilmerding Trades School, and for permanent improvement work, brought the total income for the year to $851,870.94; including, however, gifts for endowment and gifts of real estate and improvements, the total receipts for the year were $1,094,787.64.

Of the outlay for the year, $617,759.61 was devoted to the current educational and administrative expenses. Of this total, $83,927.57 was dedicated directly to agricultural work—that is, about one-fourth as much as was spent on all the other departments at Berkeley, $351,994.49 representing the support of the other Berkeley departments. The expenditures of the University for all purposes during 1905-06 were $916,664.87, this figure including building operations, the Wilmerding School, the Lick Observatory, and all other university undertakings. The assets of the University are recorded in the annual balance sheet as $9,302,476.28. Of this total, the principal items are: Real estate and improvements, $3,947,017.74; income-producing investments, $3,461,869.10; equipment (including library), $1,481,275.97.

A proper Agricultural Building, an adequate University Library—these are emphasized as the most urgent material needs of the University. While a fourth of the Berkeley educational expenditure is for agriculture, the housing for this complex and important work is miserably cramped. At the universities of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois, the agricultural plant represents an investment of a quarter of a million to a million dollars.

"Mining instruction at Berkeley," says the report, "will be housed hereafter in a superb half-million-dollar edifice reared by the generosity of a single California woman. Surely it is shameful that the pursuit of agriculture, followed by a fourth part of the people of California, and basis of the welfare of all of them, should have for habitation at the University one little frame building and two sheds, the three valued on the books of the University at $9,400.00. For a permanent Agricultural Building, $250,000.00 has been asked of the present Legislature. The place designated on the campus is west of California Hall, on the old football field. The building would face north, and be one of the first reached by all coming to the University through the chief approach to the campus—from the west."

The library is the very heart of every university, essential for the work of every department. An adequate library building, wherein may be safely housed the two hundred thousand volumes and the hundred thousand manuscripts to which the University collections have now grown, is pointed out as an immediate necessity. The money value of this great collection is probably in excess of a million dollars. The installation of the library in a modern fire-resistive building is a precaution that should no longer be neglected. The bequest of Mr. Charles F. Doe will furnish about half a million dollars toward the erection of a library; but the rest of the funds for an adequate building must be sought by the University elsewhere.

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AN OLD STAGE LINE

"ATCHISON to California in thirty-five days; fare only $200 in gold."

This was the heading of an old handbill, yellow with age, which a traveler laid upon the counter in a railway ticket office the other day. It was an advertisement, notes the Kansas City *Star,* of a line of stage coaches that ran from Atchison, Kansas to San Francisco during the gold excitement of years ago.

"People seldom stop to think what their poor ancestors had to put up with fifty years ago," the man said. He was comparing the old time table with a modern railway time table, which told of the luxuries one could have by traveling on that road. No dust, no jarring and all other disagreeable features eliminated.

The old time table was a double sheet of paper, torn and yellow with age. It was issued by the Atchison and California stage coach line in 1857. The inducements it held forth were in strange contrast with those of the modern railroad advertisement. The stage coach line advertised that it had recently refurnished the entire "road" with absolutely new wagonettes, and it told what kind of coaches they were, how the springs were made and of what strength they were. It even said that the coaches were painted in the "best manner possible." The horses that drew the coaches were described, too, as the best.

An inducement that was held out on the time table to prospective passengers was a stop-over privilege.

"Passengers who had paid their entire fare from Atchison or other points to their destination," the paper said, "may register with our agents. A stop-over privilege is then given for any place on the road."

The time of the stop-over was unlimited. The time table provided that a passenger might resume the journey whenever there was an empty seat in the stage coach.

"We make quicker time to California than any other stage coach line and at a cheaper rate," the pamphlet stated. It went on to say that for $200 a person could ride all the way from Atchison, Kansas, to the gold fields of California.

"The distance is 1,913 miles," was stated on the time table; "the longest distance ever attempted by a stage coach line. Atchison to California in thirty-five days."

A boast was made that there were twelve telegraph stations on the road to California and that eating places had been established along the road where good meals could be had at the nominal price of $3. Every passenger was allowed twenty-five pounds of baggage, consisting of wearing apparel and other necessary baggage. All over that amount must be paid for at a rate of fifty cents a pound.

It was advertised that the risk on the return trip was very great on account of the amount of gold dust and nuggets being brought back from California. The company employed only the bravest men, fully armed all the time. But it declined to carry gold dust unless paid for at the rate of $3 a pound. The company refused to be held responsible for the loss of the gold dust by robbers, Indians or other means.

The pamphlet also advertised a fast freight line between Atchison and Denver, Colorado. The round trip was made in the short space of twenty days. To ship by this method all merchandise had to be wrapped in waterproof packages. A package weighing ten pounds could be sent by that route for $5. All over that weight was sent at the reduced rate of $2 for five pounds.

In its advertisement for passengers to California the pamphlet, as stated before, allowed every passenger twenty-five pounds of baggage. However, it advised, that as many persons wished to take more baggage than the weight limit, it would be safer to send it to California by sea.

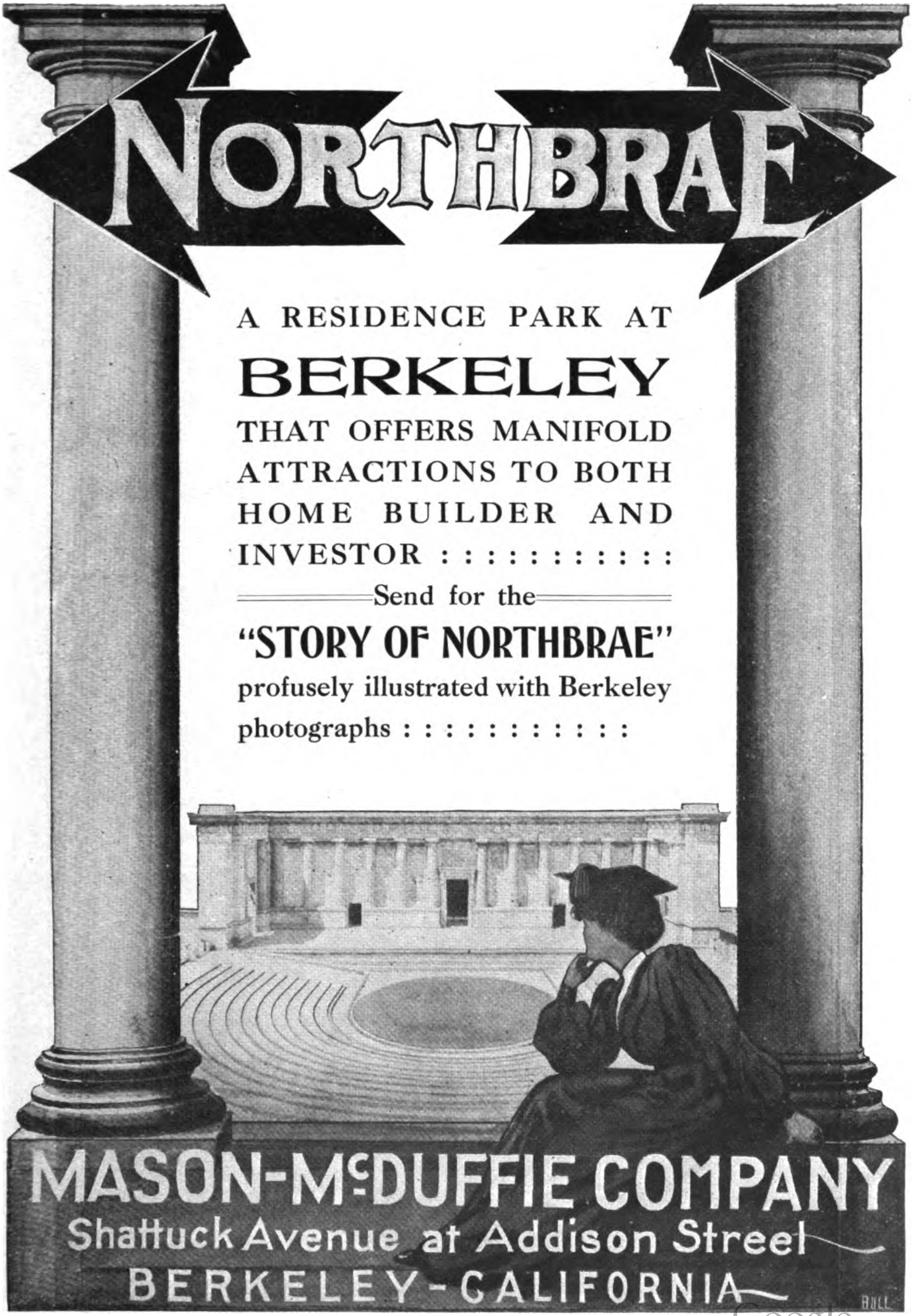
"And to think that we can get on a train to-night and be in Denver to-morrow," the railroad man said as he compared the time tables.

◆

CAUSE AND RESULT

A flock of crows, in caustic language,
Discussed a point with voices raucous.
Now tell me would this grave assemblage
Be called a crocus or a caucus?

CAMILLA J. KNIGHT.



NORTHBRAE

A RESIDENCE PARK AT

BERKELEY

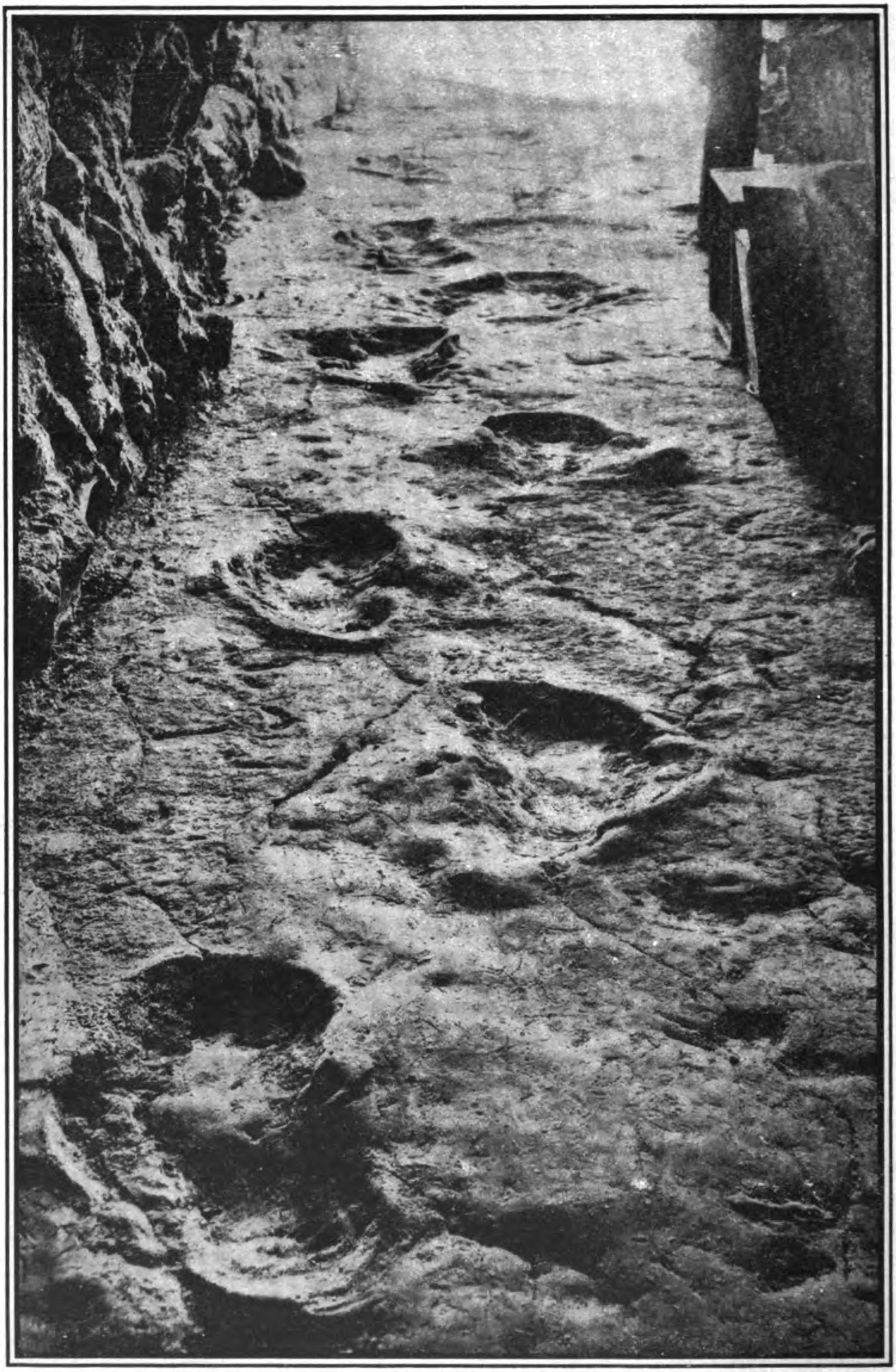
THAT OFFERS MANIFOLD ATTRACTIONS TO BOTH HOME BUILDER AND INVESTOR : : : : : : : : : : :

Send for the

"STORY OF NORTHBRAE"

profusely illustrated with Berkeley photographs : : : : : : : : : : :

MASON-McDUFFIE COMPANY
Shattuck Avenue at Addison Street
BERKELEY - CALIFORNIA



PREHISTORIC FOOTPRINTS, PRESUMABLY OF THE GIGANTIC GROUND SLOTH, BUT AT FIRST CONSIDERED TO BE OF HUMAN ORIGIN—FOUND IN THE CARSON, NEVADA, STATE PRISON GROUNDS

(See "Where Mammoths Roved")

Frontispiece. Sunset Magazine, July, 1907

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WHERE MAMMOTHS ROVED

RECENT REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN CARSON, NEVADA, STATE PRISON—FOOTPRINTS THAT MAKE GEOLOGISTS WONDER—THEORY OF THEIR HUMAN ORIGIN

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Photographs by Tibbitts

THE reported find of a new series of tracks of long extinct animals in the prison yard near Carson, Nevada, recalls the time when these wonderful vestiges of prehistoric life were first brought to the attention of the general public and of students of science. At that time there arose a spirited controversy as to whether or not some of the imprints gave evidence of the former presence of a race of giant men in Western America. This lasted for several years and was participated in by a number of our most prominent men of science, several of whom, including Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, and Professor Marsh, of Yale, have since passed away. In fact popular and even scientific attention was at that time so largely centered upon the question of the existence or non-existence of evidence of prehistoric man, that many of the important revelations of the quarry were in a measure ignored.

LOCATION AND SURROUNDINGS

Carson, the capital of Nevada, is situated in Eagle valley, a beautiful little valley especially in the spring or early summer when the many trees in and about the town are covered with thick dark green foliage and the valley floor is everywhere tinted with the lighter green of the grass or young crops—a type of scenery usually considered foreign to Nevada. The valley is about five miles long east and west, and three miles wide, and is almost entirely surrounded by mountains. On the west the Sierras rise abruptly to the height of eight thousand or nine thousand feet above sea level—three thousand, five hundred to four thousand, five hundred feet above Carson —and separate it from the waters of

Lake Tahoe. The lake is only nine miles in a straight line from the center of town, above which the water level rises one thousand, five hundred and fifty feet. A heavy covering of snow invests this dividing range during the winter and lasts at least into early summer, making a beautiful contrast with the green in the valley at its feet.

On the north Carson is shut in by the Washoe mountains of the Virginia range in which at only a few miles distance lies the famous Comstock lode. The eastern wall of the valley is formed by the Pine Nut range, which extending from the south meets the Virginia range from the north a few miles northeast of Carson and the dividing line is formed by the Carson river.

To the south is a low flat opening over a mile wide and several miles long into the broad Carson valley. Through this valley crosses the Carson river on its way from the Sierra summits to its resting place in the Carson sink.

A peculiar feature of this area and one which should arouse us to seek for its explanation in the geological history of the region is the course taken by the Carson river. One would expect it to pass along the broad open pathway already described from Carson to Eagle valley, down through the center of the valley to its cañon between the Virginia and Pine Nut ranges. But it crosses right in front of this open gateway and enters the foothills of the Pine Nut range cutting off from the main range a ridge about four miles long and a mile and a half wide. After flowing along a narrow valley only one sixth the width of the one it passed by, it skirts along the eastern edge of Eagle valley and flows into its cañon by a more than a right angled turn.

This long hill or ridge which the river separates from the Pine Nut range acts as part of the southern boundary of Eagle valley and is sometimes called Prison ridge. It rises a thousand feet above the valley floor.

THE PRISON QUARRY

In the early sixties the Nevada state prison was established on a small, low, rounded hill at the north end of Prison ridge from which it is separated by somewhat lower ground. The site is about a mile and a half east of the city of Carson. It was recognized that this hill, of all the country around, was made up of a moderately soft, but not friable, sandstone which was therefore desirable for building purposes and the state set its wards to work at quarrying. Of this stone have been built, besides the state prison, the state capitol, the United States branch mint, the chemistry building of the University of Nevada, and a number of private buildings, chiefly in Carson.

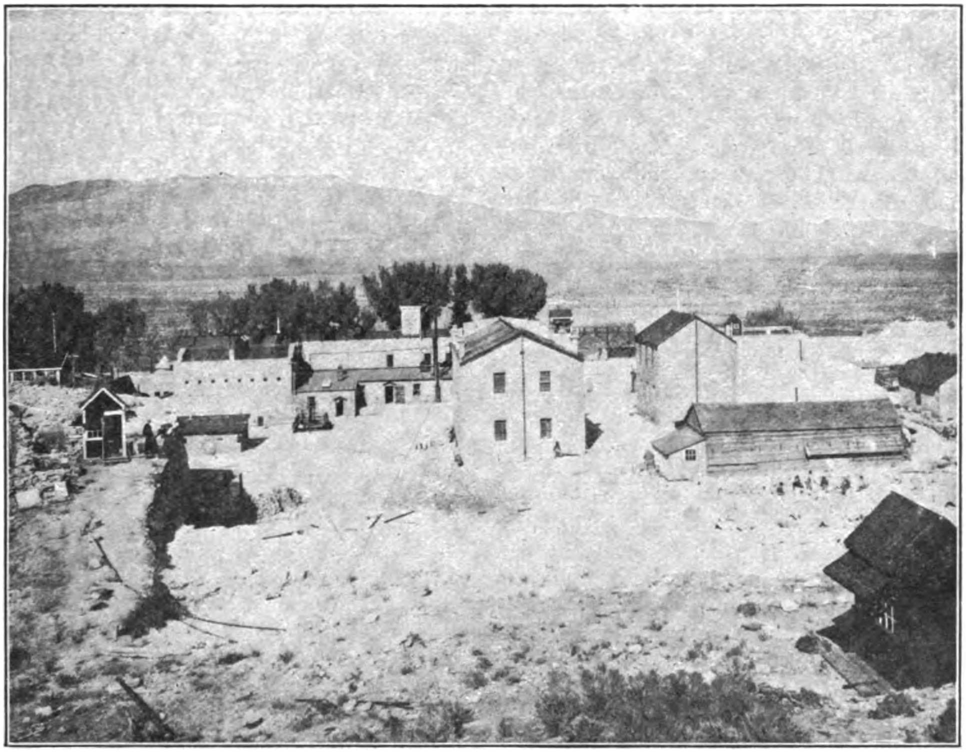
As layer after layer was removed in the quarry a part of the hill was left standing with vertical face varying up to about thirty feet high, and this now forms the prison wall, the guard house being mounted on the hill at the cliff's edge. The quarry floor became the prison yard, and regular quarrying was stopped there and rock for building purposes obtained from other parts of the hill.

THE DISCOVERY

As the excavation progressed casts of shells, fragments of bones and other animal remains were frequently encountered. On raising the sandstone blocks from certain fine, thin layers that allowed the blocks to be readily pried up from the quarry floor, series of unmistakable footprints were found distinctly preserved in the shaly bands. No particular attention was given the fossils or even the footprints until the appointment of Mr. Garrard as warden, who in 1882, brought them to the attention of the California Academy of Sciences and aided considerably in further discovery and study.

HOW FOOTPRINTS ARE PRESERVED

The tracks of large animals are not among the most commonly preserved relics of prehistoric life. A few moments thought as to the conditions necessary to their preservation will easily explain why they are so much rarer than the bones or other hard parts of the bodies themselves —although one animal can make many



THE STATE PRISON AT CARSON CITY, NEVADA, SHOWING THE CHARACTER OF STONE QUARRIED THERE

footprints. Any one of us can in a few hours make many thousand footprints in the moist sands of the beach, but how long will they remain? Perhaps a few seconds or a few minutes, or under favorable circumstances a few hours but no longer. They are destroyed by the waves. But even in a lake or marsh where there are practically no waves the imprints will generally be obliterated by the gradual flow of the wet mud back into place. To preserve footprints we must generally have fine material, like mud or clay, and it must be soft enough to receive distinct impressions and stiff enough to hold them. There must be no agent such as waves or a strong river current to destroy them, and the depression must soon be filled and covered over by a layer of sand or other material to seal and protect them.

A careful examination of the material in which the Carson tracks are found shows that it is a pale colored fine grained sediment or silt such as at the present day is brought down from the mountains by the rivers. The waters of the Carson river now are often turbid or milky from the abundance of fine particles of a very similar character, and these particles are deposited as a fine silt over the lands adjacent to the river in time of flood or more usually in the Carson lake or in the sink into which the river flows.

The material that carries the impressions in the quarry is, then, the very fine products of rock decay that were washed down some ancient river and settled in a layer a couple of inches thick over the sand. It contains considerable clay and was evidently very soft and plastic when it was wet, and on drying became rather stiff. As we shall see from the nature of the tracks it was firm enough to support some heavy animals although their feet sank an inch or more into the soft layer and frequently squeezed or bulged it up at the sides. After the impressions had been received sand was washed in over the surface and gathered to the depth of a foot and a half to two feet. Then followed another period of more quiet deposition and several inches of fine sandy clay were produced which were marked with new series of footprints, and these again were covered over and protected by more sand. Similar thin clayey layers and thick sandy layers followed each other to the top of the hill, but only in two layers, at and near the present state prison yard floor, have such footprints been preserved as far as known.

The most widely known and best studied footprints in North America occur in the Connecticut valley sandstones. Many thousand imprints have been uncovered. Other series of tracks have been found in the eastern states, especially associated with the coal measures. But all of these belong to an entirely different age from that of the tracks at Carson and the larger ones were made by reptiles, amphibians, etc., at a time when the earth was not yet inhabited by the greater mammals. The Carson prison quarry, however, presents undoubtedly the best examples, perhaps the only authentic example of fossil footprints in the West, and stands as our best locality for mammalian footprints in the whole country.

In the Connecticut valley, where the tracks occur, they are associated with abundant evidence of shallow water conditions or of temporary exposure to the air, and wherever footprints are found such associations generally hold. Ripple marks, sun cracks, and the imprints of raindrops are among the most common indications. Evidently if there is a water covering it must be shallow so that an animal can step firmly down and not be buoyed up. Apparently the tracks are usually formed on mud flats, as for example, on river flood-plains. As the flood water goes down the fine mud is left, and gradually dries and hardens. The animals must tramp over the mud to reach the water to drink, or perhaps to ford the stream. This accounts for their being there, and the exposure to the air accounts for the rainprints, drying cracks and stiffness of the clay. When the river rises again, it washes sand over the sun hardened clay and protects the impressions.

In the Carson deposit mud cracks have not been noticed, but ripple marks, rainprints, and the effect of wind action on the tracks can be definitely made out, and these combined with the necessary drying to stiffen the soft clay layers seem to definitely indicate an air exposed but still wet mud flat across which the animals tramped, their feet, as we shall see loaded with mud.

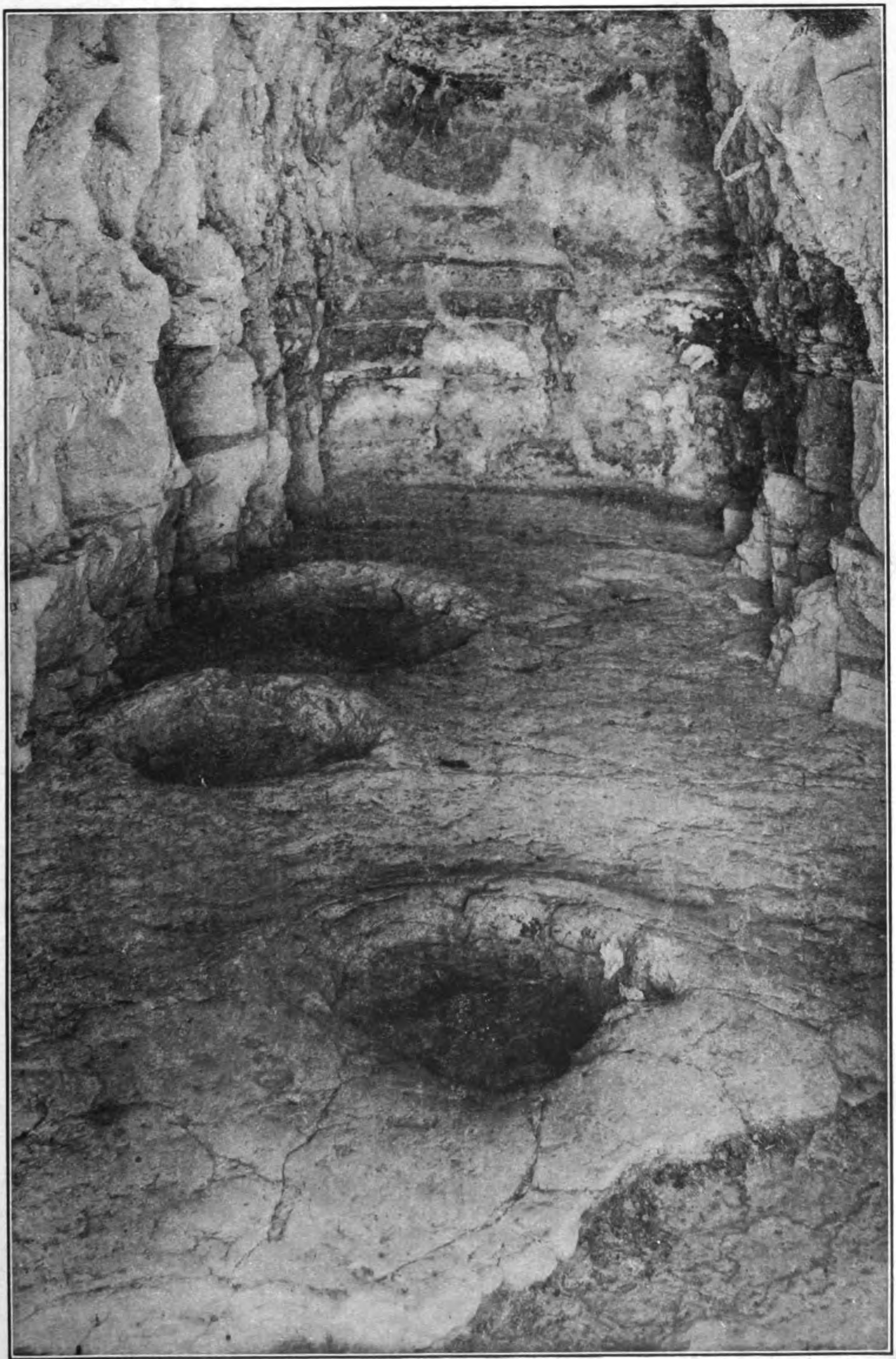
The sands that inclose the track-bearing clays are often rather coarse and are strongly and irregularly current-bedded. They appear as if the work of a stream, or if not, of a lake so shallow or narrow in that vicinity or near the river mouth that during the flood season the waters would flow and eddy and swirl as the waters of a river.

Let us first examine the tracks and note what animals made them, then see what evidence we have of the kind of country they lived in compared with the land of to-day.

MAMMOTH TRACKS

One series of tracks on whose nature there has always been agreement is made up of oval impressions almost circular, a little longer than wide, and about twenty-two inches in greatest diameter. These imprints are deep—two to six inches—the foot having frequently squeezed out the mud at the edges and deformed the underlying sand. The step is about four and one-half feet, or the footprints on the right (or left) hand side (that is the successive tracks made by the same foot) are nine feet apart. These tracks were evidently made by some large elephant-like animal, probably the mammoth.

It is important to notice, for it will help to explain some other matters, that the most careful examination of these tracks has failed to bring to light any toe marks or depressions corresponding to the pads of the foot. This is probably because the animal in walking over the mud-covered flat had his feet plastered with mud, and all inequalities filled with the sticky clay. Anyone who has lived in



SERIES OF TRACKS FOUND AT CARSON, NEVADA, PRESUMABLY MADE BY THE MAMMOTH DURING THE PLIOCENE PERIOD an adobe country knows how the clay gathers on the shoes until walking becomes almost impossible unless the large masses are repeatedly removed. The Carson clay was probably not so stiff as the typical adobe when the tracks were made. Another interesting peculiarity is that there is only a single set of tracks, as though the elephant had walked on two feet. We can hardly believe that the mammoths were given to this kind of performance, although we may have seen the smaller elephants of the present day that have been trained to do so on special occasions. Even a trained elephant would probably object to so trying an attitude on a wet flat covered with plastic clay. The peculiar appearance is undoubtedly explained by the fact that in walking the hind feet are placed over and obliterate the impressions made by the fore feet. A careful study shows that it is occasionally possible to recognize the double impression, where the hind foot did not completely cover the track made by the fore foot.

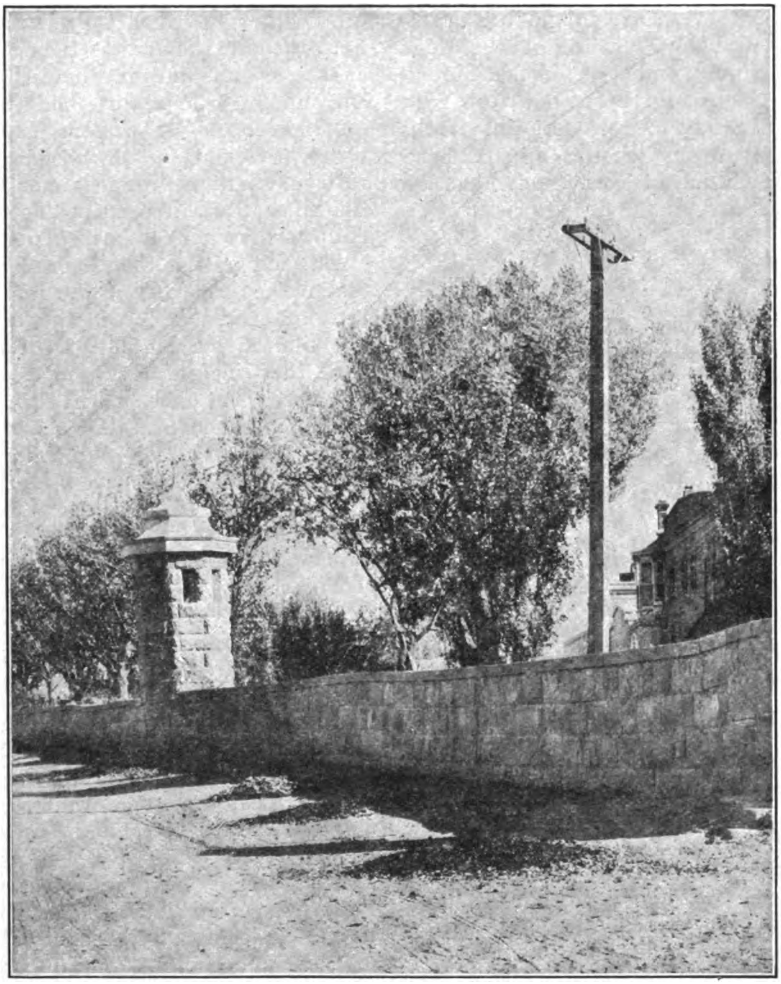
These mammoth tracks are directed southeasterly and pass under the east prison wall. A small tunnel has been made into the wall and has uncovered several more of the tracks which exhibit their characters better than those exposed to the weather and to the wear of modern shod human feet.

THE SUPPOSED HUMAN TRACKS

The greatest interest has centered about a peculiar type of track that has been found in several series, and much more abundant than those already described. These imprints vary in size in the different series corresponding to larger and smaller individuals. They vary from eighteen to twenty-one inches in length and from six to eight or nine inches in width and are rounded at each end, the forward end being broader than the back part, and they are curved about with the hollow on the inside as in the imprint of a human foot. The longest series found had about forty-four tracks, and there are four or five others with from five to fifteen each. The tracks form a single series as if produced by a two-footed animal, the step varying from twenty-seven to thirty-eight inches, or the tracks on the right (or left) hand side are from fifty-four to seventy-eight inches apart.

These are the tracks that gave rise to considerable discussion in the early eighties, because certain persons believed that they were human, and if so, giants' tracks. And these are the tracks that seem to determine the popular attitude toward the whole occurrence. The majority who hear of or visit this remarkable locality appear to get one of two ideas—either that a race of giants inhabited this region in prehistoric times, or that the whole matter is mythical and more amusing than instructive. There is not the least reasonable doubt as to the authenticity of the tracks, and they are of great scientific interest, even though scientific opinion is very definitely against their human origin. It is not my purpose here to discuss this matter at any length, but some of the more obvious objections to the human theory will be mentioned.

First, the tracks are too large for any race of men of which distinct evidence has ever been found. There is no reason to believe that a giant race ever existed anywhere on this continent. It has been suggested that a man of reasonable stature might have worn a large sandal, but the form of the tracks hardly admits of such an interpretation. Second, the curve of the print is often distinctly too great. Third, a man moves forward by rising on the ball of the foot. This, in soft ground, makes a depression forward of the center of the track, and squeezes the mud or sand up in a mound about the center, whether made by bare foot, moccasin, or shoe. In the Carson tracks the great depression is at and a little back of the center. In fact the whole form of the depression is quite different. Fourth, the lateral spread of the tracks or straddle is altogether out of proportion for a man, and apparently for any two-legged animal. In a man's tracks the step is about double the straddle (outside measurements) while in the prison tracks the straddle is actually greater than the step! This undoubtedly means an animal entirely differently proportioned from man. Fifth, as strong negative evidence



THE PRISON WALL AT CARSON—IN THE PREHISTORIC MAMMOTH COUNTRY

it may be added that man's works are in general much more abundant than his bodily remains, but no remnants of the tools, weapons, nor any bones—in fact no definite indications of man have been found associated with these deposits or with even later deposits in the same region.

The most satisfactory explanation is that the tracks were made by one of the several types of gigantic ground sloths. These remarkable animals are known to have migrated into North America from South America in late geological times (the Pliocene period) and their remains have been found in various parts of the United States. Some bones have been found in Oregon and a few in California. Where found they are often associated with mammoth bones and the remains of other animals such as are indicated by the Carson relics. Such animals may well have been in the Nevada region therefore at the time the prison deposits were being laid down, and they easily account for the general size, shape, and other peculiarities of the tracks. But if these footprints were made by such a beast—a mylodon or a morotherium, for example—why do the claw marks or toe marks not show, and why is there not a double set of tracks representing the four feet? The study of the mammoth tracks has given us a ready explanation, for you will remember that there too, no toe marks showed, probably because of the thick coating of mud, and the hind feet blotted out the tracks of the smaller fore feet. A careful study of the sloth-like tracks shows only rarely what is apparently a double track, but at least the explanation seems justified.

OTHER TRACKS

There are other tracks associated with these larger ones. The most easily recognized are the many footprints of a large bird with four toes, cross shaped, the longer toe often five or more inches long, the step a foot to a foot and a half long. This undoubtedly represents some wading bird of the crane or heron type.

A few tracks now not well preserved appear to represent a horse, some animal of the deer type, and some animal of the wolf type. Early observers reported tracks of some bovine possibly a bison, and of a large cat, a tiger perhaps, but these are not now distinguishable.

FOSSIL REMAINS

During the quarrying of the rock many bones, teeth, and other fossil remains have been unearthed but they have been largely scattered as relics among irresponsible parties or destroyed. A complete collection would have been of great scientific value. Among the bone finds, however, we may be sure that two types of animals are represented—a prehistoric horse and a mammoth. These confirm our inferences regarding two of the sets of footprints, and a careful collection would probably show bones corresponding to some of the others.

Besides these there are a large number of petrifactions and casts of plants, stems, cones, etc., and some freshwater shells belonging to the same species apparently as those now living.

THE ANCIENT LANDSCAPE

These footprints and fossil remains present to us an attractive picture of the ancient life in the Carson region, a stage on which the chief roles were played by individuals representing species of animals long extinct. Most naturally one might next ask, what was the nature of the country in which they lived? Some have thought that it was then essentially as it is to-day, and that the valley and its surrounding mountains had the same appearance as at present except that water occupied the lower parts of the valley and that strange animals roamed the hills. But apparently this is not so. Noteworthy changes have taken place.

The suggestion that little change has taken place comes from the fact that the beds of sandstone lie in the valley and are almost horizontal. In the prison yard they incline a few degrees to the northwest but not more than a lake bottom might slope. But a closer study shows that even this slight slope is not original. The strata have been tilted and as we approach the prison ridge, the tilting becomes greater until it reaches twenty degrees and more.

The north end of the prison ridge is made up of volcanic rocks, such as are quite abundant in that general region. They originated in a period of volcanic activity that affected large areas of the Sierra Nevada and western Nevada, and other parts of western America. Some of them represent andesite lava flows, but the rocks directly in contact with the fossil beds are volcanic breccias. Volcanic breccias are rocks of volcanic origin that are largely made up of coarse angular fragments. They are not commonly due to explosive eruptions.

These andesite lavas and breccias were formed long before the freshwater Carson beds were laid down, and probably long before the animal species of those beds had come into existence. In the vicinity of the prison they formed the floor on which the sands and clays were deposited.

A short distance east of the quarry, these breccias are found tilted to the west and dipping down underneath Eagle valley and under the Carson deposits. The fossil beds lying over them are dipping the same way. In other words, along the southeast edge of the valley the volcanic rocks and the outlying sands have been tipped up and it is this very tilting in fact that has formed this part of the rim of the valley.

At the time that the sands and clays were being deposited, the breccias instead

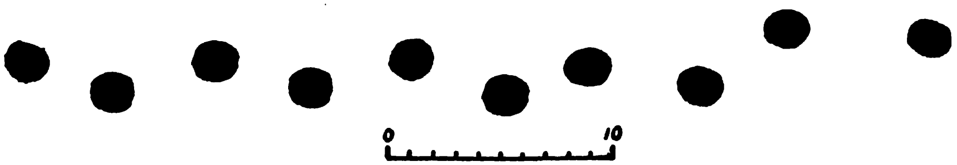


DIAGRAM OF A SERIES OF MAMMOTH TRACKS FROM MEASUREMENTS, SHOWING RELATIVE SIZE AND IRREGULARITY OF PRINTS AND STEPS

of forming part of a projecting ridge, must have been lying rather flat and were covered over by the forming deposits. Of this important point we have other evidence which we may now consider.

A large part of the Carson deposits is made up of sandstone, frequently very coarse and sometimes carrying good sized pebbles. A careful examination of these sands and pebbles shows that they were derived principally from granites. All of the chief minerals of the granites are represented—quartz, feldspar, mica, etc.—and make up most of the rock. Occasionally a fragment of schist is found and only very rarely a piece of andesite, just enough of the latter to indicate that these lavas were in existence before the Carson sands were deposited, a point we had already determined otherwise.

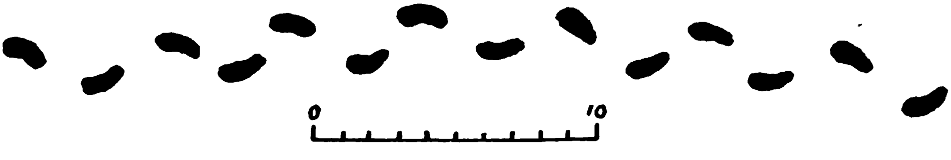
At the present time the breccias by weathering give rise to numerous fragments that work their way down the slope and are found spread all over the surface of the sandstones below them. If they had formed the shore of a lake or the rim of a river bottom in which the sands were being deposited, they would have contributed many fragments to the beds in their vicinity. But a careful search fails to show any, even as we approach within a few yards of the breccias.

The lavas of Prison ridge, then, did not make a ridge when the fossil beds were forming, but were the bottom rocks covered over and protected from erosion by the lower layers of the Carson sands.

Still another interesting result follows from the composition of the sands and that is as to the direction from which the stream or streams came that brought the sand and silt down from the hill land. It could not have come from the north or northeast for the Virginia mountains are covered with great thicknesses of lavas and with only a spot or two of granite. It could not have come from the east, southeast or even directly south for the Pine Nut range and its spurs are heavily coated with andesites and breccias, and streams from these directions would have carried chiefly lava fragments with only a little or no granite. But to the west and southwest in the Sierra Nevada we find large areas of granitic rocks of just the kind to furnish the sands and clays of the Carson beds. We may conclude, therefore, that at that time the streams as to-day arose in the Sierra region and flowed toward the interior of the continent.

CONDITIONS DURING THE TERTIARY PERIOD

During the greater part of the Tertiary period, the period during which the chief gold-bearing gravels of California were formed, the period often referred to as the age of mammals because they were the most advanced and powerful animals of that time, and as far as we now know long before the advent of man, the region of the Sierra Nevada and that directly east was at a rather low altitude. What are now high, rugged, and during much of the year snow clad mountains were then much lower with rounded



RELATIVE POSITION OF FOOTPRINTS, PRESUMABLY OF THE GROUND SLOTH gentle slopes. In fact a large part of what is now mountain land was then plain or low rolling country.

But the Tertiary was a period of unrest. At relatively short intervals there were great lava outpourings, or explosive eruptions that scattered immense quantities of ash and breccia over large areas. Also at intervals moderate deformations of the earth's crust were taking place, lifting some parts into hill land and depressing other tracts which frequently became lakes; or perhaps more frequently river flood plains or terminal sinks which in any case were generally the seats of deposition of sands and silts derived from the hilly regions. The gradual filling of these depressed areas was aided by occasional showers of volcanic ashes, or, especially where they were occupied by lakes, by organic deposits—such as coal or diatomaceous ooze—or by saline deposits such as soda or borax. During part of this period at least, the climate was warm, and the plant remains from some of the lake beds have been said to represent conditions more like Florida than those existing on this coast to-day.

The distribution of these earlier lake beds and other areas of deposition was largely independent of what is high or low ground at the present day. What apparently were deposits in the same lake we often find to-day in part in some valley and in part on the top of a neighboring range.

ORIGIN OF THE HIGH SIERRA

About the end of the Tertiary period the character of the crustal movements changed. We find greater and more rapid deformation which elevated the Sierra Nevada into its present condition of a great and lofty mountain range. Other ranges to the east were formed at the same time. The movement was generally of such a character that the rocks were not warped up or folded, but broke on the juncture of upthrust areas along great faults, the uprising tracts forming the ranges, the sagging areas, the valleys. The ranges would then often be separated from the valleys by an excessively steep slope or scarp which represents the plane along which the movement took place. Some ranges were thrust up with a scarp on each side. Others were tilted in such a way that a scarp formed on one side while on the other the old original surface sloped down and passed under the newly formed valley. The Sierra Nevada was so formed that its western slope is simply the old plains land that was tilted up to the west, but its eastern slope is a steep scarp along which the break occurred when the mass of the Sierra was lifted far above the land to its immediate east.

It was during the period of faulting that the present Eagle valley was formed. Prison ridge was lifted up during that same time, bringing those lavas to view that we saw were not exposed when the Carson beds were forming. The fault along which it was lifted diminishes in size as it approaches the north end and appears to die out; but it very distinctly cuts the breccia and the fossil sandstones. We see then why the beds of the prison yard are only slightly tilted. The fault near them is giving out, the beds along the fault are tipped up to quite an angle but this quickly lowers to near horizontal as the valley is approached—the valley being a valley because it was lifted or tilted.

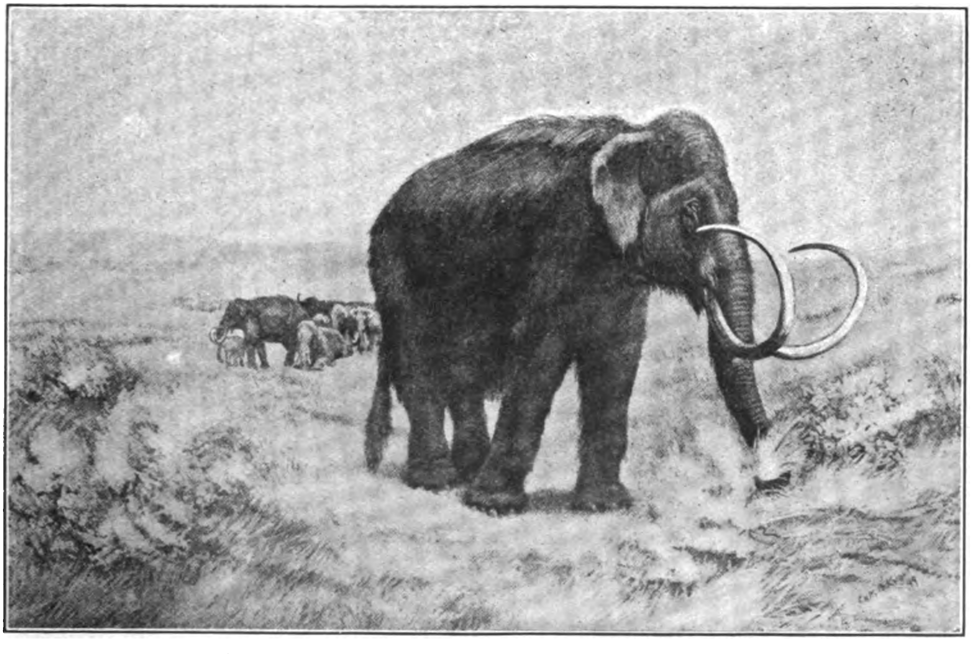
The lifting of the mountains rejuvenated the streams and many of the intermontane valleys formed by the down faulted blocks and without an opening as outlet for a stream became occupied by lakes. The greatest of these in western Nevada has been called Lake Lahontan, and occupied several thousand square miles. Its lake beds are now visible and its shore line can be very easily and distinctly traced high above the desert valley floors. This lake was in part at least contemporaneous with the glaciers in the Sierra Nevada. Since it flourished there has been no particular change in the forms or appearance of mountains or valleys except for the decrease in water and ice. The old shore line of this lake can be traced to within a few lines of the Carson beds, but it did not reach into Eagle valley and its high water mark was about two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet below the valley level.

The latest period of active crustal deformation that gave the alpine character to the Sierra Nevada and made it the highest range in the United States proper, immediately preceded Lake Lahontan and followed the deposit of the Carson beds. The more closely we determine the age of these beds, the more exactly will we know the period during which the making of our Sierras took place. The Lahontan beds were formed during the Quaternary period, while the Carson footprints and fossils indicate early Quaternary or late Pliocene. The formation of the Sierra then as we know it took place in very recent geological time, either during or immediately preceding the Glacial period. That the forces that produced the range are not entirely extinct we may conclude from the great Inyo earthquake of 1872 which was caused by a slipping or thrusting along the fault scarp front of the range with vertical displacement as high as twenty feet.

Other lake or river deposits appear to belong to the period of the Carson freshwater beds, and have been tilted and otherwise deformed by the later mountain movements. Most interesting are those near Owens lake which lie on the west side of the White mountain range. During the elevation of this range along a great fault on its east side, the beds were tilted in such a way that they cover the western slope, their eastern limit lifted three thousand feet above their westernmost visible exposures in the Owens valley.

THE FINAL PICTURE

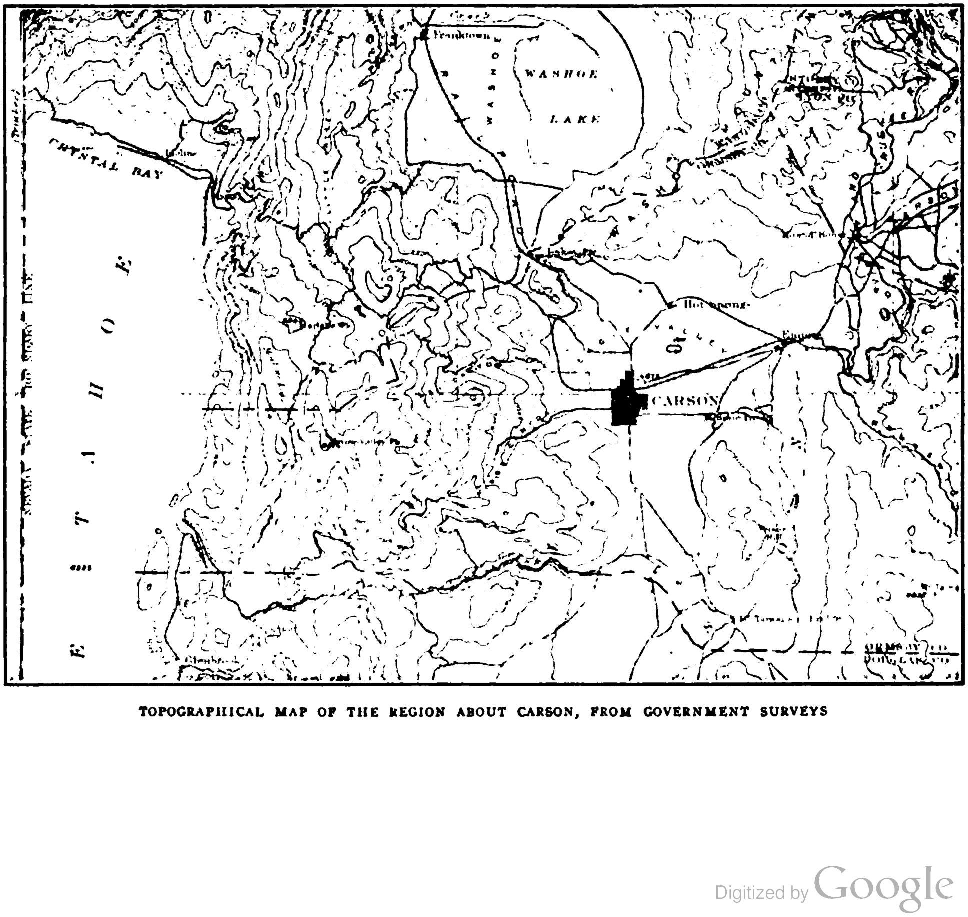
The footprints of the Carson quarry have revealed to us a remarkably clear picture of times and conditions long past and greatly different from the present. As we stand in the prison yard and follow the tracks with the eye or perhaps actually step them off we would sadly lack imagination indeed if we could not see before us a vision of the massive hairy mammoth tramping across the flat of wet and sticky clay from which the water had temporarily receded, or the clumsy giant ground sloth scaring away a crane, perhaps, or meeting and exchanging greetings with another of his kind. Instead of the high Sierra, snow covered, we must imagine hills of



THE PREHISTORIC MAMMOTH, WHO ROVED OVER THE PRESENT NEVADA GOLD COUNTRY DURING THE LATE PLIOCENE PERIOD—FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING moderate height and Prison ridge must be made to disappear. This is the late Pliocene or early Quaternary and after we have accustomed ourselves to the scene we may try to follow the changes that produce the high Sierra of to-day.

But how long ago was this later Pliocene or early Quaternary, you may say, when these remarkable footprints were formed? Who can tell? Many thousands, probably many hundreds of thousands of years. We can only begin to realize it when we think over the geological work that has been accomplished since that time—the mountain movements, the production of the great Lake Lahontan, the gathering of several hundred feet of sediment in this lake and its final slow drying up and disappearance. It was since then, too, that the snow gathered on the Sierra until glaciers many miles long were formed and these, after a long period of erosion, gradually dwindled away to the mere patches of the present.

This interesting locality is easily reached from Reno and the round trip from that point can be made during the day—leaving at 8:50 A. M., arriving on return at 7 P. M. The prison authorities are uniformly agreeable and courteous and very cheerfully show visitors the wonderful footprints as well as the interesting features of the prison and their baths of natural hot water. One also has plenty of time between trains to visit the capitol and another hot spring on the north side of the valley. It is worthy of a special trip but should at least be included in a visit to the Comstock lode or Lake Tahoe, for it is directly on the way to both of these objects of interest.



TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF THE REGION ABOUT CARSON, FROM GOVERNMENT SURVEYS

The California Poppy

A TRIBUTE

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Thou seem'st an ember from the sun,
  A topaz from the mine.
Tell, poppy, on what looms were spun
  Those fragile robes of thine?

Thy trembling torch ignites the hills
  To youth, then opens gold
Thy grail whereinto morning spills
  A tear thou canst not hold.

There cannot bide one lonely tear
  In thy red heart aglow
With blood that never pales with fear,
  Such as hearts human know.

Thy sisters far in mystic lands
  Their dream-drowned chalice keep
And mould with dim, phantasmal hands
  Weird necromantic sleep.

Yet thou art fairer than their dreams,
  O poppy of the West,
For Beauty seeks thee garbed in gleams
  That make her manifest.

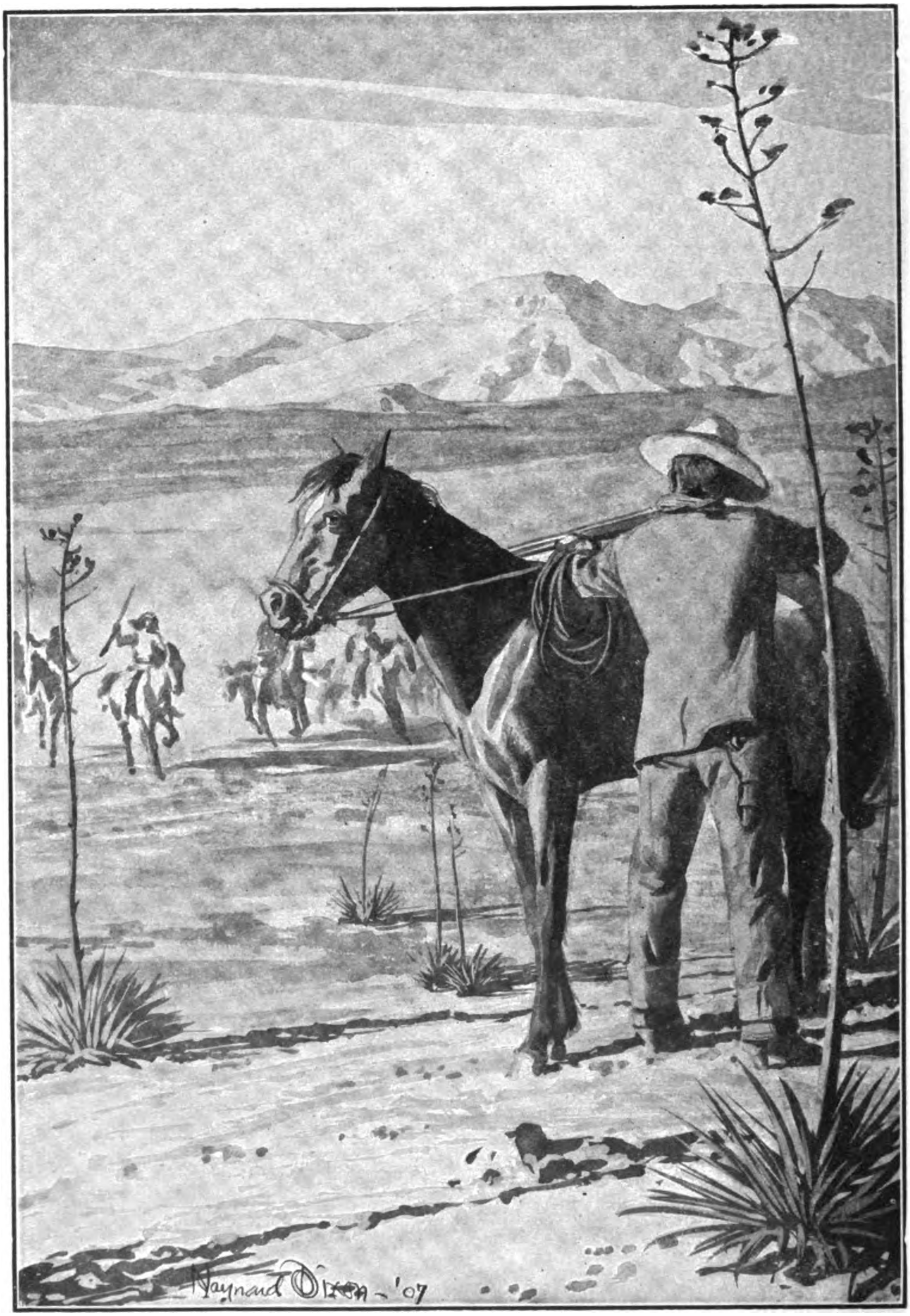
'Tis meet thy foliate gold should shine
  Beneath these Titan trees;
'Tis meet thy cup should sing with wine
  By these Pacific seas.

For gold and wine and sunset dye
  Thy beauty's crown triune,
Yet rouse the sad eternal sigh
  That beauty fades too soon.

O more than emblem of the state
  Where all thy glamour springs,
For thou art emblem of the fate
  Of Earth's most lovely things.

Warwick Gardens,
Kensington, London.

Drawing by E. Epting—See cover design by John M. Gamble


Maynard Dixon - '07

Leaning his rifle across the saddle, Bush awaited the rush—

THE SPUR OF WAR-PAINT

by

Elizabeth Lambert Wood

Pictures by
Maynard Dixon

TEENIE had lifted the loaves from the oven and was turning to lay them on the table, when without a warning sound the outside door was tried. She blanched with the chill of imminent danger—Apache miscreants had murdered a rancher's family just north of Gill's Pass but the month before—and this lonely cabin lay but a pitifully short way southward.

How cheery the morning had seemed when brother Bill and Anita, Teenie's bosom friend, had left within the same hour for separate destinations; Bill planning to go to the river and back before night, while Anita expected to meet her father at Flag—the postoffice and sometime haven of retreat—for southern Arizona, during the early '80s was like an unbroken colt, under tether.

Cardo Bush, the young owner of the 3C-Bar cattle ranch had come to fetch Anita, and Teenie, as she watched them, surmised that his eyes were somewhat dazzled by the depth of Anita's brown irises and the soft blandishments of her pretty hair.

Dusk fell early and with small warning those February days, and, Teenie now realized that Bill should have been home an hour before. In the same instant, she remembered, with a thankful throb, that she had taken the precaution to slip the heavy wooden bolt across the door when she brought in the wood just before dark.

Her feet clung to the floor in long, noiseless steps as she reached for and grasped the rifle standing in the corner. It fell into position with ease, and only an acute observer would have noticed that Teenie was braced for an encounter with game of more than ordinary ferocity. A keen hunting knife lay on the table, where she had been busy carving a haunch of venison into strips for "jerky." Unmindful of gore she thrust it under the belt of her apron.

Then, breathless, with head erect, nostrils distended, and eyes flamed with purpose—almost impatient to know the worst—Teenie waited while the door was tried a second time.

The next instant, like a healing breath, came a throbbing whisper:

"Teenie!"

With leaping heart the girl reached the door and wrenching it open, discovered Cardo Bush crouching on the step. "'Paches are up!" was his greeting as he entered and closed the door.

"Where is Anita?"

"Safe, I reckon, in Flag. We met family after family pouring into Flag. We ran across her father—they will stay there until the scare is over. I started right back—was lucky enough to get a fresh horse—and by keeping close to the mountains missed every 'Pache." He sniffed hungrily, "H'm, but that bread smells good! We had better eat a good meal before we start. We will make Flag all right, but there's no telling how long it will take to do it."

Hastily, Teenie set out a good supper on the table, and while Bush ate, she packed a flour sack with bread and jerked venison. Another she filled with a few keepsakes and necessities.

With a regretful look around the room, she muffled herself in a heavy coat and turned to the door.

"I'm ready," she said quietly to Bush, but he could hear her breath coming quickly.

Not a word was spoken as the two slipped noiselessly from the house, rifles in hand; Teenie's blood-stained knife a fitting augury of the trail lying between them and safety. They crouched a moment behind the manzanita growing near the door, and then edged cautiously to the right and soon were out of range of the cabin.

While Bush was untying Navi, Teenie whispered regretfully, "I wish I had Chico."

"Never mind; Navi will carry two all right," he answered, mounting her behind, before slipping into the saddle with an easy swing. What new and strange magnet was this, he wondered, settling himself for a long ride, that had drawn him back to this girl's rescue through almost certain death, against the violent protestations of his friends? Was it the memory of the bright picture she had made in the morning, standing in the door waving good-bye, when he and Anita had turned in their saddles for a last glimpse of her, before the trail dipped into the mesquite thicket?

And now it was night and he was turning his back on safety for her sake. He turned Navi and struck out boldly toward the east. Flag lay to the west.

"Ain't you going to Flag?" Teenie ventured to ask after an instant's hesitation.

"Yep; but we'll take the trail over the mountains. Them plains is just regularly sproutin' with 'Paches."

Navi seemed to realize the necessity for caution, threading his way through the pathless wastes of bear grass and scrub oak with little noise. Quite unexpectedly, a whinny sounded close at hand. Bush laid a warning hand on Teenie, who in spite of it essayed to slip down, whispering eagerly:

"It's Chico!"

"Sure?" asked Bush, incredulously.

"Sure," answered Teenie with conviction.

"Can you ketch her?"

"Yes."

"All right, then."

"Chee-c-," called Teenie softly, her voice clinging affectionately to the syllables. An eager whinny answered, and Teenie disappeared into the brush. A moment later, the crackling under-growth heralded her return, and she reappeared, leading the pony. Bush hurriedly changed his saddle to Chico and mounted Teenie in it. He then improvised his riata into a bridle for Navi, and mounting bare-back, the little party pushed on.

When the light creeping stealthily up from the east, at dawn, revealed the outlines of trees and slopes, Bush halted and drew the horses down into a wooded ravine where thirsty deer had gouged a water hole. Teenie and he secreted themselves under a tangle of wild grape and hackberry and after the horses were loosed to browse, they breakfasted on bread and a few mouthfuls of dried venison.

"I hoped we'd be with Anita by this time," said Teenie, musingly. "I guess you did too?" she added teasingly, glancing archly at him.

He flashed an amused look at her while reaching for his saddle bags, which he opened. Then without answering, he leaned forward and poured a handful of rich brown kernels into her palm. "Now chew that up and play it's a big cupful well boiled, and it will chirk you up a bit. Yes, she's a mighty nice girl"—he was teasing now,—"but it's going to be a considerable job to get to Flag, and all I care about is getting another girl there safe and sound."

"I don't care one bit about myself," answered the girl in a troubled voice, with a line straight and deep between her brows. "But I can't bear to think that you might be there out of danger."

Death-like silence answered her. Turning quickly to look at Bush, the line of his brows and chin made her whisper impulsively, "I'm sorry I said that."

For several minutes both gazed out over the vast mesas and slopes below, bathed in the white light of dawn. After long scrutiny Teenie spied her tiny home amid the vast wastes of arid land. In a straight line to it the distance was not long, but the tortuous way they had been forced to take had spent the weary hours.

Suddenly, while they were looking, a tongue of flame shot up from the abandoned cabin! Both pairs of eyes gazed fascinated, while unconsciously Teenie's hand groped out and clutched one of Bush's. His cool steadfast fingers closing over hers pityingly, revived her senses, and she drew her own away, while as in answer to the flame below, the red blazed up in her face for an instant, then died away, leaving her very pale. When she tried to speak her voice was but a whisper.

"Is—is that ours?"

"Yes," he answered, very gently.

Teenie choked back a sigh as she watched the flames through her tears. As it grew lighter the fire leaped into the bear grass roof, and fiendish figures, as black and repulsive as beetles, were seen dancing against the glare. "A little too late, old fellows, to hurt us," anathematized Bush, grimly.

"Poor brother!" she breathed as to herself, after another long silence.

Bush pitied her keenly, for he knew how little chance there was that she would ever see him alive again. At Flag the river was reported to be a maelstrom of fiendish warfare.

Fortunately Teenie was able to forget her sorrows for a few hours at least while she slept soundly, covered by the Navajo saddle blankets. When she woke up much refreshed and rested, Bush allowed her to take a turn as sentinel, while he slept.

With the approach of the longed-for darkness, came a cold wind and a flurry of snow that threatened to settle into a blustering storm. As silently as possible, they threaded their way up to the divide and from thence along the ridge of the range. Bush was thankful for the icy blanket which was fast obliterating all trace of their retreating march. Stones, slippery with snow, rolled under the horses' feet. Thorns of century plant and cats-claw tore through flesh and clothing, while night and the storm oppressed them.

"Nary a 'Pache out in this storm, I bet," chuckled Bush, as he finished resaddling Chico, his fingers stiff with cold, and slipped the cinch-strap home through the loop with a final jerk that made all things snug.

"I'm so glad."

"Are you cold?"

"No. See, I've got this warm coat," she answered cheerily, the darkness hiding her blue lips and cheeks.

Before morning Bush left Teenie sheltered under a thick juniper and crept away. She was listening anxiously for his return, yet when the swash of a snow-laded bough springing into place sounded close at hand, she shrank back against Chico's shoulder. Bush's cheery voice reassured her.

"We're in luck," he said, breaking through the boughs into her retreat. "We'll work on a little farther, leave the nags and climb to the top of the peak. The storm drove out a parcel of 'Paches, and as good luck would have it, they left a mess of mescal roots roasting for our benefit."

Before the first pink veins showed in the eastern sky, Bush and Teenie were gratefully pressing their half frozen fingers against the warm stones of the oven. Bush brushed away the snow, and Teenie after a hasty meal of coffee and roasted mescal, lay down on the saddle blankets and was asleep on the instant.

Bush sat near, his back braced against the warm stones, ruminating on the situation and listening with contentment to the soporific drip, drip of the melting snow. To the left, on the breast of a sister peak, a deer had come out of the wood to browse, giving pledge of safety in that quarter. The region surrounding Flag was hidden by an intervening hill, but Bush felt sure it was thickly infested with Indians. He considered plan after plan for reaching safety only to discard each as impracticable. If he were alone, he could skulk through the arroyos and thickets with the cunning of a coyote; but with a girl to protect he could run no risk of stepping into a hole burrowed for the unwary by wily Apaches.

When Teenie awoke, she urged Bush to sleep. "You must take a good sleep," she pleaded. "I'll watch very carefully."

It seemed little more than a moment before he was roused by the touch of Teenie's cold fingers against his cheeks. In reality he had been asleep for hours, as he knew as soon as he glanced at the sun. Teenie's eyes were shining with excitement. "Come, quick!" she whispered.

Crawling hastily to the parapet of rudely piled rocks, Bush followed the line of her slim, brown finger far across the plains, where a moving line of dark color caught his eye an instant before it vanished behind a jutting ridge.

"By heavens, Teenie, I believe them was troops," he groaned in an excess of relief. "Thank God!" he added fervently.

Teenie was very restless. "They are going to Flag, aren't they?"

"Sure, but I think they'll camp just beyond the gap for the night.

"Do we have to wait here till dark?"

"We'll wait," answered Bush sententiously. " 'Paches will likely take a sudden notion to move t'other way at that sight, and we wouldn't exactly relish a collision."

Teenie tried to relieve her harried nerves by preparing as palatable a supper as possible, afterwards re-sorting and stowing away the remaining scraps of food in the travel-stained flour sacks. But the longed-for dusk came at last, and then they stole out of their tiny fortress and descended to the spot where they had left their horses secreted.

The poor brutes had nibbled the trampled snow and browsed off the shrubs and tufts of mountain grass, but they whinnied reproachfully when their owners drew near. After a short descent, the horses weak from scant food and lack of water, stumbled so often that Bush deemed it best to help Teenie down till safe footing offered. Dismounting he came back close to her side and raised his arms to lift her down, and like a tired child she slid into them and thence to the ground. Feeling her tremble, Bush said soothingly. "Poor girl! I'll lead both horses."

"No, no,—I won't let you do everything," she protested, her chin quivering despite her efforts to be brave, for she was continually reproaching herself for bringing him within the reach of death.

Bush suspicioned this; but his vision was much healthier and he accepted the situation as one of the incidents of a week.

"Put your hand on my shoulder, and maybe it will steady you some going down," he suggested, anxious to help her.

"I'm all right—I don't need any help," she answered, with spirit, but she offered no resistance when he caught her by the hand and began to lead her. Over rocks, loose sand and cactus, they scrambled down until they reached the black floor of the gulch, which fortunately proved to be sandy and fairly free from obstructions. Then Teenie pulled away her hand, and they pressed forward rapidly. They traveled in unbroken silence for many minutes, when suddenly, at her very feet, Teenie seemed to discover the outline of something curved and dark. She tried to draw back, but her impetus was too great and she caught her foot, stumbled, and fell full length upon something soft and yielding. Her left hand, thrown out to check her fall, plunged to the knuckles into something wet. She cried out in terror, and Bush, fearing she was hurt, gave a low answering cry as he snatched her up.

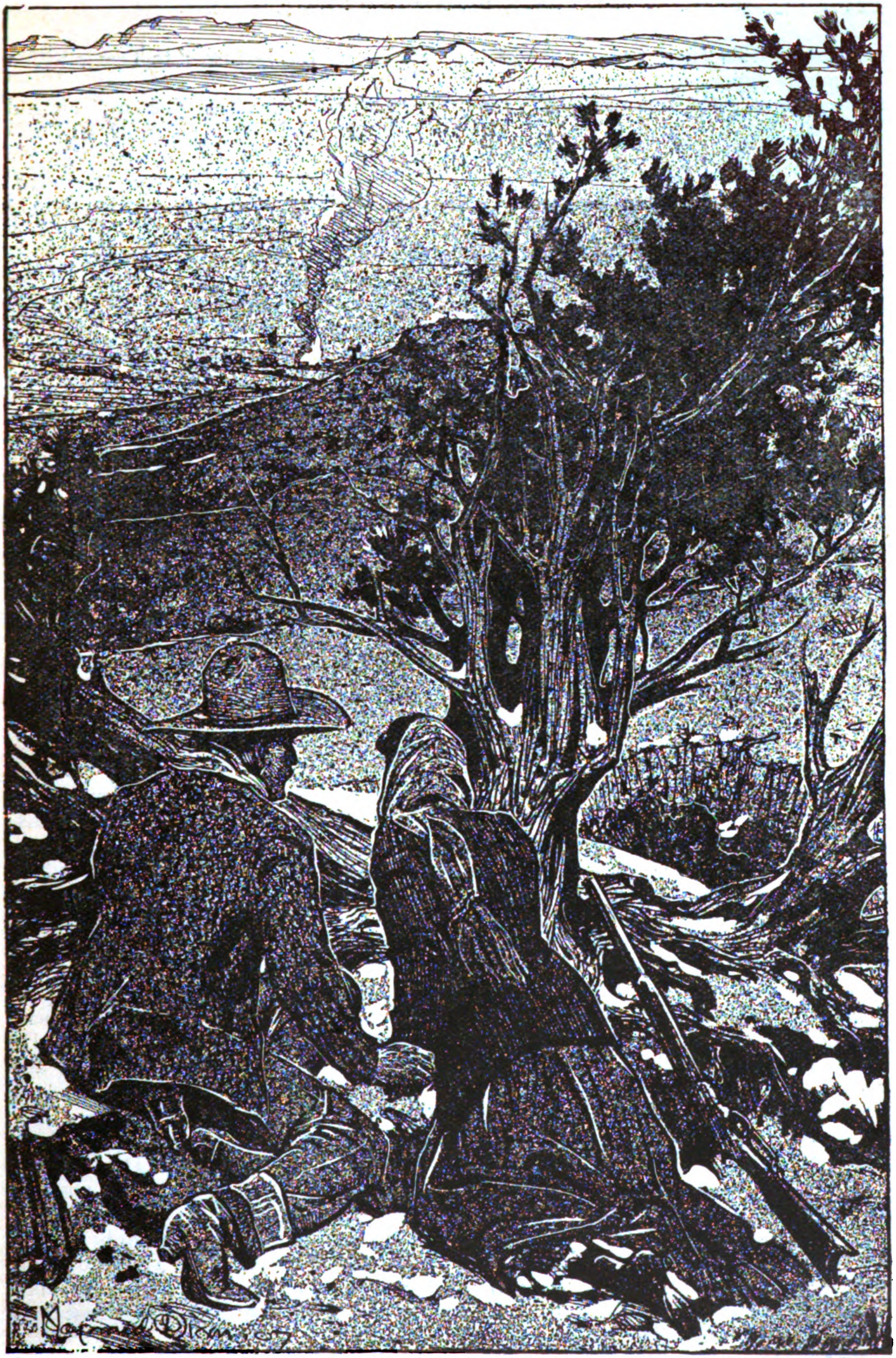
"What is it?" she cried, "tell me, oh, please tell me what that dreadful thing is!"

"Hush, little girl, it's nothing," he reassured her soothingly, just as his fingers came in contact with her dripping hand. In a flash he was cool.

"You must turn around now, while I make a light. This here is 'Pache work."

"Oh! she whispered in horror, "is—is it—somebody?"

Without answering her he stooped and struck a match. Teenie shrank back behind him as the pale flame flared up a moment, flickered and went out, but in



Suddenly while they were looking, a tongue of flame shot up from the abandoned cabin!

the span of its short breath, a horrible recumbent figure was revealed to their dilated eyes. After that the night seemed to press clammy fingers against their throats as if to choke them. What if in the next instant death should be dealt out to them by a painted horror with reeking hands! Ignoring his fear, Bush struck another match and touched it to a tiny *cholla,* which spluttered into a weak but steady blaze as Bush knelt to make a hasty examination. Death had out-stripped them, but by so short a margin that Bush rose to his feet in alarm.

"We must get out of this," he whispered hurriedly.

Teenie turned away, sick at heart; then like the flash of a bird's wing, she dropped to her knees and whipped off her big soft coat. "Please, wait just a moment," she begged, "I must wrap something about him. He's so cold and so far from everyone who loves him. I can't help thinking of poor Bill—what if—" she choked on a half-spent sob.

Bush's voice trembled, though he tried in vain to make it firm as he answered, "You'd better keep it yourself. You will need it far more than he will, poor soul."

"Please let me," she begged.

He tried to remonstrate, but she began to wrap the soft shroud about the poor body, to straighten the limbs and pillow on a thick fold the head from which the scalp lock had been wrested even before death had come to free the quivering heart. Teenie was silent for an instant, then, low as a whisper of the wind, she began reverently to repeat the Lord's prayer.

When she arose, Bush imagined that even in the gloom the light of the words lay reflected on her chastened face, and for hours she moved as if dulled to the perils of the way.

But as morning drew near, their pace became feverish. Several times Teenie stumbled and would have fallen, had not Bush been ever ready to stretch out his own weary arm to save her. At sunrise, Bush stopped behind a pile of rocks and a low screen of cats-claw to help Teenie mount. He dared not confess even to himself how he dreaded the venture into the open. But he turned to Teenie with a smile.

"Come, let me hoist you up," he said playfully, bracing himself as if for a tremendous weight.

"Don't you think I can do it alone?" she asked archly, making a little run only to be caught up and swung aloft just as she made the jump. He glanced at her in amazement, utterly puzzled at her indomitable spirit. He had felt her sway with weakness as he caught her up; he had seen her tremble as she ran toward him, yet she was nerved to play her part when it came.

While he was still smiling up at her, she clutched his arm, her gaze frozen on a distant sight. "Quick! are those crows flying over the hill?" she gasped.

Bush was on his horse in a flash, following her glance, and drew in his fingers convulsively against his palms. "My God! Teenie," he said, "crows! Those are 'Paches in war-paint! There is a chance we may come upon the troops. Chico will have to do his best. Keep under cover of the trees."

Before they were fairly off on their grim race, Teenie half opened her mouth in horror then closed her lips again and shrank low on her horse. "Maybe they won't see us," she whispered.

"Maybe," responded Bush, grimly.

Chico and Navi needed no spur. Lengths of plain were left behind, but despite that the crows soon grew to the size of vultures.

Exultant, the Indians sent a cry quavering over the distance between them. Teenie glanced appealingly at Bush. He sat calm and steadfast in his saddle and an overpowering confidence in his power to save her rushed over her again.

All at once, a desperate plan was born to Bush in his extremity. He began to speak quietly, but in a tone of absolute authority:

"See that gap ahead? Keep to the left till you pass that, then strike out for Black Hill. Flag's just under this side. I'm going to stop; but you must ride right on."

"Not alone! I couldn't, alone!"

"Teenie, you must. You needn't be

afraid; I can keep these fellows back easy enough, and we're right on the trail of the troops." Presently he added as an afterthought, "Maybe some of them can get back in time—"

She turned a quivering, but resolute face to him, and above the rush of hoofs he caught the words:

"I will—I will. Be sure to hold out till somebody comes."

A spiteful hiss burned through the air between them. In spite of herself Teenie cowered, and then the air was cleft by another bullet which striking the ground just ahead of them, tossed the dust into their faces.

With grim face Bush drew rein abruptly. Teenie sobbed, "Good-bye, good-bye, Cardo!" and swerving sharply to the right without slacking, she swept on.

Bush had a good rifle and fifty rounds of ammunition and his first impulse was to run down a little slope into an arroyo on the left, and if worst came to worst, to there end his own life. But he knew he would be better treated if captured if he now acted boldly, so rallying his courage he rode slowly toward the Indians. Chancing upon a small mound, he obeyed a sudden impulse and dismounted.

The Indians had drawn up at his first aggressive move and were watching from a safe distance. They now wheeled into line and bore down on him at full gallop, the leader, on a beautiful pinto, just ahead.

Leaning his rifle across his saddle, Bush awaited the rush, with the calmness of a brave man facing imminent danger. His finger clung to the curve of the trigger, his bronzed cheek pressed close against the stock, the line of his vision on the pinto. All at once there was a tightening of the tension of his whole body and a crack of powder.

The proud pinto gave a frenzied leap straight into the air; then came down, his splendid legs crumpled helplessly beneath him. His rider swallowed a boastful war-whoop as he plunged head over heels, plowing up several lengths of sand. His braves drew rein so abruptly that their ponies slid forward on their haunches. Raising the discomfited leader the party drew off for a consultation.

Presently one of the band began circling to pass Bush who blocked Teenie's trail. Alarmed beyond measure, Bush swore vigorously while sending several wild bullets after him. At each miss he got a derisive whoop from the band. While steadying himself determinedly for another shot he heard a sharp report, and on the instant he felt a burning pain in his leg. His eyes glazed, but he gritted his teeth grimly, struggling to keep on his feet, while about him the loose sand reddened in a slowly widening circle.

When his vision cleared a little, he was amazed, almost incredulous, to see the braves struggling to raise their leader behind one of the riders. And then, a faint rumble sent its muffled vibrations through him. Could it be the rush of hoofs?

In the same instant, the abject figure of Teenie's pursuer swept into view, clinging low to his horse's neck and side, while bullets fell about him. Close after him—down the slope—thundered a squad of regulars!

The other Indians had fled, and as the lone one swept by, Bush sent up a weak cheer that was caught up by the soldiers into a rousing cry of triumph.

Bush's head swam and fiery dots danced before his eyes, but as he reeled dizzily, he was conscious of a slight figure detaching herself from the troops, while close behind her galloped a boy on a campaign charger. It was Bill—Teenie's brother Bill!

Spurring toward him, with hair flying, Teenie called in clear high treble:

"We did get back in time—in time, oh, Cardo, Cardo!"

MIDSUMMER

By **Alberta Bancroft**

Under the fig trees the hammocks are swinging;
Under the fig trees the catbird is singing;
  Low droop the boughs till they brush the warm ground,
  Lazily, drowsily bending around.
Languorous leaves make weird music and low;
Glints of gold sunshine now come and now go:
  Hammocks and occupants idle together,
  All in the mellowing midsummer weather.

Over the fig trees wheel swiftly the swallow;
Over the fig trees the breezes call, "Follow!"
  Radiant, shimmering far in the air
  Quiver the sunbeams in dance everywhere;
Deepening, broadening ever on high,
On to eternity stretches the sky.
  Swallow and breezes both frolic together,
  All in the mellowing midsummer weather.

THE MAN WITH ONE POCKET

By MARGARET CAMERON

NED FARRELL was a gambler by instinct and a business man by conviction. Because his convictions tempered and guided the manifestations of his instinct, he was acting Pacific Coast manager for the old and conservative house of Kendrick & Company, Incorporated, instead of being a stock operator or a follower of the races. Moreover, his business methods had so favorably impressed the "Home Office" that there seemed a prospect that he would be permanently retained, in spite of his youth, in the managerial chair recently made vacant by the death of his former chief.

Therefore, because his conception of business integrity was definite and stern, Ned confined the indulgence of his taste for gambling to matching nickels for carfare, shaking dice or playing slot machines for cigars, buying Chinese lottery tickets from the "cousin" of his wife's cook, and otherwise provoking, in trivial ventures, the caprice of the God of Chance. It was the seduction of a wager, however, that finally led him into trouble.

His wife had been shopping in town all day, and he met her at a restaurant for dinner, preliminary to going to the theater. While he glanced over the menu she took off her veil, daintily shook it, folded it into a little square and thrust a pin through it.

"Please put that somewhere, dear," she said, handing it across the table to him. The deftness with which he thrust the cobwebby fabric into his pocket without crumpling its folds bespoke his familiarity with the service.

"And here's the opera glass," she continued. "I forgot to give it to you this morning, and I've been carrying it around all the afternoon. Such a nuisance, when one is shopping!" Farrell's overcoat hung near him and he dropped the case into a conveniently yawning pocket. "And—would you mind taking my purse, too? I might lose it."

"What are those?" He indicated two or three small parcels which lay beside her plate. "The delivery system seems to be interrupted to-day," he whimsically added, as he found pockets for each of them.

"Well, one hesitates to ask a tradesman to send a tiny purchase that's only worth ten cents, the funny papers to the contrary notwithstanding," she replied, "particularly when one lives in a suburb. And those things all came from different shops."

A woman passed them, carrying a number of little parcels, several of which she dropped before she had them counted and arranged to her satisfaction upon a neighboring table, at which she seated herself.

"I'm sorry for a woman who has no husband." Farrell's tone was grave; as Millicent glanced at him, however, she noticed a slight but significant contraction of the muscles about his eyes.

"Don't be insufferable," she dryly responded. "A celibate condition probably has its compensations."

"Possibly," he admitted; "but nothing can alter the fact that the unmarried woman has no vicarious pockets to carry her belongings."

"A statement which admirably illustrates one limitation of the masculine point of view." There was challenge in her laugh, but Ned was not to be diverted from his purpose.

"Why does a woman hamper her comfort in that way?" he demanded. "Why has she not even one pocket, as a rule?"

"Why has a man several more than he needs?"

"To accommodate his wife's overflow," was the prompt reply.

"Small thanks to the man, however," she retorted, still laughing. "We are all unreasoning puppets in the hands of the gods. They give you twenty-odd pockets, counting those in your overcoat; they give us none at all. I suppose it's another exemplification of the traditional disposition of privileges between the sexes."

"It's another exemplification of a woman's lack of ingenuity! You always carry—this is quite impersonal, you know, dear—you women always carry such a lot of unnecessary things!"

"Y-yes?" drawled his wife, the mischievous gleam in her eyes disappearing under quickly lowered lashes. Her tone should have warned him, but he was fired by the incautious zeal of the reformer and swept rashly on.

"Women have no method," he argued. "Now, of course, a man wouldn't submit to the nonsense of no pockets; but if he had to—if, for some reason, he had only one—he would so manage that he wouldn't be seriously inconvenienced, and he wouldn't always be going around with a handful of little things and dropping one or another of them every three minutes."

"No-o?" queried Millicent, studying the menu.

"No," he persisted, piqued by her apparent indifference. "A man would contrive some way to carry all the things he needed without doing that sort of thing."

Millicent knew Ned and recognized her opportunity. Dropping the menu card, she flashed a tantalizing glance at him and laughed.

"I'll wager you can't get along for a week with one pocket," she declared, "let alone none at all."

"That would be easy money," he retorted. "I could do it like a mice."

"The proof of the pudding—," she suggested. "I'd like to see you try."

She well knew that her husband had not entirely outgrown the prankish spirit of his college days, although it was long since he had permitted it expression. But temptation in that guise he could have resisted, had she not laughed again, teasingly, repeating: "I'll wager you couldn't."

"Done!" he cried, his eyes a-sparkle. "Just for a lark! What are your terms?"

"Well,—there's a ring at Shreve's that I admire." Her glance was questioning.

"Good! And if you lose, you shall find some way to carry your small necessities without burdening every man you meet."

"If I lose, I'll never again ask you to carry a small parcel for me."

"Oh, as to that," with a deprecating gesture, "I don't mind carrying your parcels. My objection is to the principle of the thing."

"Which pocket will you keep?" The demons of mischief that lurked in Millicent's dimples rioted about her mouth.

"Keep?"

"Yes; I'm going to sew up all the others, you know."

"Oh, you're going to sew up all the others." Full comprehension of her purpose required a mental effort militating against originality of phrase.

"Because otherwise you would unconsciously make use of some of them. Habit is strong."

"True," he assented, reflectively thrusting his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, "habit is strong."

"Oh, by the way," continued his roguish wife, "by the terms of this wager, you are not permitted to tell your friends about it."

"Oh, I say!" protested Ned.

"Oh, no! You are to accept the inconveniences and makeshifts as a matter of course, as a woman must, and make no explanations. Otherwise, you'd have an unfair advantage. 'A little wager with my wife' would account for any sort of apparent eccentricity. If you tell, I win." And so it was agreed.

Several hours later, while his wife was engaged in sealing with her needle fifteen of the sixteen pockets in his business suit, Ned stood regarding with a whimsical face the articles which had been removed from those pockets, and which now lay in rows on the bed, in this order: his billbook, a half dozen letters, cigar case, note book, commutation ticket, pencil, fountain pen, cardcase, toothpick holder, watch, gold pocketpiece containing his wife's picture, matchbox, small change from his waistcoat pocket, cigar clip, keys, knife, a purse holding gold and large silver coins, and his handkerchief. He had begun to divide these things into two very uneven piles, when of a sudden his puzzled smile gave place to an expression of blank dismay.

"By Jove!" he slowly ejaculated.

"Well?"

"Say, look here, Millicent, this is awkward! Mr. Kendrick and Scott Searles get back from Del Monte tomorrow."

Allen Kendrick was the venerable head of the firm in whose employ Ned hoped to continue as manager of the Pacific Department; Scott Searles was his son-in-law, and vice-president of the company, and it was supposed that their visit to the coast at this time was for the purpose of definitely deciding upon a manager for the department.

"Well?" By this time the dimple demons were well under Millicent's control, and her calm face betrayed only a cheerful interest.

"Well, don't you see?" Ned's voice held a suggestion of irritability. "I can't make myself ridiculous—"

"Oh, if you're willing to admit—" quickly began his wife.

"I admit nothing." he as quickly rejoined. "It can be done, of course,—any man could do it, but—"

"But any man would like to make his own conditions?" dryly suggested Millicent. "Well, that's another masculine privilege."

"Not at all," he protested. "If it were anybody but the president of the company—"

"Oh, well, of course, dear, if you want to give it up—! It was only a joke anyway." She broke off her thread with a good natured laugh, and took up her scissors to rip the stitches. The laugh turned the scale. To him it seemed laden with indulgency.

"Not a bit of it," he stoutly declared, slipping the commutation ticket inside the lining of his hat, "I'll do it anyway, just to show you how simple it is, if one has a little ingenuity."

Before twelve o'clock the next day, when Mr. Kendrick and Scott Searles entered the office to go to luncheon with him, Farrell had had several slightly disconcerting adventures. On the car, he had been unable to reach any money until he had first removed his cigar case, and his handkerchief, and even then, his keys and his knife and the larger coins—loose in his pocket because he had found his purse too bulky to carry—prevented his quickly finding a dime. Meanwhile, the man who waited to match with him, to decide who should pay the fare for both, waxed facetious at his expense, and the terms of the wager prevented his making any explanation. And he had had a similar experience when he reached his private office, where the bookkeeper was waiting for a paper which was locked in the manager's desk. Farrell took out his cigar case, and as he drew up the keys, they caught in his handkerchief, dragging it out, and in thrusting back the handkerchief, he dropped the keys.

When he had been trying to arrange comfortably in his pocket the articles he had finally decided to carry, Millicent had mentioned that she always tied her keys to her garter and tucked them into the top of her stocking, but he had not adopted the suggestion. It had not seemed consistent with managerial dignity.

As the bookkeeper returned them to him, Ned thought he saw an amused twinkle in the man's eyes, and he flushed, feeling like a schoolboy detected in a transgression. He resolved to find, before another day, a more convenient location for those keys, for no matter how much he may enjoy a prankish adventure, no young manager relishes the conviction of callow youth and awkwardness in the mind of a subordinate. However, as the morning wore on, he felt that he had not made a bad start, and he was still confident of his ability to win the wager.

As Ned pushed back his chair and arose to go to luncheon with the heads of the firm, Mr. Kendrick took out his watch, saying, "I think I'm a minute or two slow. What is the time, Mr. Farrell?"

Ned's hand went instinctively to his left side, and was quickly withdrawn. "Perhaps Mr. Searles can tell us," he replied, flushing. His color deepened as he looked up and met the calm, observant gaze of the vice-president.

"No," said Searles, "I left my watch for repairs on the way down here. It was out of order."

"Don't you carry a watch, Mr. Farrell?" testily inquired the old man.

"Why, yes, ordinarily," stammered Ned, "but—you see I'm not wearing it to-day." He recovered his self possession and threw back his coat, speaking lightly.

"I hope you didn't forget it," pursued the president. "It's not a good indication when a young man forgets. He may be honest, but he's not to be trusted. He lacks system, and system is the flywheel of business."

When he was dressing that morning, Ned had hinted that it would ruin the satin finish of his watchcase to put it in the pocket with his keys and his money. Millicent, generously desiring to help, had suggested that he might slip the timepiece inside the belt of his trousers, or wear it pinned to his waistcoat, and had enthusiastically offered to lend him the jeweled hook that he had given her with the tiny watch which she sometimes wore. This, also, had seemed inconsistent with the dignity of his position, and he had compromised by hanging the watch on one of the hooks of his suspenders, where he could get at it fairly well if he were not too closely observed. And there it hung, vociferously ticking. He fancied that Searles must hear it, and as he glanced up and met the look in the vice-president's eyes, he flushed again.

To hide his confusion, he turned toward the outer office, saying: "Shall we take a little stroll about town before luncheon?" and the older men followed him to the street.

As they passed a cigar stand where young men were shaking dice, Mr. Kendrick's face hardened.

"There," he said, pointing to them with his stick, "is the bane of modern business life—the game of chance. I meet it everywhere, but particularly here in the West. The desire to get something for nothing,—the desire to gamble,—is weakening the integrity of all our young men and making them unfit for steady, conservative, honest, business. I'm told that a man sometimes puts a nickel into one of those slot machines, and gets a dollar's worth of cigars. Persisted in, that will ruin a man's moral perception. It will give him a certain obliquity of moral vision that is deplorable and dangerous, and it's wrong, all wrong!"

"Mr. Kendrick, isn't it possible that you exaggerate the importance—" began Ned.

"Not a bit, sir! Not a bit!" cut in the old man, and Farrell bit his lip and listened, while the president continued, with the slow prolixity of age.

"It's just what I say it is, the curse of modern business life. Every other man you meet is a gambler. He plays these machines, or shakes dice, or matches coins for carfare—I know men, sir, who never ride on a street-car without gambling for the miserable little fare! It's that sort of man who can't even let a presidential election go by—the most serious and pregnant event of our national life—without making it the subject of idiotic and degrading wagers. Or they bet on horses, or play poker, or buy lottery tickets, or speculate in stocks—sometimes with another man's money. It's all the same thing at bottom, sir! It's all gambling, and it's all dishonest, because it's all trying to get something for nothing, even if the something is no more than making another man ridiculous, as in the case of many silly election bets. If I find a young man addicted to that sort of thing, it's all I want to know about him. There may be men who are willing to give him employment, but he won't find it with Kendrick & Company. Every position with us is, in a sense, a position of trust, and every man in our employ must be a man who is trustworthy. And he can not be that if he's a gambler!"

"But, Mr. Kendrick—"

"Mr. Kendrick belongs to an old and very conservative school," interrupted Searles's pleasant voice, "a school which, as he himself says, is rapidly—"

"Now, Scott, I will not have you defending this wretched modern tendency," querulously objected his father-in-law. "You know perfectly well that in your heart you have no more tolerance for it than I have!"

Ned shot a covert glance of interrogation at the vice-president, and met a gaze so quizzical, so shrewd, and withal, so kindly, that his uneasiness was dispelled for the moment, and with clearing brow, he led the way into the restaurant.

As they were finishing their dessert, Mr. Kendrick, grown unwontedly expansive and genial under the influence of his wine, said:

"Perhaps this is as good a time as any to tell you, Mr. Farrell, that Mr. Searles and I have been very much pleased with what we have learned of your work out here, and we think we could not do better for the Pacific Department than to leave it permanently in your hands." Ned flushed with pleasure, and would have stammered a response, but the old man continued, "It's not the policy of the company to place so much responsibility in the hands of so young a man, as a rule, but you seem to be an exception. I shall write to the directors to-night, asking them to confirm your appointment at their next meeting."

Ned made a modest little speech of acknowledgment, expressing his gratitude for the company's appreciation of his labors in its behalf, and added something about the continuance of his earnest efforts in the future. Then the men shook hands over the table, and the little unofficial ceremony was at an end. Mr. Kendrick took one of Ned's cigars and rolled it appreciatively in his fingers.

"It's strange how a similarity of taste in tobacco will prejudice one man in another's favor," he said. Ned rejoiced inwardly that this very reflection had decided him in the morning to give the major portion of the room in his hip pocket to his cigar case, at the expense of his notebook and some papers. Mr. Kendrick had complimented his cigars before.

"Have you a match?" asked the president.

"Er—no—I—I haven't my matchbox with me," replied the new manager.

Mr. Searles proffered his and the three men were silent for a moment, while they leaned back in their chairs and enjoyed the aroma of their cigars.

"By the way," said Mr. Kendrick, taking his notebook and pencil from his pocket, "I wish, while I think of it, you would give me the names and addresses of those Seattle men you mentioned the other day, with whom you think we might made a deal. We're going back that way and might look them up."

"I'm sorry I haven't them with me," replied Ned. "I'll give them to you when we get back to the office."

Mr. Kendrick's brow contracted a little. "You read them to me from your notebook," he said. "Have you forgotten?"

"No," Ned moved uneasily, "but—I haven't my notebook with me to-day. I have the addresses at the office, however."

"H'm," commented the president, as he replaced his notebook and pencil in his pocket.

"I remember one or two of them," added Farrell, stung by Mr. Kendrick's sharp glance and his own knowledge of the reason for the notebook's absence. "One is George B. Giddings, whose office is in the—"

"Just write them down, will you?" curtly interrupted Mr. Kendrick. "We'll verify them when we get to the office."

Ned helplessly touched his closed pockets. "I—I haven't a card," he stammered.

"Take mine," promptly suggested Mr. Searles, handing it across the table.

"Thanks. And may I—er—may I use your pencil, also?" Then, seeing the surprise in the faces of both his guests, Ned added, with a nervous laugh, "the truth is, I left most of my pocket paraphernalia at home this morning."

A sharp frown brought Mr. Kendrick's brows together. "It is very important, Mr. Farrell," he said, "that the manager of a large business should not only make a practice of having the ordinary requirements of business life about him, but that he should not forget to keep them about him. I don't like young men who forget.

They're not to be trusted." He pursed up his lips and irritably stared at his prospective manager.

Farrell wrote the addresses slowly, while his mind whirled from one alternative to another, in an endeavor to find a lubricant for a situation which was becoming dangerous. His inclination was to make a clean breast of the whole affair, but that would be only to make matters worse. That his confession would yield the wager to his wife was of small consequence beside the fact that, in view of Mr. Kendrick's radical opinions it would almost certainly lead to the recall of his as yet unofficial appointment as manager.

Then it occurred to him that he might take the vice-president into his confidence. It was current gossip among the older employes of the firm that Scott Searles was the only man who had ever been able to persuade the president to retreat from a position which he had once taken. Ned remembered the quizzical smile in Searles's eyes when Mr. Kendrick had so unequivocally condemned all forms of small gambling, and decided that if worst came to worst, he would attack what seemed the line of least resistance, and tell the vice-president.

As he looked up and saw Mr. Kendrick's still frowning visage, his fingers involuntarily contracted, and the pencil that he had been using slipped out of their control and rolled to the floor. He had almost to get under the table to recover it, and he was still pulling at his waistcoat and readjusting his cravat when the waiter brought him the check. He tried to fish out a coin without first removing the various impedimenta that filled his one pocket to overflowing, but the money, naturally, was all at the bottom and perversely eluded his grasp. Mr. Kendrick, with pursed lips and somber eyes, regarded his every motion, and Ned reflected that it would not improve the situation to fumble and empty his pocket in the president's sight, in order to get at money enough to pay for a very simple luncheon. His glance fell on a telephone booth, and relief seemed to beckon from its curtained seclusion.

"If you'll excuse me a moment," he said, addressing Mr. Kendrick, "I'll use the telephone before we go out, as we may not return at once to the office."

He arose, and as he did so, his watch, which had been pushed off the hook of his suspenders by the pressure of his clothing while he was recovering the pencil, fell at his feet, with a sharp rattle. Mr. Kendrick, sitting next the wall, could not see it, but Searles, at the end of the table opposite Ned, pulled the cloth aside just before Farrell's napkin dropped over the watch, so that he saw, not only the watch, but the younger man's evident attempt to conceal it.

The vice-president's face took on an expression that Ned had never before seen in it; a sternness in comparison with which Mr. Kendrick's aged petulance seemed childish. For a moment the two men gazed into each other's eyes. Then Searles pushed back his chair and turned away his glance, but his face had not softened.

"Mr. Searles—," said Ned, and stopped to clear his throat.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Farrell," interrupted his guest. "You were about to go to the telephone, I believe."

Ned saw that his only salvation lay in a bold play. "I think you said that you wished to telephone to Mrs. Farrell," he suggested. "Will you do it now?"

"I don't remember expressing any such intention," deliberately replied Searles.

"Pardon me," persisted Ned. "I think you did." He met unwaveringly the question of the stern gray eyes. "Will you come now?" he repeated. Bowing coldly, Searles arose and followed his host into the curtained telephone booth.

Ten minutes later, when they again emerged, a quizzical smile played over the vice-president's lips and made pleasant little lines about his eyes. Ned's hands were sunk deep in his trousers pockets, around the edges of which there were occasional loose threads, and his face wore an expression of profound satisfaction.

"Father," said the vice-president, "we've just telephoned to Mrs. Farrell, and now we're all going up town to help her select a ring."

OREGON'S IRRIGON

By Emma Seckle Marshall

IN MORROW County, Oregon, is a little town, the name of which is significant of its origin and the cause of its perpetuation. It is Irrigon. As may be assumed it is the outcome of a very successful system of irrigation which is making notable not only the town itself, but many of the forty-two thousand acres which comprise the company's domain, and its tributary territory,—notable for the quality of the fruit and vegetables which they produce.

A little over a decade ago this tract of land was as unpromising as any so-called desert in the great West. It was, seemingly, like the rest of that section, a vast stretch of sand strewn with a scrubby growth of sagebrush and low-growing cactus; the home of the jackrabbit and the sagehen, though without offering any apparent inducements to either to select this plain as a place of permanent residence.

Bordering the tract for fifteen miles on the north is the Columbia, carrying by its volume of icy water so rapidly that the sands of the river banks do not absorb and retain enough moisture to induce even a few blades of grass to grow. Along the eastern boundary the Umatilla river loiters or dashes according to season, emptying into the Columbia about seven miles east of Irrigon, but, until tapped for the purpose, its waters had never benefited an acre of ground along this part of its course.

Somebody, who had seen the wonderful results of irrigation on arid land elsewhere, believed that this soil, with water, would be equally productive, and desultory attempts at irrigation were made at intervals but nothing of particular note was accomplished until several business men took hold of the enterprise, and under the title of the Oregon Land and Water Company, have proven that the faith of the first believer was founded on a substantial basis, for they have not only established a thriving town but already have made the desert bring forth fruit and flowers, and have provided homes and means of livelihood for hundreds—some day they will number thousands—of people.

The Umatilla river has its source in the Blue Mountains and follows a slightly northwestern course to its junction with the Columbia. Through the mountains it pursues the erratic tactics of the ordinary mountain stream, but when it reaches the valley, it modifies its exuberance to a certain extent. In the winter, at times, it becomes a mad torrent, but in the heart of summer it dwindles to a network of small rivulets hurrying along their rocky channels, but carrying enough water to transform thousands of acres of sand into arable land.

Among those who realized the wealth of soil richness which the Umatilla bore on its flood were the engineers of the United States Government who were studying the streams with a view to locating a Government irrigation project, which they finally located about thirty miles east of the lands of the Oregon Land and Water Company. Two smaller systems are also in operation along this part of the river with very satisfactory results, but they are intended as yet only to water the alfalfa fields, as few experiments have been made with other soil products, except in the vicinity of Irrigon, as the quality of the alfalfa, the size of the crops and the number that are harvested a season, and the demand for all that can be raised, has justified the farmers in confining themselves to this easily grown product.

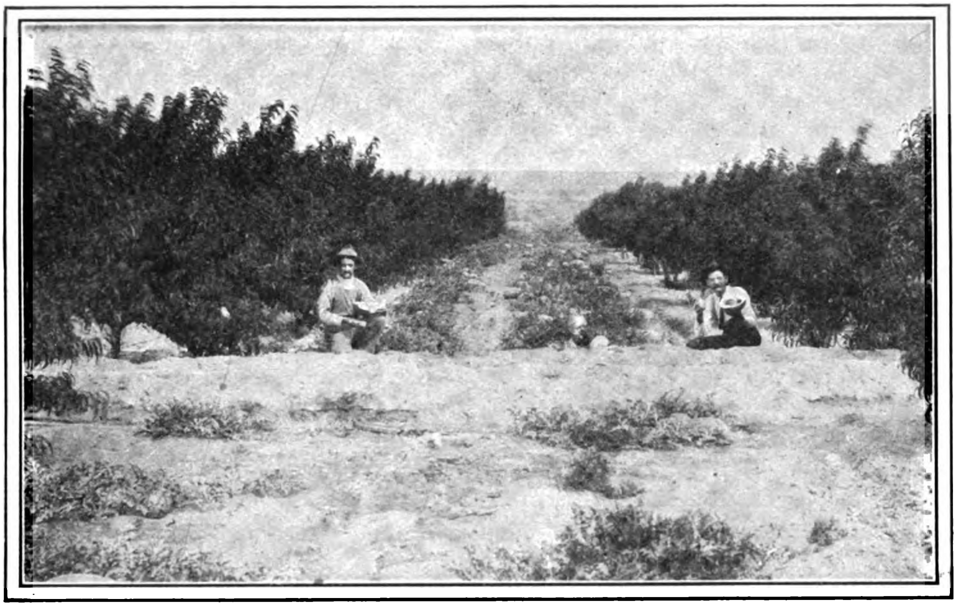
But the big company here had dreams of a greater future for their land than to be a mere producer of hay and melons. They dreamed of a vast orchard tract which should become famous for its cherries and peaches as other portions of Oregon had gained world-renown for horticultural products. They dreamed also of a bustling city, with a suburban surrounding of beautiful homes embowered in greenery and set amid attractive flower gardens. And these dreams to-day are in a fair way of coming true.

Selecting what they considered the most advantageous point in the river, the company constructed a dam three-hundred feet long and six feet high, from bank to bank. The materials used in its construction are heavy timbers and cement, solidity being an important consideration because of the freshets, during which the water comes down with an almost resistless force. At these times the water washes over the top of the dam but so substantial is it that no injury from this source can result to it.

,When the Government project is underway the excess of storm water will be deflected into that reservoir. This will not affect the amount of water carried by the river under ordinary conditions, and will be an advantage instead of a detriment as it will control the sudden turbulent rises which mark the storm periods. In the center of the dam is a fish ladder and at the west end is the head-gate which regulates the flow of water into the flume. This flume of heavy timbers follows the line of the river for a long distance, and seepage from it has caused a wonderful and very beautiful drapery of green to spring from the sand lodged in the crevices of the rocky bank and fall in heavy, swaying folds of tangled vines and mosses to the edge of the water.

The flume is six feet wide at the bottom and three feet across the top, with a capacity of three thousand inches. Its length from the dam to the main canal, into which it empties, is about four thousand feet. The canal, which is the real distributing agent, is from ten to fifteen feet in width and while its present capacity is, of course, the same as that of the flume, the intention is to make it carry double that amount in the near future. From it the system of laterals and ditches spreads out in what seems to the uninitiated a somewhat puzzling network of lines. They reach every portion of the tract and the ditches which irrigate the individual holdings receive their supply from them.

The quantity of water in the laterals and ditches is regulated by means of "turn-outs," or water gates. These are really boards which slide easily in and out of position. Each tract is irrigated in turn, the owner being notified in advance by the *zanjero,* a man employed by the company to attend to that part of the business. It is his duty to turn the water into the different tracts and shut it off when the due amount has been received. This varies with the size of the tract, a ten-acre field or orchard receiving double the amount of a five-acre farm. About eight or nine hours is usually sufficient to water the smaller piece thoroughly. An orchard is generally watered about once a month, but small fruits and vegetables require irrigation once a week. The alfalfa field is soaked after each cutting, when the new growth



MELONS AND PEACHES AT IRRIGON

starts as if at the touch of a magician's wand. The contour of a portion of the plat is rolling and ditches are not feasible. In these parts elevated flumes or lines of cement pipe are used. The company has found the latter eminently successful and maintains a plant upon the tract for its manufacture. A diameter of from eight to ten inches has been found to be the most satisfactory size and already several miles of the pipe are in operation. It is the intention to replace the ditches and flumes with this pipe eventually. The pipe is everlasting and the first expense is the only cost, as repairs are never necessary while ditches and flumes occasionally have to be scraped or dragged with chains to remove the accumulation of sand or other sediment deposited by the water. Then, too, there is always more or less seepage from the best built flumes and the hardest puddled ditches and this means waste. It is impossible for any water to leak through cement pipes and the longer they are used the harder the concrete becomes. They will connect with the main canal and deliver directly to the different small tracts.

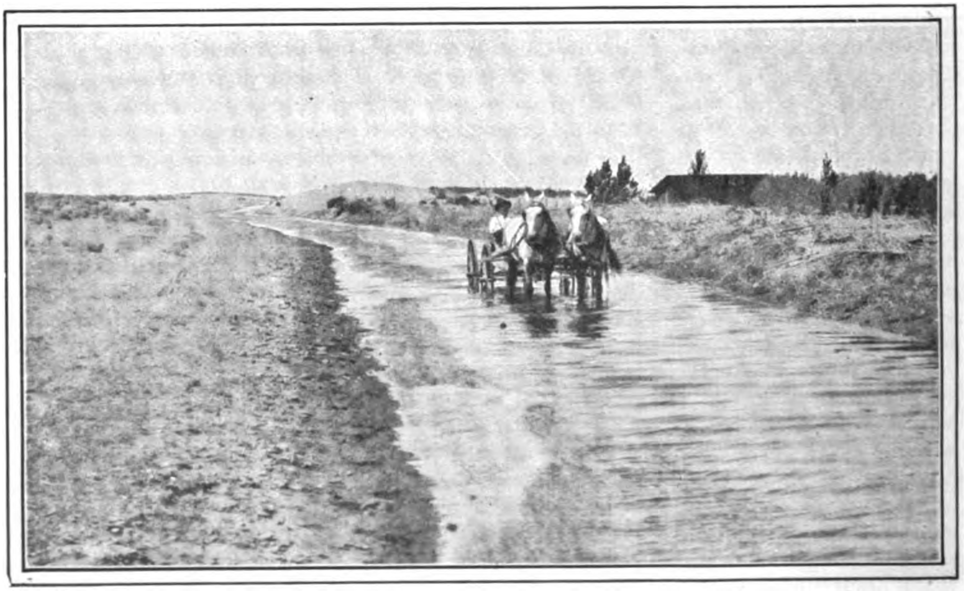
"SPRING DAYS"

It will be suggested that each orchard owner, for his own convenience and economy of time and labor, erect stand-pipes at each row of trees as, by turning the valve, the whole orchard could thus be watered at once and he be at liberty to put in time as he pleased. The perpetual right to a certain amount of water per acre is included in the purchase of these lands and that guarantees the thrifty owner more than a livelihood as soon as his trees come into full bearing. The modern method of irrigation is in marked contrast to the old-time way of flooding the ground. Nowadays the ditches are excavated with precision and of a depth sufficient to carry the water without overflow, thus proving the efficacy of sub-irrigation rather than surface wetting. While land that is naturally fertile will wear out in time under constant cultivation unless it is regularly irrigated or given artificial nutriment occasionally, land that is known as "semi-arid," when irrigated, improves and becomes richer without any other fertilizer than the silt carried by the water. This gradually mixes with the loose sand and in time produces a rich loam that is seldom surpassed for productiveness.

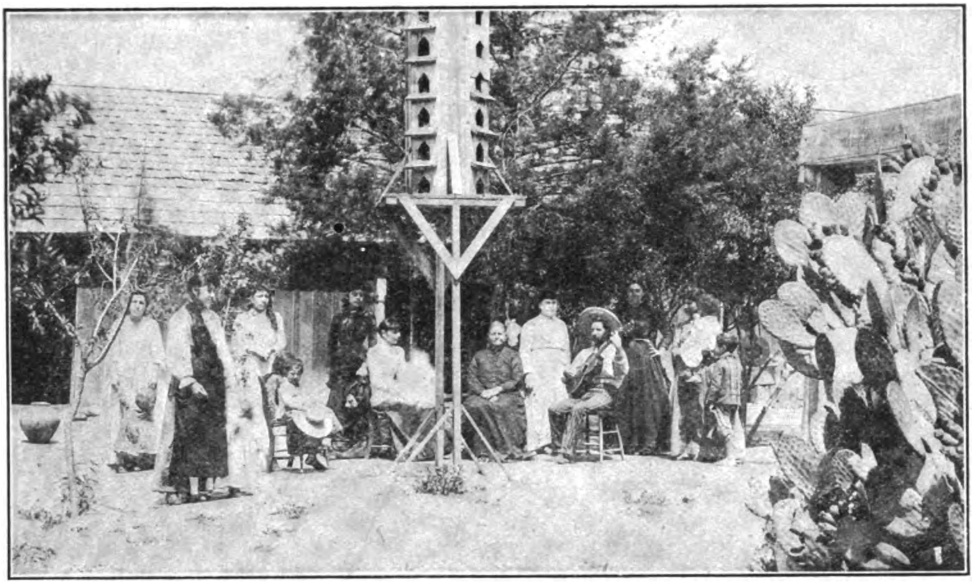
The work being done at Irrigon, and the results, form an object lesson in western irrigation—a lesson which is still difficult for the old time "sun and rain" farmer to understand, or fully appreciate. Government irrigation or reclamation projects, now under way in the western states, contemplate putting "under water" over eighteen million acres of land heretofore classed as arid wastes.

The fruit and berries of this section ripen two weeks earlier than in other parts of the state, and every fruit grower knows what it means to get his products to market a fortnight before his competitors do. It means rapid sales and high prices while the public appetite is eager and yet unsated from not only a plenitude of quantity, but also of variety in the markets.

While it has been satisfactorily demonstrated that all sorts of fruits do well around Irrigon the majority of the fruit growers have decided to give special attention to cherries and peaches as they are convinced that those grown here are the equal of any produced elsewhere. Some farmers are planting their tracts to asparagus and watermelons, both being money-makers; others are giving their attention to alfalfa, of which four heavy crops a season are assured. Many rely on the berries and vegetables to give them an income while the fruit trees are too young to bear profitably. The size of the tracts varies from five to twenty acres, according to the means of the purchaser, but it is conceded that a ten-acre tract is ample for all purposes of livelihood assuming that the owner is thrifty, industrious and wide awake.



WATER ENOUGH TO FLOAT THE CROP



A SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN FAMILY AT HOME IN LOS ANGELES IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE GRINGO CAME—FROM AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH
Photograph by Pierce

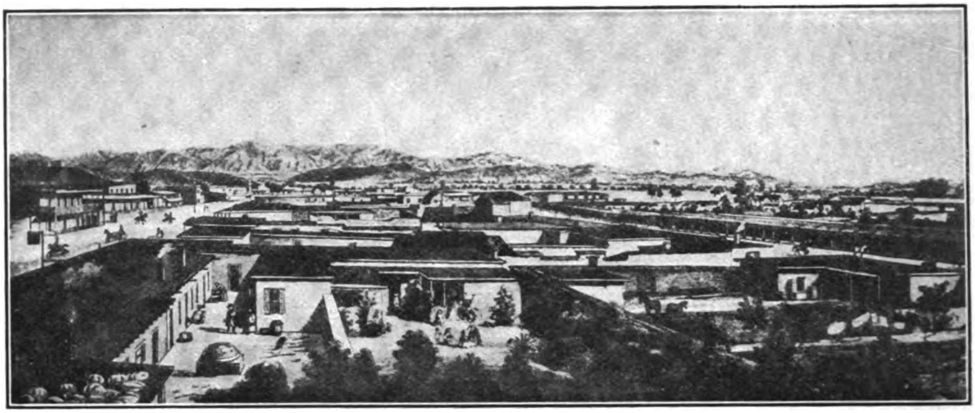
THE MAKING OF LOS ANGELES

A STUDY OF THE ASTONISHING GROWTH OF CALIFORNIA'S SOUTHLAND CITY—ORANGES, PALMS AND FAST RISING SKY-SCRAPERS—PRESENT POPULATION CLOSE TO 300,000

By BERTHA H. SMITH

CHICAGO and Jack's beanstalk hold the world's records for quick growth in their different classes; but if Los Angeles keeps up its present pace, it will soon outstrip Chicago, and before the end of the decade may even challenge the beanstalk.

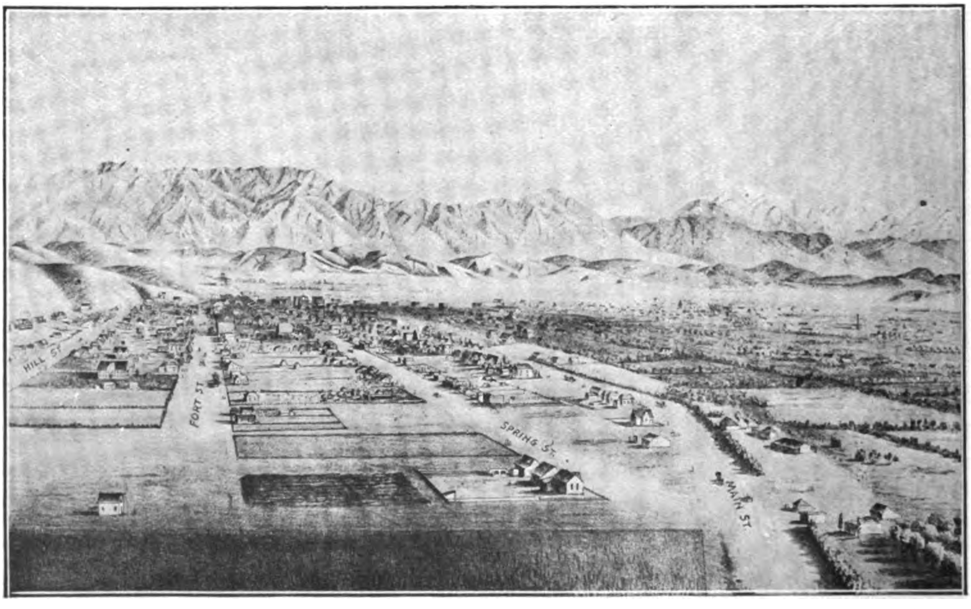
Los Angeles began the century with a little over one hundred thousand people, and a recent school census shows a population of nearly three times that number, two hundred and eighty-four thousand, four hundred and eleven, a gain of nearly two hundred per cent in six years and a half. To keep up with the increase, which has averaged for six and a half years a townful each month, buildings have been erected at the rate of twenty miles a year and an average cost of a million dollars a month. Last year Los Angeles led every city of its size in the country, and many much larger, in its building operations with a total of nine thousand, three hundred and fifty-eight building permits valued at $18,502,446. For the year ending May 1, total permits issued were $17,342,748. It led all cities in increase in postal business, and all cities of its size in bank clearings, which for the year ending May 1, were 609,506,762—in fact, in everything that denotes sturdiness and vigorous growth.



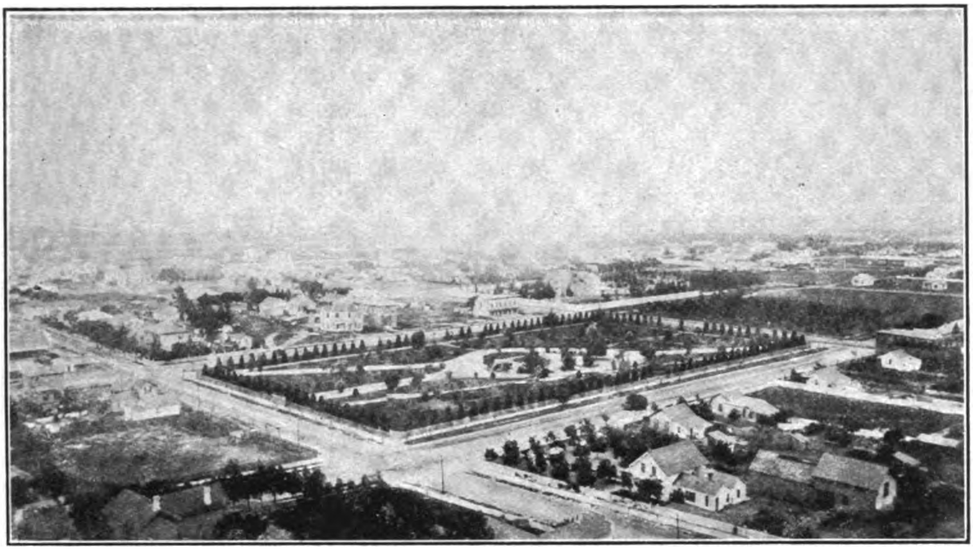
LOS ANGELES IN 1857—AN OVERGROWN MEXICAN PUEBLO

Naturally follows the question: Why is Los Angeles—this lusty Los Angeles of to-day? And summing up the answers of any hundred men to which the question has been put, this is why:

In the beginning the Creator gave it a climate that is a perfect blend of the fresh breath of the desert, the pure air of the mountains, and the clean, bracing wind from the sea; and a soil that, given water, refuses nothing grown in temperate or semi-tropic climes. For twenty years the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has labored unceasingly to let every man, woman and child in the United States, and beyond, know that here was a place where people could not merely exist, but live. And finally, a few years ago, a man came to Los Angeles with his brain and his millions and the potentiality of many more millions and began to develop a system of urban and inter-urban electric railway that is to-day second to no other electric railway system of like extent in the world. These are the three most conspicuous reasons.

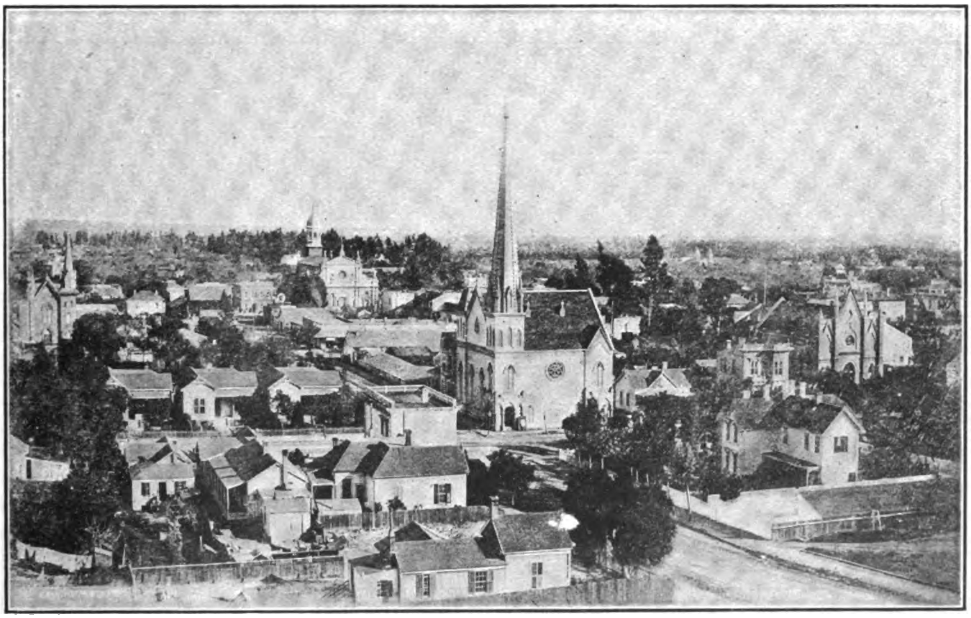

HILL ST.
FORT ST.
SPRING ST.
MAIN ST.

IN 1873—THE OUTLOOK FROM NINTH AND MAIN STREETS Photograph by Pierce



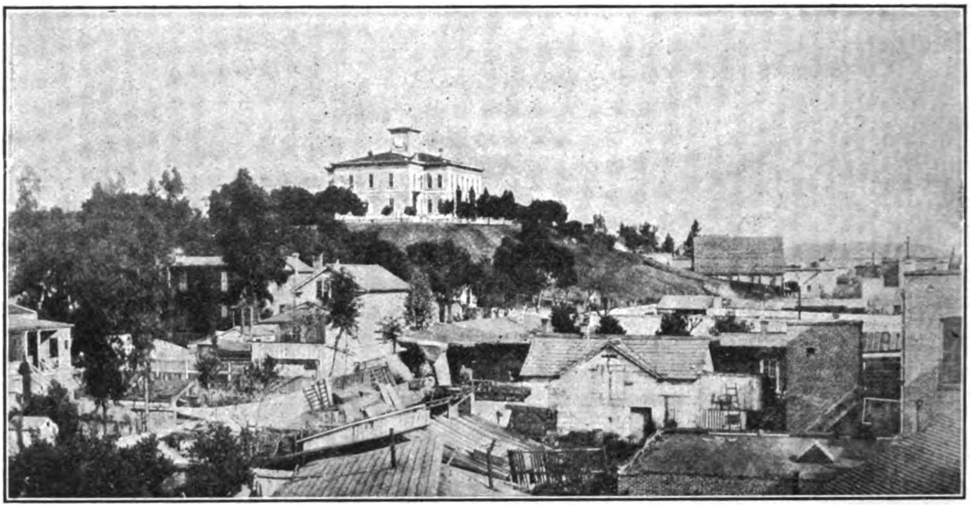
IN 1880—THE CITY'S CENTRAL PARK FROM HILL AND SIXTH STREETS

Of the natural advantages of Los Angeles the world has heard enough, thanks to barrels of printer's ink spilled in every corner of the land. But the Creator did His part a very long time ago, and He did as much for a half dozen other towns within fifty miles of Los Angeles, and as many more in other parts of the state which are to-day thriving towns, but not cities. Yet for more than a hundred years Los Angeles made no great stir in the world. Indeed, at the end of a hundred years it had drawn together but few more people than it now



A SECTION OF THE CITY IN 1885—VIEW FROM NEAR HILL AND SECOND STREETS

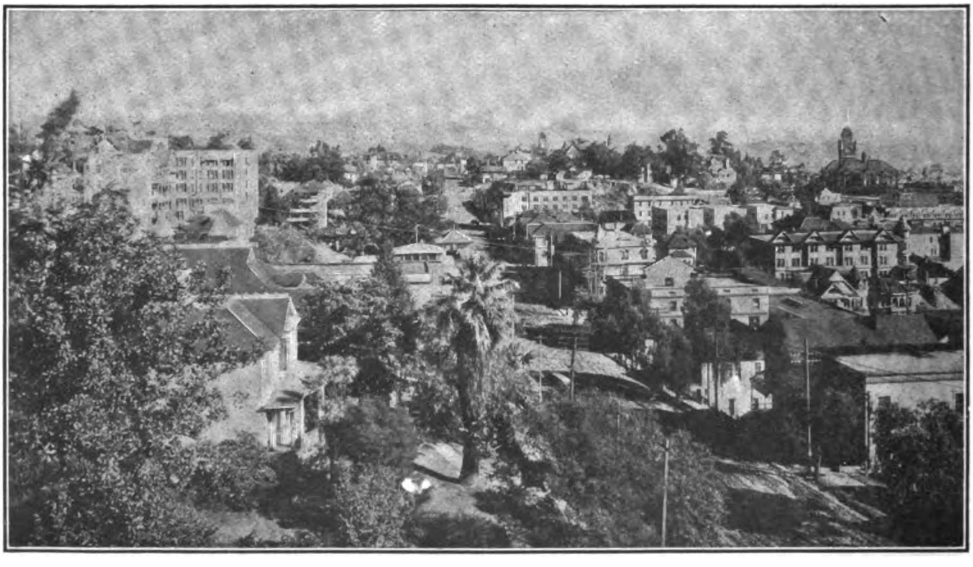
Photograph by Pierce



THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL ON THE HILL NOW OCCUPIED BY THE COURTHOUSE

draws as permanent residents in a hundred days.

For most of that hundred years Los Angeles was not an American city. Long after the *gringo* came, the spell of the mother country lay heavy upon the land and it took a deal of Yankee push to overcome it. To say that Los Angeles happened is a mistake. It is one of the very few American cities that did not happen. The spot was selected by one of the first Spanish governors because the water and the level country surrounding made it a suitable location for a pueblo, whose people should furnish food supplies for the presidios. It was formally founded with all the pomp and ceremony of the Roman Catholic Church, or as much of it as was possible to a small band of travel-stained and foot-sore soldiers led

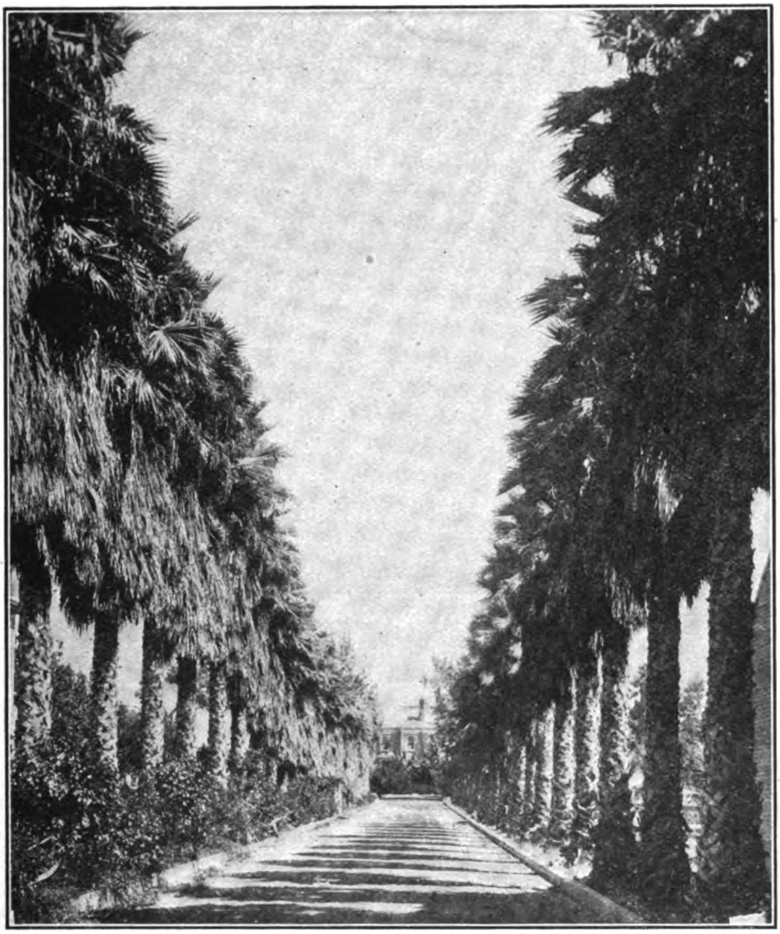


VIEW TO-DAY—FROM THIRD AND OLIVE STREETS LOOKING TOWARD THE COURTHOUSE (ON HILL AT RIGHT)—THIS IS THE FAMILY HOTEL AND APARTMENT HOUSE DISTRICT

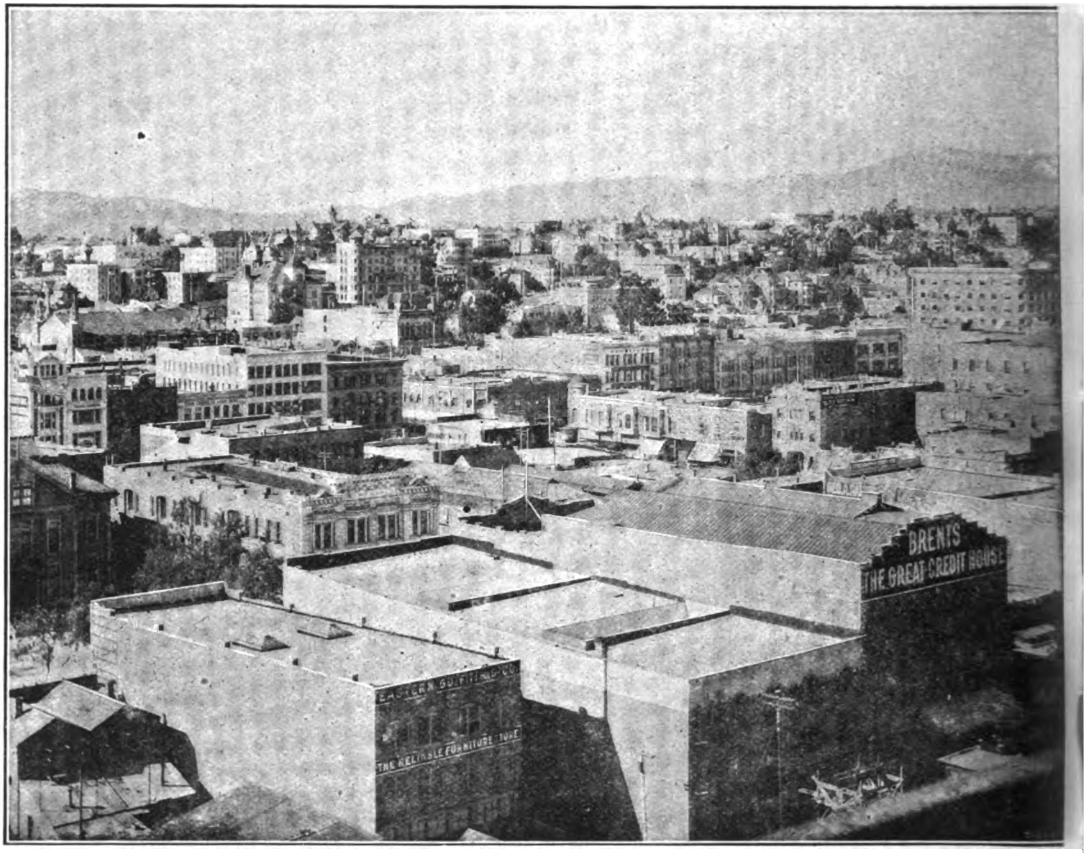
Photograph by Putnam & Valentine

by the governor, a few padres from Mission San Gabriel, and the ready-made population of families composed in varying parts of Spaniards, negroes, and Indians—in all, eleven men, eleven women and twenty-two children. It was christened El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles, because it was on the feast day of Our Lady of the Angels that the first party of white men had passed through the Indian village of Yang-na twelve years before, in 1869. The Yang-na villagers were the only spectators of the unique ceremony of the founding of the second pueblo in California.

As to territory the infant pueblo was royally provided, the boundaries running six miles in each direction. As to people, it seems to have been a matter of scraping together what would come from Mexico on the promise of a none too reliable government to provide each family with ground for a house, fourteen acres for cultivation, and the necessary implements and live stock to begin farming. The possibilities of such a country were wasted on the vagabond band that came, and the pueblo never amounted to anything until long after the last remnant of the original settlers was gone. It was still a sorry excuse for a town that the



OLD PALM AVENUE ON THE GENERAL LONGSTREET HOMESTEAD —KNOWN TO-DAY AS SINGLETON COURT Photograph by Pierce

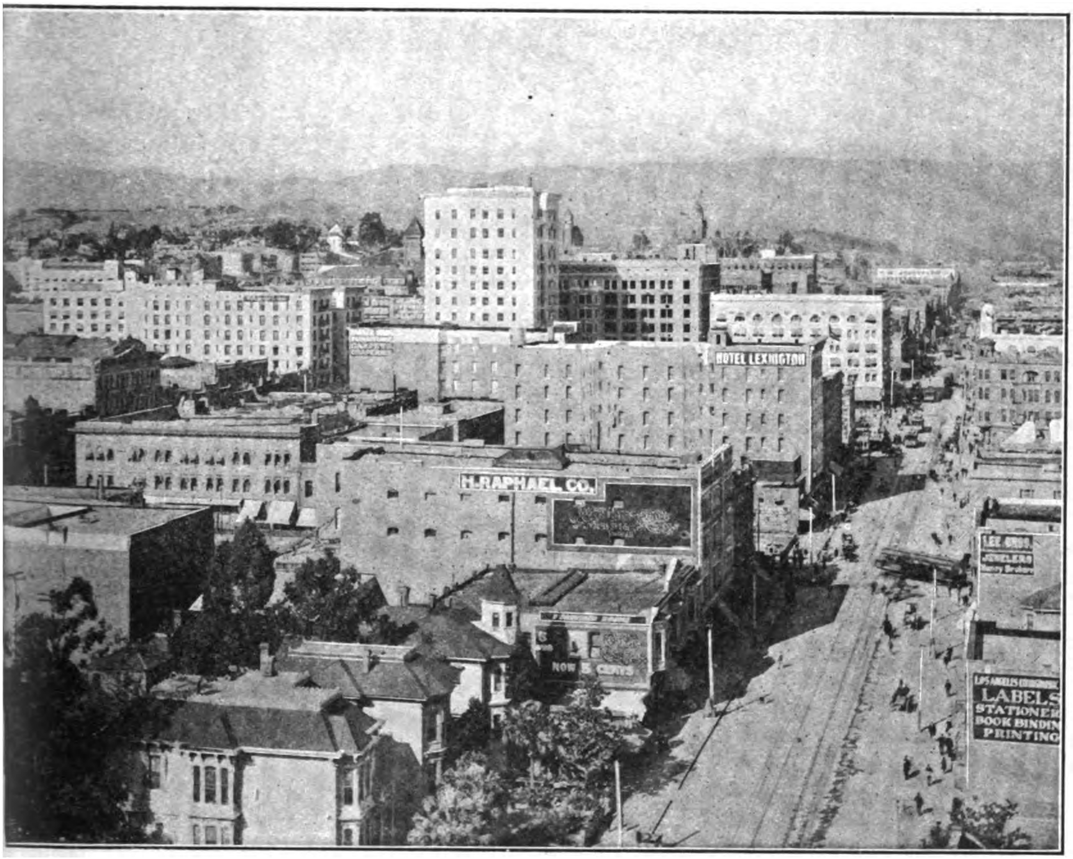


PANORAMA OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES TO-DAY—LOOKING NORTH AND WEST FROM SIXTH AND MAIN STREETS
CITY, AND THE ENCIRCLING SIERRA MADRE RANGE, WHERE ON THE

United States adopted near the middle of the nineteenth century. Of the one thousand, six hundred population at that time the few Americans outweighed all the rest, and some of their names are found to-day in directories of streets and business blocks.

From 1850 to 1870, Los Angeles seems to have distinguished itself only as the toughest town in the country and continued to justify the name of Los Diablos earned in an earlier day. During this period, one after another, ministers of various Protestant denominations came, looked the field over and were vanquished by the vice and crime that ruled. Fraternal organizations formed chapters, but it is not recorded that they flourished. After many futile attempts and a total of about ten years of school prior to 1850, a public school building was erected and a modern system of education introduced. Other associations of an educational character that struggled into existence about this time died during the Civil war. Charitable and philanthropic organizations fared a little better, because they gave something and asked nothing. At this time all the real estate in the thirty-six square miles was assessed at less than $200,000, and the improvements at less than half a million. Petty revolutions were the chief occupation of the people.

Nevertheless, during these two decades this backward, brawling step-child was beginning to show, in small ways, the influence of its foster parent. The battle was on between American push and energy and Spanish love of ease. Perhaps as an auspicious omen, the first American child was born. A telegraph



SHOWING THE SUBSTANTIAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE BUSINESS CENTER, THE ATTRACTIVE HILLSIDES WITHIN THE FOOTHILLS, ARE SEVERAL MOST ATTRACTIVE SUBURBAN TOWNS
Photograph by Pierce

line was completed to San Francisco, which already had a railroad connection with the East. A stage line was operated between Los Angeles and the boat landing at San Pedro, and later this was replaced by a railway. Banks were started, and the making of brick and certain kinds of iron work, of flour and beer and other necessities was begun. Cattle raising had been varied with the planting of grapes and oranges and nuts. In 1855 the first grapes and California wine were shipped east, and the following year the orange crop was a full carload, most of which brought good prices in San Francisco. Gas was made on a small scale and the question of a water supply, always the question of first importance, had been settled. Twice the town's water works had been swept away by floods, and finally a contract was made with a company which agreed to put in a permanent system. This was the beginning of the present system, which at the expiration of that contract was taken over by the city ten years ago.

In the latter part of this period the real estate business was born. Previously land had been parceled out by the city to whoever would make use of it. But now came the division of large grants into smaller tracts, and the buying and selling of land followed. Good farm land sold at five dollars an acre, and fifty-foot lots on Spring street were worth fifty dollars apiece. Across the river, two thousand acres, in the center of what is now East Los Angeles, brought fifty cents an acre.

The railroad into San Francisco had brought as many as eighty thousand gold-mad people into the northern part of the state in a single year, but Los Angeles

THE HOTEL LANKERSHIM Photograph by Pierce

got only a little backwater of the flood. Regular steamers now plying between the two towns put the small southern pueblo into a sort of touch with the East, but the influence was not strong enough yet to Americanize it wholly.

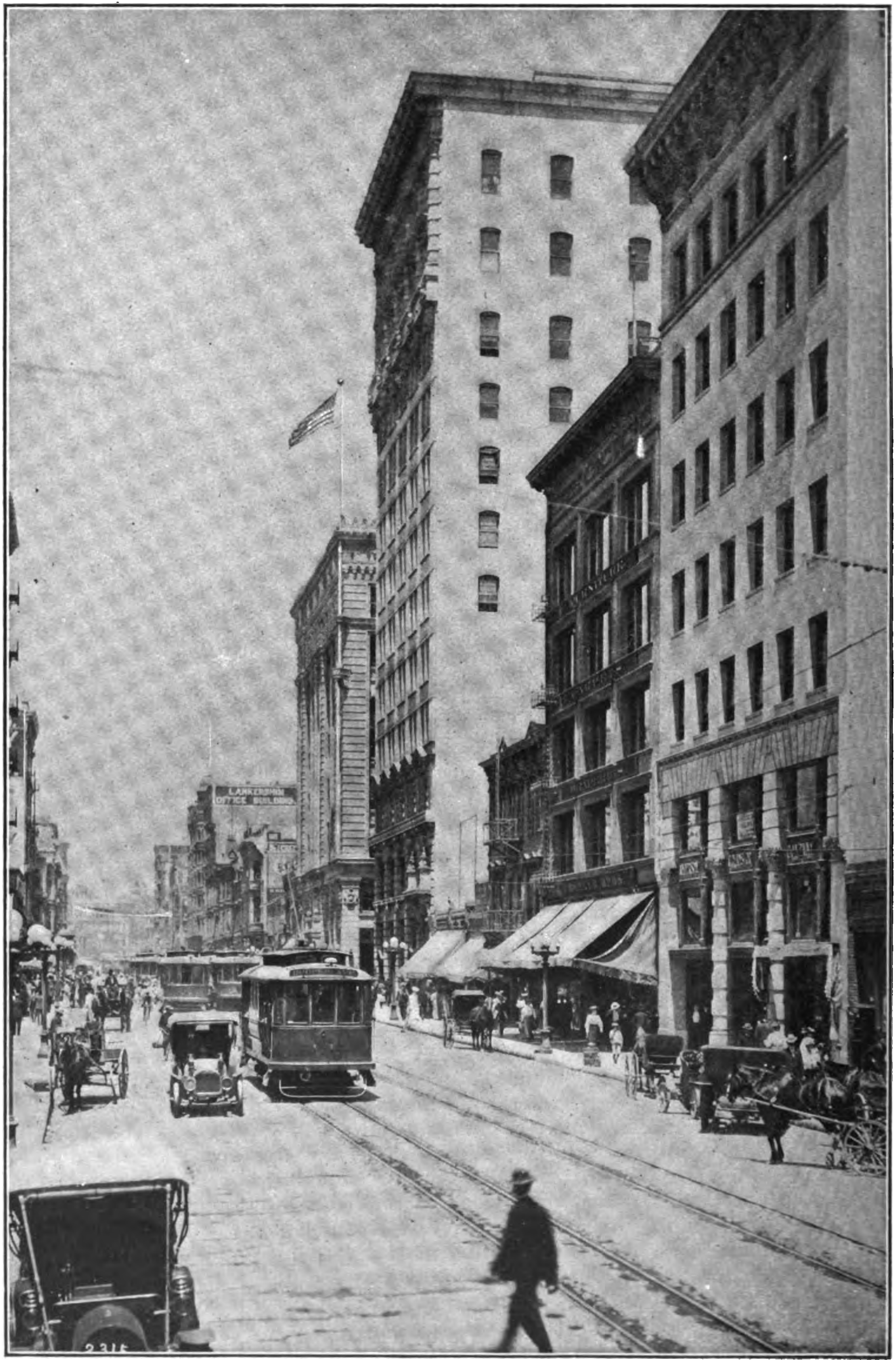
The next decade was to present to Los Angeles its first great opportunity—railroad connection through San Francisco with the eastern centers of population. And the city's destiny, like its inception, was a matter of choice, not chance. When the Central Pacific halted at the mountains to the north and asked concessions, if the struggling little pueblo wished to live and be allowed to grow, hands went up, not in cowardice, but in bravery. It was asking something of a town of little over five thousand people to undertake an obligation of $600,000 and in addition to donate some sixty acres of land; but Los Angeles had had a taste of railroads in the short line built to San Pedro, which had proved a success from the first train; so it passed over the subsidy demanded, giving this same San Pedro railway in part payment and bonding itself for the balance. The sixty acres was a small matter, and so the bond issue proved in the end. Those who shook their heads gloomily over bonding the city for $377,000 lived to see the assessed valuation of

THE HOTEL ALEXANDRIA

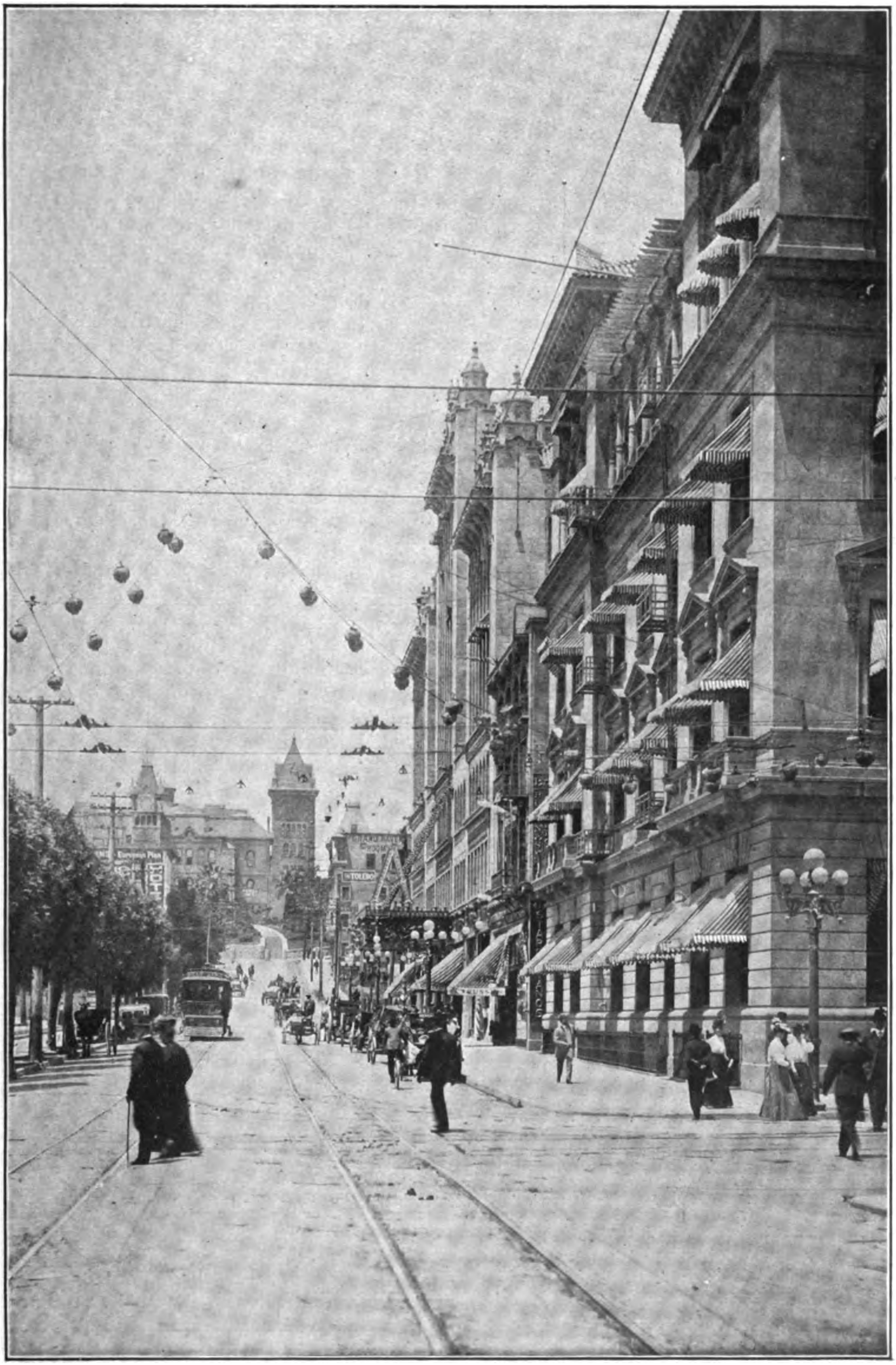
the county increase from twelve to one hundred million before the redemption date. Four years after the bonds were voted, San Francisco and Los Angeles celebrated the completion of the railroad.

Meanwhile there had been hard times in Los Angeles. Financial panics do not need railroads to travel on, and the one which swept the East in the early '70s made its way to this town that was struggling to fit into its new American manners and methods. The only real progress made during the building of the railroad was in orange and grape-growing, and in wine-making. The season after the railroad was opened William Wolfskill, the pioneer orange grower, shipped the first carload of oranges out of California, landing them at St. Louis in good condition and paying $500 for the haul. That same year J. de Barth Shorb claimed to have sold his crop from seven acres for $7,000.

These successes caused most of the people brought in by the new railroad to choose the country rather than the town, and the population of Los Angeles did not increase in proportion to that of the county. Even so the population doubled, which is not an uncommon thing for small towns. In most ways Los Angeles differed but little from other western towns


LANKERSHIM OFFICE BUILDING

ON SPRING STREET—LOOKING NORTH FROM NEAR FIFTH



THE CALIFORNIA CLUB AND THE AUDITORIUM, FACING CENTRAL PARK

THE HOTEL ANGELUS, AT FOURTH AND SPRING STREETS

during this period. Gradually the *gringo* had dominated it, and traces of its Mexican ancestry were fast disappearing. Most of the present newspapers were established, a horse-car line two and a half miles long was built, some small bridges were stretched across the river, and several business blocks of considerable pretensions for the town and time went up, some of which stand to-day as monuments to the faith of their builders.

The public school system reached the dignity of a high school building. The little frame building then built was the modest parent of the present high school and the splendid new Polytechnic high school which, though scarcely two years old, has not only outgrown its facilities but has made itself the talk of educators the country over for its admirable system of practical education. These two high schools, with an enrolment of over three thousand, are inadequate to present needs, and a new Girls high school will be built within a year, with an addition to the old high school.

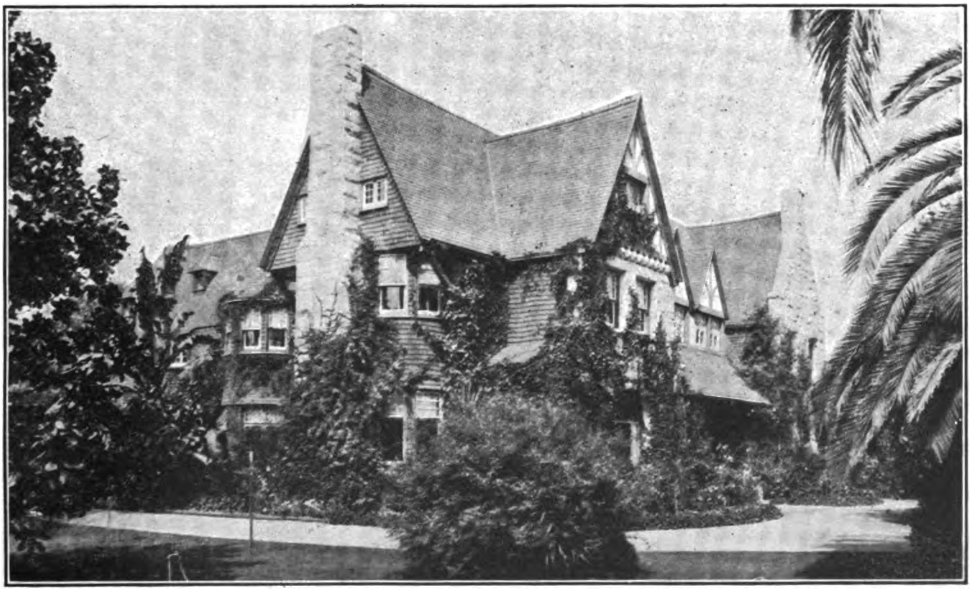
Even the completion of the Southern Pacific through from El Paso, thus giving Los Angeles a railroad of its very own, failed to make as great a change as had been anticipated. The overland railroad rates were high and eastern people looked long at a hundred-dollar bill before parting with it and their friends to go to a country of which they had had none too pretty a picture drawn by returned gold-hunters. To be sure, few of the gold-seekers had been to Los Angeles and they knew nothing of it or the surrounding country, but California was California and those who had not found gold had had enough of it for themselves and their friends. Those who hesitated least were the health-seekers, drawn by the lure of a climate which, they were beginning to hear, induces no disease and whose sunshine and air are deadly enemies of the germs of the most dreaded scourge of eastern cities. Hundreds of men active in the life of Los Angeles to-day, came then from less-favored climes under sentence of death from their doctors.

THE HOTEL VAN NUYS

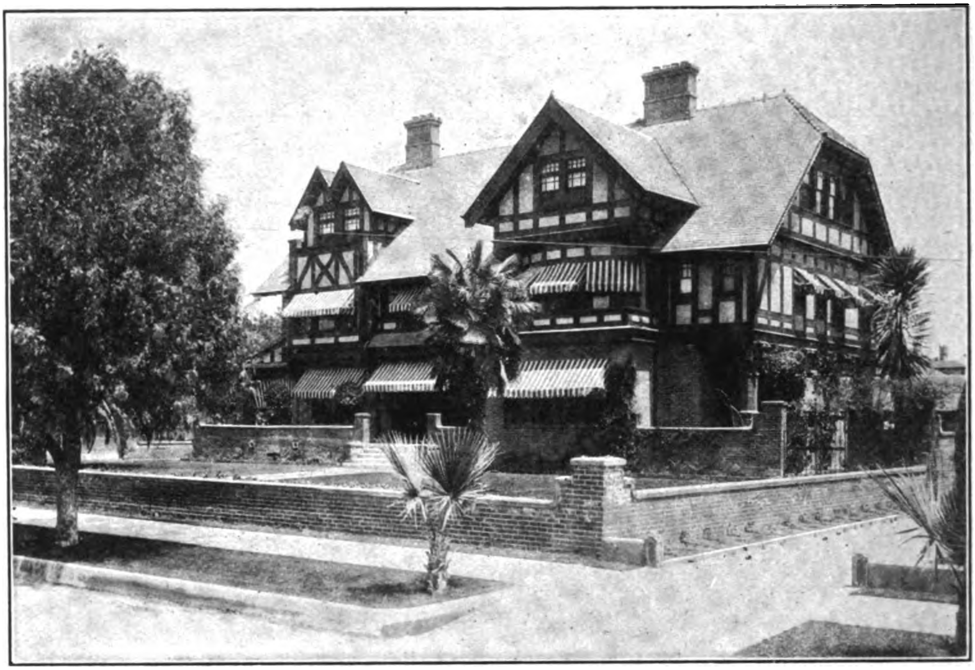
A CHESTER PLACE HOME Photograph by Pierce

The coming of a second railroad in 1885 precipitated the most spectacular event of that decade. Straightway there was a rate war, and from $75 one way the fare went to $25, then in a frenzy to $5, and for a single day to $1. Booms are pretty much alike. Those who have lived through one do not like the word. Those who have not may go down on their marrow bones and be thankful for their ignorance. It is enough to say that Los Angeles does nothing by halves, even in the matter of booms.

As the most spectacular event was the



THE LOUGHLIN RESIDENCE ON ADAMS STREET



THE ALFRED SALANO VILLA

THE HOME OF J. F. SARTORI

boom, so the most important, aside from the completion of the Santa Fe, was the formation of the Chamber of Commerce. In name it has many parallels. In its work this organization stands unique, alone. For nearly twenty years it has carried on the most perfect system of advertising ever planned or executed by a city, with the possible exception of Chicago. It came into being just after the boom when Los Angeles, breathless from the unwonted pace it had been led by speculators and schemers of every sort, was very much in the condition of the small boy who with big eyes and weak knees asks, "Who's afraid?" The men who formed the chamber realized that there was as much need of bolstering courage at home as of passing on the good word that Los Angeles actually had every natural resource that was claimed for it, and that the boom had left there, fifty thousand in place of eleven thousand people.

The Chamber of Commerce is a guardian angel that hovers over Los Angeles and has never failed the city where its welfare was concerned. It has a special fondness for newspaper and magazine writers, and by the time one of them has been shown the permanent exhibit of California products now housed in a splendid new building, has been taken the round of show places near Los Angeles from the mountains to the sea, and has been filled to the chin with a mixture of statistics and the famous Chamber of Commerce punch, he would be an ingrate indeed if he wrote an unkind word about California. To the persistent work of the chamber in distributing "literature" about California and in exhibiting its products at the various great expositions must be credited the doubling of the city's population during the decade following the boom. Then entered the third great factor in the development of the city, and in little over a half decade the one hundred and two thousand with which the century started has gone to nearly three hundred thousand. And no one is more surprised than the people who have sat by and watched the phenomenon.

Strangely enough, it is not the old residenters that have profited by the change. It is not the man who fifteen or twenty years ago bought a corner on Broadway for five thousand dollars who has sold it within the year for a half million. Perhaps here and there some German corner grocer who stayed on in the same place from force of habit; or some Irish washerwoman whose savings were invested on the advice of some man whose shirts she washed and who has been too busy washing to know what was going on—perhaps one of these has grown rich. But for the most part the old-timers simply sold their down-town homes when business came too close for comfort and moved farther out and the new-comers have profited by the great advance in values.

Just before 1900 Henry E. Huntington formed a syndicate and bought the street railway system, which comprised some one hundred and fifty miles of city lines and a line connecting Los Angeles and Pasadena. Within seven years the city lines have been increased to two hundred miles, and a network of inter-urban lines aggregating nearly six hundred miles has drawn a score of towns into close touch with Los Angeles, and has brought into being another score of settlements, all of which now enjoy the commuter's privilege of fast and frequent train service to the larger center. Los Angeles was one of the first cities in the country to adopt the "trolley" car, and to-day is second to none in the extent and service, in proportion to the extent, of its lines.

Later this system was greatly enlarged and through E. H. Harriman and H. E. Huntington and associates, at least $25,000,000 has been expended since 1900, and the lines are being continually extended in every direction.

The Los Angeles Pacific railway system, with its two hundred miles of line, has been acquired by the Harriman interests and is being greatly improved, while the line between Los Angeles and Redondo has been purchased and reconstructed by Mr. Huntington.

The Huntington and Harriman interurban systems aggregate nearly eight hundred miles. The Pacific Electric terminal building in Los Angeles is the largest building west of the Mississippi and is perfectly arranged for handling the average of six hundred outgoing trains a day. From the less pretentious station of the Los Angeles-Pacific Company five hundred trains are the average, and a building commensurate with its needs is a promise for the near future.

Meanwhile other powerful influences have been at work for the future development of the city. The completion of the Salt Lake Railroad has afforded needed facilities for the ever-increasing trade. More important still have been the solution of the problem of a water supply, and the development of unlimited fields of fuel oil.

Water is the without-which-nothing in the southern part of California. The various fruit-growing districts have settled the problem from time to time by conserving the snow waters of adjacent mountains and tapping subterranean reservoirs. But the ever-growing needs of a fast-growing city have for years troubled the brains of those who have the city's welfare most at heart. The present system has been outgrown, as was the zanja that carried water from the river to the fields of the first settlers. It is inadequate to immediate needs, to say nothing of prospective demands. One after another various propositions have been considered, but the project that has at last taken definite form is the bringing of water by conduit from Owens river, above the lake of the same name, to storage reservoirs in the San Fernando valley, and thence to the city. The estimated cost of this plan is $23,000,000, and an election was called in June to authorize the bond issue. Two years ago a preliminary issue of a million and a half was voted to defray the expenses of investigation of the project by hydraulic engineers of national repute, and, upon their approval, for further steps toward putting the plan into effect. Already the city has purchased water rights which will assure a continuous flow of eleven thousand inches during the irrigating season of normal years. It has acquired riparian rights along almost the entire frontage from the intake to Owens lake, nearly fifty miles, which makes possible the diversion of winter waters during the non-irrigating season, thus greatly increasing the mean annual flow. Purchases have also been made of riparian rights on tributary streams and the city has secured the extension of boundaries of the Sierra Forest Reserve so as to permanently prevent the taking up of public lands in districts where it would interfere with the city's rights. Options have also been taken on lands containing deposits suitable for manufacture of cement for the aqueduct, with a view to the erection of a mill by the city for the making of the vast quantity of cement that will be required for the two hundred and forty miles of conduit.

The Owens river project seems assured, and while in its magnitude it is without parallel in the history of municipal water systems, it is declared by experts that the tapping of the streams fed by Mount Whitney's snows will place the city beyond all need of worry in the matter of water supply for a century to come. As always, the timid shake doubtful heads at thought of bonding the city for $24,500,000 for a water supply, but, after all, this is no more to a city with an assessed valuation of more than two hundred million than was the subsidy required by the Central Pacific from the village whose assessed valuation was but twelve million dollars, and surely Los Angeles has lost none of its courage.

Not only will Owens river furnish an ample water supply for domestic use and irrigation purposes, but a surplus is promised for electric power. And on this promise and the assurance that the city's growth will not be cut short by an inadequate water supply, at least ten millions of dollars waited only for the decision of the bond election for investment in industrial enterprises.

The problem of fuel has been second only to that of water. Coal is not plentiful in California and wood is becoming more and more scarce. For this reason, in its earlier years Los Angeles was dependent upon outside sources for all manufactured articles. The discovery of oil a few years ago in the immediate vicinity at once gave hope of commercial independence and a greater scope for economic enterprise. Not every one coming from the East seeking an opportunity for investment wants to buy city lots, nor yet go into the country and raise oranges or olives or grapes. The discovery of oil made manufacturing a possibility. New oil fields are continually being opened and California to-day has a prospect of ranking Texas as an oil producer before the year is out. The manufactures in Los Angeles and vicinity for 1900 were something over twenty-one million dollars, chiefly of food products. Last year they reached fifty millions, and an exposition of Made-in-California products held during May astonished people at home even more than the visiting thousands, by the variety of home manufactures. With oil and electricity in unlimited quantity, the question of power is settled and manufacturing industries in this section need now be limited only by available raw material.

The agricultural and horticultural products are an old story, but last year's output reached a total of $110,000,000. The tourist crop, too, grows larger and more profitable every year. Los Angeles has been likened to Paris—a place where it is everyone's desire, if not to be, at least to have been. Trade relations, begun when in the early days, horses were exchanged for blankets in New Mexico, have grown into a considerable commerce with Los Angeles as the jobbing center for Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada.

With water and fuel practically assured, what Los Angeles now desires more than any other one big thing is the completion of San Pedro harbor. The great sea wall is nearing completion and the harbor is almost ready to be thrown open to the commerce of the world. For the one time in its history the Chamber of Commerce, in leading the fight for San Pedro harbor, championed a cause in which there was wide divergence of opinion among its members. To-day, though now as a unit, the chamber is leading the fight to make of it a great harbor. In anticipation of the great benefits to be derived from the opening of this deep water harbor, a narrow strip of land was last year annexed to the city connecting Los Angeles with both San Pedro and Wilmington, with the ultimate hope of fusion with one of these towns. This harbor opens vast possibilities for export trade with the Orient, not only for products of this section, but for products of the southern states which now seek their outlet at Seattle, fifteen hundred miles farther by rail.

But there is no need to consider what is to be. It is enough for the average citizen of Los Angeles to try to comprehend what is. And there is no surer gauge of the growth of a modern city than its skyline. The change from the low, even line of the adobe pueblo of fifty years ago to the lofty, ragged contour of clustered sky-scrapers tells the whole story. The change was gradual, and even as late as 1900 few buildings in the business section rose above four stories. To-day it would take all one's fingers and toes to count the blocks that have from six to ten, and one has reached twelve stories.

As, one after another, the great steel skeletons of these buildings have risen in the air, old-timers with heads back on their shoulders trying to see the top have asked: "Well, now, what are they going to do with that building?" Yet not one has been built that was not leased from street floor to loft before the roof was on.

Not only skyward, but by the compass the expansion has gone on. Last year the center of the business district was Third and Spring streets, and one could buy everything from a spool of thread to a railroad ticket within a block of that point in each direction. To-day there is no center. To do the same business one must travel from First to Seventh street on both Broadway and Spring, with occasional side trips to Hill and Main. At Eighth and Broadway a building is nearing completion that will be the largest department store west of Chicago. When its owners selected their present site, north of First street on Spring, twenty years ago, they were at the southern outskirts of the business section. The four principal streets are distinguished by double rows of electroliers for ten blocks, which at night afford the most beautiful ornamental street lighting of any city in the world. Saunterers on New York's great White Way will find a greater glare, but they will also find themselves reading at every step somebody's illuminated sign, with a jar to the esthetic sense.

The thirty-six square miles of the original pueblo have been increased to sixty-two, so that not only the man who has made his millions elsewhere and comes here to spend them and his remaining days may have a home with extensive grounds within the city, but the man of moderate income can have a place that a millionaire could not afford in most other cities, the workingman can own a cottage with a lawn in front and a garden behind. Los Angeles is still a city of homes.

This claim may one day be challenged, for the easterners have brought with them not only their sky-scrapers, but that modern metropolitan device, the apartment house. Why people should choose to live piled on one another's heads, forced to smell one another's cooking and hear one another's babies and pianos, is beyond the old Californian's ken, particularly when there is plenty of ground within the limits of five-cent carfare.

Apartment-house people are bringing apartment-house ways, and it is no longer the custom as of old to call on the family that moves into your block. Los Angeles is famous for its manner of welcoming the stranger within its gates, but nowadays the old-timer is as much a stranger as the newcomer, whose conventionalities are smothering the whole-souled hospitality that was once characteristic of the place.

In other ways the new condition is not one of unmixed joy to the old-timer. He tries to believe the sun shines as brightly as it did long ago, but it is hard to be sure with a network of trolley and telephone and electric light wires overhead, and above that clouds of smoke from factory chimneys where no smoke-consumers are used.

Streets that served well enough in days of light traffic are a disgrace to the city of to-day. Of over seven hundred miles only a small proportion are paved, some not even improved. So many miles have been added by the opening of new residence tracts that no one knows the exact extent, and the city engineer's office is swamped with petitions and specifications for paving, so that one day this condition will be remedied. The completion of a new storm drain will doubtless in future prevent wading boot-top deep in water across certain streets.

Both gas and water pipes have been outgrown. Only last winter during a sudden cold snap the supply of gas was so inadequate that it was shut off entirely during certain hours of the day and much suffering and more inconvenience resulted. If the gas company directors are called to answer for the damage to housewives' tempers when the gas went out with a half-cooked roast or half-baked loaf of bread in the oven, they will spend a very long time in purgatory. One good result of a most annoying condition was the granting of a long-sought franchise to a second company, and much activity on the part of the old in increasing its plant. Service pipes for water put in twenty-five or thirty years ago are far too small, and at the hour for general watering of lawns it is impossible in some districts to draw water on the second floor of a dwelling.

But bad as these things seem, it is merely the problem many mothers have to face—that of keeping a growing lad in breeches. Some very good boys stick out too far at wrists and ankles, and they should not be scolded for it. All people can do is to growl at the public service corporations, and growl at the city council, and blame it all on politics. But the fact is that Los Angeles is reasonably decent in its politics, as the standard of civic decency goes. There doubtless is some graft, to be sure, for there is graft everywhere. But it is not of a flagrant sort, and what mishandling of funds occurs can be classed only as petit larceny. Gradually men of unquestionable integrity are giving their time to the management of municipal affairs, and on the whole the sins are of omission rather than commission. The welfare of Los Angeles is too much the common cause for politics to do much harm.

Strangely enough this metropolis of the south Pacific Coast is as yet officially only a city of the second class. Not until the government census of 1910 can it become officially the first class city it is in fact, and by that time—*Quien sabe?*

SUEY LEN'S GO-CART

By CHARLOTTE CANTY

Drawings by William Stevens

"VILE ONE! Slave! Accursed! Will you not come on?" The harsh notes shrilled out above the manifold bird notes from the aviary, but Suey Len did not stir. She was seated on a shaded bench in the Park, near the wonderful Temple of the Birds, her small son lying asleep in her arms, and the reviling of her wrathful mother-in-law moved her not at all. Soothing, fragrant odors came to her from the great flower-starred lawn before the conservatory, and a more pungent breath mingled with them when the breeze went straying through the pine trees behind her. Oh, it was good to breathe such air! A soft color came up around the paint on Suey Len's pale cheeks, and she shifted the heavy, sleeping baby lower.

Passersby stopped to look at the group—the angry, snarling Chinese woman, and the pretty, delicate-looking young mother, holding in her arms a gorgeously dressed Chinese baby, but Suey Len was conscious of nothing but the charm of the sweet spring day, and the contact of the warm little body lying against her own.

Illness had conspired with the Oriental customs to keep Suey Len confined in the narrow Chinatown alley during the two years that she had spent in the American city, and this was her first visit to the Park. Suey Tai, her mother-in-law, had violently opposed it, as indeed she opposed every suggestion made by Doctor Gertrude, the white woman physician who had brought Suey Len out from the shadow when all the local Chinese practitioners had failed. A foreign doctor, and a woman! But Suey Tai had railed in vain, and the day was Suey Len's.

"Lazy one! Rise! Too long you sit that foreign eyes may gaze—"

Suey Len lifted her eyes to the angry face.

"My son sleeps," she said with dignity, "and he is—" She flushed, remembering, but Suey Tai malignantly snatched at the thought and swept on with it.

"And he is of too great weight for your thin arms!" she jeered. "Then give him to me and I will carry him—"

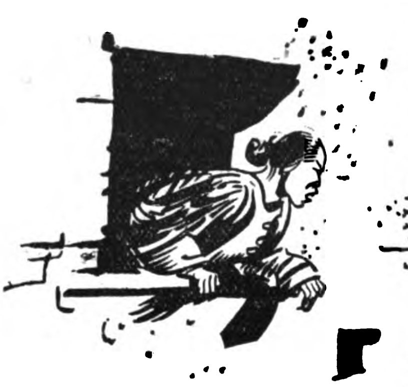
"No! No!" Suey Len held the baby closer.

"But you will!" stormed Suey Tai. "Does he not belong to me?"

"I am his mother!" retorted Suey Len, with spirit.

"He is the son of my son!" angrily screeched Suey Tai.

Suey Len sighed and rose. There had been scenes like this for many months now, ever since Suey Len had come back, under the gentle hands of the white woman physician, from the weakness that had held her down for two months after the birth of her little son. For those two months Suey Tai had been ruler absolute in the household, but on Suey Len's recovery, Suey Tai had found herself deposed. This condition was brought about not only by the sinful rebelliousness of her daughter-in-law, but her son, Suey Chung, seemed ever to agree that



Suey Tai sat scowling beside her window

Suey Len should be mistress of the household and keeper of the child. The gods must surely be shocked by so immoral a point of view, and Suey Tai spent her days in concocting choice invective to hurl against her disobedient daughter-in-law and the white woman doctor who had saved her worthless life when all the Chinese authorities had given up trying. As for the son who thus madly abetted his wilful wife, the marvel was that his horrified ancestors did not destroy him.

Suey Tai scowlingly shuffled along in the wake of the richly appareled figure of Suey Len. Who was this Suey Len anyway, that Chung should spend his gold to save her miserable life? Two years before, on the occasion of a visit to his native land, Chung had picked her up, an unclaimed little orphan in a remote corner of the province of Soochow. To the intense disgust and humiliation of his mother, he had brought the girl home as his wife, and had since lavished upon her all the luxuries that the western and the eastern markets could supply. Suey Tai muttered a curse as she noted the heavy ornaments of gold and jade in the thick, black hair, the gorgeous embroidery on Suey Len's rich robe of satin.

Suey Chung had come to the country when he was only a boy, to work in his uncle's Commercial street store. The uncle's store had remained unchanged, its limits no larger than at first, but Chung had branched out for himself on one of the wider avenues, and was now rated as one of the most influential and wealthy merchants in all of San Francisco's Chinatown. And to share this splendor he had taken this slender, self-willed waif, a girl who did not even have small feet to recommend her. Suey Tai scowled the harder as she looked down at Suey Len's slender little silk-clad heels. More foreign interference, she thought angrily, for it was probably some meddling foreign missionary who had achieved the exception in Suey Len's case.

The steps of the young mother became slower. The weight of the heavy little body brought a pallor to her face and a stoop to her slender shoulders, and suddenly Suey Len stood still. Suey Tai darted forward, her vindictive little eyes snapping at the prospect of an appeal for speedy relief.

But it was not fatigue that had stopped Suey Len. It was a wonderful, beautiful vision. Rounding a curve in the acaciabordered walk came a go-cart, its sleeping, golden-haired occupant securely shaded from the sun by a lace-draped, pink umbrella. The fair-haired little woman who wheeled it stopped, too, and the two mothers, Occidental and Oriental, stood gazing at each other, and then at the babies. The fair-haired little woman saw a fat little yellow face, topped by a gold embroidered skull cap, a little body in loose satin garments, and tiny feet in small wood-soled shoes, while Suey Len gazed at the little rosy face framed in a white silk bonnet, and the little body, stretched restfully in the spacious wicker chair on wheels.

"Idle one, go on!" commanded Suey Tai, furiously, but Suey Len's eyes clung to this most fascinating of western devices; the light, strong wicker chair, made to hold a small body and to run ever so smoothly on its soft cushioned wheels.

There was a whirr of more soft-cushioned wheels, and a big red automobile swung in beside the walk and stopped.

"Suey Len! Now this is just the place for you, this beautiful day! How are you?"

Then Doctor Gertrude's professional eye noted the pallor of the young mother's face, and she sprang to the ground.

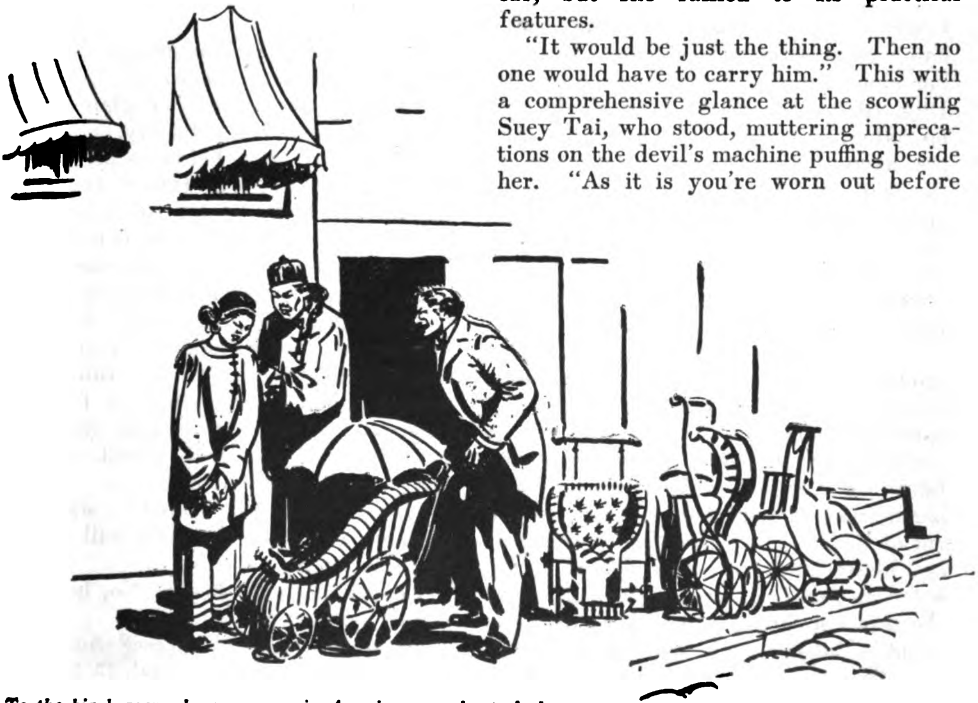
"And the boy?" she pursued, briskly. "He's doing splendidly, but oh—" She lifted him, and Suey Len's tired arms dropped to her sides. "How heavy he has grown!"

The little American mother started on, steering her go-cart smoothly around the little group, and Suey Len's fascinated glance clung to it, until the pink umbrella disappeared behind the high-growing hydrangea. Doctor Gertrude, following the direction of the glance, had a sudden inspiration.

"Suey Len," she said, "you ought to have a go-cart like that for your baby. Why don't you make your husband get you one?"

The incongruity of the suggestion struck her as she heard the amused chuckle from her companion in the motor car, but she rallied to its practical features.

"It would be just the thing. Then no one would have to carry him." This with a comprehensive glance at the scowling Suey Tai, who stood, muttering imprecations on the devil's machine puffing beside her. "As it is you're worn out before



To the big bazaar where once again American merchants had their go-carts out upon the sidewalk you carry him a block. You're tired now. Come! Get into the machine and we'll take you to the car."

Suey Tai, whose nerves and temper had been severely strained by this foolish delay and by the nearness of the puffing machine, uttered a shriek of protest as Suey Len stepped up to the motor car.

"Disobedient one! Not into that spitting devil of a flyer will I go!" she shrieked, but Doctor Gertrude had Suey Len up in an instant, lifted the baby in after her, and turned to offer a courteous hand to Suey Tai.

Suey Tai cursed the hand and the Doctor and Suey Len, but her daughter-in-law and her grandson were serenely waiting in the automobile, and with a final imprecation she suffered herself to be helped aboard. In a very panic of terror she clung to the seat as the machine swiftly sped over the smooth roads, but no one paid any attention to her angry mutterings. Doctor Gertrude talked brightly with the man who accompanied her, telling him of Suey Len and the baby; of his costumes, his toys, the little silver joss hung above his bed, and of the names that Suey Len had for him. She had a great many pretty ones to whisper, but aloud he was generally called Little Dog, that the gods might think him of no value; else one of them might steal him away. Thus chatting, they came to the Park entrance. Suey Len, tranquil and serene, was assisted to the ground, and after her came the sputtering Suey Tai, vehemently thankful for having escaped the death that her daughter-in-law's recklessness had invited.

All the way home in the car she kept up her angry monologue, but Suey Len, blissful in holding her baby snug and close, went on dreaming her dream. A wicker chair on wheels, to support a baby figure; a cushion to hold Little Dog's head, and a big umbrella to keep the sun out of his eyes. He was heavy; the gods had blessed him with much fat, and—she hated to admit it, even to herself,—but she was not strong enough to carry him about. But one could wheel him all day and for many days in a little chair, with soft-cushioned wheels. And perhaps Chung would walk beside her, and the scolding, fault-finding Suey Tai would be left sometimes at home. If Suey Tai could have read the mind of her daughter-in- law she would have shrieked aloud in horror. A mother to weary under the weight of her son? It was beyond all Chinese imagination.

"Evil devil!" Suey Tai's angry voice broke in upon the young mother's meditations. "Will you sit there foolishly dreaming and let me go far beyond my son's dwelling?"

Suey Len returned from dreamland, a flush on her face. The car had indeed gone a block beyond their corner, but with the knowledge came a thrill of excitement. They would have to pass the bazaar of the American firm, on a street that Suey Tai always avoided after having learned that Suey Len lingered there with pleasure. Now Suey Len had hard work to keep her feet from flying, for ranged in tempting rows on the sidewalk before the bazaar were go-carts in every variety. Suey Len's steps slowed as they reached the bazaar, and her eyes began an eager survey of the delightful things, when again Suey Tai broke in with malediction.

"Vile one! Do you dare linger over these foreign devils' machines?"

Suey Len wrenched her glance away from the fascinating display. It would not do to have Suey Tai know her desires, for that would be to thwart them, but she turned at the corner for a last look, and the vision of them filled her eyes and lingered with her all the way home.

Suey Tai's anger had been held down to mutterings on the street, but once indoors she broke forth in a volley of high-keyed abuse. She was full of her wrongs when Chung came in from his business, and she went over the story with wrathful revilings and varied maledictions against Suey Len.

"She should be beaten!" she complained, bitterly, "and you will not let me beat her!"

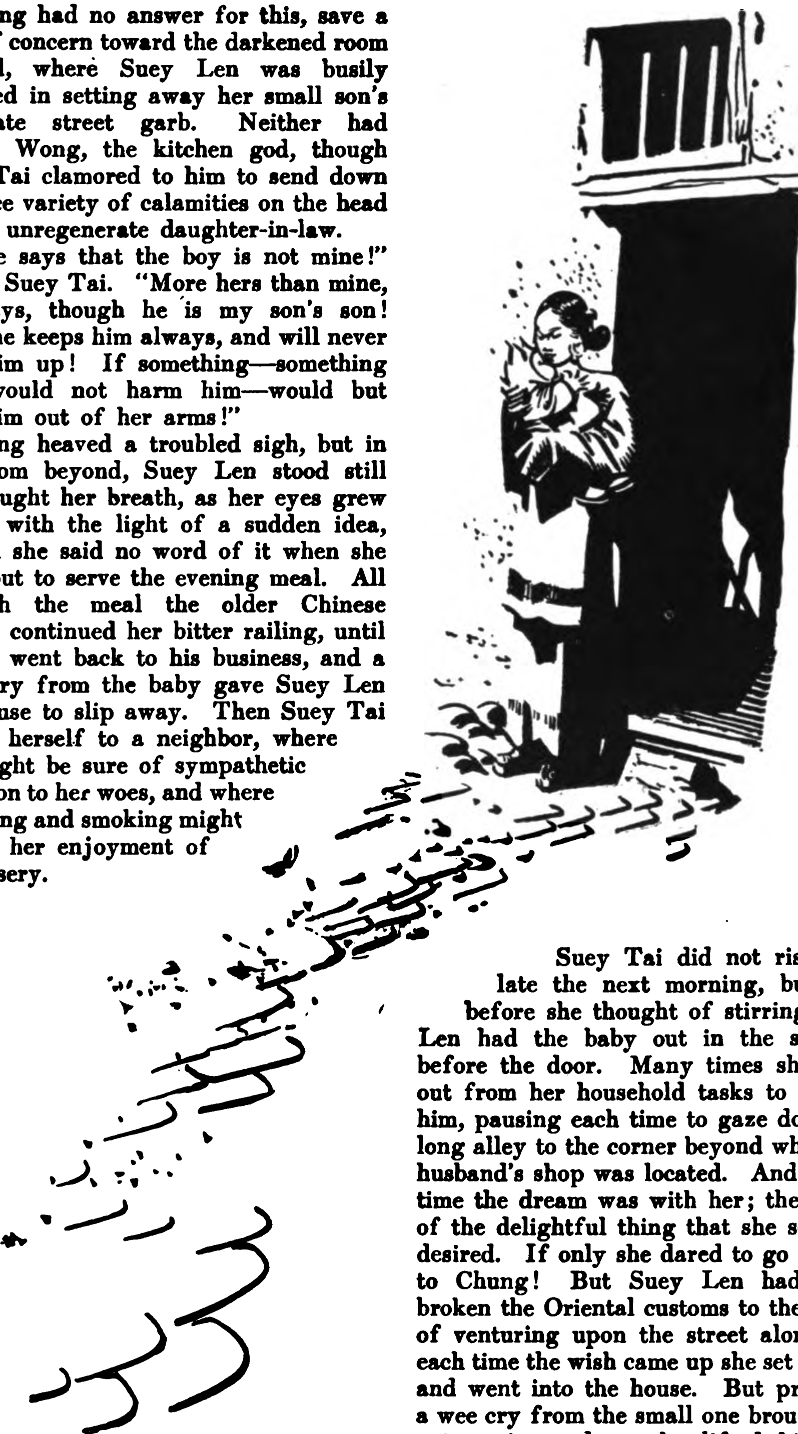
Chung shook his head. No, he would not let her beat Suey Len.

"And she is thin!" jeered Suey Tai. "And her arms are too weak to hold the weight of the child that the gods have sent! A fitting proof of her unworthiness!"

Chung had no answer for this, save a look of concern toward the darkened room beyond, where Suey Len was busily engaged in setting away her small son's elaborate street garb. Neither had Tsaow Wong, the kitchen god, though Suey Tai clamored to him to send down a choice variety of calamities on the head of her unregenerate daughter-in-law.

"She says that the boy is not mine!" wailed Suey Tai. "More hers than mine, she says, though he is my son's son! And she keeps him always, and will never give him up! If something—something that would not harm him—would but take him out of her arms!"

Chung heaved a troubled sigh, but in the room beyond, Suey Len stood still and caught her breath, as her eyes grew bright with the light of a sudden idea, though she said no word of it when she came out to serve the evening meal. All through the meal the older Chinese woman continued her bitter railing, until Chung went back to his business, and a little cry from the baby gave Suey Len an excuse to slip away. Then Suey Tai betook herself to a neighbor, where she might be sure of sympathetic attention to her woes, and where gambling and smoking might add to her enjoyment of her misery.



"Come, little dog," she said breathlessly

Suey Tai did not rise until late the next morning, but long before she thought of stirring, Suey Len had the baby out in the sunlight before the door. Many times she came out from her household tasks to look at him, pausing each time to gaze down the long alley to the corner beyond which her husband's shop was located. And all the time the dream was with her; the dream of the delightful thing that she so much desired. If only she dared to go up now to Chung! But Suey Len had never broken the Oriental customs to the extent of venturing upon the street alone, and each time the wish came up she set it aside and went into the house. But presently a wee cry from the small one brought her out again, and as she lifted him, her resolution took sudden firmness.

"Come, Little Dog," she said, breathlessly. And then as she held him closer, "my flower! my pearl! my sun-gleam!"

Chung looked over his counter in surprise to see his wife and son so early before him. He looked beyond, for the one who usually made the third of the family party, but Suey Len shook her head.

"We came alone, the little son and I."

Chung's glance grew apprehensive.

"There is nothing wrong?"

Suey Len's head went low.

"I grieve that the mother of my lord should be angry with his unworthy wife."

Chung had no reply to make to this, but he opened a glass case and took from it a heavy bracelet of dull gold. Suey Len's eyes met his with gentle refusal.

"It would but further burden the arms that even now are too frail to hold—my lord's gifts."

Her soft eyes left his, and rested for a moment on the child. Chung came out from behind his counter and stood beside her.

"She would have me put him away—out of my arms—" went on Suey Len, brokenly. "And I am his mother!"

"She would carry him herself," suggested Chung, kindly, though he knew that he was on dangerous ground. Suey Len's jealous little arms went closer about the boy.

"There is a better way," she said, softly, and then, her swiftly-raised eyes pleading, "If only I might have—instead of the gold bracelet—O, come with me, and together we will see!"

The idea of doing something that would at once please his wife and his mother was new to Suey Chung, and wondering how so great a marvel might come to pass, he left his shop to his clerks, and followed Suey Len, down the street, around the corner to the big bazaar, where once again the American merchants had their go-carts out upon the sidewalk.

Suey Tai sat scowling beside her window, ready to hurl forth maledictions upon her unworthy daughter-in-law, for having brought upon the house the scandal of going on the street unattended. She waited long, before a thread of Suey Len's voice reached her, broken, happy, high-pitched with excitement. Angrily she leaned far out, a torrent of unique expletive upon her lips, but the words never came. For down the street, shrill-voiced and eager, came Suey Len, wheeling a gorgeously caparisoned go-cart, which held the stolid little body of Little Dog. A huge blue umbrella protected him from the sun, a satin coverlid tucked him in, and hanging from the ferrule of the umbrella was a silver image of the god who loves little children. A gold-embroidered cushion supported his head, and a Chinese doll dangled before the wee one's blinking little black eyes. And beside Suey Len, as she wheeled all this magnificence, walked Chung, who never even raised his eyes to the window where his mother sat, her words of revilement frozen upon her lips.

"To the corner," Suey Len was begging, "and once around, and then home!"

And Chung walked on, without any thought of the rage that was choking Suey Tai. They were far down the alley before she recovered, and fell to shrieking out curses upon Suey Len, who thus wantonly paraded her wicked joy. She prayed that Suey Len might fall and break her unworthy neck, but that no harm might come to Little Dog; that the gods might shatter her bones upon the pavement, but that no splinter nor stone might touch a hair of the little one; that the outraged gods might destroy the foreign devil's machine, but that no evil might come near enough to hurt the boy. But Suey Len, glorying in the triumphal progress of the small yellow godling in the go-cart, was living and reveling in the bliss of a dream come true.

THE WIDOW MAGUIRE AND THE GOLDFISH

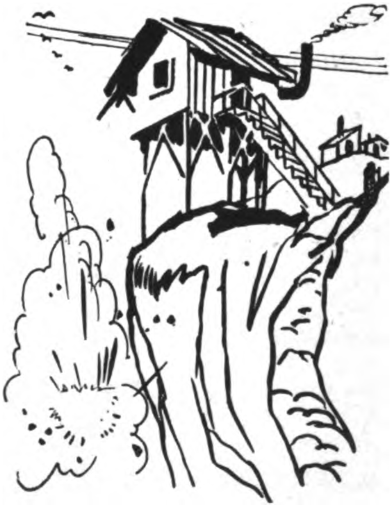
A Reminiscence of San Francisco, April, 1906

By CHARLES K. FIELD

Drawings by William Stevens

There's one thing at least that is certain;
Whatever opinion one gives,
It takes every kind of a critical mind
To make up the world where he lives;
So, though there are those who would never suppose
Relief funds unwisely applied,
Some others can't see why expenses should be
As big as the funds they divide.

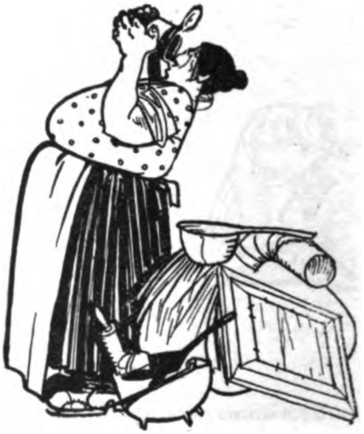
Mrs. McGinnis was speaking,
Through the door of a refugee's tent:
"I see the Committee reports to the City
Where most av our money has went;
One half to the tents and the rist fer expense,—
Sure, wages is good since the fire!
Relief! It's the kind that 'ud put ye in mind
Av the goldfish and Widow Maguire.



Tiligraft Hill knows the story:
She lived on the edge av the hill,
Where the Gray Boys be blastin' fer life everlastin',
(There's rock an' to spare fer 'em still!)
The Widow Maguire was a-watchin' the fire,
The view from her porch was sublime,
But after wan night she got sick av the sight
And thought she'd move out fer a time.

She looked to see what she'd be savin';
  There wasn't fer long to decide;
Then she started to pack like a funeral hack
  Whin grief gives the neighbors a ride;
But as she began she caught sight av a can
  That a goldfish was usin' fer brook,—
She's fat as a pig an' her heart is as big,
  An' she just couldn't lave 'im to cook.

So she caught up the can full av water;
  'Twas the only thing 'round that was wet
Till the Widow Maguire started in to prespire,
  (Wich is iligant langwidge fer sweat);
Fer the mornin' was clear an' the fire-lines was near,
  An' the grade at that point is the worst,
So before very long, what was gin'rally strong
  In the Widow got stronger,—that's thirst.



Ye know what it was burned the City,
  There wasn't no water to use;
The firemen was fightin' with just dynamitin',
  The Dagos was fightin' with booze;
The Widow Maguire felt her throat was on fire,
  And so, without stoppin' to think,
She tilted the can like a laborin' man
  An' filled up her face wid the drink.

Now mind, I'm not swearin' it's true, now,
  But they say she was drinkin' it dry
Whin the goldfish turned pale an' stood up on his tail
  An' looked at her straight in the eye;
'It's not that I'd be that ungrateful' sez he,
  'After bein' saved out av the wreck,
But I find to my grief 'tis the kind of relief
  That wan av us gets in the neck!' "

THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO

THE WONDERFUL IMPETUS TO MANUFACTURING ON THE PENINSULA RESULTING FROM THE MAKING OF BAY SHORE FACTORY SITES. RECENT REMARKABLE INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF CALIFORNIA

By Rufus Steele

Photographs by Tibbitts

THERE are reasons why California, while ranking only twenty-first in population and fourteenth in agriculture among the states, ranks twelfth in manufactures. It is because of California's distance from the large manufacturing centers of the country, and because a sense of abundance of all things that are grown moves it to lay hand upon the variety of its raw material and seek to achieve, in some degree at least, a similar independence in the things that are wrought.

Seven thousand manufacturing establishments in California, employing one hundred and twenty thousand men and producing an annual output worth $400,000,000, represent California's half answer to her own wants and an exported product merely of those commodities for which—because California enjoys a great superiority or a complete monopoly in their production—the outside market has come a-begging at her door. The figures tell almost nothing of that importance in the crafts and arts of the world which California inevitably and speedily must assume. They reflect a condition which exists before the man with the sample case has canvassed even the countries which speak the English tongue and before California has opened an order book in earnest in the greatest market of the world—the new Orient where new desires and new demands have come upon the heels of new knowledge. And as soon as California enters the first period of her inevitable importance as a manufacturing state, industrial commerce will awaken to a fact which already has been demonstrated scientifically and exactly by the Federal Government: that fact is that raw material can be brought here from the Atlantic seaboard, manufactured, and shipped back to be sold profitably at a price less than the cost of manufacturing it there. A pig of iron can be fetched from Pittsburg and a bale of cotton from Birmingham, worked into machinery and cloth in San Francisco and the finished product freighted back to Pennsylvania and Alabama and sold below cost of similar production in those centers. The unique explanation of this amazing and soon-to-be realized state of affairs is that in his climate the California workman produces 32.9 per cent more in value of product, with less fatigue, than his eastern fellow-craftsman!

NOTE.—This is the second of a series of three papers by Mr. Steele on the same subject, the first appearing in the June number.

Manufacturing generally has been an incident of the second epoch of a state. Factories come after a generation of farming. Climate and soil have made agriculture so inviting and so profitable in California that Californians have been slow in adding lathe and spindle to the plow and spade as factors in their wealth. A more positive drawback to manufacturing, perhaps, has been the limited area of ground actually bordering deep water harbors upon which factories might be built. The biggest opportunity here was the manufacturing of goods to sell the Orient, on the shore of San Francisco bay. The southern extreme of the San Francisco waterfront presented the ideal location. But here manufacturing was met by the inexorable limits of insufficient area and high realty values. South of the Union Iron Works deep water and an unoccupied shore offered every advantage to big manufacturing concerns save one. Ranges of barrier hills cut off the sites from railways and from that close contact with a city which is essential to the prosperity of a gigantic concern having many wants and dependent upon the labor of hundreds or thousands of men.

The Bay Shore cut-off of the Southern Pacific, gaining a roadbed as level as a billiard table by means of five long tunnels which pass under these barrier hills, has united these factory sites to the heart of the city, to its wholesale and supply districts, and removed as by magic the greatest obstacle to manufacturing on San Francisco bay. It is the new availability of these sites that now makes manufacturing foremost in the business mind of the metropolis and the state.

Raw materials, transportation, power—these three elements enter vitally into the consideration when any community would become a place of manufactures. The inadequacy of one element might not mean absolute failure, but the abundance of all three spells certain success. Since the Government has shown that the California climate enables the California workman to add one-third to the value of his output, it is reasonably plain that California might import all of its crude materials from a distance and still manufacture at a profit, but the biggest inducement to manufacturing in the state is the fact that California need do nothing of the kind. Raw materials are here in greater variety and in greater quantity than in any other state, in fact, than in most countries. Transportation requirements are more than satisfactory. Railroad facilities are ample. By reason of the wonderful development of rail transit, New York and San Francisco are regarding each other more and more with familiarity. Steamship lines to the Orient show a disposition to keep ahead of rather than behind the development of Oriental trade. In no other part of the earth is electrical power brought to turn wheels so readily and so cheaply as in California. Innumerable mountain streams are utilized in the development of electrical power and there is no limit to this development. Throughout its great length California is now traversed by silent processions of great poles bearing aloft the longest transmission lines in the world. This power has even been delivered profitably at the rate of $50 per h.p. per year. But not all manufacturing plants employ electricity as the motive. For these there is fuel oil from the Fresno, Kern and Los Angeles fields at seventy cents the barrel. That is equal to coal at $2.25 per ton, and the best bituminous coal costs the eastern manufacturer $3.60 per ton. Thus the oil-burning factory in California effects a saving of thirty-seven and one-half per cent in its fuel bill over the eastern competitor.

Those Atlantic states which lead the country in the volume and value of their manufactures import seventy-five per cent of their raw materials and eighty-five per cent of their foodstuffs. It is as if you set a smith and his forge down upon a rock in the ocean; then when you were not busy carrying out coal for his fire and iron with which he might make horseshoes, you would be engaged in transporting his dinner. California comes nearer to feeding herself than any other state, while exporting vast quantities of certain food products, mainly fruit, to the rest of the world. The vastness and variety of her native materials for the factories will come to be appreciated as more factories come into existence. Take timber—timber from which ships, furniture and matches are made. In addition to pine, oak and fir, common to many states, California is unique in its possession of wonderful redwood forests. The timber area covers forty-four thousand, seven hundred square miles, twenty-two per cent of the total area of the state. The Diamond Match Company bought sixty thousand acres in Butte and Plumas counties and built a big plant at Chico. An immediate fortune awaited in the making of window sashes and doors, so the lucifers must take their turn when the company has time for little things. Take iron. The deposits of hematite iron in Shasta and other counties are so extensive that they have never been measured. Their development is beginning with the experiments of a company of capitalists who believe that their new process will work an enormous saving in turning this iron into steel. These are but two examples. Take another. In California the best possible conditions obtain for the raising of livestock. Modest ventures into the curing and canning of meats have been so successful that the big packers of the East have not secured that grip upon the California trade which they enjoy in every other part of the country.

So quietly has California gone about that comparatively small amount of manufacturing which she does—small in comparison with what she will do—that her own people have not grown accustomed to looking first in their own neighborhood for what they want. A certain citizen of an interior California town sent to Chicago for the best blankets which money could buy; he believed in giving his daughter a wedding present that would prove substantial. The blankets arrived in due time, and they suited. It was quite by accident that a tag was discovered on the blankets showing that they were the product of a factory in the very town to which they had come back, and not three blocks from the proud father's own home. The articles which should be manufactured here and are not impress even more. The other day a dray load of showcases was being unwrapped in front of a new store on Market street, San Francisco. They had arrived from a factory in Grand Rapids. The frames were of pine from the Michigan forests and the glass was imported from Belgium. Yet California grows better pine, and the California glass sand is in every way equal to that of Brussels. Take that blanket factory again. It operates upon California wool which must first be sent to New York to be cleaned because no adequate cleaning plant has been established here.

That enormous development is soon to come in many inviting lines of manufacturing in California is not a declaration based upon the prophesy of an optimist. It is a clear look ahead into the opening chapter of the operation of the Bay Shore cut-off by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. This cut-off, comprising ten miles of straight trackage from the depot at Townsend street to San Bruno, may be said with considerable show of reason to be the most important, even as it is the most costly, ten miles of railroad in California. Because five parallel ranges of hills reached from the shore of the bay well back across the peninsula, the Coast Line trains of the Southern Pacific have made a wide detour to the west, over heavy grades, in getting into and out of the city. Primarily, this cut-off, running straight down the bay shore, was planned for the purpose of saving four miles in distance and seventeen minutes in the time-table. In building the ten miles of road it was necessary to go under the five ranges of hills with tunnels which aggregate two miles in length. Too, it was necessary to construct two miles of trestles, dig a ninety-five foot cut and go over or under a dozen city streets. Thus the cost of the ambitious undertaking ran up to several millions. Doubtless the Southern Pacific will get its just reward in the elimination of distance and time: certainly the incidental results of the opening of the Bay Shore cut-off will be stupendous. On that day, two or three months hence, when trains begin to operate through the five tunnels, forgetful of the hills above, which until now have barred effectively the way, a new and kingly area equal to its own will be added to San Francisco. The charming little valleys will be dotted quickly with suburban homes and the hillsides will be hung with them. Hither that part of the city's population which loves elbow room will flow. And between the picturesque valleys and to the south of them, from the new great freight terminal at Visitacion bay to Dumbarton Point, twenty-five miles distant, where the Southern Pacific is building a bridge across the narrowest neck of San Francisco bay, is rolling country, bordering the water, which at last offers fullest advantage to the builders of plants and factories of every kind and for every purpose. Here the ample sites are ready for Packingtown, Canningville, Ironton, Woodendale and Machineryburg in succession.

One edge of the factory district will be bounded by the transcontinental rails of the Southern Pacific which cross Dumbarton bridge and carry a part of the manufactured output to the eastern states and to the port of New York. At the other edge of the factory strip is salt water—the water of the bay in which deep draught ships will moor while loading into their holds the remainder of the factory product, to be unloaded weeks or months later in ports the world over, but mostly perhaps at Yokohama, at Shanghai, at Seoul, at Manila, at Singapore, at Bangkok—in that whole Orient where the ambitious activity of Japan can not usurp, even in her own country, the market for things which California will have to sell.

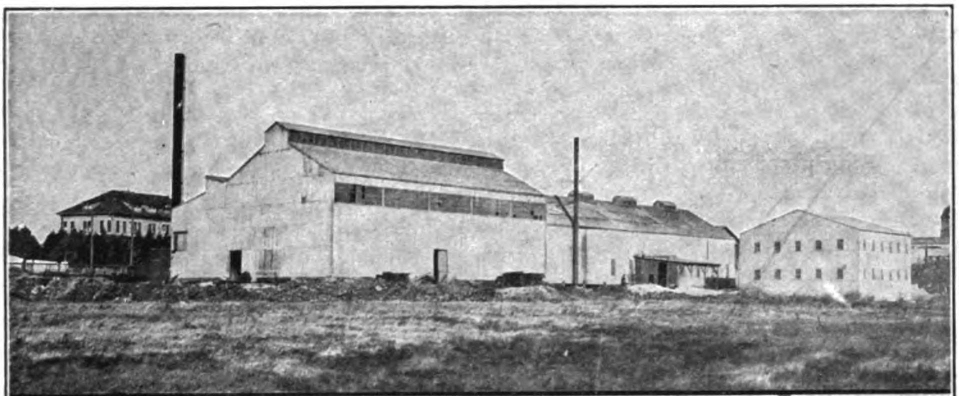
The south bay shore is already a factory district of importance. The coming of the Bay Shore cut-off perfects conditions which even before had begun to attract large concerns producing widely different lines of goods. These plants are a very substantial nucleus about which new concerns will build up. In the edge of the city proper, on Potrero basin, is the Union Iron Works, built in 1883. The ship-repairing alone at the plant has amounted to a million dollars a year, of which seven hundred thousand dollars went in wages to an army of skilled workmen. Twenty Government vessels have been built at the Union Iron Works—some of them, like the Oregon, the most capable and notable vessels of the American Navy—upon which the wages alone has amounted to fourteen and a half million dollars.

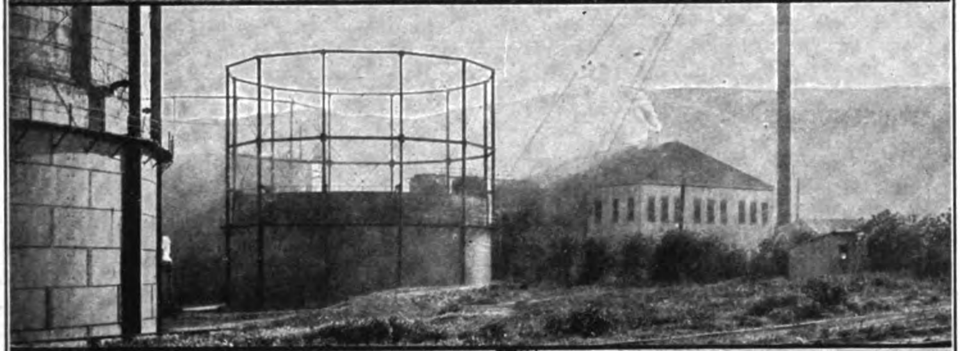
The ship drydock at Hunter's Point, which has been in operation four years, is the largest in existence. Beyond doubt its busiest days are ahead of it.

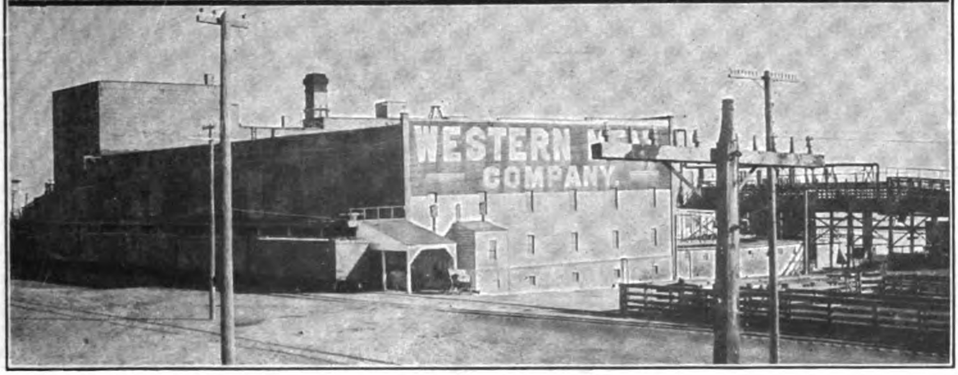
Opposite South San Francisco, or South City as it is now to be called, a broad neck of land extends out into the bay. Upon this particularly inviting area the first manufactories to be erected south of Visitacion valley laid their foundations. Most of the plants have not built to their projected capacity, yet the great buildings and busy yards constitute a lively town quite by themselves. The success which is attending their operations emphasizes the breadth of their opportunity, and the manner in which expansion is being arranged makes it plain that the opportunity is to be grasped.

The first tall chimneys which will meet the eye of the traveler on the Bay Shore cut-off as he emerges from Tunnel Five are those of the Alexander Brick Company's plant. Here one hundred and fifty men are employed at brick-making according to the most modern methods.

The Western Meat Company's half dozen big buildings and stockyards occupy many acres. The company engages in the curing, canning and general packing of meats, and the volume of its business during 1906, was six and a half million dollars. The ranges of California, Nevada, Colorado, Wyoming and Idaho contribute one hundred thousand cattle, two hundred and fifty thousand sheep and one hundred and twenty thousand hogs annually to this establishment. During certain years the supply has been drawn entirely from California. The Western Meat Company exports cured meats and lard to Central and South America and the South Sea Islands, and barreled beef, canned and smoked meat to Japan, China and Siberia. The Oriental trade in particular is growing. The Japanese are high in their praise of California meats. By-products, such as horn shells, bone and tallow are shipped







1—Plant of the American Jupiter Steel Company. 2—Gas Tanks of Electric Power Plant. 3—Powerhouse San Francisco Gas and Electric Company. 4—Plant of The Western Meat Company around the Horn to Europe. The company operates the largest glue factory on the coast. A wool-pulling plant ships the baled product to Boston and the salted hides to eastern markets. Seven hundred and fifty men are afforded profitable employment. The Western Meat Company dredged the bay along its own water front and now sea-going vessels moor to its warehouses.

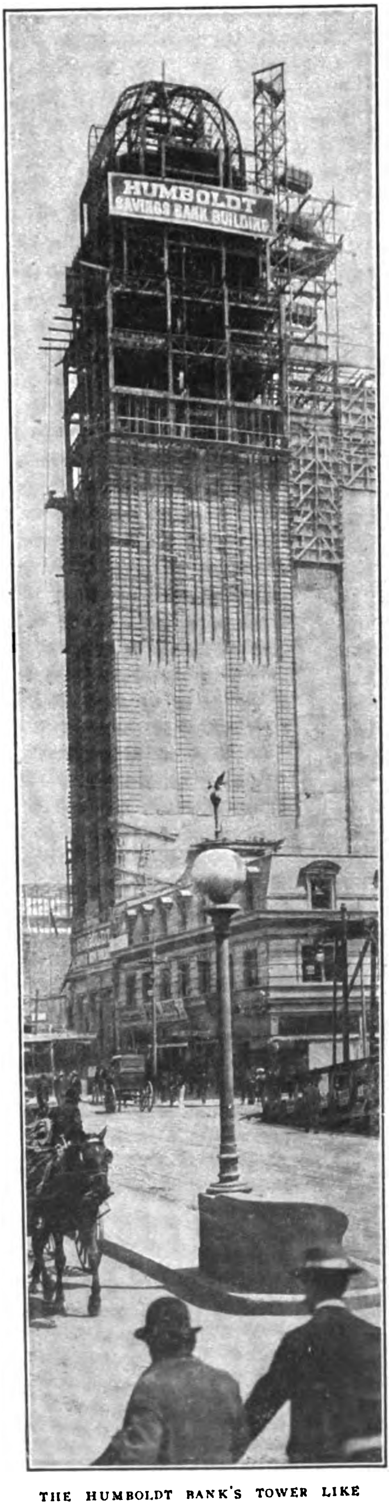
The Pacific Jupiter Steel Company operates a ten-ton open hearth furnace and a crucible furnace for crucible steel. Castings of any alloyed metals are made. The product is one hundred tons a month. Plans will soon be carried out for doubling the capacity of the plant. The company ships to Alaska, Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands. Negotiations for goods recently have been opened from Japan and the Philippines. One hundred and seventy-five men are employed.

The W. P. Fuller Paint Company employs three hundred men at its plant in producing a heavy output, some of which is exported to Central and South America and to Australia. Lead and other raw materials are obtained in abundant quantities in California and on the Pacific Coast.

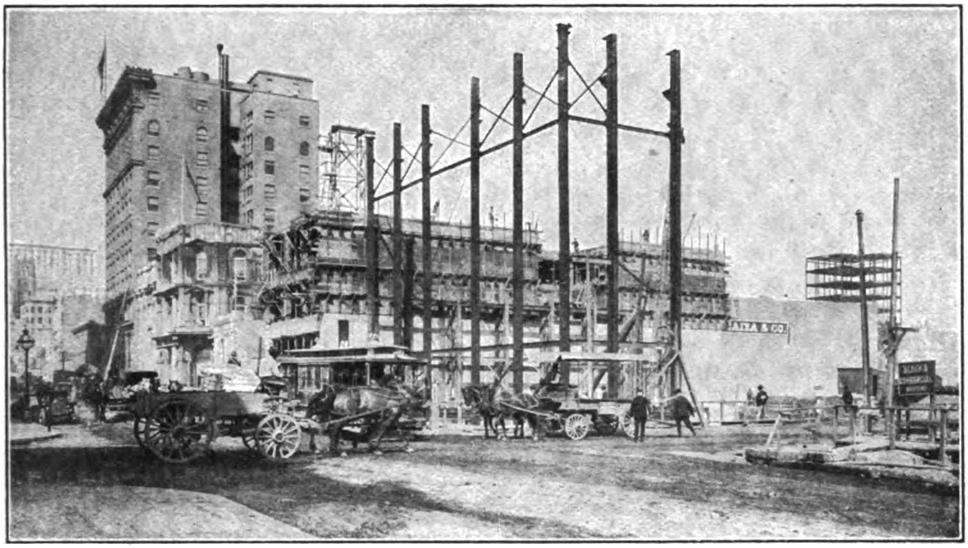
The American Smelting and Refining Company—the Guggenheims—is building a smelter and refinery of ores which will cost six million dollars and which will employ more than three thousand men when completed. The company's operations will cover twenty-five acres of ground. The company officials believe that they have so located the plant that the prevailing winds will carry all smoke out over the bay. The fumes, it is said, are to be condensed and their commercial value extracted. A one thousand, five hundred-foot pier is being built out to the deepest water, which will accommodate vessels of any draught. The outer end of this pier spreads into many wharves upon which warehouses will be located. Spur tracks have already been laid to connect with the Bay Shore cut-off.

The Steiger Pottery and Terra Cotta Works, which employs one hundred and seventy-five men, is running to full capacity and can not accept all the orders that are offered. A second plant is to be built by the company at once.

A great pile of scrap iron from ruined buildings of San Francisco now marks the spot where Baker & Hamilton will erect a very large plant for the manufacture of agricultural implements and hardware of all kinds. A sand lime brick plant

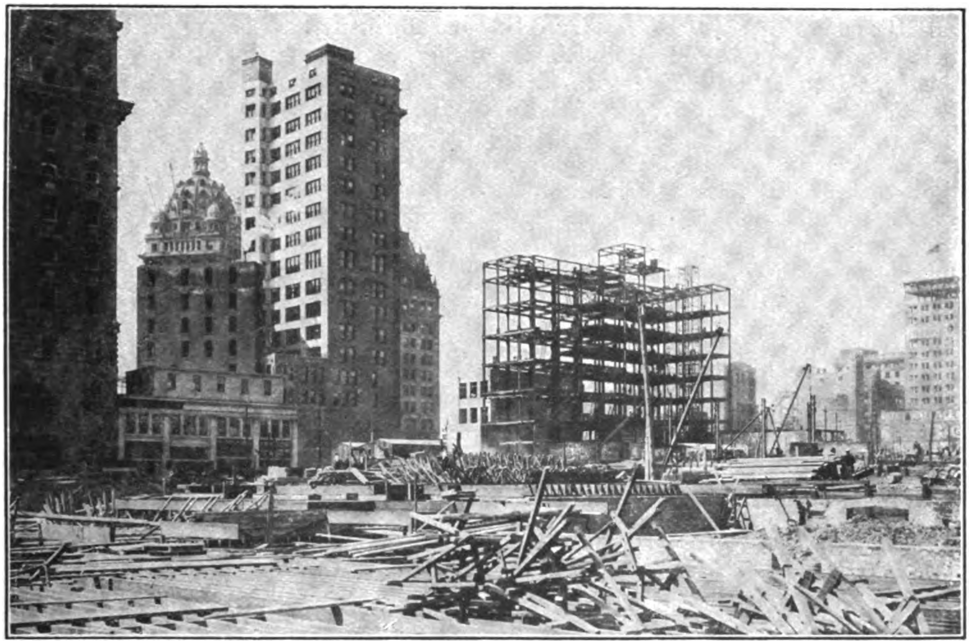


THE HUMBOLDT BANK'S TOWER LIKE STRUCTURE

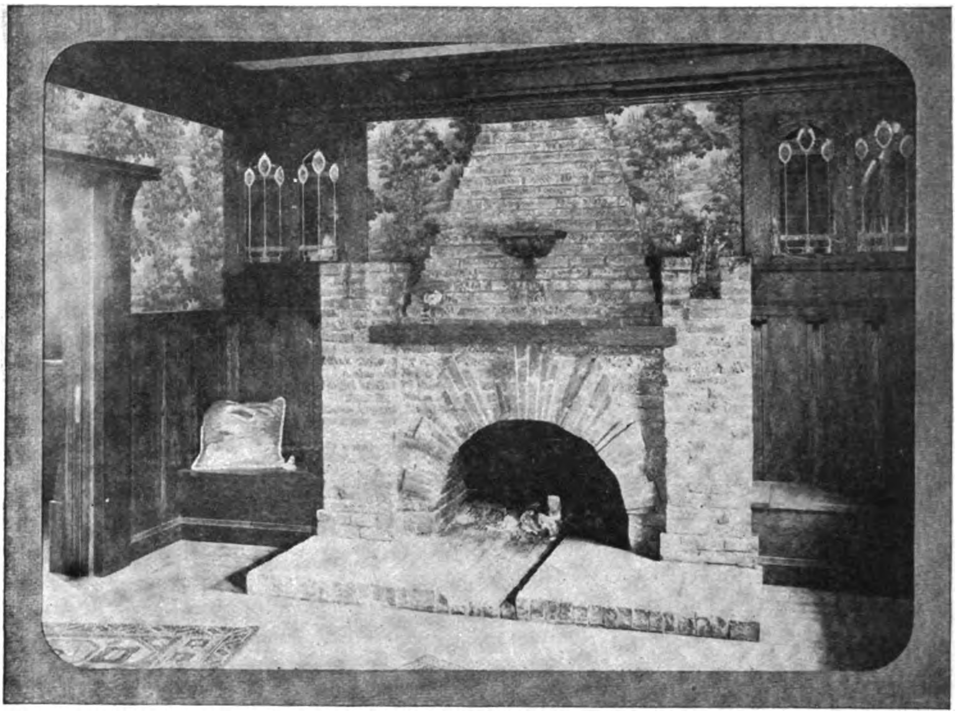


FRAME OF THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA'S NEW BUILDING, CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STREETS

is among the things projected for this immediate neighborhood. Plans are being drawn for the largest steam laundry in the West. Between the location of these manufacturing industries and Dumbarton Point, where the railroad bridge is to carry trains across, are miles of marsh lands which eventually will be filled in and as factories go up the sites will be brought into touch with deep-water ships either by dredging or the building of piers.



RECONSTRUCTION WORK IN THE HEART OF THE CITY



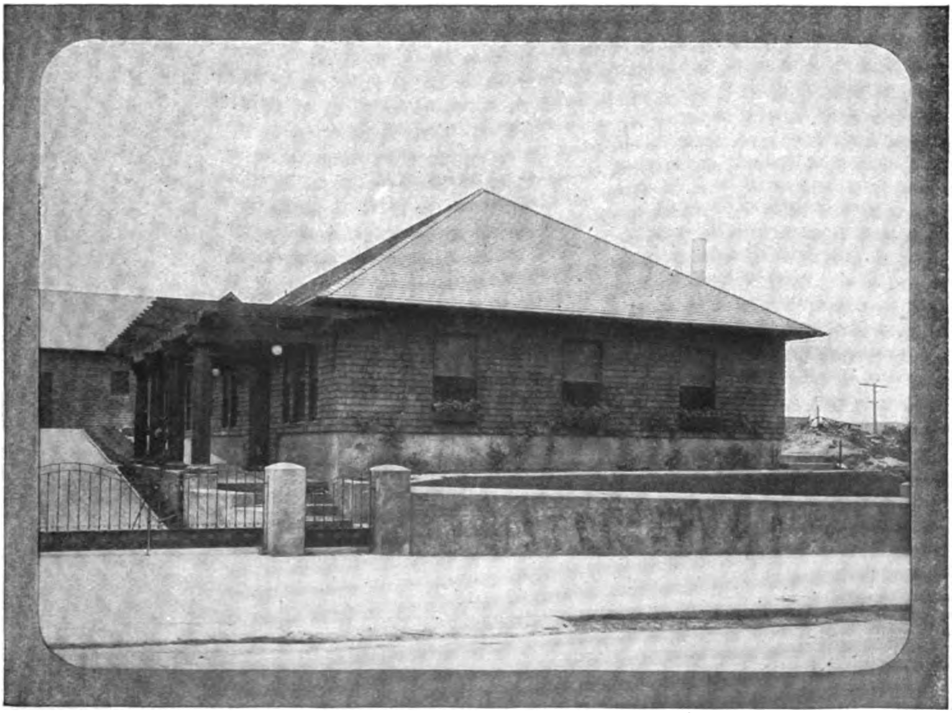
INTERIOR OF THE FIRST PERMANENT COTTAGE BUILT AFTER THE GREAT FIRE

That this district stretching southward from San Francisco, now made accessible by the opening of the Bay Shore cut-off, will become one of the great factory districts of the country is indubitable. Abundant land at reasonable cost, ideal climatic conditions, cheap power, cheap fuel, raw material within the state, a growing demand for California manufactures of every class, a ship anchorage at one door—and now at the other door railroads that run east across the continent and south to New Orleans! For this last is what the Bay Shore cut-off means to these manufacturing sites. And it means close touch with the city of San Francisco, and the opening of a splendid suburban territory in which the factory worker and his family, as well as the city business man, will find the happiest situation for the home. It will mean much to the factories to have their employes in cottages delightfully located within easy reach of their work. Neither will the man who locates his family in a pleasant vale somewhere south of Visitacion valley in order that he may be near his employment, feel that he is cutting them off from any advantages which the city has to give them. There are the five tunnels and the many trains a day will bring one from the factories themselves to the foot of Third street in fifteen minutes.

The success of some of the manufactures of the state has been so signal as to demand specification. As a matter of course California leads the United States in the quality and quantity of its preserved fruits and vegetables. Asparagus, grown along the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers and exported in tins, is famous the world over. California wines are almost as well known in Europe as in New York. Traction engines and harvesting machinery made in several extensive plants in California are not equaled anywhere in superiority of model nor in quality of workmanship. You will find these agricultural implements in use in the grain fields along the Danube, in India, Australia and South America. Other products of steel can be found in Japan, China, South America and the Pacific isles. The native tan bark is so celebrated that hides are shipped here from foreign countries to be made into high-grade leather. Sugar beet culture has attained a degree of perfection, and the product of the great beet sugar factories commands the highest price in the most exacting markets of the world. Molasses from California refineries is sold in the cane states of the South.

In a previous paragraph California's progress in the manufactures has been referred to as somewhat tardy. It has been tardy in the light of the possibilities for its tremendous development, but not backward in comparison with the history of manufacturing in other and older states. No Atlantic state had more manufactures during the first sixty years of its history than California has to-day. And California has had always a higher standard of wages and up to the time of the discovery of crude petroleum for fuel, it paid four times as much for its coal, coming from Great Britain, Australia and other sources, as the eastern manufacturer. California grows no cotton in merchantable quantities, and silk culture here has not passed the experimental stage, yet Oakland has cotton mills and Petaluma has silk mills operating on a considerable scale.

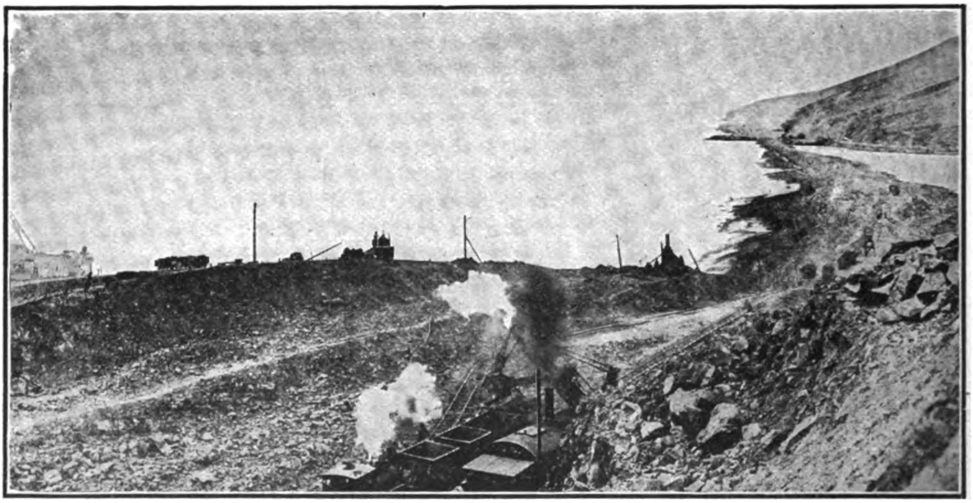
California now has 7,000 concerns which the Federal census ranks as among the manufacturing industries. Between the census of 1900 and that of 1905 the number of establishments increased 1,842, or 36.9 per cent. The capital increased $107,179,395, or 61.1 per cent, and the value of products $109,832,973, or 42.7 per cent. The average number of wage-earners increased 23,131, or 30 per cent, and the total wages, $24,766,689, or 62.1 per cent. The only decrease was in the number of children employed. During the five years specified the number of establishments in San Francisco increased 503, and the value of products $30,764,666, or 28.7 per cent. The number of wage-earners and wages increased 18 per cent and 44.9 per cent respectively. The value of products manufactured in this city formed 37.5 per



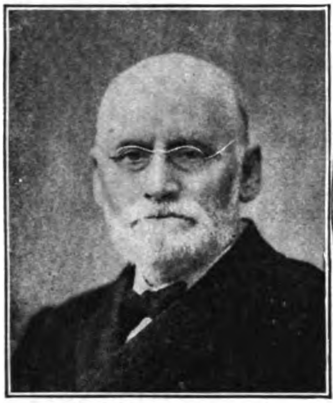
THE WILHELM COTTAGE ON CAPP STREET—THE FIRST PERMANENT HOUSE BUILT AFTER THE GREAT FIRE cent of the total for the state in 1905 and 41.6 per cent in 1900. The leading industries of San Francisco were sugar and molasses refining, the manufacture of foundry and machine shop products, slaughtering and meat-packing, and shipbuilding. As showing the effect of the great plants established to generate power from the streams of the Sierra, it may be stated that electric power, owned and rented, increased from 15,762 h.p. to 49,575 h.p.—an increase of 33,318 h.p. or 214.5 per cent.

When California comes into its own as a manufacturing state, as speedily it must come, the development of a wonderful trade with the Orient will pass from being a pretty theory to a reality with all the rapidity with which supply can meet demand. To-day the greatest foreign consumers of American-made goods are the islands of the Pacific. For a given period, trade statistics show the development of American manufactures was 250 per cent in Siam against fifteen per cent in Germany. While beyond a doubt a very considerable trade in the products which California will have for export from her factories can be worked up in Europe, the fact remains that the old European countries have their own factories for the more common commodities, while manufacturing in the islands of the Pacific is extremely limited and can not prove a competitive factor. California must supply them.

In the main San Francisco must supply them—the goods to supply them, made, packed and labeled to meet the peculiar requirements of their demand, will come out of the manufacturing plants of San Francisco. Those manufacturing plants, the pride of California and a powerful factor in American industries, will send their smoke Heavenward and their hum across the Pacific from their seat beside San Francisco bay, from the broad site which the recent development on the bay shore now makes ideal.



FILLING IN, AND MAKING FACTORY SITES ON THE LINE OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC BAY SHORE CUT-OFF



DR. WILLIAM T. HARRIS
Member Executive Com. N. E. A.
Former U. S. Com. of Education

PROF. J. N. WILKINSON
Treasurer N. E. A.
Former Pres. State Normal School
Emporia, Kansas

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER
Chm. Board of Trustees N. E. A.
President of Columbia Univ., N. Y.

THE TEACHERS' PILGRIMAGE

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION TO BE HELD AT LOS ANGELES

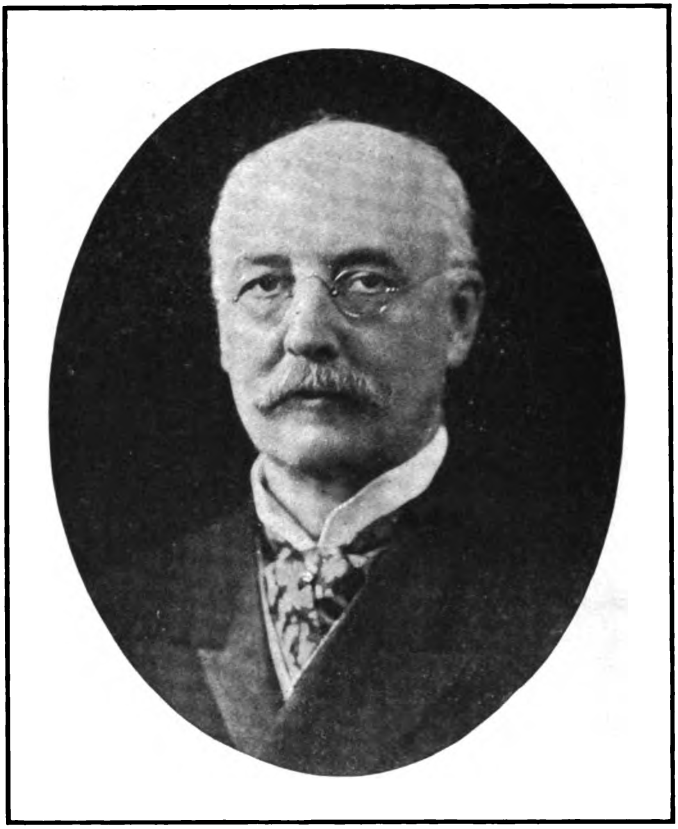
By IRWIN SHEPARD
Permanent Secretary of the N. E. A.

THE National Educational Association which will hold its fiftieth anniversary meeting in Los Angeles, July 8 to 12, has met twice before on the Pacific Coast—the first time in San Francisco in 1888; again in Los Angeles in 1899. Before the San Francisco meeting it had been deemed impracticable to hold a large convention on the Pacific Coast; but the educators of the country resolved to try the experiment and were abundantly rewarded in the great success of the convention in every way, and especially in point of attendance.

The San Francisco convention was the largest in the history of the association up to that time, excepting the one held the year before in Chicago. The remarkable feature of the attendance was the fact that four thousand, two hundred and seventy-eight members from California alone enrolled at that meeting. No state had ever given such a welcome to visiting members. That year for the first time the teachers of the country learned the meaning of a true Californian welcome. Every part of the state shared in entertaining the visitors. The reports carried east by the returning members of this convention were probably the best advertising that California had ever received. Conventions have since visited the Pacific Coast with similar experiences, until now California is regarded as the ideal convention state. Proof of this is found in the fact that six conventions of national organizations were appointed to meet on the Pacific Coast during May, June and July of this season.

In 1899, when the convention was held in Los Angeles, the attendance was thirteen thousand, six hundred and fifty-six, of which number California furnished four thousand, three hundred and fifty-seven. Again, California united to welcome the teachers of the country and to entertain them in a royal manner. Again, the praises of California's summer climate, fruits, flowers, scenery and hospitality were sounded throughout the country, and in every school presided over by a returning California guest. The Los Angeles meeting was the largest ever held by the association up to that date, and but two larger ones have been held since, namely, at Boston in 1903, and at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove in 1905.

All are familiar with the plans for meeting in San Francisco in 1906 and the unfortunate disaster which necessitated the abandonment for that year. It had been expected that the fiftieth anniversary meeting would be held in Philadelphia, in which city the association was organized in 1857; but certain circumstances rendered a meeting in that city impracticable. Partly on this account, partly because the meeting in 1905 was held in Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, but more largely because of the desire to meet again in California it was decided to accept the invitation of Los Angeles to hold the fiftieth anniversary convention in that city, hoping to meet the teachers and people of all California, and especially to greet the teachers and citizens of San Francisco whose hospitable welcome they were pleasantly anticipating the year before. It is peculiarly appropriate that an association organized



DR. WILLIAM H. MAXWELL
First Vice-president National Educational Association; Superintendent of Schools of New York City

a half century ago on the Atlantic Coast for the advancement of the educational interests of the entire country should show its fealty to its mission by celebrating the close of its first fifty years on the Pacific Coast.

The object of the National Educational Association is declared in the preamble of its Constitution to be "To elevate the character and advance the interests of the profession of teaching and to promote the cause of public education in the United States." The necessity for such an association is greater in the United States than in any other country, since the general Government does not control or direct educational methods and policy, as in other countries, but leaves this to the various boards of education, elected by the people, without any other control or direction than that which is exercised by the superintendents of education in the respective states, whose supervision is advisory rather than authoritative. Hence the need of some general organization through which the voluntary initiative of the teachers, and the citizens especially interested in education, may find expression and formulation.

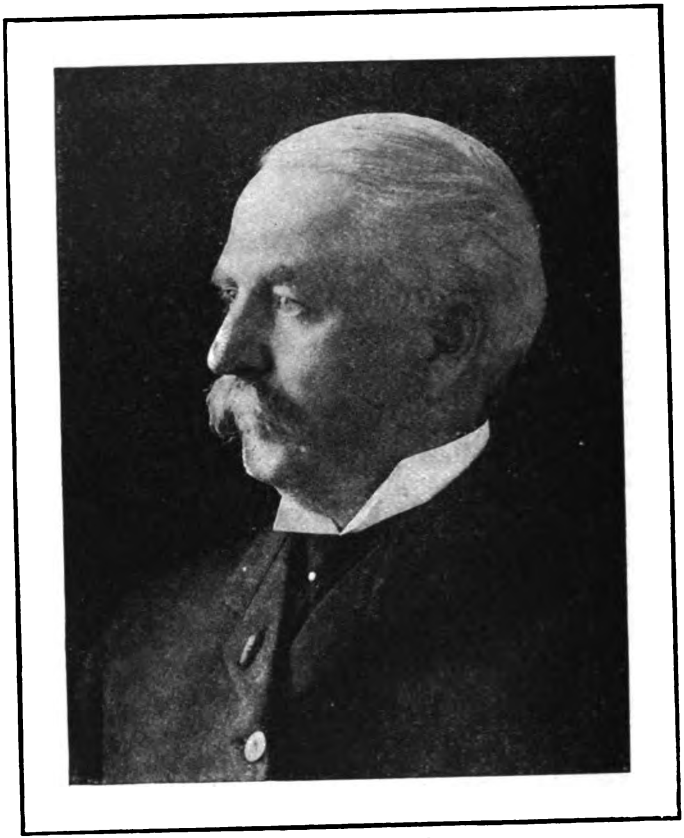
This is the field of work of the National Educational Association and its annual conventions are the occasions on which teachers and citizens meet and confer on educational policies. By thus annually discussing the principles and practices of education in these great conventions and alternately submitting them to the test of practice in the schoolroom, there has been secured a harmonious combination of educational skill with scientific progress and parental interest for the improvement of educational ideals and methods, which have placed the educational system of the United States far in the lead of the government-directed educational systems of other countries.

The association was originally organized as the National Teachers Association, the first purpose being to emphasize the importance of conventions of teachers seeking self-improvement. But it soon became apparent that it was futile for the teachers of the country to act apart from the citizens, who control and direct educational policies to a greater extent even than the teachers themselves. Therefore, in 1870, the association was reorganized at Cleveland, Ohio, as the National Educational Association, since which time its policy has been to gather in annual convention all citizens interested in education, as well as the teachers of all classes and grades of schools.

The work of the association has been mainly through these annual conventions, of which forty-five have been held in various cities of the United States as follows:

Two meetings in Philadelphia, Pa., 1857 (organization), 1879; one in Cincinnati, O., 1858; two in Washington, D. C., 1859, 1898; two in Buffalo, N. Y., 1860, 1896; two in Chicago, Ill., 1863, 1887; one in Ogdensburg, N. Y., 1864; one in Harrisburg, Pa., 1865; one in Indianapolis, Ind., 1866; two in Nashville, Tenn., 1868, 1889; one in Trenton, N. J., 1869; one in Cleveland, O., 1870 (reorganization); two in St. Louis, Mo., 1871, 1904; two in Boston, Mass., 1872, 1903; one in Elmira, N. Y., 1873; two in Detroit, Mich., 1874, 1901; two in Minneapolis, Minn., 1875, 1902; one in Baltimore, Md., 1876; one in Louisville, Ky., 1877; one in Chautauqua, N. Y., 1880; one in Atlanta, Ga., 1881; four in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., 1882, 1883, 1885, 1892; one in Madison, Wis., 1884; one in Topeka, Kas., 1886; one in San Francisco, Cal., 1888; one in St. Paul, Minn., 1890; one in Toronto, Canada, 1891; two in Asbury Park, N. J., 1894, 1905; one in Denver, Colo., 1895; one in Milwaukee, Wis., 1897; one in Los Angeles, Cal., 1899.

The proceedings of these conventions, which have been printed and widely distributed to members and others constitute a library of forty-five volumes of the most valuable educational literature published in any language. In addition to the work of annual conventions, the association during the past fifteen years has undertaken a new and important field of work in the appointment and endowment of committees of original investigation of educational problems and in the publication and wide distribution of the reports of these committees. These reports supplement the annual volume of proceedings as follows: On secondary schools, issued in 1893; on elementary schools (1895); on rural schools (1897); on college entrance requirements (1899);



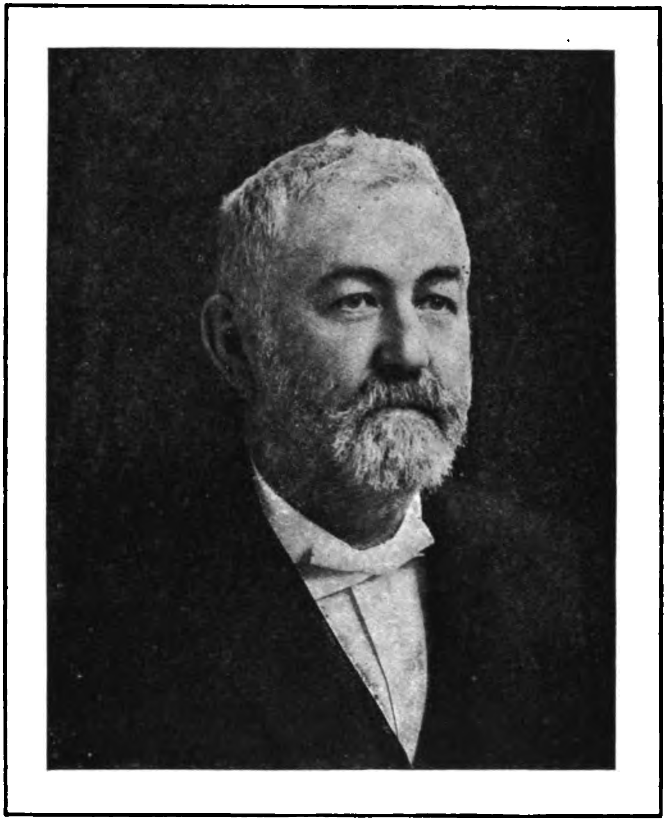
DR. IRWIN SHEPARD
Permanent Secretary, National Educational Association. His home is in Winona, Minnesota

on normal schools (1899); on public libraries and public schools (1899); on salaries, tenure and pensions of teachers (1905); on taxation as related to public education (1905); on industrial education in schools for rural communities (1905); on instruction in library administration in normal schools (1906).

In the early history of the association, all members attending the convention met in one body and discussed all questions in common. But since 1870, departments representing the various divisions of educational work have been formed, until now the association is made up of the following departments, named in the order of organization:

School Superintendence, Cleveland, 1870.
Normal Schools, Cleveland, 1870.
Higher Education, Cleveland, 1870.
Elementary Education, Cleveland, 1870.
Manual Training, Minneapolis, 1875.
National Council of Education, Chautauqua, 1880.
Art Education, Saratoga Springs, 1883.
Kindergarten Education, Saratoga Springs, 1884.
Music Education, Saratoga Springs, 1884.
Secondary Education, Topeka, 1886.
Business Education, Saratoga Springs, 1892.
Child-study, Asbury Park, 1894.
Physical Education, Denver, 1895.
Natural Science Instruction, Denver, 1895.
School Administration, Denver, 1895.
Library, Buffalo, 1896.
Special Education, Milwaukee, 1897.
Indian Education, Los Angeles, 1899.

Each department has its own officers, its own series of meetings at the general convention and its own programme of topics for discussion; all co-operating under the general direction of the president and executive committee of the



DR. NATHAN C. SCHAEFFER
President National Educational Association; State Superintendent of Public Instruction of Pennsylvania

association. The purpose of the general sessions of the association is to review the whole field of education, to discuss questions of a nature more general than those appropriate to department programmes, while the departments provide opportunity for the presentation and discussion of papers on specific and technical subjects related to the various divisions of educational work. The proceedings of all these meetings are carefully preserved, edited, and published in a cloth bound volume of about one thousand pages, which is supplied without expense to every member, and is sold to the general public for the actual cost of publication and carriage.

The programme bulletin of the fiftieth anniversary convention, at Los Angeles, shows that on Sunday, July 7, the pastors of many of the churches of Los Angeles have organized special educational services at which educational topics will be discussed. We note among the various subjects for these services "The Divine Diplomat," by the Rev. Robert J. Burdette; "The Model School Teacher," by the Rev. Robert McIntyre; "The Catholic Church and Education," by the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty; "The Teacher's Throne," by the Rev. Frank Talmadge; "The Principles of Education," by the Rev. J. J. Welkins; "Christ's Call to the Scholar," by the Rev. Horace Day; "Jewish Progress in Educational Methods," by Rabbi S. Hecht.

It is impossible to make even slight reference to all the topics to be discussed in the various programmes. The general session on Monday, June 8, will be opened by the Hon. Nathan C. Schaeffer, state superintendent of public instruction of Pennsylvania, and the president of the National Educational Association, in an address on "How Can the Schools Aid the Peace Movement." A greeting from the sister republic of Mexico by the Minister of Public Instruction, Señor Justo Sierra, will follow. "Shall Teachers' Salaries be Graded on Merit, or by the Clock?" by Superintendent E. G. Cooley of the city schools of Chicago, and "Women's Organizations and the Schools," by Mrs. Helen L. Grenfell, of Denver, are among the twelve topics of the general programmes. Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California, will give an address upon the subject, "Call Nothing Common," and Professor John Adams, of University College, of London, will speak on "A significant Lack of Educational Terminology."

The National Council of Education, the chief of the several departments, presents an attractive programme on various topics. The most important subject will be the report on "Educational Progress During the Past Two Years," by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, principal of the City Normal School, of Chicago.

The Kindergarten Department will discuss various topics related to the "American Ideal of the Kindergarten Work." The Department of Elementary Education will present ten papers upon two topics, one on the "Importance of Oral Reading and Oral Language," the other on the "Relation of Geography and History to the Life of the Pupil." The Department of Secondary Education will discuss chiefly the "Preparation of the High School Teacher," and the "Relation of the High Schools to Industrial Life," and will also hold round tables on the subjects of mathematics, history and natural science.

The Department of Higher Education will hold joint sessions with the Department of Normal Schools and Secondary Education and will present separate papers upon "Preparation of High School Teachers," "Care of Freshmen in College," and "Religious Education in State Universities." The Department of Normal Schools will co-operate with the Library Department in discussing the relation of libraries to public schools and will also present several papers on other topics related to their special field of work.

The Departments of Manual Training and Art Education will co-operate and will hold joint sessions with the Elementary Department and the Department of Indian Education, as usual for discussing the topics related to industrial education and public life.

The papers to be presented in the Department of Child-study will mainly fall under the general head of "Contributions of Twenty-five Years of Organized Child-study in America to Educational Theory and Practice."

The Department of Music Education presents eight formal papers and a round table on musical education in schools. An important feature of this department will be the consideration of the report of a committee on a uniform course of music in public schools.

The Department of Business Education will present several papers under the topics, "Preparation and Improvement of Commercial Teachers," and "Methods as Applied in Teaching Commercial Branches."

The Departments of Science Instruction, Physical Training and Special Education present interesting programmes, related to their respective fields. The Department of School Administration and the Library Department will hold a joint session to consider the various relations of public libraries to public schools.

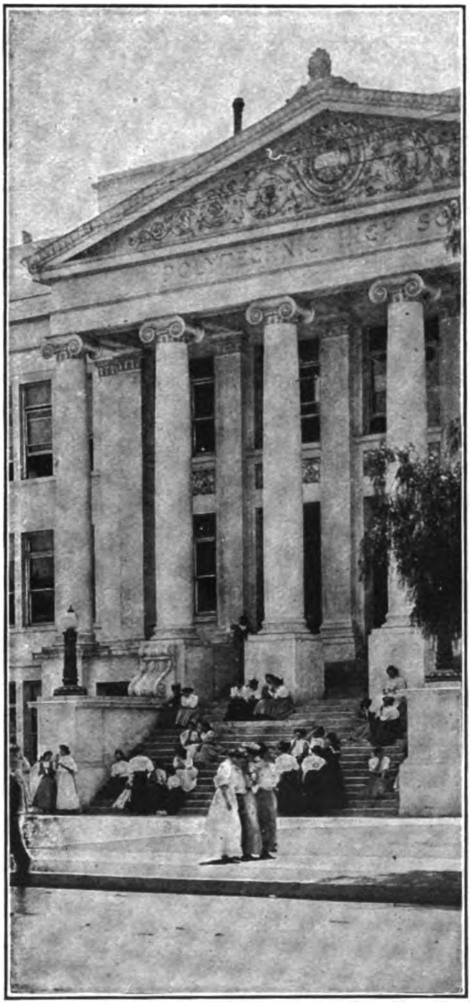
The Department of Indian Education which was organized at the Los Angeles meeting in 1899, will hold three sessions which promise to be of special interest and importance, drawing upon the many excellent Indian schools in California and on the Pacific Coast for illustrative material.

A new department is to be organized at the coming convention called the Department of Technical Education. At the meeting for organization interesting papers upon this branch of education will be read.

The following societies meeting with the National Educational Association will also present programmes, namely:

The National Society for the Scientific Study of Education, The Educational Press Association of America, Round Table Conference on Agricultural Education in Public Schools, The Religious Education Association.

The local arrangements at Los Angeles for the entertainment of the convention are well nigh perfect. It is provided, however, that receptions and excursions during the convention week will be subordinated to the programme, which will occupy the full time of the convention members from July 8 to 12. The utmost care will be taken to provide the best meeting places for the various departments that the separate literary programme may be conducted under circumstances most favorable for the presentation and thoughtful consideration of carefully prepared papers and for the free discussion of the topics presented. Subordinate to these meetings will be various musical and social entertainments and following the convention week a series of excursions to interesting points near Los Angeles. Later the convention members will scatter throughout California and the coast. As the convention comes at the opening of the teachers' vacations of two months or more the majority of them will spend most of their vacation period at the various resorts extending from San Diego to the Sound.



THE NEW POLYTECHNIC HIGH SCHOOL, LOS ANGELES, WHERE SOME MEETINGS OF N. E. A. SECTIONS WILL BE HELD

Perhaps the most important single feature of the convention will be the business meeting of the association which is to be held at noon on Wednesday, July 10. At this meeting the members are to consider and take action on the question of accepting a Congressional charter which was provided for by special act of Congress, passed in June, 1906, and which extends to the association a charter as a national body in recognition of its important services in behalf of national educational interests. If this charter is accepted, as it doubtless will be, the association will reorganize under the new name of National Education Association and will adopt new by-laws for its government, as it enters upon its second half-century of work in behalf of education. It will seem, therefore, that the convention at Los Angeles promises to be a great event, not only in the history of national educational interests but especially in the educational history of the Pacific Coast. For those in attendance at this convention the California educators offer many attractions, not only in the way of visits to the historic missions, and points of interest, but in arranged trips to the several colleges and the two large universities, and an opportunity to attend some of the sessions of the University Summer School at Berkeley.

BY WILLOWED STREAMS

By Clarence Urmy

Adown the land great rivers glide
With lyric odes upon their lips,
The sheltered bay with singing tide
Forever woos the storm-tossed ships,
And yet, for me more magic teems
By California's willowed streams.

For some the crowded market place,
The bustle of the jammed bazaars,
The fleeting chance in Fortune's race
That ends somewhere amid the stars—
Give me a chance to gather dreams
By California's willowed streams.

For some the delving in the earth,
The probing of the sky and sea,
The wonder of the Future's birth,
The Past's immutable decree—
I much prefer to find my themes
By California's willowed streams.

For some the hunt with horns and hounds,
The luster of the bended bow,
The dazzling glory that surrounds
Olympic fields of long ago—
For me a greater glory gleams
By California's willowed streams.

And so I crave no sound nor sight
Of water-ways in foreign lands,
Here where enchantments all unite
No change of scene my soul demands—
While Orpheus plays and Beauty beams
By California's willowed streams.

UPBUILDING THE WEST

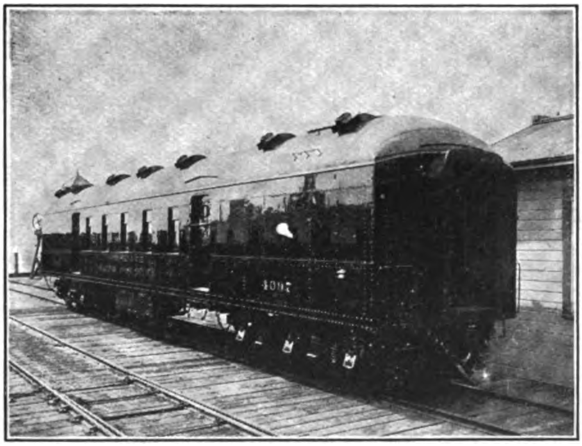
NEW RAILWAY PROJECTS AND IMPROVEMENTS THAT HELP KEEP THE COUNTRY GROWING

IV. THE NEW ALL STEEL POSTAL CAR

THE all steel postal car C. P. 4097, recently turned out of the Southern Pacific shops at Sacramento, California, is a new departure in postal car construction. The design is original with the Motive Power Department of the Southern Pacific Company and provides for an entirely fireproof equipment, offers less liability to telescoping and reduces the deterioration to a minimum. Cars of this type should be a protection to the entire train as fire can not pass from the locomotive to the coaches in rear of the postal car.

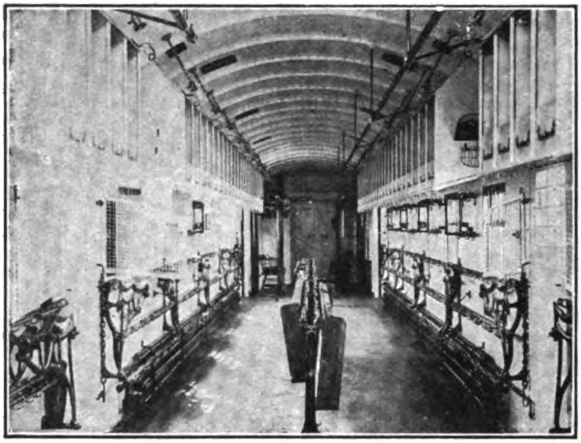
As a prevention from fire the usual gas lighting system has been eliminated—only electric lights, generated from the axle, being used. The usual steel heaters are not in force, the car heating being dependent on steam heat furnished by the locomotive. The steam heating apparatus automatically regulates the temperature of the car, but an ordinary stove is fitted in one corner of the car for emergency use.

The interior of the car is lined with asbestos on the sides and ends, while the ceiling is steel plate. The floor is a fireproof cement; all the interior fixtures are either of iron or of brass. The only wood used in the construction are the window sashes. The entire outside is composed of steel plate, the principal feature of the lower framing consists of two twelve-inch I-beams weighing thirty-one and one-half pounds per foot, and extending through buffer beams. On account of their depth, platform sills or draft timbers, are not necessary, the draft gear being made secure to lower flange of I-beam. These I-beams are capable of standing over two hundred per cent more resistance in shock than the ordinary car with wooden sills. They are trussed with two one and one-half-inch truss rods, which extend through steel castings in end sills.



THE NEW STEEL POSTAL CAR

The flooring is formed of two courses of corrugated steel, corrugation being laid crosswise of car and between the two courses a layer of hair felt is placed. To provide a smooth floor surface monolith is used. The roof is elliptical and the usual upper deck dispensed with. The framing of the roof consists of five-sixteenth-inch by one and three-quarter-inch by four and five-eighth-inch angle irons, elliptically shaped to conform to the roof. A foot at either end of these angle irons is riveted to side plates of the car. The outer roof lining is one-sixteenth-inch sheet steel, extending down the side plate angle and is overlapped by the one-eighth steel plate forming letter board sheet. The inside roof sheets are one-sixteenth-inch steel sheets, flanged on the edges and riveted through the angle iron column, forming panels two feet in width. The ventilation is provided by Cottier ventilators placed radially on the roof, which can be regulated to suit the temperature of the car. The ends of the car framing are composed of rectangular plates three-quarter-inch by three-inch to which heavy angles are riveted, and extend from end sill to the top of car frame to which they are substantially secured. The door framing was constructed of two heavy angles to give additional strength as well as utility. To take up any heavy shocks on the end frame a five-sixteenth-inch steel plate twenty inches wide is riveted across top framing of car. In design the entire framing is completely bound together to resist the most severe shock.



SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW MAIL CAR

IN THE SILENT WOODS

By HERBERT BASHFORD

The frail, white lilies glimmer in the gloom,
  Like feeble stars within the thicket's night,
    Or slender tapers which the wood-nymphs keep
Faint-burning in each close, dusk-haunted room
  That their wan glow, perchance, may serve to light
    The feet of Silence through the halls of Sleep.

WITH WESTERN WRITERS

PRAISE FOR MRS. AUSTIN

Mrs. Austin's southern California book, "The Land of Little Rain," is the subject of an interesting article by William Archer, the well-known English critic. It was entitled "English in the Sierras," and appeared in the London *Morning Leader* of recent date. A statement had been made in *The King's English* to the effect that "the English and the American language and literature are both good things; but they are better apart than mixed." This statement aroused Mr. Archer to answer, his point being that the American and the English language and literature are one. He takes up Mrs. Austin's book, as a type of the best American literature, showing by frequent quotation that the book is written in beautiful and perfect English, though the author is an American, dealing with a country "about as remote from England and as unlike England as any region in the entire world." We are assured that there are numberless similar books, and that therefore it is folly to attempt to enforce the principle that the two languages are separate, a principle which, if enforced, would constitute a formidable barrier to the advance of civilization.

Various excerpts from "The Land of Little Rain" are made to show forth the beautiful language in which the book is written. The language is "racy, idiomatic, without being vulgar, full of color and cadence, and of dignity where necessary." It is, however, not schooled or studied English, but the writer's "unsought medium of expression." There are of course, many Californian names of animals, plants and places, which have come from the Spanish and Mexican inhabitants of the country, with which the king's English, men are not acquainted. No one would think of questioning the right of the works of Kipling or Stevenson to a place in English literature, yet they are full of the strange words of the land of which they write. The few real Americanisms in Mary Austin's book are trivial, and it would be folly to consider them enough of a difference to raise a linguistic barrier between these two countries so near akin. There seems to be no reason for the stand taken by the king's English men that America's best literature is not worthy of a place with the best of England's, and as English and not American literature. England can not afford to reject such valuable contributions to her literature.

★ ★ ★

DR. TAYLOR'S POEMS

The great fire of one year ago not only abolished San Francisco libraries, but removed from book stores a great many valuable volumes. The destruction by fire of other volumes of verse by Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor is given as the reason for the reprinting (A. M. Robertson, San Francisco) in the present volume entitled "Selected Poems," the bulk of the author's published work, the collection having been made by most careful selection. Dr. Taylor is one of the most graceful of versifiers, and his topics cover varied fields. The leading poem is "Into the Light," of which there have been several editions. The book contains several poems upon San Francisco to-day, among them the following:

What matters that her multitudinous store—
The garnered fruit of measureless desire—
Sank in the maelstrom of abysmal fire,
To be of man beheld on earth no more?
Her loyal children, cheery to the core,
Quailed not, nor blenched, while she, above
the ire
Of elemental ragings, dared aspire
On Victory's wings resplendently to soar.
What matters all the losses of the years,
Since she can count the subjects as her own
That share her fortunes under every fate;
Who weave their brightest tissues from her
tears,
And who, although her best be overthrown,
Resolve to make her and to keep her great.

★ ★ ★

THE COLORADO DESERT

In his latest work in two volumes, entitled "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert" (Little, Brown & Company, Boston), George Wharton James, who has been roving over the southwest country for many years, has summarized not only his impressions, but facts gained from experience and research concerning that part of the so-called Colorado Desert located in California. Photographs, many of them, and three hundred pen and ink sketches by Carl Eytel help to tell the story. The rivers, mountains, springs and cañons are described, and several chapters are devoted to an account of a recent journey to the then overflowed Colorado river and the Salton sea. The book makes entertaining reading, for it is filled with descriptions of natural wonders and statements of fact that sound like fiction. Of the marvelous cures wrought by the dry air and pure water of this region, the writer gives many instances. He speaks of Palm Springs, and what he says of this oasis of the desert, is true of many sections:

> Here, year after year, flock people who have the wisdom to flee from the exhaustion of city life which is too much for them, and those who need to be restored to health. Many are people of moderate means, and these usually, by compulsion, take the surest and best way to regain the vigor they have lost. They live out of doors in tents that are made so as to open and thus allow fullest access to the air, while affording complete seclusion when necessary. In one of the sketches a tent is shown, the occupants of which purchased a cow. The invalid was the husband of a young school-teacher, who came here on the verge of the grave. His devoted wife cared for him with the energy of desperate love. She milked the cow, and day after day hitched their patient burro to a rude sled of her own contrivance, whereon she placed coal-oil cans, and drove down to the ditch, full of pure cold water from the snow-banks of San Jacinto, there to renew the water supply for the day. I am glad to record that the invalid left Palm Springs perfectly restored to health.

★ ★ ★

"THE LONG LABRADOR TRAIL"

"The Long Labrador Trail" is a story by Dillon Wallace which Leonidas Hubbard Jr. would have written had he not lost his life when he strayed from that same trail. "Before his death," says Mr. Wallace in his introduction, "I gave him my promise that should I survive I would write and publish the story of the journey. In "The Lure of the Labrador Wild" that pledge was kept to the best of my ability. While Hubbard and I were struggling inland over those desolate wastes, where life was always uncertain, we entered into a compact that in case one of us fall the other would carry to completion the exploratory work that he had planned and begun. Providence willed that it should become my duty to fulfil this compact, and the following pages are a record of how it was done. Not I, but Hubbard, planned the journey of which this book tells, and from him I received the inspiration and with him the training and experience that enabled me to succeed. It was his spirit that led me on over the wearisome trails, and through the rushing rapids, and to him and to his memory belong the credit and the honor of success."

It is a story of an almost unknown region visited chiefly by sportsmen and explorers. The work has been well done by Mr. Wallace, and the book will doubtless have many readers simply because of the sad tragedy involved in the venture. The volume is well illustrated by reproductions of photographs, and the frontispiece is in colors by Oliver Kemp. Much of the material has been published in *Outing Magazine,* and the book is printed by the Outing Publishing Company, New York.

* * *

"STORY OF CAMP CHASE"

A book of interest to all who love their country is the "Story of Camp Chase," by Colonel William H. Knauss (Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Nashville, Tennessee). It is something of a memorial volume and something of a record of the confederate prison and cemetery in southern Ohio, where thousands of southern soldiers were confined during the Civil war. The author fought on the other side of the conflict, but his sympathies were aroused by the shameful disorder of the old cemetery, where over two thousand soldiers are buried, and through his influence the place has been made attractive and a monument erected. Some records of the Antietam National Cemetery, as well as a complete list of the interments at Camp Chase, form an appendix to the book.

* * *

"HUNTING BIG GAME"

Here's a book which should have many readers because the hunting described relates to shooting both by camera and gun, and the number of men who delight in both is legion. William S. Thomas has written this book (G. P. Putnam Sons) after many years of personal experience in the United States, Canada and Mexico. He tells his stories of hunting big horn goats, grizzly bears, caribou, as well as kodak snap-shooting, in a terse, epigrammatic and wide-awake style that holds the attention. The excellent halftone engravings are from photographs taken by the author.

* * *

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM"

Richard L. Metcalfe, associate editor of the *Commoner,* the Nebraska journal of which William J. Bryan is editor and proprietor, has put into book form a series of stories and anecdotes under above title. The volume makes good reading in that the tone through all of the selections is extremely high and optimistic. In these days of frequent mental depression, caused by dwelling more on the evil which men did than the good which comes to pass, it is a profitable diversion to read a book of this character, with high types of manhood and high impressions guiding the compilation. It is published by the Woodruff-Collins Press, Lincoln, Nebraska.

* * *

LOOKING BACKWARD

As attractive as any volume which has appeared describing the San Francisco disaster of 1906, is "After the Earthquake and Fire," a volume of two hundred pages, published by the *Mining and Scientific Press* of San Francisco, of which T. A. Rickard is editor, and Edgar Rickard, business manager. The book contains a reprint of various articles and editorial comment which appeared in their publication during the weeks immediately following the troublous days. These articles include contributions from not only the editor, but from Professors A. O. Leuschner, G. K. Gilbert, S. B. Christy, F. Omori and others. They are illustrated, and throughout the volume are printed a number of the engravings which tell of the situation in San Francisco those April days.

* * *

"THE SPIDERS"

In "The Spiders," Hilton R. Greer has gathered together a quantity of verse, much of which he has printed from time to time in various magazines. The bulk of the verse is mediocre prose expressed in rhyme, and the publication (Methodist Episcopal Church, Nashville, Tennessee) in a volume is largely a tribute to the author's vanity. He writes of many things, and among other subjects pays tribute to Texas, which state he characterizes as follows:

This is no stripling, sirs, no yokel youth,
This bronze-limbed Hercules of giant girth;
This is the stoutest-thewed, the stanchest-souled
In all the bravery brotherhood of States!

"NORROY, DIPLOMATIC AGENT"

Every newspaper man and correspondent hopes sometime to write a book. Often, when they do, the result is disastrous. Few men can put into fiction the vividness of stirring facts. George Bronson Howard went from Baltimore to Japan and China during the Japanese war, representing several newspapers. He had many adventures, and knows how to tell a good story. The result is shown in his book recently published (Saalfield Publishing Company, Chicago) which describes the mystical and wonderful happenings of Norroy, a diplomatic agent. Norroy was another Sherlock Holmes, only more so, and the way he stirred up the diplomacy of all the world in his efforts to wave the stars and stripes should please all patriotic citizens. Here is a description of this modern detective and diplomat:

> He pointed to a man clad in the conventional attire of the evening, who had just risen from his seat and was making his way out. Seen from that distance, there was nothing particularly striking about him. Looking at him more closely, such an impression would be cast aside. There was something impressive in the way he held himself; and his indefinitely colored eyes had in them a certain commanding, almost supercilious look which stamped him as a man who did things. His hair was cut very close to the scalp, showing a pair of small, very perked-up ears, which seemed to have almost human alertness in the way they apparently stood to attention. He was of medium height, neither tall nor short, although his excessive slenderness inclined to the first impression. His hands and feet were very small—almost womanish, in fact. His clothes were just a little too much the mode of the day, and one indefinably regretted that a man of his intelligence should spend the thought necessary for such ultra-fashionable attire. They had evidently been cut not a week before, for they embodied a new wrinkle in evening clothes which had originated at the period. The objection which most people found in Norroy was that he was just a bit too sphinx-like in his facial expression, and that he had mastered the art of saying less in more words, when he chose, than any man in the circles in which he moved. It seemed to be Norroy's principal aim in life to persuade people that he was simply an idle butterfly of fashion, without any more brains than the modicum usually portioned out to men who make the pursuit of the fashions and the ways of the ultra-mundane their sole object of living.

Mr. Howard has many friends in the West who must compliment him on the thrill which he puts into many of these incidents which are both dramatic and diplomatic, although ever suggestive of the purest sort of fiction. The book is illustrated by Gordon Ross, a well-known San Francisco artist, now in New York.

* * *

The "Psychological Year Book" (second series) is just from the press of Paul Elder & Company, San Francisco and New York. The compilation, with a quotation from every day in the year, is the work of Janet Young, who asserts that the selections show "the laws, the ways, the means, the methods for gaining lasting health, peace and prosperity."

* * *

"Writing for the Press" is a new edition of an old book, which has established itself as a volume of handy reference in newspaper and business offices. The author and publisher is Robert Luce of the Author's Clipping Bureau of Boston, who was formerly one of the editors of the Boston *Globe*. It tells the average writer what he doesn't know.

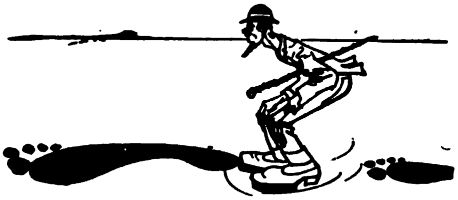
* * *

"The Philosophy of Hope," a cheerful book by President Jordan, of Stanford, is just from the press of Paul Elder & Company. The same book was published before the San Francisco disaster under the title of "Philosophy of Despair," which illustrates the elastic value of philosophy! Here is its foreword:

> TO-DAY IS YOUR DAY AND MINE, THE ONLY DAY WE HAVE, THE DAY IN WHICH WE PLAY OUR PART. WHAT OUR PART MAY SIGNIFY IN THE GREAT WHOLE, WE MAY NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT WE ARE HERE TO PLAY IT, AND NOW IS OUR TIME. THIS WE KNOW, IT IS A PART OF ACTION, NOT OF WHINING. IT IS A PART OF LOVE, NOT CYNICISM. IT IS FOR US TO EXPRESS LOVE IN TERMS OF HUMAN HELPFULNESS. THIS WE KNOW, FOR WE HAVE LEARNED FROM SAD EXPERIENCE THAT ANY OTHER COURSE OF LIFE LEADS TOWARD WEAKNESS AND MISERY.

In the Wide-Awake West

EDITORIAL COMMENT



THOSE CARSON FOOTPRINTS

Facts of science are disturbing things, but they seem a necessary evil of joyous civilization. It seems cruel to check seaside flirtations with possible mermaids because there are no mermaids or to overlook the watchful eye of the man in the moon because stern facts have given him an alibi. Some years ago when Nevada needed notoriety and population, certain giant footprints were found near Carson. The theory was promptly advanced and accepted that some primordial Chicagoan had once walked here, and Carsonians basked in the reflected glory of possible ancestors whose tracks made serviceable bath tubs. A short time ago more footprints were uncovered. Evidently they were made in stiff mud some thousands of years ago, covered by sand, and perfectly preserved. They are of two classes and the Nevada promotion society, having no prize ring contests to enchain its time, worked up a theory that here some Pliocene Jeffries had once walked, accompanied by his pet megatherium. The weak feature of the theory—from the modern Nevada standpoint—was that man and meg were both apparently looking for water. Now comes Professor Louderback, of the University of California, especially commissioned by SUNSET to make these footprints tell the truth. He finds, doubtless to his sorrow, little to uphold the theory that these tracks are of human origin, but instead he gives to the giant ground sloth the credit for having made so great an impression on the state that Mark Twain first made famous. The professor finds that a mammoth—an elephant-like animal about as large as the Reno brewery—may have walked beside that other early settler. It's bad enough for science to thus seek to take away Nevada's giant man, but it seems an unnecessary humiliation to give the glory to the sloth—a word wholly at variance with the present characteristics of Nevada's hustling citizens.

PRIZE WINNING STORIES

Of the large number of short stories, submitted recently in competition for the special prizes offered by SUNSET MAGAZINE, only four fulfilled all conditions, and attained the standard set by the judges of the contest. These, with the names and addresses of the authors, are:

"The Garden of Content," E. Mirrielees, Stanford, California.

"The Record Breaker," Stella F. Wynne, Palo Alto, California.

"The Incubator Lady," W. Fay Boericke, Reno, Nevada.

"Brother of the Mountains," Robert W. Ritchie, New York City.

The first of these stories, "The Garden of Content," a strong tale that preaches the philosophy of the Near as opposed to the search for happiness in the land of Somewhere-else, will appear in the August number. It will be illustrated by Eugen Neuhaus, whose home is in the country of the story, in the garden of content.

THE SHORT-STORY

It is irresistible to comment on the hopelessness of the bulk of short-stories so-called which flood an editor's desk. According to the misty ideas of the near-author, anything may be a short-story, a sample or a remnant, a chapter from a long one, a novel boiled down, a striking incident, or an elaborated anecdote. Mr. Brander Matthews and other authorities have defined the various types of short story, but it is doubtful if these analyses are known to the majority of those who would rush dauntlessly into print did not their editor friends deter them. The demand for this form of fiction is on the increase, and with it, but out of all proportion to the demand, is the temptation to turn one's foolish thinking into funds.

With less preparation than is required to drive a nail straight, the ambitious author buys his favorite pen point, his best brand of ink, and opens shop. That the style and form of his story are the largest factors in his chance of placing it surely can not occur to him. The long apprenticeship of Guy de Maupassant, master of the art of the short-story, and the use of the waste-basket, would be scoffed at by even the successful story-writer who would urge his own success in spite of a lack of special training. Yet de Maupassant will live, and where are the stories of yesterday?

For original plots are as scarce as lilacs in December. There are only a few themes all told—the love incident, the ghost idea, the adventure or the mystery plot, and of distinctly modern origin, the romance of business or machinery or politics. What is new under the sun? Simply the treatment. The style, or as George Meredith puts it, the philosophy, is the salt which alone will preserve the story from death and decay. Style is the only originality, yet style in all its variety is the sum of the personal equation plus work, and the greater part, work.

Judging from a cursory survey of, say, simply the stories of last month's output of magazines, form is the last thing their authors thought of. It would surprise many of them to be told that the most effectual cure for their particular weakness would be a year of diligent sonnet writing—for the waste-basket. To capture an elusive thought, and compress it into a fixed form, is perhaps the best training for mental tidiness. The concentration essential for the best type of short-story may be gained by writing not alone prose but verse.

Out of the West have come some excellent short-stories which suggest that their authors spent a long apprenticeship over both prose and verse exercises, as well as an earnest course with the masters of the short-story meaning, of course, the French. Told with the art that conceals art are sketches by W. C. Morrow, Frank Norris, Chester Bailey Fernald, and first and last, Bret Harte's classics. These are models of style and philosophy, and of the long, short story type, James Hopper is master, while Warren Cheney in this, as well as in novel writing, has done work that gives sure promise.

It is not an economical art, the art of the short-story writer. As much life—experience—may go with the wording of the compressed sketch as might be elaborated into a novel, and certainly as much, if not more, study is spent in the apprenticeship. One well-known author acknowledges that she can not afford to throw away her ideas in capsule form for hurried lunch-counter absorption. But imagine the "Luck of Roaring Camp" expanded into a book, or the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" or "Caybigan" into a novel. But we reward the prodigality of these writers by admiring their stories, which is no little tribute in these days when every babe in arms is writing the short-story of his experience or fancy.

IN BOHEMIA

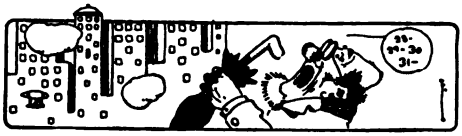
In this month of July, those western conservers of the arts creative, members of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, will go a-tenting in their grove of redwoods on the Russian river. There, on a moon-lit night, will be presented their original drama, the result of two years of thought, more or less, on the part of the poet sire, the music maker, the painter, and the player. On that night the club and its visiting friends will give to the Muses, avowedly, the honor that is their due from Bohemians the world-over all the rest of the year. For many years this club has fulfilled for art in the Far West the mission of the monasteries of the Middle Ages. The stimulus here given has made the world richer in the combined products of brain and hand. The crucible of friendly criticism has forced worth while accomplishment, and the attainment of standards otherwise unsought.

It is said that Ambassador James Bryce recently asked, when interviewed by a New York newspaper prior to going to his post at Washington: "Who are your poets?" And he proceeded to make clear his opinion that chiefly by the poetical expression of a nation can a stranger judge of its best advancement. His opinion is sound. The busy men of affairs, intent on profits or speculation, or of making tons of hay grow where only one blade of grass grew before, is inclined to regard the poet and the painter as dreamers whose existence is merely a necessary evil in the world's economy. For writers and actors he has more tolerance since he sees more of them. But, eliminate the Elizabethan Age from England or take Homer from Greece and where would the national glory be?

California and the great west country have been unusually prolific in the arts, and clubs like the Bohemian that have had poets and painters, story writers and players in their fostering care, deserve a special coinage of medals from Congress. The blue skies and the live-out-of-doors-all-the-year climate are held to be largely responsible for the large output from the Far West country of the men and women whose brain fancies hold up the world of art. Those features doubtless helped the triumphs of ancient Greece and because of their alluring power in drawing here people of artistic temperament they have aided to give the West more poets and painters and novelists than are found in most new communities.

It is refreshing in this connection to note that out this way the phrase, artistic temperament, does not always stand for foolishness or the absurdly unconventional. There is no special reason why the man of conscious imaginative power should fail to pay his bills or keep an appointment. The number of men and women who can write a good poem or paint a selling canvas and meet the financial demands of their grocer is growing steadily. One Californian artist systematically paints six months of the year and then disposes of his product from the walls of Macbeth's New York gallery. His home place costs him a neat sum to maintain but his pictures yield him a good surplus revenue and he has leisure enough to read good books and talk to purchasing Philistines. Several well-known western story writers who command eight and ten cents a word in eastern magazines, own their country homes and one goes cruising in a yacht that cost over $20,000.

Truly this west land is one province of true Bohemia!



BACKWARD BEANSTALK

Every little while someone who hunts a metaphor for fast-growing things remembers Jack's sky-chasing beanstalk, forgetting that California furnishes things which have beaten Jack's record. Take Los Angeles, for example; any able-bodied Los Angeles man could furnish a crop of metaphors far superior to the humble bean that elevated Jack. Much space is given in this number of SUNSET to the story of the making of Los Angeles, and the growth of that alluring city of California's southland during the past six years is surely a marvel—growth not alone in people, but in manner of living, and development along all lines which go to make a metropolis. The present population shows clearly an increase of nearly three hundred per cent since the census of 1900—no wonder the orange and climate promoter smiles, and the land booster proudly boasts.

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC: BUSINESS IS GOOD—SHALL IT CONTINUE?

Five hundred of the principal manufacturers of the United States, representing every section of the country and more than a billion dollars in capital, have taken alarm at the wide-spread action against the railroads through political channels, and have petitioned the people of the United States to sit down in sober common sense and view the closely intertwined relations existing between their own prosperity and that of the country's carriers, and to observe carefully to what end this headlong rush of legislation is leading. These manufacturers, who represent almost every line of industry from the creation of steel bridges to top buggies, point out that business is prosperous, that the people are securing wages that are sufficient not only to meet their wants but to enable them to lay by something for a rainy day, that the investor is secure in his investment whether it be in lands, buildings, railroads or manufactories, and indeed, on the whole, peace and prosperity never smiled more broadly over the land.

The signers of the petition note the somewhat startling facts that during the past few months over four hundred bills have been introduced in state legislatures every one of which has been designed in some way to reduce the revenue of railways. The majority of these have been introduced by men absolutely unfamiliar with commercial conditions or who have no opportunity to know what their effect will be on railroad earnings, or who seemingly have not cared, provided their opinions were read into the law and personal and political prestige gathered by them. Towns and villages have caught this political excitement and have added hardships by expensive and restrictive measures, yet at the same time calling for better and more extensive service.

The railroads represent the largest single investment of capital in the United States. It is said that one fifth of our wealth is in our railroads. Over a million investors have their savings in railroad bonds and other securities. If the legislatures which have been attacking the revenues of the roads were to have had introduced bills designed to lower one-fourth or one-third the prices of farm products for example, there would have been a cry from all over the country that the proposed legislation was destructive to public confidence in investments, ruinous to the owners of the producing property, socialistic in the extreme, and threatening the future of the country. It is not less threatening that men, thoughtlessly or otherwise, should in a short legislative session with one bill reduce the revenue of their carriers from passenger traffic one-third and perhaps by a maximum freight rate law cut the freight revenue in two, and at the same time pass restrictive regulations increasing the cost of operation and calling for more extensive if not improved service.

NO RAILWAY BUILDING

Railroad managements have read the handwriting on the wall and through their experience know very well its ultimate significance if there be no cessation of this anti-railway hue and cry. The business men of the country are awake to the danger. In their petition they call attention to the fact that the railroads are stopping all unnecessary expenditures and that one road has stopped the construction of two hundred miles of new track and that another has cut its expenses $5,000,000, and, in addition, stopped the construction of four hundred miles of track. Many roads have issued instructions to use stocks on hand and to purchase no supplies except to meet emergencies for six months. Beyond plans already made for construction work where rights-of-way or other expenses are already incurred, the railroads almost without exception have decided to undertake no new construction in the year 1908.

These statements are susceptible of proof. Every manufacturer, every jobber, every retailer in the United States doing business with the railroads can ascertain the facts for himself. No such forced economy in this great vital department of business can come without depression in almost every line of trade in the United States whether it is running a country store and selling goods to a section gang or bridge gang, or operating an immense steel plant employing thousands of men and turning out thousands of carloads of steel rails.

The public is not suffering from burdensome rates. The cost to the individual for freight charges on articles he uses or consumes during the year cuts almost no figure in his expenses while the amount paid for passenger fares is also individually unimportant. As for the industries paying large freight bills, the way they have been growing by leaps and bounds and the way the country has been developing from one end to the other, offers arguments in behalf of the reasonableness of rates that can not be overcome. These attacks upon the railroads therefore are a matter chiefly of emotion and not of reason. That does not in any way lessen the damage that will be done. Throw two hundred thousand men out of employment in this and allied industries and their enforced idleness would create such conditions among wage-earners as to cause widespread depression. Beyond that and more serious yet is the fact that with confidence shaken in the stock of quasi-public corporations generally, investors will become more and more timid about investing, more and more restrained in the range of choice of sources of income and more and more apt to tie up idly the capital that should be employed in creating wealth.

REGULATION OR ATTACK?

The business men of the country who voiced this appeal to common sense closed it by saying that every clear headed man should be able to distinguish between national regulation of railroads along such lines of national supervision as may be necessary, and the senseless attacks upon the rights and revenues of railroad investors who have put into the property their privately-owned dollars with as much reason to believe that they would receive fair treatment from the public as if they had put their money into lands or brick buildings, or live stock or forests. It is suggested very earnestly that every voter in the country write to his state senator and state assemblyman, to his governor and his representatives in Congress and say to them as a citizen having the welfare of his country at heart, he believes that these local attacks upon the railroads should cease and that whatever national regulation is necessary should not be destructive to the railroads, but designed rather to keep them within bounds and prevent discriminations. SUNSET MAGAZINE will be pleased to send to any address on application, a copy of this petition of business men with the names of all signers appended.

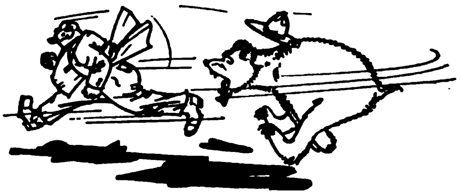
ATTENTION, WRITERS

If there be any writers who read this on whom a mortgage hangs heavily, let them be up and doing and write a few articles concerning Portland and Oregon, and get them published, and thereby win some of the prizes offered by the Portland Commercial Club. These prizes just announced, aggregate $5,000. The first prize is $1,000, and other prizes are divided as follows:

Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	250.00
Fourth prize	200.00
Fifth prize	175.00
Sixth prize	150.00
Seventh prize	125.00
Eighth prize	110.00
Ninth prize	100.00
Tenth prize	90.00
Ten prizes of $75.00 each	750.00
Ten prizes of $50.00 each	500.00
Ten prizes of $25.00 each	250.00
Twenty prizes of $15.00 each	300.00
Twenty prizes of $10.00 each	200.00
Three judges to be named by Hon Geo. E. Chamberlain, Governor of Oregon	300.00
Grand total	$5,000.00

In order to be eligible for competition, these articles must appear in a regular edition of some newspaper or other publication before December 31, next, and a copy must be in the hands of the judges not later than February 1, 1908. These articles must be sealed and addressed to "Prize Contest, care Portland Commercial Club, Portland, Oregon."

The people who have put up this money state very decidedly that these prizes are not for the purpose of booming their region, because it needs no booming, but simply to make the people of the entire country more familiar with the great Northwest. It is just possible that some of the ambitious writers in the August number of SUNSET—which will be devoted largely to the Northwest—will be able to pull some of the shekels from this strong box.



SETTLING IN FOREST RESERVES

Tracts of land aggregating nearly one million acres in the National Forest Reserves in Washington, Oregon, California and Wyoming have just been released from temporary withdrawal by the Interior Department, at the request of the Forest Service. This action has been taken in order to readjust the boundaries of the National Reserves so as to include only land chiefly valuable for forest purposes. The tracts just released in the states named will be open to settlement late in July and to entry a month later. In the last two months tracts aggregating nearly three million acres have been released at the request of the Forest Service.

The releases which have just been made include 133,120 acres of land adjacent to the San Jacinto National Forest, San Diego county, California;

247,280 acres adjoining the Washington National Forest, Washington; 98,560 acres adjacent to the Mount Rainier National Forest in Cowlitz, Clarke and Skamania counties, Washington; 28,440 acres from the Medicine Bow National Forest in Wyoming and Colorado, and 478,760 acres adjacent to the Cascade and Heppner National Forest in Morrow, Umatilla, and Grant counties, Oregon.

During the past winter and spring the Forest Service has had a force of men in the field readjusting the boundaries of the National Forest Reserves and in accordance with the policy of the Forest Service all land which is suitable for other purposes is being excluded. Scattered all through the National Reserves is much agricultural land, more or less isolated so that its elimination is impracticable. Settlement is encouraged on this land, which is open to homesteaders under the Act of June 11, 1906. This act provides for the homesteading of agricultural lands in the National Forests and is being generally taken advantage of for that purpose. Stockmen and ranchers are not slow in realizing the benefits of residence in National Reserves and in many cases petitions have been received by the Forest Service for further extension of their area. This, however, the Service is careful not to do unless it can be shown that the land is chiefly valuable for forest or protection purposes.

THE AUGUST "SUNSET"

The great Northwest country is no longer "the Land of To-morrow." If energy and enthusiasm, and a general "I'm-glad-I'm-here" cry from all citizens of that one-time land of pine forests and big fish, count for anything it is very much the Land of To-day. When Admiral Dewey made history at Manila, the Pacific Coast states were moved several pegs nearer the center of the nation. Since then, more than ever before, crowds of observing young Americans have been persistently following Horace Greeley's geographical advice. The exposition at Portland helped things, so did the mad chase for Alaska's gold, but truth-telling advertising has been the greatest impetus toward upbuilding. Photographs and facts are the wisest and strongest immigration arguments. Exaggeration and misrepresentation are the worst, as every tried promoter knows. To-day Oregon and Washington are lands of such opportunity as will not be found again in the westward march of empire. They, with California, form the Pacific frontier. The August number of SUNSET MAGAZINE will be given up largely to telling about and picturing the Northwest. The contents will be varied enough to be entertaining. Stories of adventure, and poems and essays will be there to aid in presenting the facts of present-day progress. For months special writers and photographers and illustrators have been hard at work, and the result promises to be notable.

LOS ANGELES.

THE TEACHERS' PILGRIMAGE

All reports indicate no change in the cheering outlook for the invasion of Los Angeles by members of the National Educational Association and their friends. Low railroad rates, and a chance for a vacation that combines business with pleasure, and the lure of the word "California," form a combination difficult to resist. Elsewhere in this number of SUNSET, Dr. Irwin Shepard, the secretary of the association, outlines some of the things which it is hoped to accomplish at the convention. The association frowns upon the idea of a junket, so dear to the hearts of legislative committees, and the programme managers have made up a sandwich which combines the lean of learning with the fat of joyful talk and sight-seeing.

It's recess time, and school is out!

WOOD AND WATER

Preparations for the Fifteenth National Irrigation Congress which will be held in Sacramento, September 2-7 next, are engaging the active attention of many Californians. Initial steps were taken months ago by a committee of prominent citizens of the state, of whom Governor Gillett is one, and plans were made on a comprehensive and generous scale. Recent developments justify the expectation entertained by this committee of state-wide support. A meeting of prominent citizens of many portions of California, held in Sacramento in April to discuss the committee's plans, was unanimous and enthusiastic in declaring that the whole state should act as host when delegates assemble here to discuss forestry and irrigation topics, and representatives of twenty counties declared that they desire an opportunity to share in the expense as well as in the honors of the occasion.

The people of California esteem it a privilege to entertain a body having for its object the discussion of National Irrigation and National Forestry, policies of great importance to present and future generations, and in order to insure the fullest success and to be able to accord to visitors a generous hospitality they have raised a fund of $50,000 for the occasion. The state will be at its best from an irrigation standpoint when the Congress meets in September. The great semi-arid plains where millions of acres are devoted to grain will be dry stubble, and bordering foothills will be sear and brown. The irrigated sections will present a delightful contrast and the possible benefits of irrigation will be thus emphasized. September in California is a season of fruits and grapes. Sacramento is in the midst of one of the principal orchard and table grape districts of the state and all visitors will be given a chance to sample all the best products of all sections.

AT CHAUTAUQUA

The out-of-door assembly of the Pacific Chautauquans will be held at Pacific Grove, July 15 to 27. Here is a place where people who wish to combine profit with pleasure, to have brains and body stimulated at the same time, are offered every opportunity. The conditions here are alluring to the vacation-spender, with pine woods to walk in, surf close at hand for sea-bathing, attractive walks and attractive people to walk with. The Chautauqua programme for this summer is an elaborate one, including many men and women well worth hearing. One of the notable men on the programme is Governor Buchtel, of Colorado, a progressive thinker, who is also chancellor of the University of Denver.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

DEVOTED TO TIMELY FACTS OF MATERIAL PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST

THE LIFE OF AN ORANGE

I WAS born down in the beautiful valley of the Santa Ana near Riverside, California, where the eye takes in vistas of many miles of orange groves, alfalfa ranches and grain lands, until the lofty mountain ranges close the view. It was beautiful there and I loved to be out in the genial sunshine for it is nearly always warm and bright there. I grew from a little mimosa-sized thing, "as green as a gourd" as I once heard an old lady say in my hearing.

I lived among thousands of relations, for our family is extensive, and felt perfect joy in my existence for it was grand to hear the mocking-bird singing in the branches of my parent-tree during the warm days of summer. Everything was so green and gay there amid the blooms and leaves.

I got well acquainted with an old man, and his two horses, who used to come to my home in the orchard every month and run furrows or let water run in, and sometimes it was so good to get a drink, after the heat of the summer day had dried us all up. Then again he would come and run food down between the trees, which we ate afterward, but not until it was soaked into the roots of the father tree for we could get no benefit from the insoluble food.

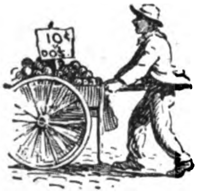
My brothers and sisters grew as much as I did, and as the golden sunshine burned a golden yellow color in our cheeks, I noticed men stopping and looking up at us. Once I heard a man say, as he fondled me: "That is a beautiful orange; feel the smooth skin," and then the other man would feel my skin and compliment me. It was enough to turn one's head, but I was always a sensible orange. These men were orange buyers and came to look the grove over to see if they wanted to buy it. Once I saw a dreadful murder committed right in my home, one of those dreadful fellows who carried a knife deliberately drew it across the throat of one of my older brothers and drank his blood. Ugh! I think of it and shiver to this day. I afterward had a dread of those men and all others save the old man who cared for us.

Along in the winter when the grand mountains were all covered with snow, our master, a man who lived in a beautiful house in the grove, used to come out with the old man and look over the whole family and then at night we would be kept warm by a little pot of coals under us, which was called by the old man, a "smudge stove." Then the frost would not bother us but if the old man did not think of the stove the frost would bite us.

My great-great-greater grandfather was from Brazil and he had a long journey to get here. First, he went to Washington, and then some little children came to live with him and his wife, and an old gentleman by the name of Tibbetts brought one of them to Riverside and that tree was one of my father's father's. Some of my relations have seed in them, but we are called "navels," and are a very exclusive set. You can find only a few of us anywhere except in California for the climate and the ground are exactly suited to us; we do not thrive well elsewhere. In Arizona we have some very sweet cousins but most everyone likes us for our tartness.

Finally, after the cold weather was all gone we were getting so big and plump and taking on a fine color, a big gang of men, little yellow fellows they were, nearly all alike and under-sized, came in where we lived, with bags and ladders. They were Japanese and they came to take us away. Each man carried a pair of shears with which our poor bodies were clipped from our parent-tree. I could have cried to leave the old place. One by one we fell into the baskets and when the basket-were filled we were dumped roughly into a box awaiting us. I wonder why those fellows do not use more care. They bruised some of us terribly by cutting places in our smooth skins and in throwing us down so hard. We were afterward picked up and put into a wagon and hauled far away to a house where many girls and men were working. Here we were weighed and set aside to settle awhile. Finally, we were run down a long chute which permitted each of us to fall into a gate exactly fitted to our size.

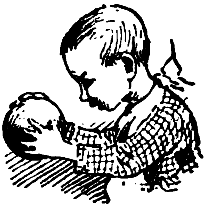
The girl who was packing a box at the bin where I fell picked me up and said: "What a pretty one." I liked her. She had rosy cheeks and dark eyes and was working to support a widowed mother,—so I heard. She put on me a paper coat and placed me alongside a lot of other oranges, but they were not all from my home and I learned that they lived in another locality. The man who came and looked at the box saw me and made a nice remark about me. He said, "Well, if they are all like that one I'm satisfied." So we were packed and a lid nailed down tight upon us but luckily, I was not at the top for some of those poor cousins were badly bruised by the careless pressure. He put a brand on the box and then a big, husky fellow put the box on a truck and we were taken into a yellow car on the railroad track.



That evening we were shipped to New York.

At ten o'clock the morning after our arrival the big bell rang in the auction rooms and then began a spirited bidding for the boxes along the dock. I never saw so many boxes and so many oranges and lemons. There were cousins from Spain, from Italy, from Cuba and Mexico, not to speak of the thousands from Florida. I was bought by a swarthy-faced, black-eyed man with rings in his ears and who finally put me on a two-wheeled cart and walked up and down singing a song to attract passers. A beautiful lady bought me and I was put in a bag and while I knew we were traveling a long way I could not see where we were going. Next day I looked out of a window and saw a beautiful river between bluffs, called Palisades, and found I was on the Hudson above New York. It was a splendid place and I was fondled and petted by a little girl with golden curls who lived there. Just as I was getting to like my new surroundings the little girl was taken sick and the grave man who came to see her every day said she must not eat anything, especially fruit. I was disconsolate at the loss of my friend and was somewhat neglected, too. I lay around in cold places so long that a hurt I received at the hands of the Japanese began to fester and I soon took very sick and became green and ugly. The serving maid, a mean woman, picked me up one day and threw me into a most outlandish place in a dark alley where cats roamed and made night utterly hideous.

Oh! for my dear home among the mountains in the valley of the Santa Ana, for an orange loves life that is beautiful as well as you do, thought I. Just at this time a poor little ragged urchin came down the alley and plucked me out of my foul resting place. He said, "Gee! dat's a peach," and placed me in his pocket. When I was where I could see, I found my surroundings the most meager, dirty and unhealthy. The people who lived in the squalid rooms were as bad, too. But when a dirty-faced baby took me in his emaciated hand and looked at me with his soul in his eyes I loved him with my dying breath. I might not be good enough for the banker's home on the Hudson, but I was welcome in Mulberry Bend.



THOMAS C. EVANS.

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TO CALIFORNIA

Mid summer's heat and winter's snow,
With joyous cries of "Westward Ho!"
The thronging tourists gaily go
To California.

Far stretching from the flying train
Their long elastic necks they strain,
Vast information to obtain
Of California.

All up and down the wondrous land,
Suit-case and camera in hand,
They say, "How cute!" and "Ain't it grand!"
In California.

They travel hard and never stop.
They scale the mountain's lofty top,
Deep into cañons down they drop,
In California.

Deep-learned, well-pleased, their homes they seek;
With what authority to speak
Of Western things! "We spent a week
In California."

H. P. G.

PASADENA'S COLLEGE

A CHARMING as well as a spacious spot is the selected site of the Woman's College near Pasadena, and fragrant flowers and orange blossoms bloom on it and all around it, and meadowlarks' sweetest songs are heard amid its dips and angles. No bare field, no raw, wild land is this site. It and its surroundings have been for fifty years in a high state of cultivation. It is a romantic region, with an air of history, dating back among the Spanish grants as the San Pasqual Rancho when caballeros dashed across its sunny slopes. It was the spot selected for the home of General Albert Sidney Johnston, who had won distinction in the Mexican War, and who, as a loyal Kentuckian, died at the head of his men on the field of Shiloh. Here on this Fair Oaks Ranch, so named by Mrs. Johnston from the home of her childhood in Virginia, a sacred spot one hundred feet square is reserved by deed as the final earthly resting-place of the general. Mrs. Johnston was a sister of Dr. Griffin, a pioneer physician of Los Angeles.

Many magnificent home places are around this college site. There is the grand old Hugis place, the homes of captains Sutton and Carter, and the colonial edifice of Mrs. Brigdon, with its cypress hedge ten feet high and its trees on the lawn four feet through. Mansions all of these dwellings are, and Pasadena Heights is a fitting name for all the gentle slopes on which they are located, and on which are growing grand old oak trees with a spread of fully one hundred and twenty feet.

No abrupt climb do you have to make to reach these heights, as you might infer from their name. Gentle and gradual is the rise, and coming up from Colorado street, the main artery of Pasadena, you hardly realize that you are climbing at all, so gentle is the ascent. But you are, and when you reach the college site and look around you the elevation announces itself. The view is sublime. It is a panoramic picture unexceled the world around. Italian sunsets for artists to rave over have been transplanted here, and the rose and crimson of the early morning are seen in all their wonderful coloring. Unobstructed is the view for miles and miles; magnificent prospects to the east, west and south, orange groves, villas, villages, buttes and sunny slopes clothed in emerald green; the snowy sentinels of San Jacinto, Old Baldy and San Bernardino, the Puente Hills and beyond them grand old ocean: a matchless view, indeed. Let the summer sun rise at Antelope Valley and set at Santa Barbara, and in winter shift to Santa Anita and San Pedro,—at all its shining hours it will shine on this site of the college, and on the homes springing up on the Heights.

Several spots of great attractiveness adorn the landscape on and around the college site. The picturesque pepper drive is one with few duplicates anywhere. The graceful trees on either side interlace their branches and the ground's surface is smooth as glass and noiseless to the tread. Former Senator Dorsey and associates, who have donated these lands to the college, have agreed to build driveways on both sides of drive, and reserve the present driveway for a walk, and it will become as romantic a pathway as any lovers' lane at Annapolis or West Point. The blue gum grove; the white oak and live oak groves, charming picnic grounds; the clear, crystal reservoir running full of pure mountain water; the trails leading upward to the nearby cañons and on up the sides of Mount Lowe and Mount Wilson; the entire Sierra Madre Range, which forbids raw winds from the north, coming into this favored vale of San Gabriel,—all these and many more features greet the eye as it takes in the prospect from the selected site of the college.

The twenty acres of muscat grapes, the rows of olive trees, the choicest of navel orange groves, the grain field growing rich and rank, are valuable assets included in the gift of a site of close to one hundred and fifty acres. The Dorsey Syndicate, the owners of Pasadena Heights, Mrs. Brigdon, Thum Brothers, the Dr. Speer and Allen ranches have given of the best they had, and students amidst such surroundings ought to absorb a living love of Nature as well as culture. A morning or evening walk through the Fair Oaks Ranch alone will be an inspiration to them. It has over two hundred acres of improved and ornamented acres, and its present owners, Senators Dorsey and Jones, are keeping it up to perfection. The owner who succeeded Mrs. Johnston, J. F. Crank, who built the first cable lines in Los Angeles, expended a small fortune on it. The house alone cost $40,000.

The college site is within the two and one-half-mile circle that starts from the heart of Pasadena, and it is going to be made very accessible. The Pacific Electric is going to build a double track line across Pasadena Heights, right up to the college site, and on to connect with the Sierra Madre line now running, thus giving the growing northeast part of Pasadena close interurban transportation facilities. Carriage and automobile conveniences are to be unsurpassed. Wilber O. Dow, general manager of Pasadena Heights, has begun work on Allen avenue that will make it into a magnificent boulevard one hundred feet wide, extending from Villa street clear through to the college site and on to the mountains. The drives all over the heights and surrounding section are to be improved and systematized, and will be unexceled. The healthful altitude, with very slight variation from a mean temperature of sixty degrees, makes the location unrivaled climatically.

J. W. Redington.

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AT DEL MONTE

On stately palms and redwoods
The silvery moonbeams fell
And softly through the shadows
We heard the vesper bell.

I met you where the roses
Embroidered lofty trees
And you were kind, bewitching,
With luring pleasantries.

I kissed you where the blossoms
Were envying your charms,
Sweet Heaven was all around me,
I held it in my arms.

Can heart be else than true, dear,
Down there at Monterey
Where shine the crescent beaches,
Where runs the rippling bay.

My love, my lithe sea-maiden,
My heart wings back to thee,
To thee, at dear Del Monte,
Del Monte by the sea.

Lillian H. Shuey.

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THE MINSTREL OF LOS ANGELES

By Harriet Rogers

TO FEUDAL castles came the old wandering singer. He was sometimes hoar with age. He warmed his trembling fingers by the great fire in the hall before he broke his fast or struck his harp. His songs touched hearts to smiles and tears or roused them to fierce ambition and wild passion. Glad were all to welcome him and loth to see him go.

Perhaps you think that in these later days and in this far new land we have neither minstrelsy nor castles. You are mistaken. Castles? Why, here you can build them of the gossamer stuff that long, perfect, sure-following days are made of. They are sometimes piles of plaster or of brick or adobe set on a hill-side in the midst of groves as green as glacial silt. But your true Californian has a deep-buried fondness for the intangible kind. They are perchance found to contain the most endurable happiness.

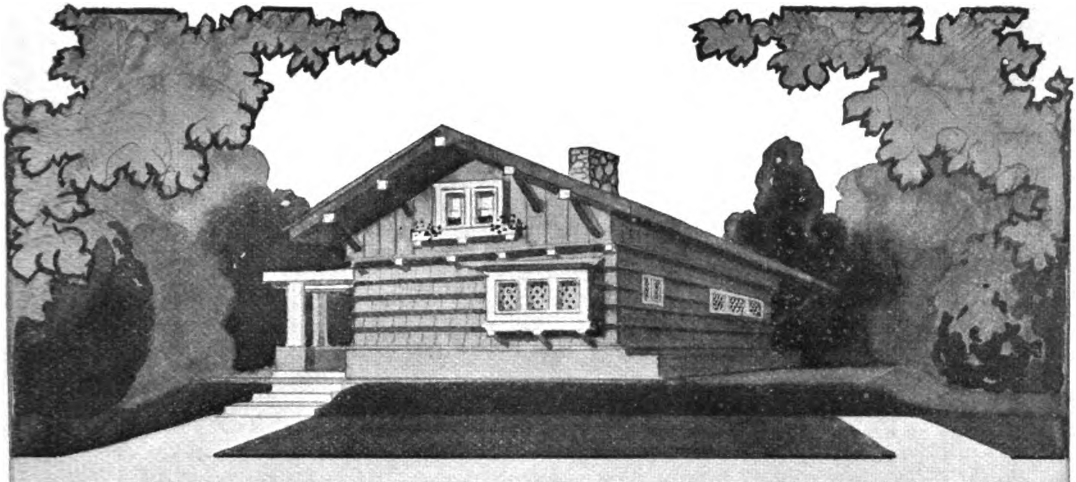
As for the bards—I had my doubts—except for the mocking-birds. But yesterday I loitered, all unthinking, along a wide street. The feel of spring was in the air—not the timorous, fickle, backward-turning Spring of "Way Down East," but that buoyant, radiant being—known only to dwellers in the South—upspringing from the lap of glorious Winter to show how still more heavenly a time may be. The sunshine filtered through drooping pepper branches and struck down sharply across the giant palms. The air was soft, but tonic like good wine, and touched with a subtle reminder of the miles away orange and lemon groves, full now of heavy, sweet perfumes more blest than those of Araby.

The afternoon was very quiet. The well-behaved houses stood back a decorous distance. A child slid by on roller skates. A mocking-bird whistled from some high place. Then from far up the street came the sound of singing—a man's voice, clear, mellow, sonorous. Over the curve of the street ahead where it rose against the blue, came a quaint apparition. An old brown horse wandered down the middle of the street holding back a rickety wagon. Over the seat swayed a large yellow umbrella, which threw an amber light upon the singer. He was a massive man, in figure and in feature. He seemed like a Jove or the "Moses" of Angelo, with his stately dignity of front and his snowy, flowing beard. He was singing the Intermezzo from *Cavelleria Rusticana* with complete abandon. As he came on, he threw his arms wide in the gesture of deep tragedy.

Of his only spectator he was unconscious, but a child, a possible customer, aroused him. He lifted temptingly a small cornucopia and called out musically. "You want some?" The furze of the foreigner was on his tongue and gently burred the English words. As he leaned over to the child, I saw his large blue apron and the tipsy "Ice Cream" sign on the wagon. I watched him down the street. He swung into the "Toreador" and passed from sight—joyous, spontaneous, venerable.

A leaping desire to know the history of so curious an association of trade and accomplishment caught me for a moment, but something held me back. There may have been a great romantic tragedy; there may have been something so much less than that. I choose not to know. It is enough that we have our minstrel, that he sings great music up and down our streets, that the children hear and hum the chants and arias of balladry and opera, that they follow his wagon and coax him into corner shop or market to sing for them, that an occasional grown-up sees and understands a little and wonders much and is led to meditate upon the diversities of human life.

And, thinking of the life of a minstrel and of the snow, the sleet, the floods and hurricanes of other climes—I agree with you that our Wandering Singer has chosen his country well.



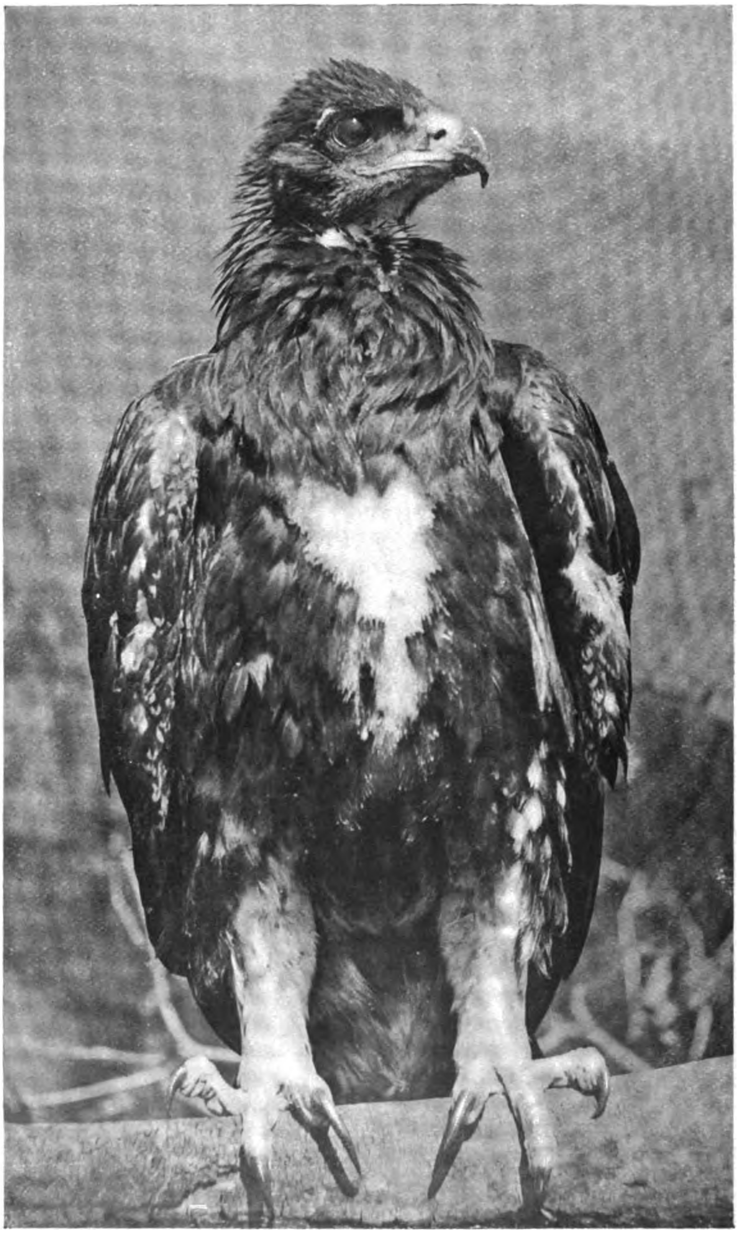
BERKELEY

SEAT OF ONE OF THE FIVE GREATEST VNIVERSITIES IN THE VNITED STATES, OFFERS TO ITS RESIDENTS VNSVRPASSED EDVCATIONAL OPPORTVNITIES .:. .:. .:.

IF YOV WISH TO SECVRE THESE OPPORTVNITIES FOR YOVR CHILDREN AND YOVRSELF DO NOT LET COST STAND IN THE WAY. LET VS TELL YOV HOW TO SECVRE A COMFORTABLE HOVSE FOR A SMALL INITIAL PAYMENT, AND MONTHLY INSTALMENTS NO LARGER THAN THE RENT YOV PAY TO-DAY

MASON-McDUFFIE COMPANY
REAL ESTATE & INVESTMENTS
BERKELEY —— CALIFORNIA

BULL



THE GOLDEN EAGLE--
A NORTHWEST PIONEER

(See "Feathered Foragers," page 382.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERMAN T. BOHLMAN

FRONTISPIECE, SUNSET MAGAZINE, AUGUST 1907

SUNSET MAGAZINE

Vol. XIX AUGUST, 1907 No. 4

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

A PRESENT DAY STUDY OF THE GREAT FAST-DEVELOPING, ALLURING REGION ONCE CALLED "THE OREGON COUNTRY"

By E. W. WRIGHT

MORE than twenty years before the lure of gold in California had begun to materially increase the population of the Pacific Coast, the Hon. Thomas H. Benton, in an eloquent appeal for the assertion of American sovereignty over that what was then known as the Oregon Country, and now includes the states of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, said: *"There lies the East—there is the road to India."* The vast wealth of the mines all the way from the Mexican border to Alaska was then unknown. The magnificent timber of the forests of almost illimitable extent, destined in after years to become famous the world over, had attracted no attention and the wonderful agricultural possibilities of the country were so faintly understood that they were seldom even mentioned. But the Oriental trade, the prize for which all commercial nations have been striving for centuries, presented possibilities which warranted an effort on the part of the American Government to become more firmly intrenched at the gateway through which this commerce seemed destined to flow in an ever-increasing stream. The vanguard of American civilization in the Pacific Northwest had already reached the Columbia river and Puget Sound, when Senator Benton and his allies began making a fight for recognition of this territory, but it was several years later before the Oregonians began to tell the world of other advantages offered by the new field. In 1839, David Leslie and a number of others in a protest to Congress against the granting to the Hudson's Bay Company of the territory lying between the Columbia river and Puget Sound, said, after paying a glowing tribute to the harbors of Puget Sound:

> Your petitioners would further represent, that the country south of the Columbia river and north of the Mexican line and extending from the Pacific ocean one hundred and twenty miles inland, is of unequaled beauty

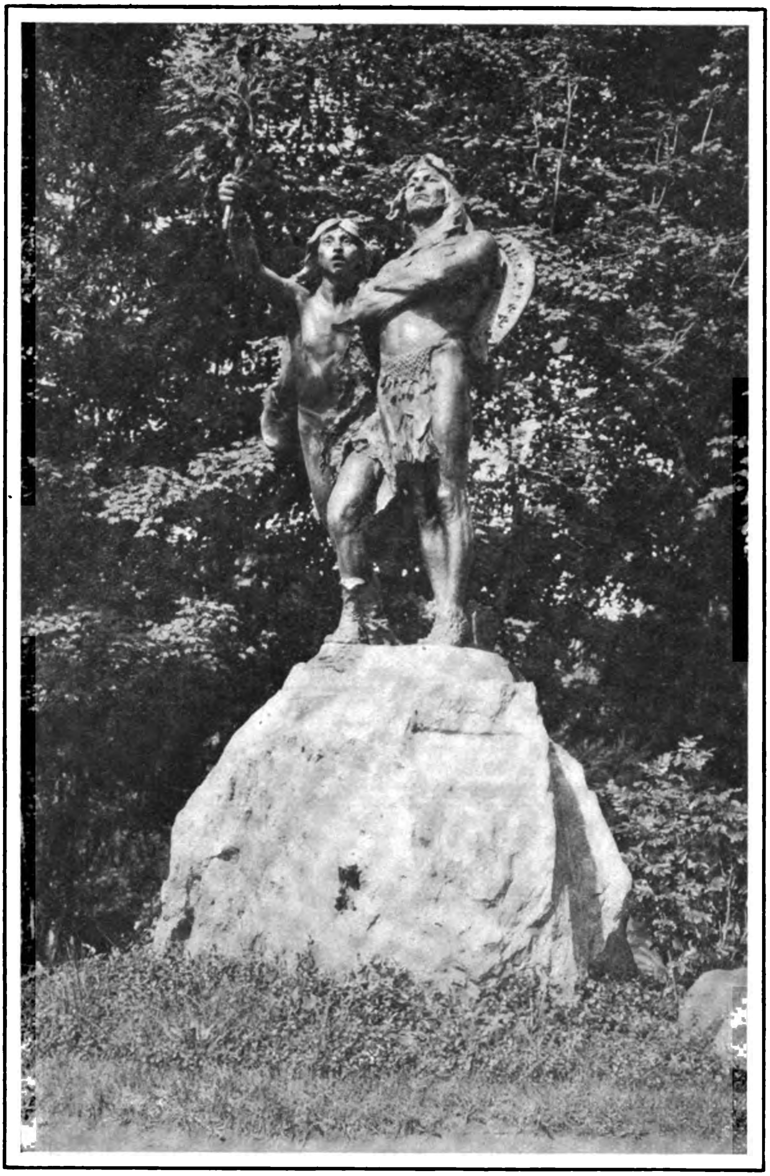
and fertility. Its mountains covered with perpetual snows, pouring into the prairies around their bases, transparent streams of the purest water; the white and black oak, pine and cedar and fir forests that divides the prairies into sections convenient for farming purposes; the rich mines of coal in its hills; and salt springs in its valleys, its quarries of limestone, sandstone, chalk and marble; the salmon of its rivers and the various blessings of the delightful and healthy climate, are known to us, and impress your petitioners with the belief that this is one of the most favored portions of the globe.

All that Mr. Leslie and his fellow petitioners said about the Oregon country nearly seventy years ago was true, and, in the light of subsequent developments, they could have made the language much stronger without over-stepping the bounds of truth. But the possibilities for future greatness of this country were fully as well and perhaps better understood in Europe than in this country. The Edinburgh *Review,* in 1843, alluded to Oregon as "the last corner on earth left free for the occupation of a civilized race," and "the only region of any extent of temperate climate and agricultural capability which still invites swarms from old hives of mankind." The Review writer, like Senator Benton, was much impressed with the strategic advantages of the Pacific Northwest from a trade standpoint, and on this feature wrote as follows:

> The mouth of the Columbia lies but eight or ten days sail from the Sandwich Islands, now as well known as the Azores and as much visited by American and European vessels. This country once settled will command the Pacific. It will communicate directly with New Zeland, Australia and China; and should the transit across the isthmus of Darien be effected, it will be within forty or fifty days voyage from the shores of Britain.

The Oregon country owes more to Oriental trade than to any other factor in the civilizing and upbuilding of this empire, for it was through that trade that the original settlers in the Pacific Northwest came here. This trade originally consisted of the bartering of rich furs secured in the Columbia river and Puget Sound region, for silks, tea, spices and other luxuries and necessities for which then as now, there was an excellent market in the eastern part of the United States. The vessels engaged in this trade would outfit at Boston or some other Atlantic port and after coming to the Pacific Northwest by way of the Hawaiian Islands, would exchange their beads, knives, calico, etc., for furs and then sail direct to China. The British vessels outfitting in England would follow the same route and the French, Spanish and Russians who preceded both the British and Americans undoubtedly did the same. It was not until the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company on the scene that the timber and agricultural resources attracted any attention or were taken advantage of. The great British fur company sent supplies out in vessels of larger tonnage than were needed to carry the furs to the Far East, and accordingly, some of these ships were loaded with the timber which has made the Pacific Northwest famous. Most of this timber went to Europe, but some of it was sent across to China where the shipment of single cargoes of from three million to four million feet is now a common occurrence.

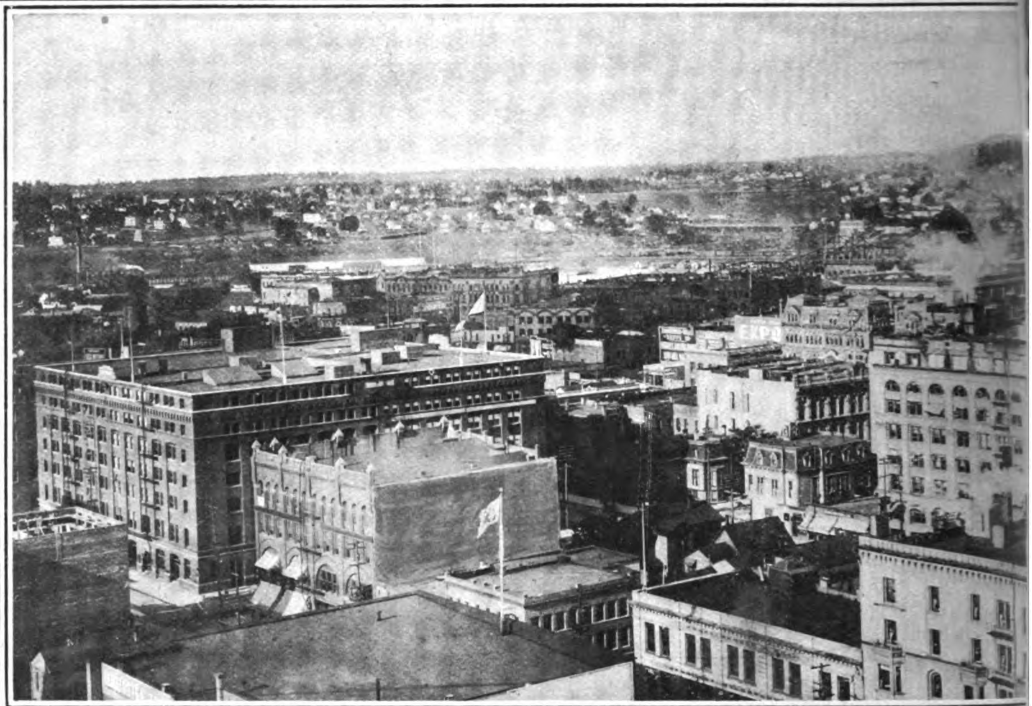
The Hudson's Bay Company in the height of its glory made its headquarters at Vancouver, now a thriving city across the Columbia a few miles from Portland, and it was from that point that the first flour and wheat was shipped across the Pacific. As far back as the '30s, the big fur company was selling the Russians from ten thousand to fifteen thousand bushels of wheat per year, most of which was grown in the vicinity of the trading post at Vancouver. Later, when the early settlers in the Willamette valley began growing wheat, they found a market for it at Vancouver, taking in exchange, merchandise. With this new supply to draw on the fur company's shipments in 1840 ran up as high as fifty thousand bushels. The Pacific Northwest produced millions in furs and pelts long before it was ever exploited in any more important or permanent lines. For this traffic, the Oregon country offered advantages fully as great and in a manner not dissimilar from those which



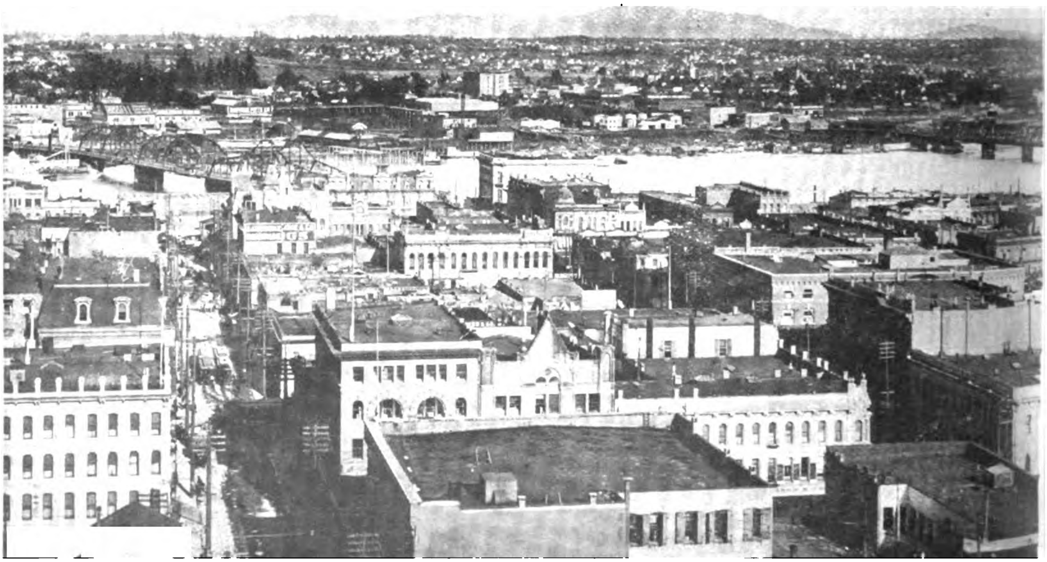
"THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN," A STATUE IN CITY PARK, PORTLAND, REPRESENTING CHIEF MULTNOMAH AND ONE OF HIS BRAVES WATCHING THE APPROACH OF THE SETTLERS. THE STATUE WAS PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF PORTLAND BY THE FAMILY OF DAVID R. THOMPSON

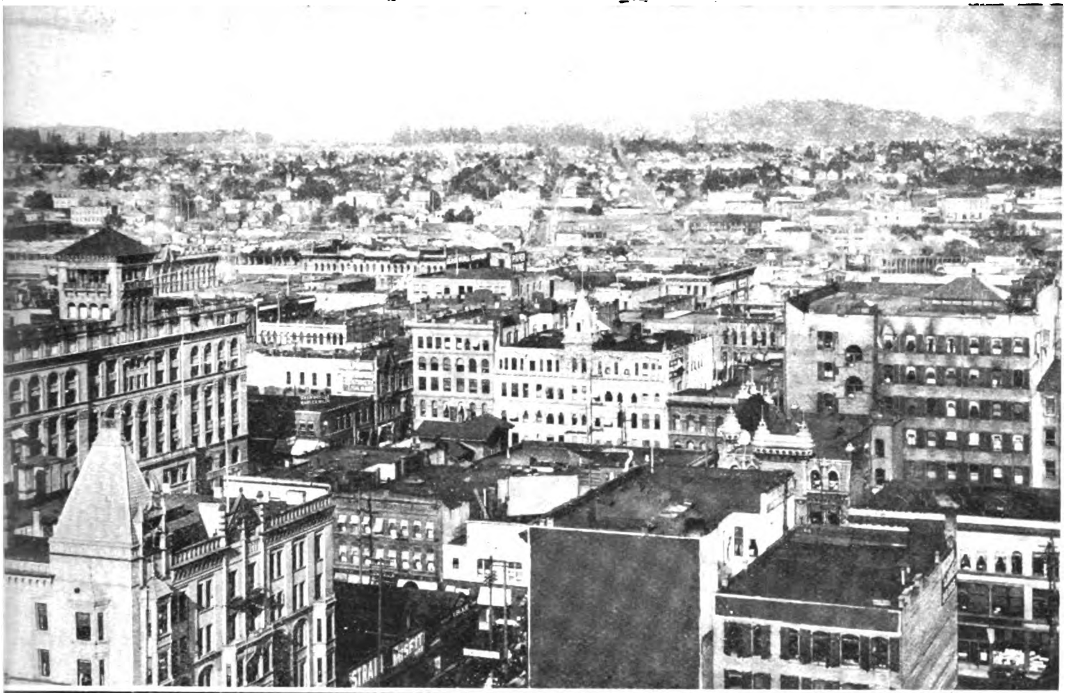
TIBBITTS, PHOTO

is now possessed in the exploitation of the immense lumber, flour, fruit and salmon business. That is to say, there was an abundant supply on which to draw, and the demand was from a country which was easier reached from the Pacific Coast than from any other part of the world. The Pacific Northwest stands to-day without a competitor in the Oriental lumber trade, simply because Nature in her prodigality has provided here a greater supply of the raw material than is possessed by any other country on earth, and the fleets of the world come to these ports seeking cargoes at very low rates. Cheap

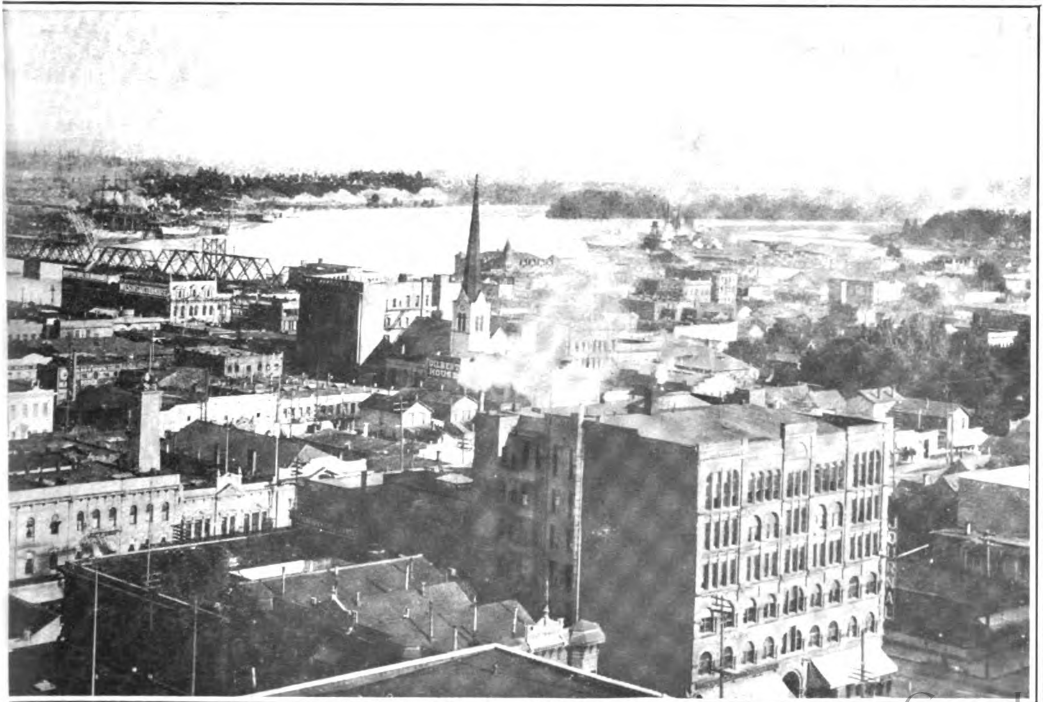


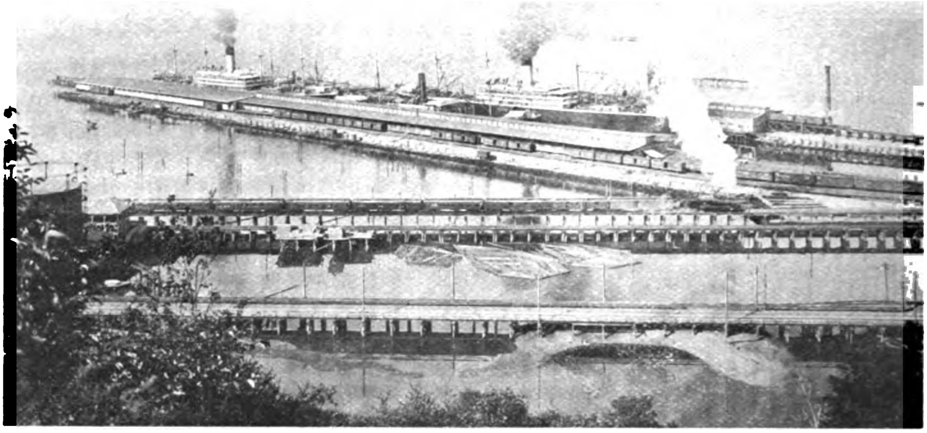
IN THE HEART OF PORTLAND, SHOWING THE SUPERB SITE OF THE CITY, THE BUSINESS DISTRICT AND NATURA
COLUMBIA. THE UPPER AND LOWER PICTURES OF THIS PANORAMA, WHEN PLACED SIDE BY SIDE, TH
CITY THAT HAS YET BEEN SECURED





SURROUNDINGS. ALL ABOUT ARE PINE-CLAD HILLS SLOPING TO THE BANKS OF THE WILLAMETTE AND ON TO THE
LOWER TO THE RIGHT OF THE UPPER, PRESENT THE LATEST AND MOST STRIKING VIEW OF THE FAST-GROWING



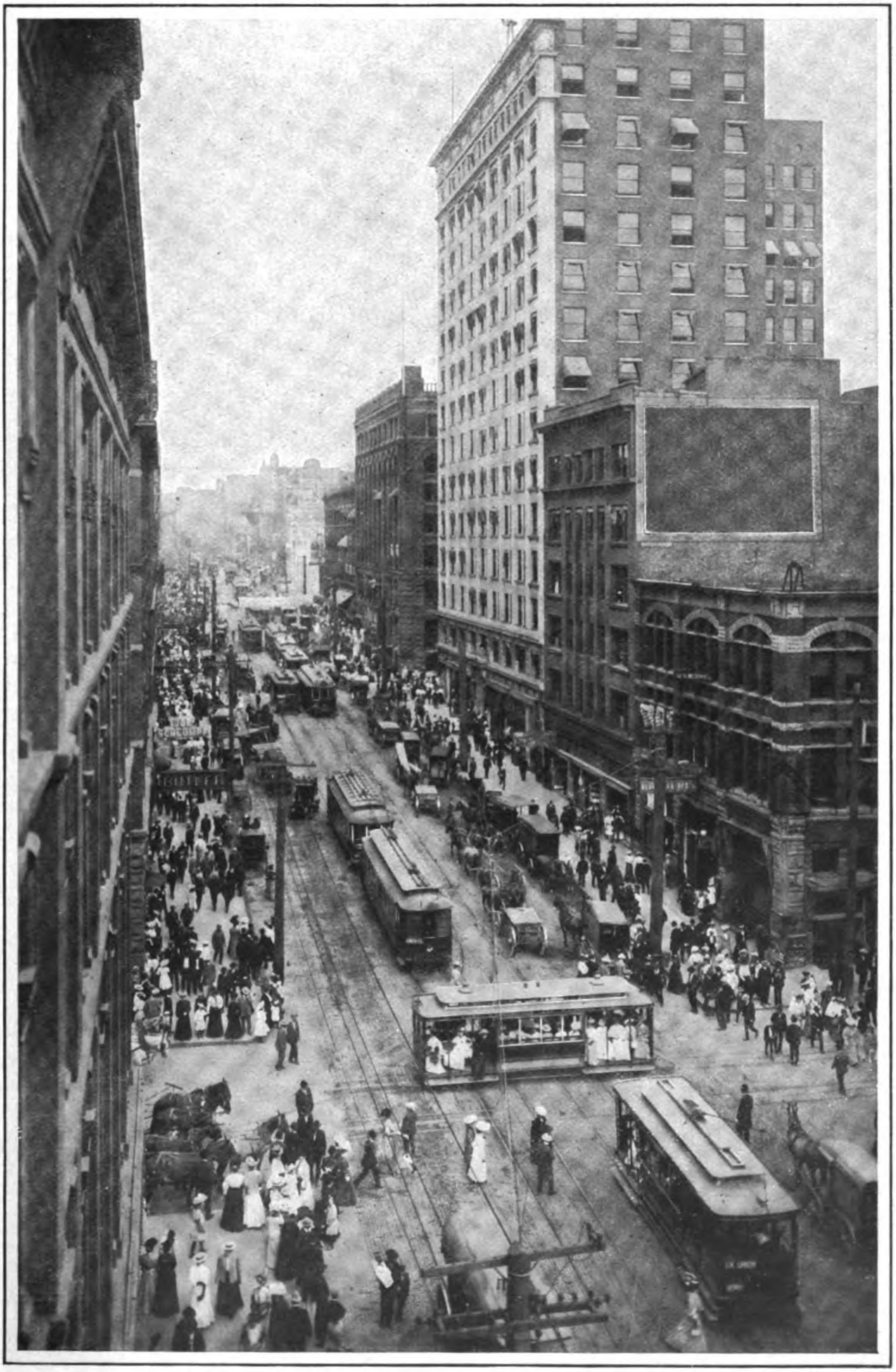


DOCKS OF TWO BIG PACIFIC LINERS AT SEATTLE

freights and an unlimited supply of timber, with the world for a market is a guarantee of great prosperity in the lumber business for an indefinite period.

In view of the steady advance in prices and increasing demand, it is not improbable that the wealth of the forests is to-day the greatest heritage the North Pacific states possess, but throughout all of this great Oregon country—as the Pacific Northwest was so long known—Nature has been kind indeed. In the older settled localities the magnificent forests, after contributing to the early support of the settlers, have been replaced with orchards, gardens and farms, which thanks to a wonderful climate and soil of great richness, increase instead of decrease in productive power as the years roll by. Lumbering and agriculture are thus the principal factors in development, but despite their prominence, there are others of great importance. The mining resources as yet comparatively untouched have disclosed great richness wherever properly developed. Great lead and silver mines are in the Wardner district in Idaho—the annual product of the mines in a little narrow gulch a few miles in length amounting to more than $10,000,000. In eastern and southern Oregon and in numerous parts of Washington, rich gold and silver mines have been opened up and are making fortunes for their owners. There are vast deposits of copper in both Oregon and Washington and with better transportation facilities, the output of copper alone will reach big proportions. Coal is found in great abundance in numerous localities in both Oregon and Washington, the Coos bay district in Oregon and the Puget Sound district in Washington being especially favored. Added to this prodigal supply of raw material, these states have for use in converting it into a manufactured state, immense water power in scores of rivers scattered all over the Pacific Northwest. Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane—all of the big cities of this big country are lighted and supplied with power for manufacturing and transportation facilities from the rivers. This, the cheapest power on earth, is increasing the scope of its usefulness, and cheapening the cost of manufacturing in all lines.

Perhaps no better indication of the remarkable resources of this country can be noted than, in a brief study of the cities which have grown up through the Pacific Northwest. They have sprung

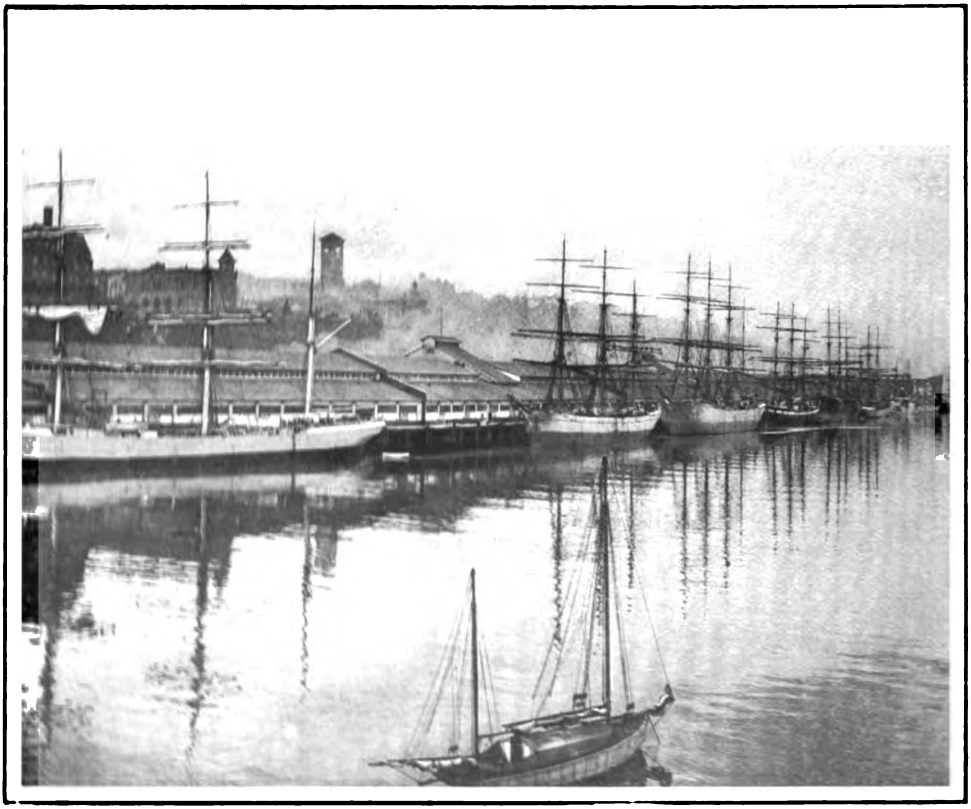


ON SECOND AVENUE, SEATTLE, LOOKING NORTH FROM JAMES STREET

NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING AT TACOMA, WHERE OVER FOURTEEN HUNDRED PUPILS ARE IN ATTENDANCE

AVERY, PHOTO

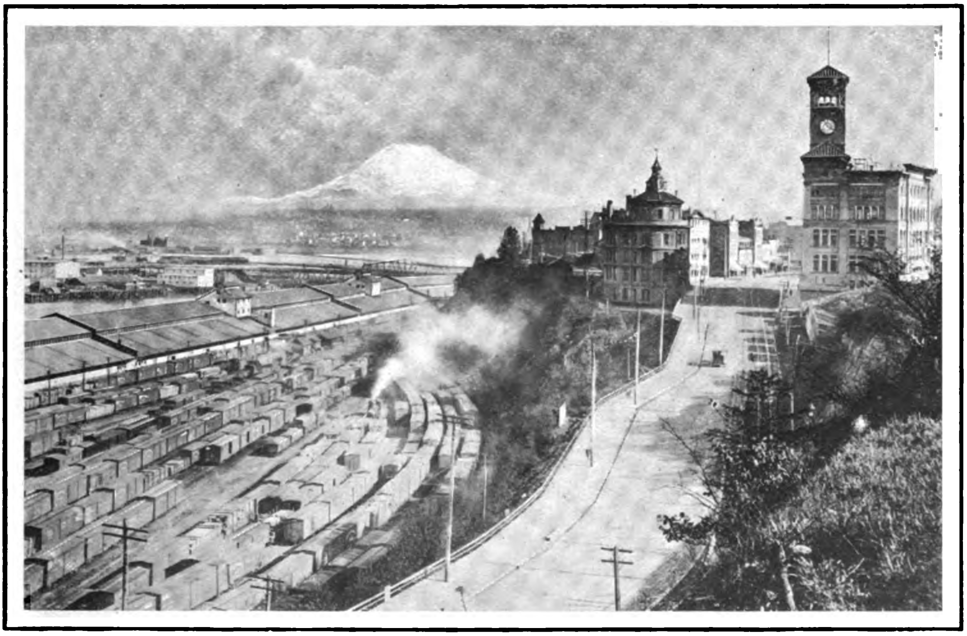
from forest clearings and have developed at snug harbors, where, from early days mariners have found sure shelter and safe anchorage. Portland being the



TAKING CARGO FOR THE ORIENT AT THE TACOMA WHEAT WAREHOUSE, THE LARGEST OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD

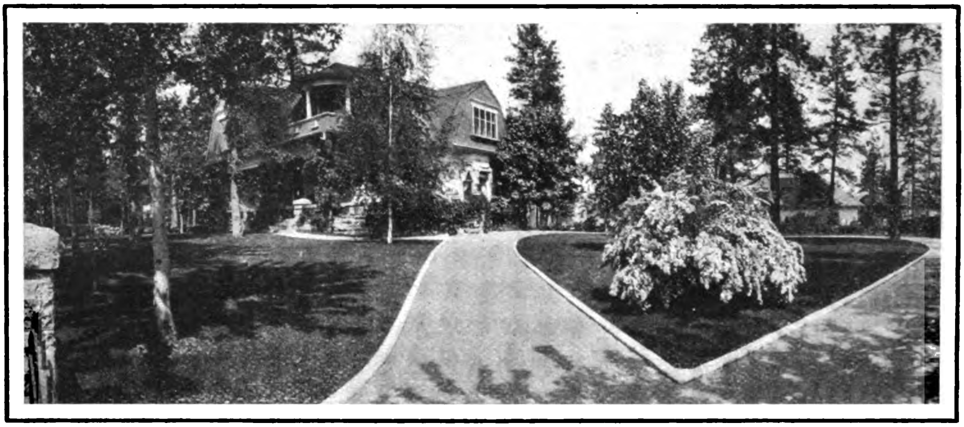
IN THE TACOMA SHOPPING DISTRICT

older of the large cities in this great country enjoys a prestige as a commercial and financial center which keeps pace with the growth of the country which she serves and which in turn serves her. The jobbing trade of the city has reached a total of approximately $200,000,000 per year, and Portland's influence as a commercial and banking center is felt throughout as wide a scope of territory as was embraced in the domain of the fur barons who in earlier days wielded autocratic power over all territory west of the Rocky mountains. The city which has now spread out so that it covers a good portion of the land lying between the Willamette and the Columbia, is growing more rapidly than ever before, and for several months this year, has led all other cities in the United States in the percentage of gains in both building permits and bank clearings, two infallible commercial barometers. The people have spent millions in improving the channel from the Portland docks to the sea, and the port has a record of having cleared more big cargoes of flour and



THE GATEWAY TO TACOMA FROM THE OCEAN DOCKS, SHOWING CITY HALL, FREIGHT YARDS, WHEAT WAREHOUSES, AND THE NEW MANUFACTURING DISTRICT ON THE LOWLANDS. MOUNT TACOMA (14,541 FEET) IS IN THE BACKGROUND

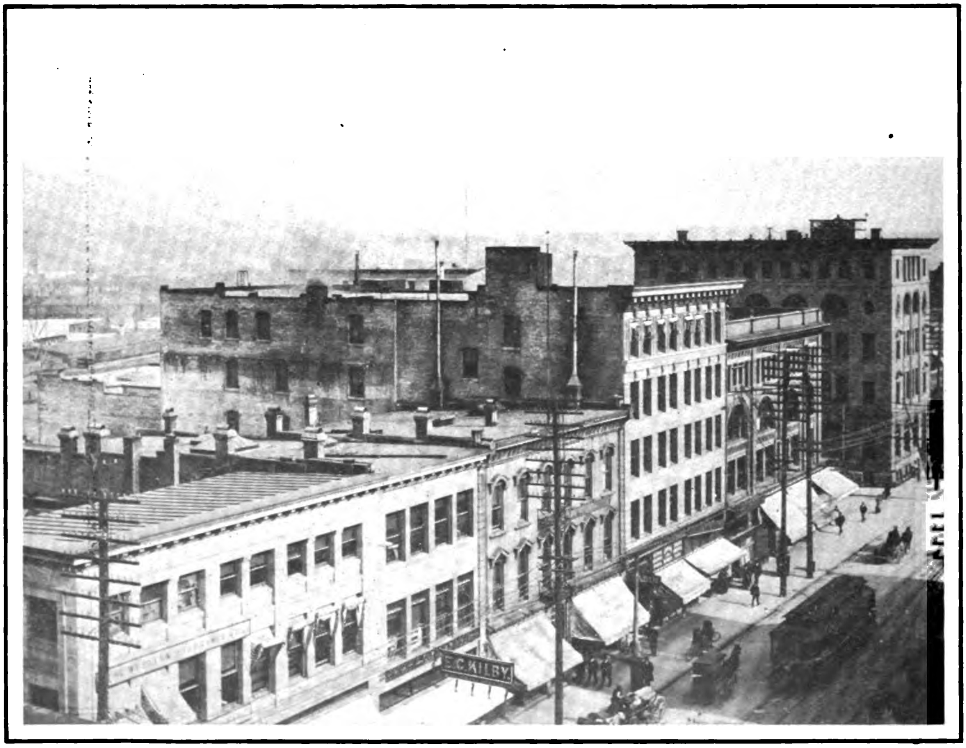
AVERY PHOTO



A TYPICAL HOME AT SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

lumber than have been cleared from any other port on earth; flour cargoes in excess of sixty thousand barrels, and lumber cargoes in excess of three million, five hundred thousand feet, being quite common. As a wheat shipping port, Portland ranks near the top of the list, but three other ports in the United States show larger shipments last year.

Astoria, the oldest city in Oregon, is famous the world over as the headquarters for the Columbia river salmon

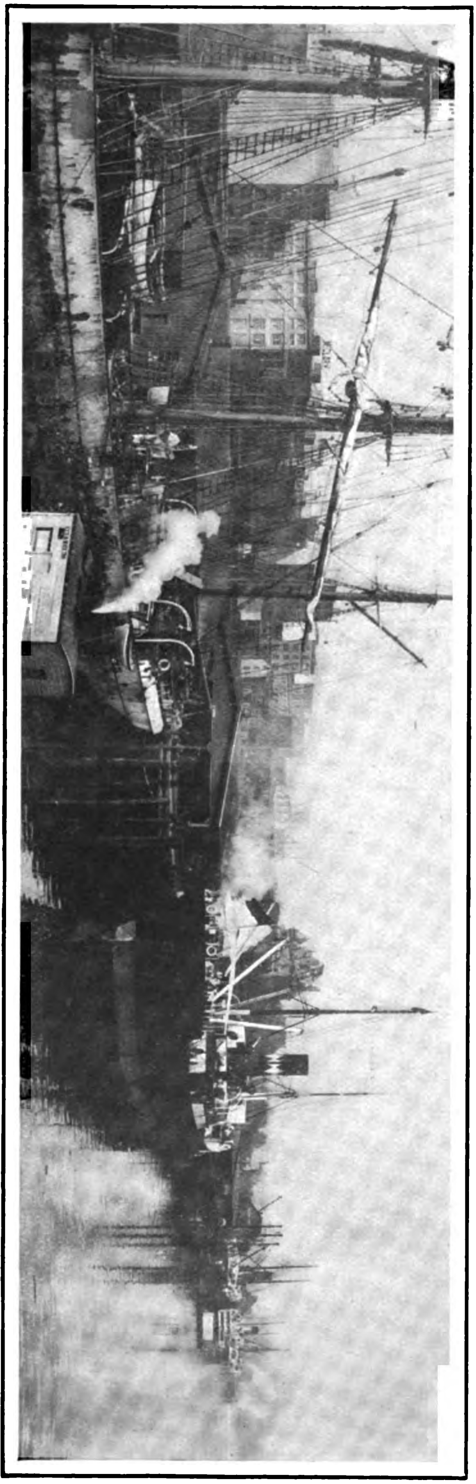


ON HASTING STREET, VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA. VANCOUVER'S PRESENT POPULATION IS SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND. DURING 1906, TOTAL BUILDING PERMITS ISSUED AGGREGATED $4,233,910; BANK CLEARINGS, $132,606,358. TWENTY YEARS AGO VANCOUVER DID NOT EXIST industry. The catching, packing and marketing of the salmon during the season, gives employment to several thousand people, and the amount of money thus placed in circulation runs into many millions every year. Astoria is also developing her lumber and agricultural resources, there being an immense amount of fine timber right at her doors, which on account of the city's close proximity to the sea, and excellent rail connections, makes Astoria an exceptionally favored point for the export lumber trade. The business of the city is also aided by a number of summer resorts on the nearby beaches, with an increasing number of summer visitors spending their vacations in the city proper.

The Dalles, now the head of navigation on the middle Columbia, is the oldest city east of the Cascade mountains and for more than a generation has been one of the big wheat and wool markets of the inland empire. There is a fine wheat country of great richness lying back of the city, and it also draws a big trade from Klickitat county, Washington, lying across the Columbia river. Fruit growing is also coming into prominence near The Dalles and is in a fair way to become one of the big wealth producers of the locality.

Baker City, the mining metropolis of eastern Oregon, has two special claims to distinction. It is the headquarters for a very rich mining district which has a number of gold and silver mines which are good steady producers all the time while in the nearby mountains, new strikes are being made continually. Baker's other specialty is stock—not of the long-horned, slab-sided breed, but high grade cattle which find rich living in the adjacent valleys and foothills. The irrigated lands tributary to Baker City are of exceptional richness and yield enormous crops of alfalfa and other irrigation staples.

As has been noted, nearly all of the prominent cities of the Pacific Northwest have some specialty that has contributed to a greater degree than any other factor to their growth and prestige. With Seattle the overshadowing resource is



IN THE HARBOR OF VANCOUVER

SPOKANE HIGH SCHOOL, WHERE ABOUT FIFTEEN HUNDRED PUPILS ARE ENROLLED
TOLMAN PHOTO

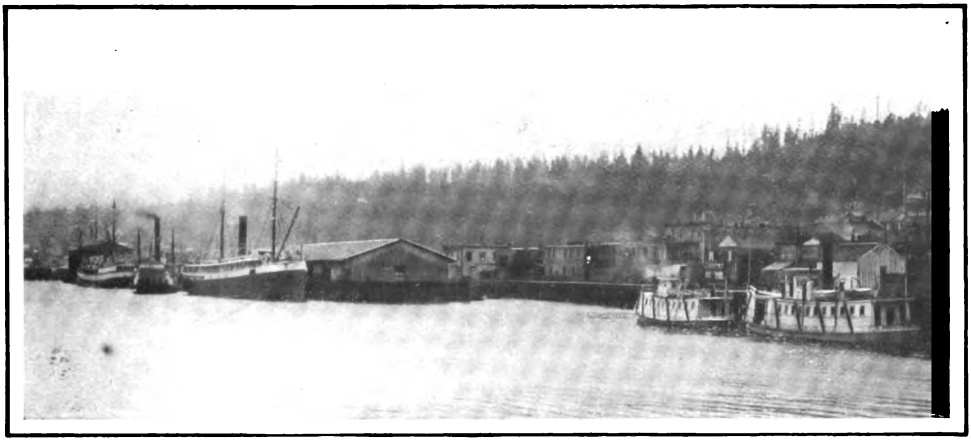
the Alaska trade. To be sure, the wonderful harbor of the Queen City of Puget Sound, backed by great natural wealth of forest and mine, was sufficient to form the groundwork for a magnificent city long before the Alaska gold mines were discovered. These great natural advantages attracted capital and the building of immense flour mills, sawmills, and one of the largest shipbuilding plants in the country pulled Seattle well into the front rank of western cities before the Alaska mining boom was heard of. It was the Klondike, however, with its long list of new millionaires coming out, and thousands of treasure seekers rushing in, that heralded the name and fame of Seattle to the ends of the earth. Never since the arrival of that first treasure ship from the Far North has there been any let-up in the growth of this wonderful city. Its population doubled and trebled, and real estate values have climbed to figures never dreamed of by the original builders of the city. With an abundant supply of cheap coal in close proximity to the city, it is admirably situated for ocean commerce and some of the largest steamships afloat ply regularly out of Seattle, carrying the products of the Northwest to distant lands beyond the sea. The citizens are of that restless

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT VICTORIA—THESE BUILDINGS ARE AMONG THE NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE NORTHWEST, BEING BUILT OF NATIVE GRANITE AND MOST ELABORATELY FITTED

THE GORGE BRIDGE AT VICTORIA

energetic type which works wonders wherever they locate. They have torn down the hills and filled up the tide flats, dredged out the harbor, and made a city which is one of the wonders of the western world.

Tacoma, the second city in Washington, situated only twenty-eight miles by water from Seattle, also has a specialty, and, like that of Seattle, it has made the city great. It is the ocean commerce which flows through the docks of Tacoma that has made that city famous. Long before Mr. J. J. Hill became interested in Oriental trade, the Northern Pacific had established a line of steamers to the

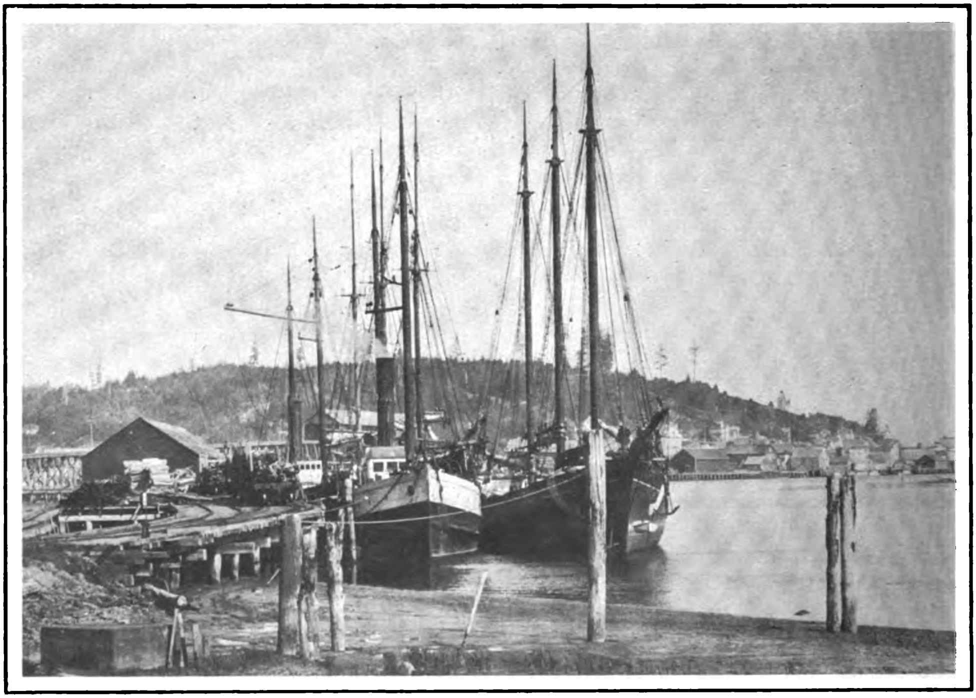


THE HARBOR AND DOCKS OF ASTORIA

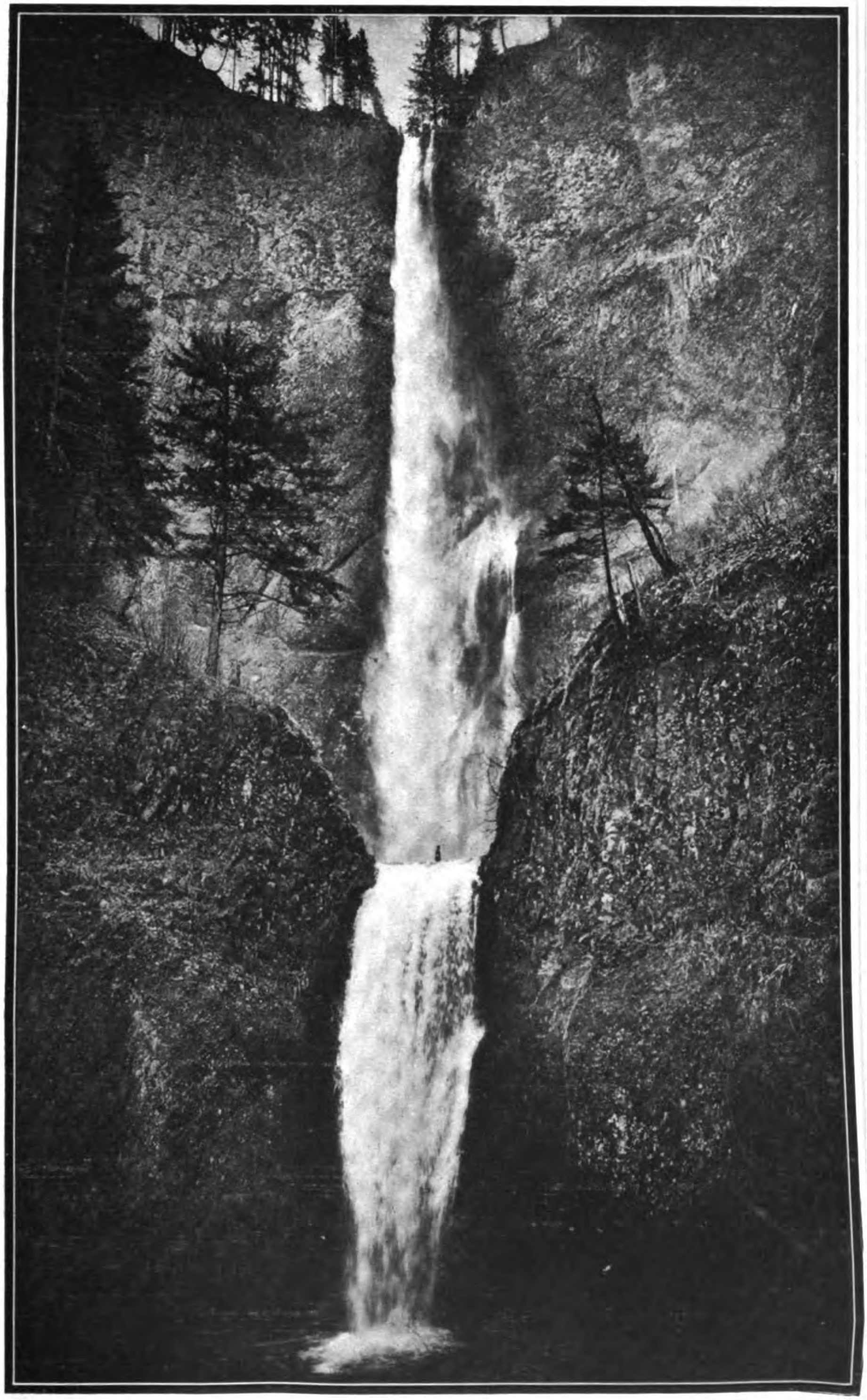
Far East, supplementing partial cargoes of flour, lumber and other Pacific Coast products with cotton, steel and other eastern freight for the Orient. The export lumber trade has been one of the big features of Tacoma's shipping industry for nearly a third of a century, and is now larger than ever. With the establishment of an Oriental steamship line about twenty years ago, the Portland Flouring Mills Company opened a branch house in Tacoma and built a big mill to grind for the export trade. Since that time a number of other mills have been added, and the city now has the largest milling capacity of any on the Pacific Northwest. Tacoma also has a great number of important manufacturing industries, and the "dinner pail brigade" in proportion to the population is the largest of any city north of San Francisco. The city, despite its close proximity to Seattle, does not handle very much of the Alaskan trade, but it has steamship lines to all parts of the earth where there is any business in Pacific Coast products.

Bellingham, the most northerly of the big cities of Puget Sound, has become famous as the headquarters of the salmon industry. It is admirably situated in the vicinity of some of the best fish trap grounds in the United States, and the catch of these traps in the height of the season, is frequently so heavy as to tax to the limit the facilities of the canneries, among which is the largest salmon cannery in the world. A considerable portion of this big salmon pack is shipped by rail, but enough of it goes by steamer to Europe to make Bellingham a very important point on the steamship maps of the world. The lumber business is also a big factor in the growth of Bellingham and her mills annually send out immense quantities of lumber to all parts of the world.

Everett, possessing all of the advantages in the way of harbor facilities that were enjoyed by her sister cities on Puget Sound, embarked early on a manufacturing career. The city was built by eastern capital, and by reason of its excellent rail and water shipping facilities,



SHIPPING AT COOS BAY, AN OREGON PORT AND TOWN THAT IS DEVELOPING WITH WONDERFUL RAPIDITY



THE MULTNOMAH FALLS, ONE OF THE WORLD'S NOTABLE CASCADES. HERE THE WATER PITCHES ABRUPTLY OVER THE LIP OF A PRECIPICE THIRTY FEET WIDE, AND TAKES A SHEER LEAP OF EIGHT HUNDRED FEET INTO A FOAM-LASHED POOL, AND A FURTHER DROP OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FEET TO THE RIVER LEVEL

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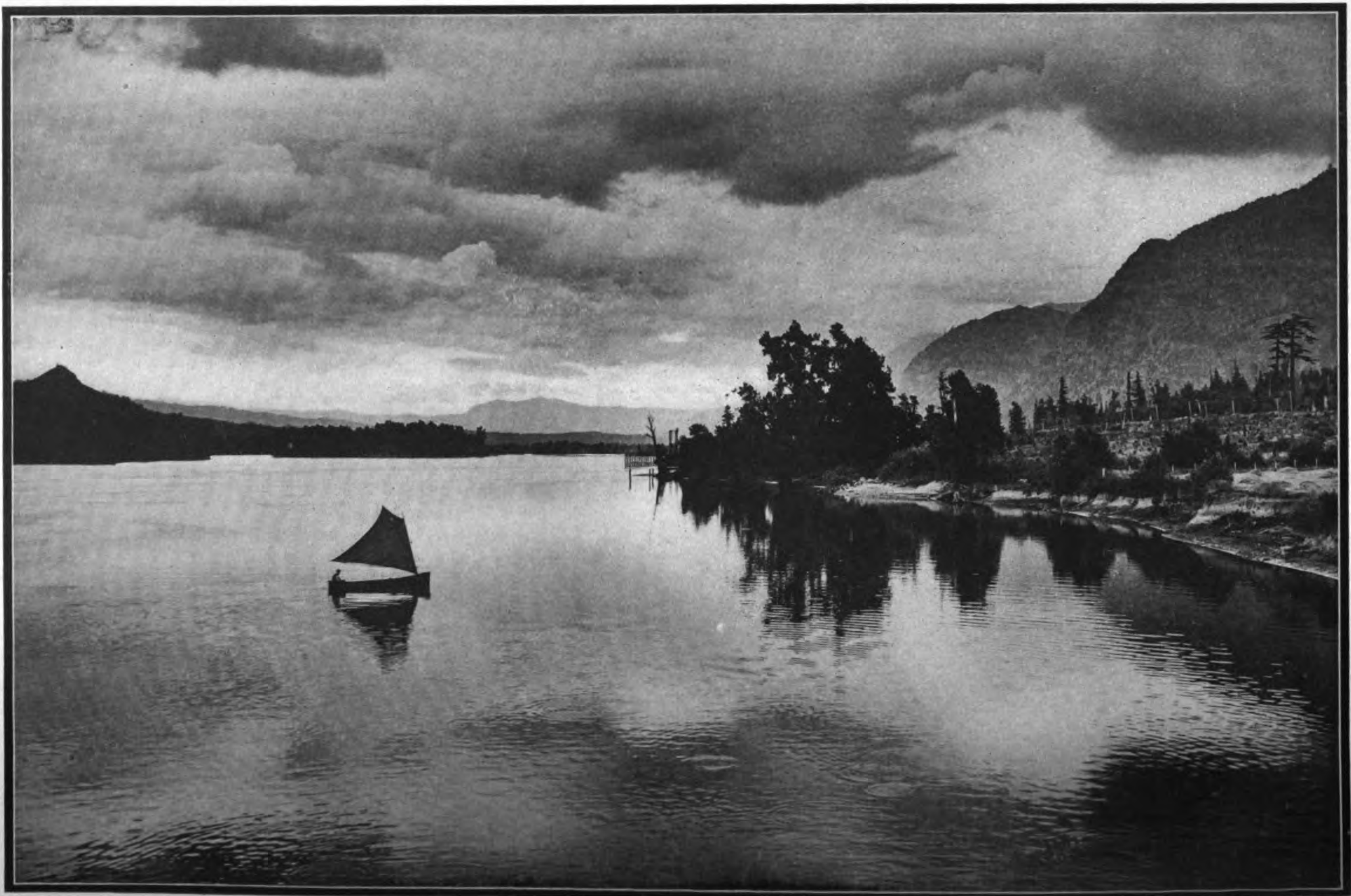

AN EVENING STUDY ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER

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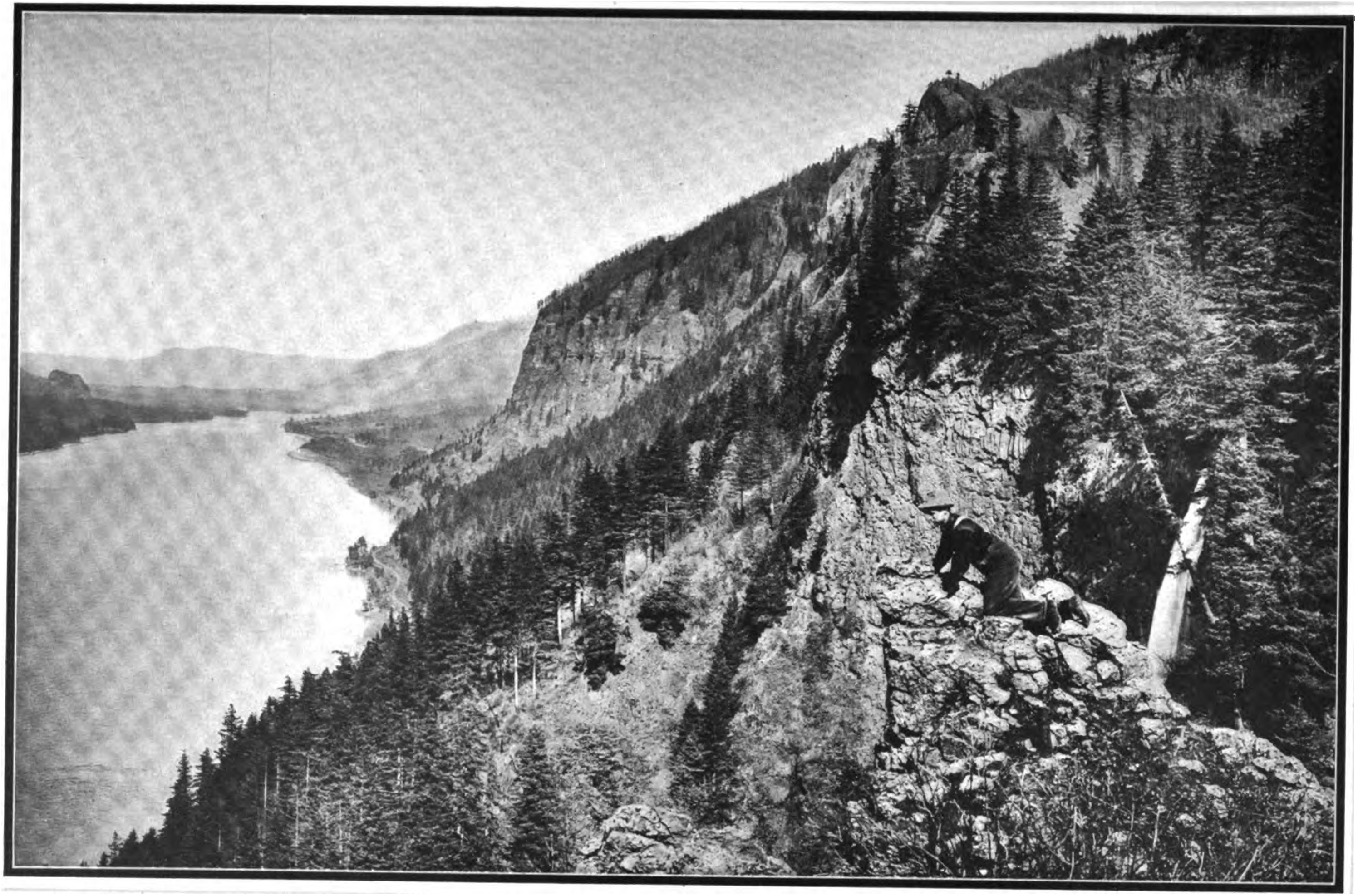

LOOKING UP THE GORGE OF THE COLUMBIA FROM A POINT NEAR MULTNOMAH FALLS

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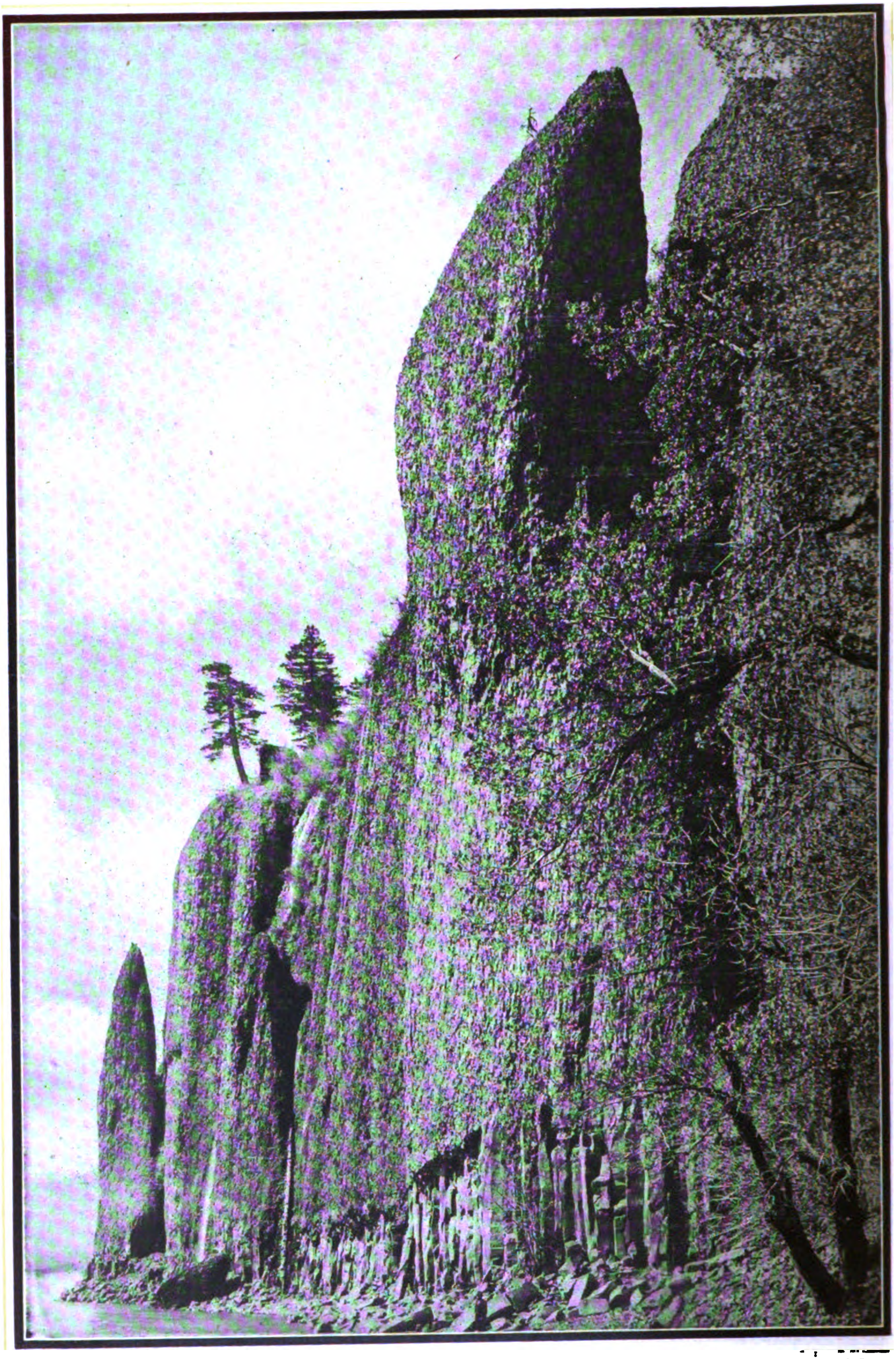

CAPE HORN ON THE COLUMBIA

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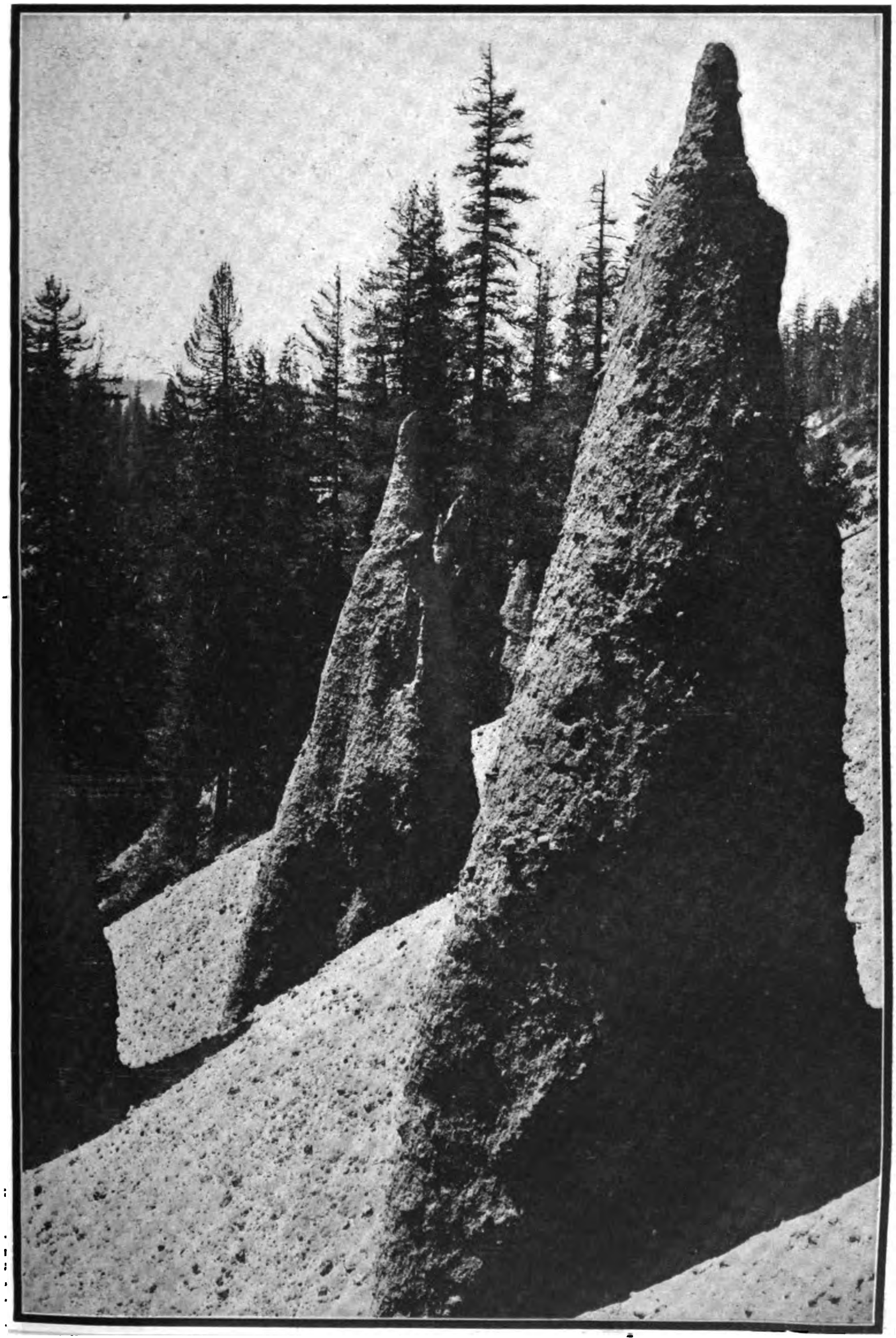
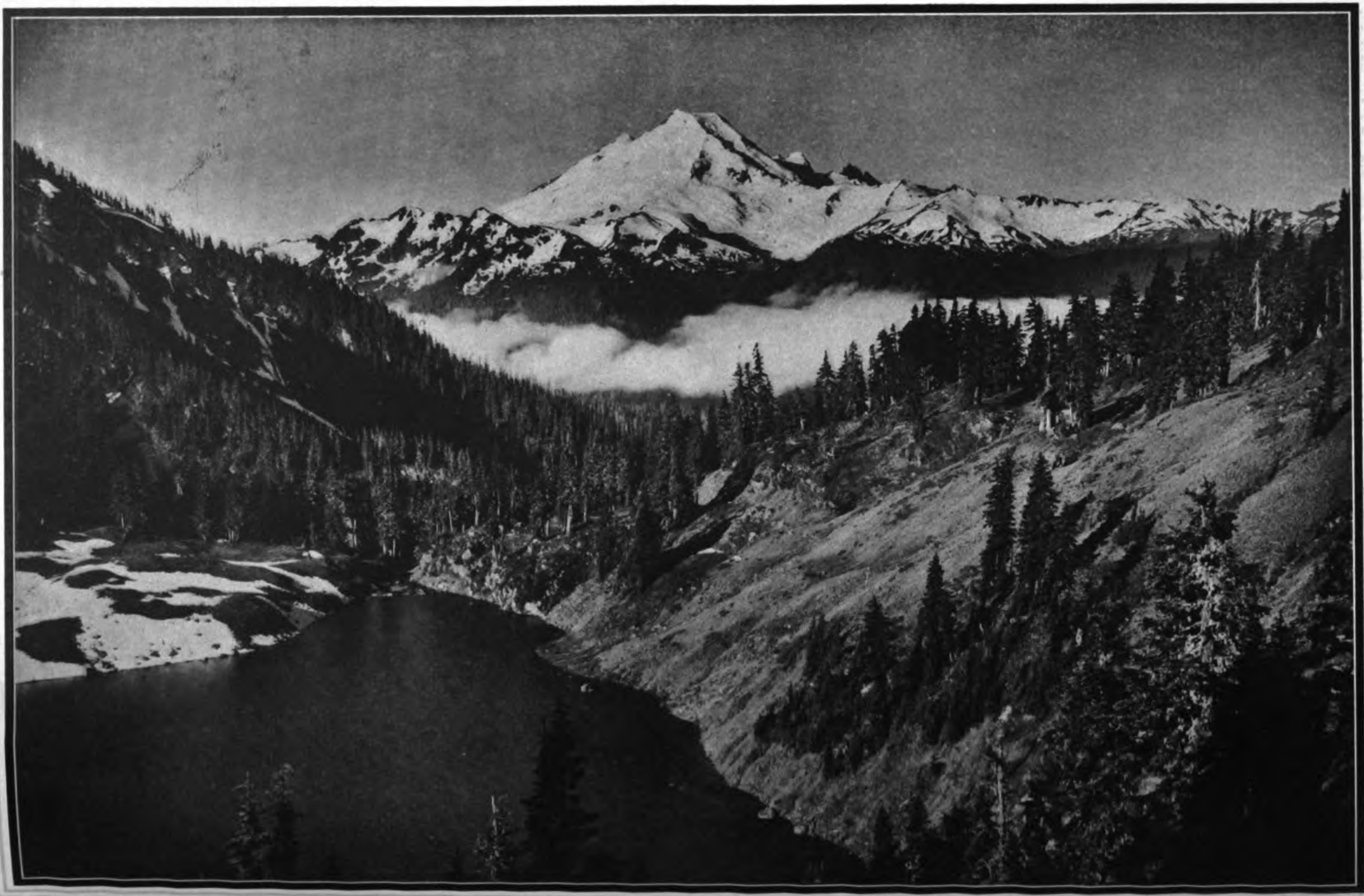


IN CASTLE CREEK CANON, NEAR CRATER LAKE, SOUTHERN OREGON



MOUNT BAKER, FROM LOWER LAKE (TWIN LAKES), NORTHWESTERN WASHINGTON

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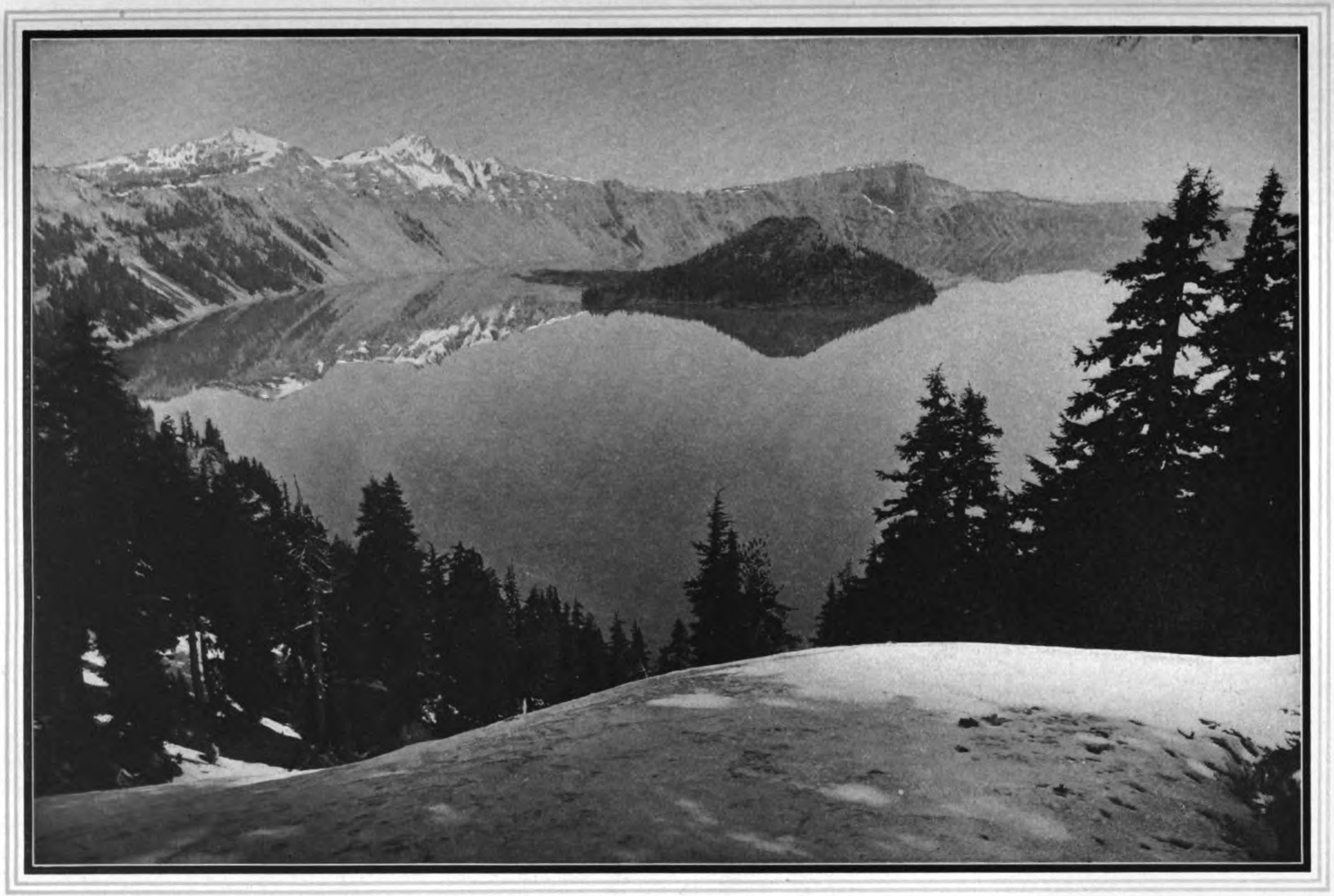
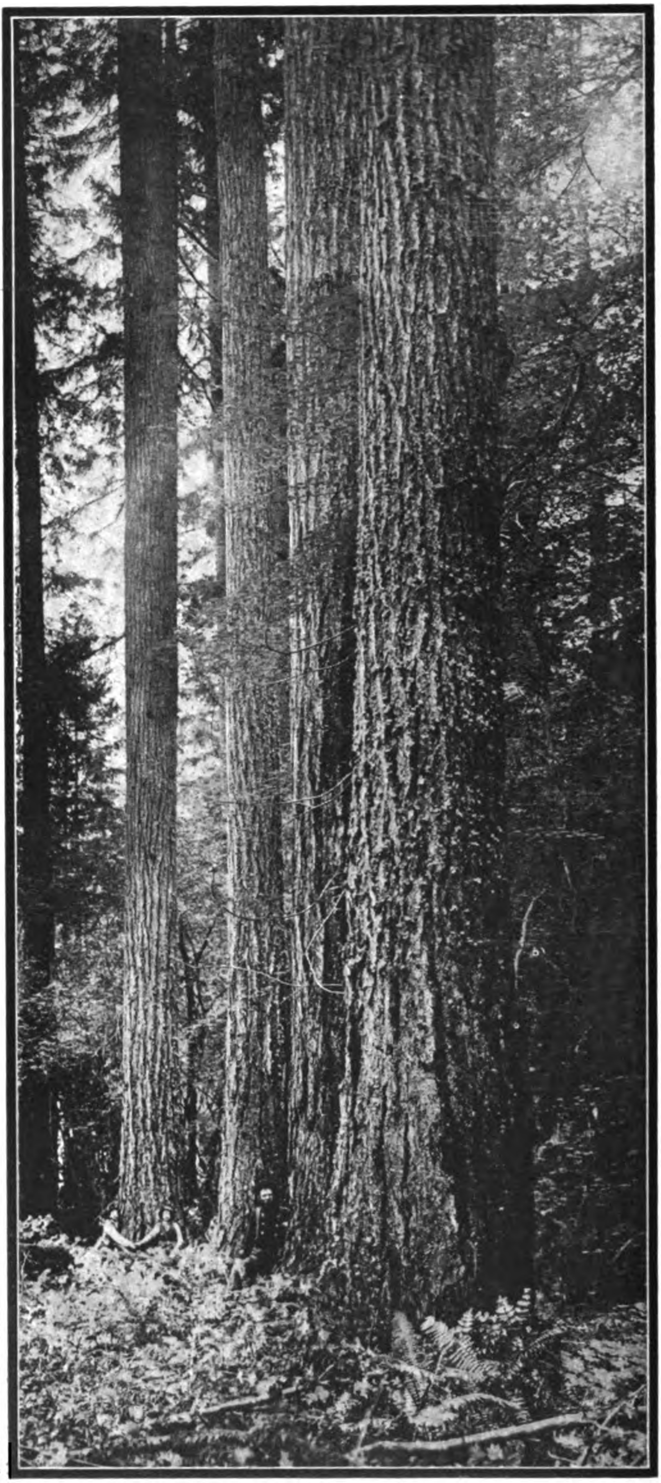


CRATER LAKE, SOUTHERN OREGON, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MARVELS—THIS LAKE OF WONDROUS BEAUTY IS FRAMED IN THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO



IN AN OREGON FOREST OF GIANT FIRS

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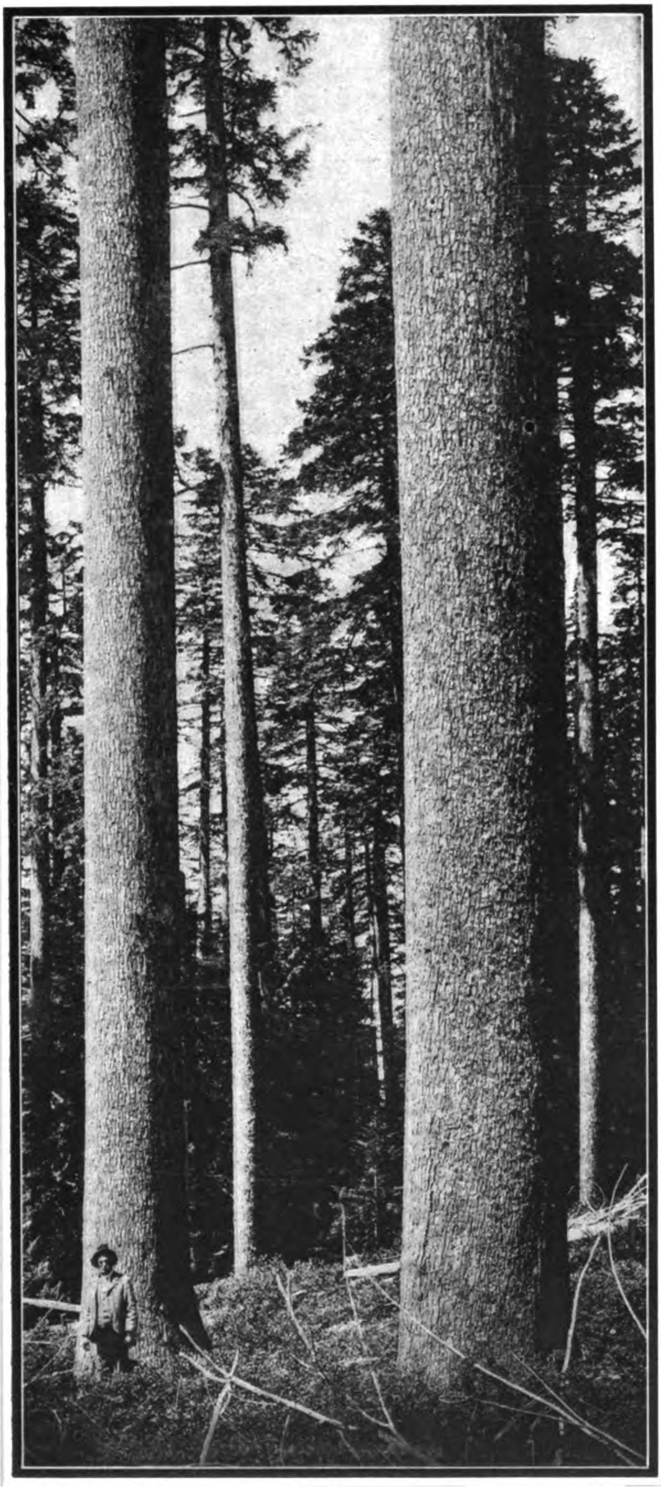

LARCH TREES IN AN OREGON FOREST—THE AVERAGE HEIGHT IS TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET

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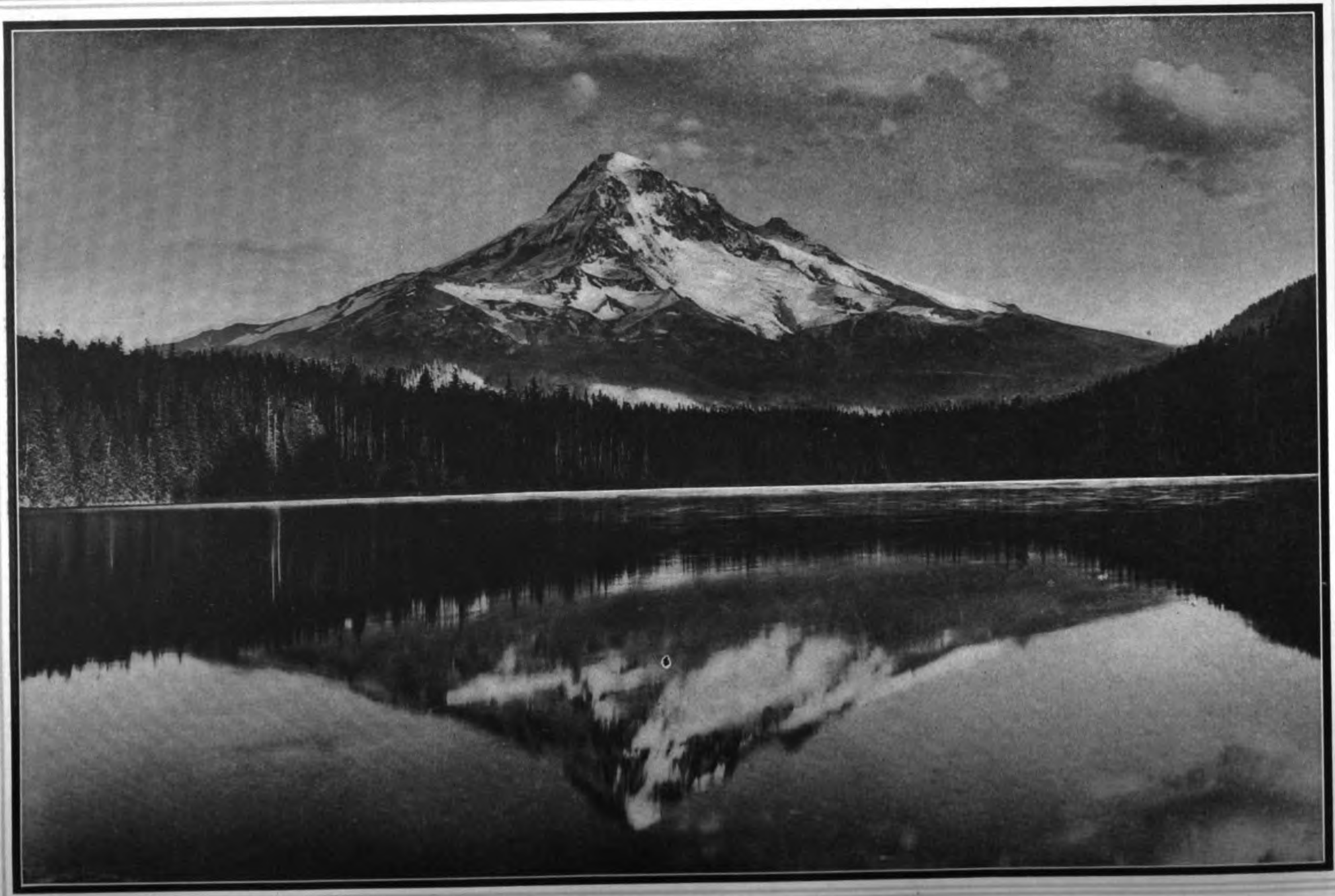

MOUNT HOOD (11,934 FT.), NEAR PORTLAND, FROM THE SUMMIT OF LOST LAKE

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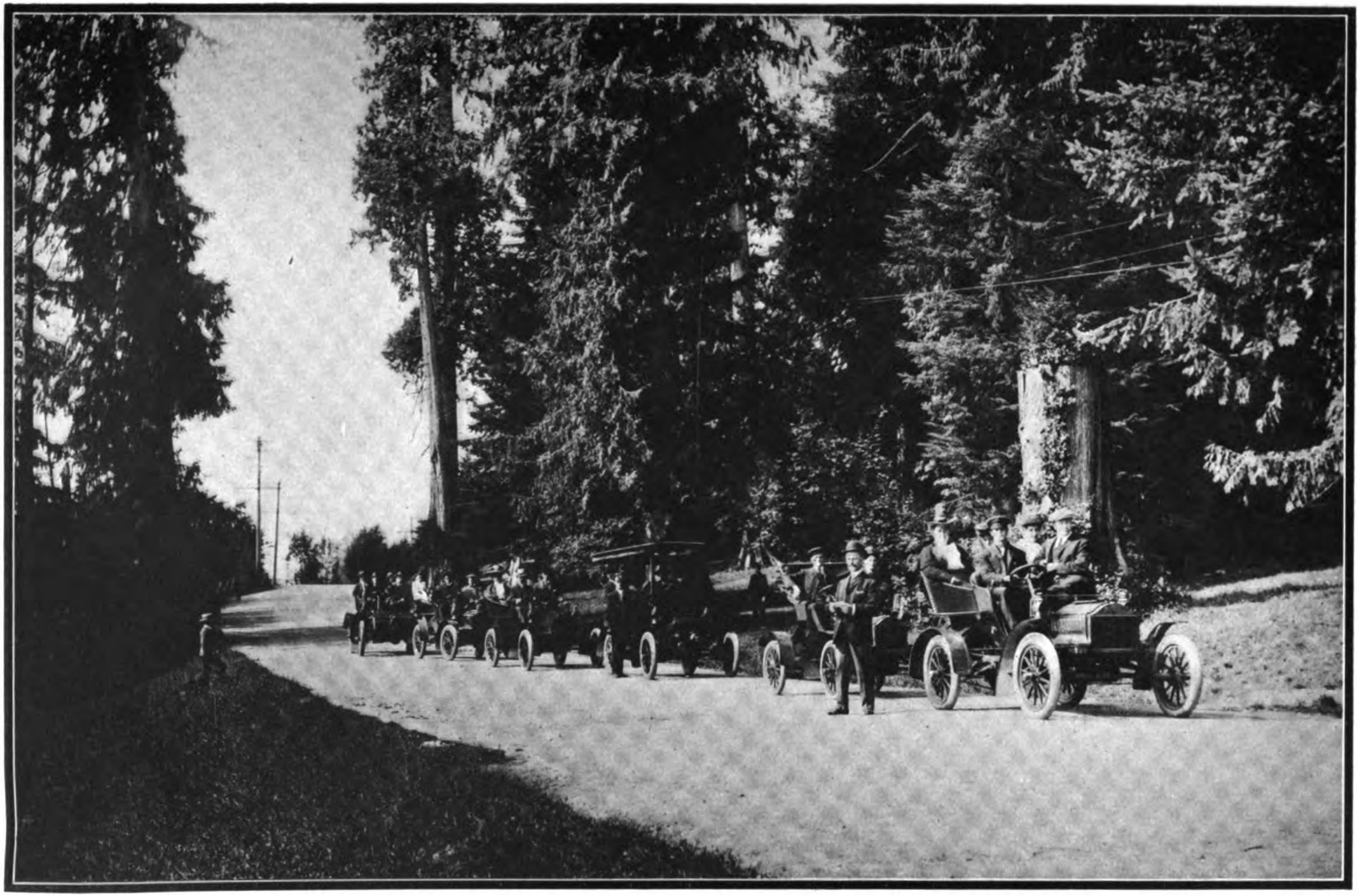
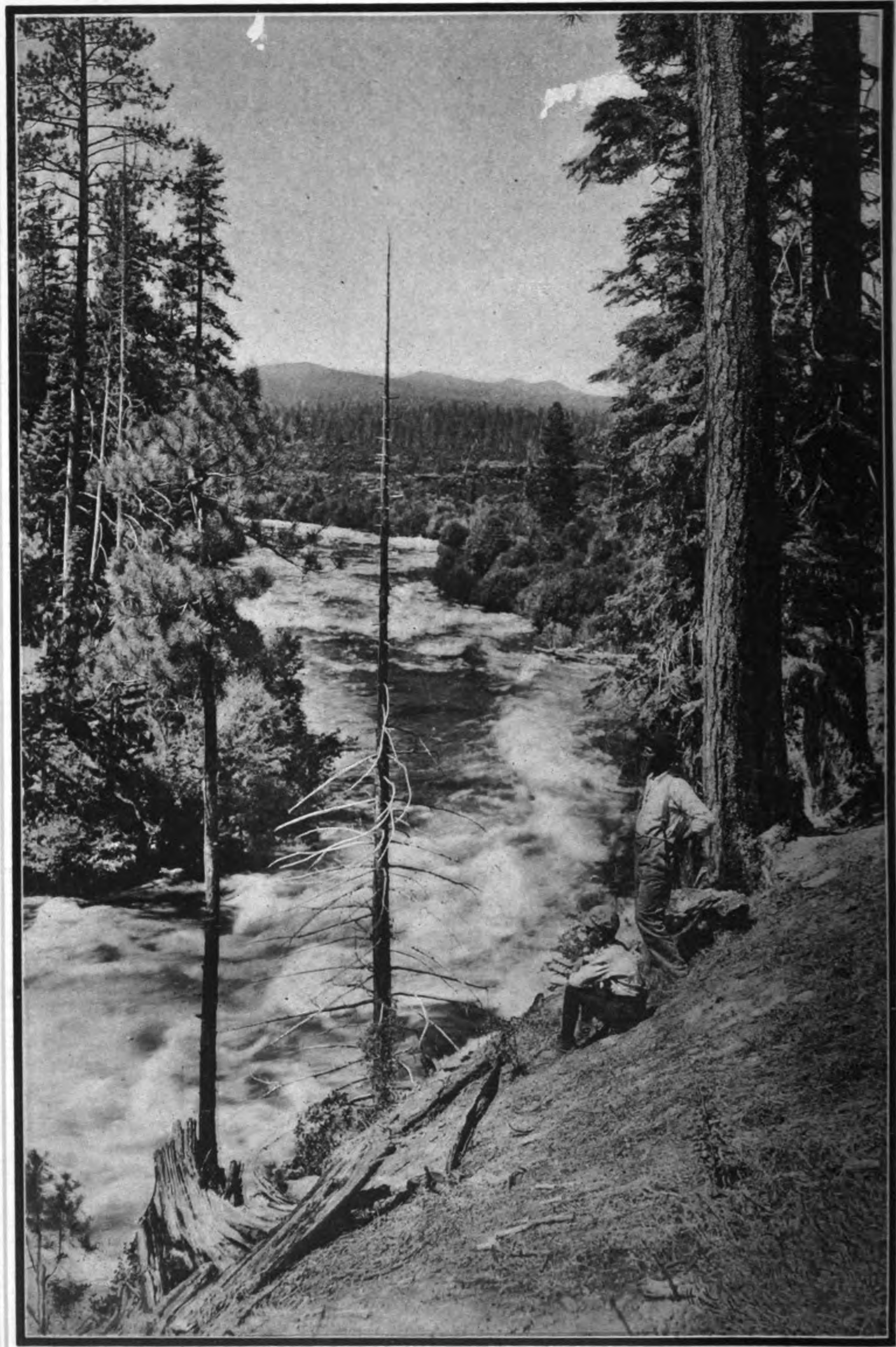


IN THE FOREST PARK OF VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA—HERE IS A NATURAL PARK OF OVER ONE THOUSAND ACRES, WITH NINE MILES OF SMOOTH ROADWAYS



THE DESCHUTES RAPIDS OF THE UPPER DESCHUTES RIVER, OREGON

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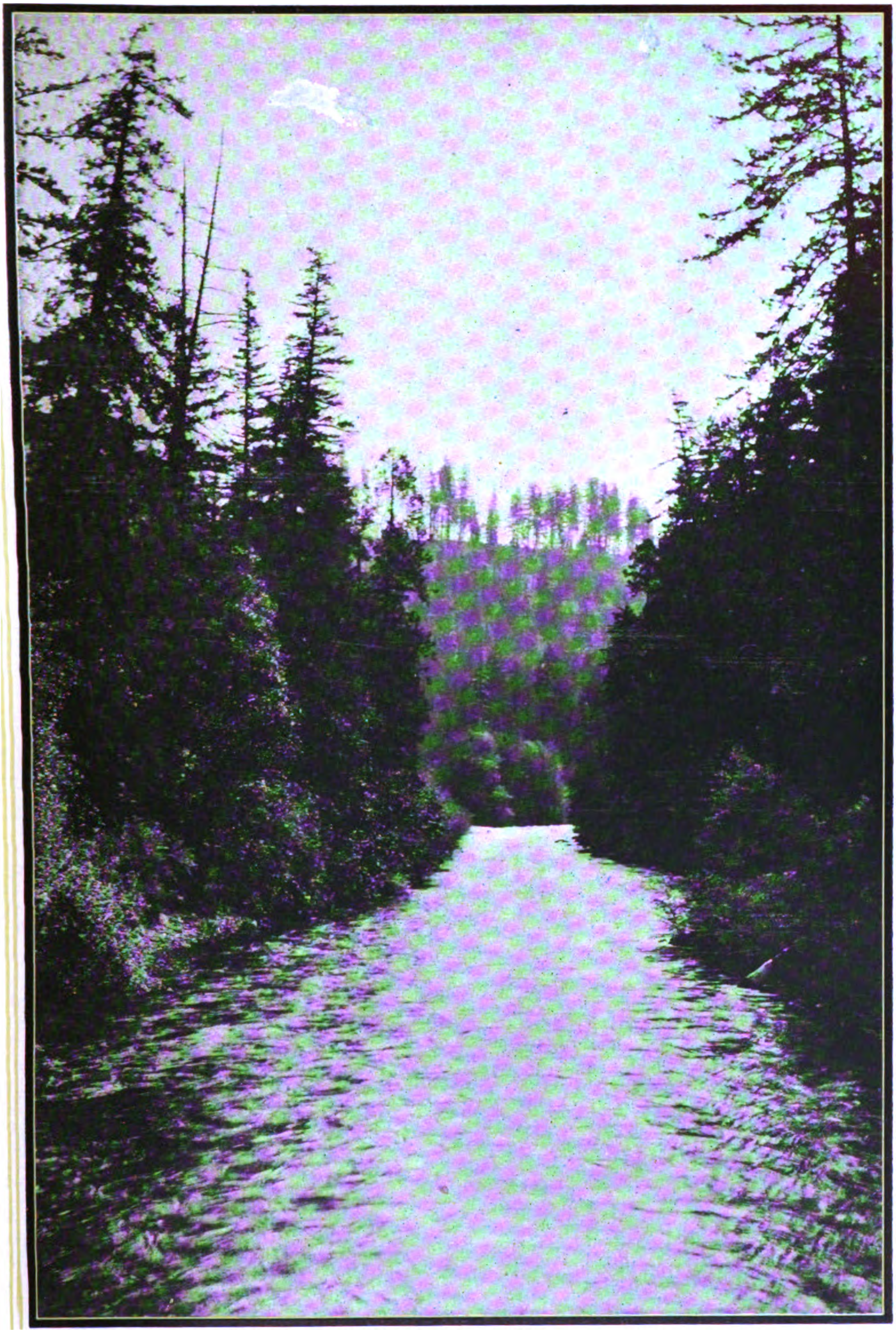
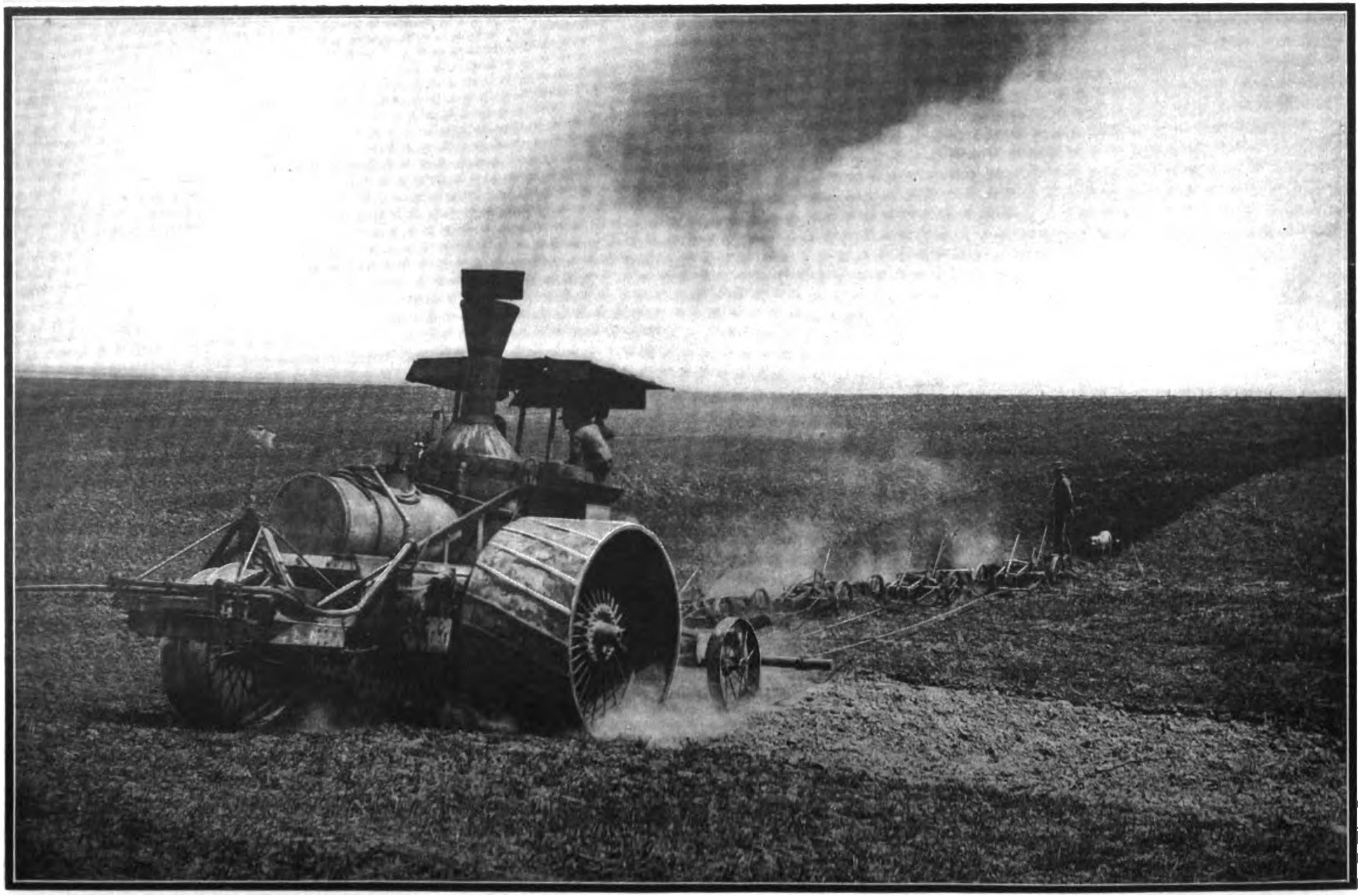


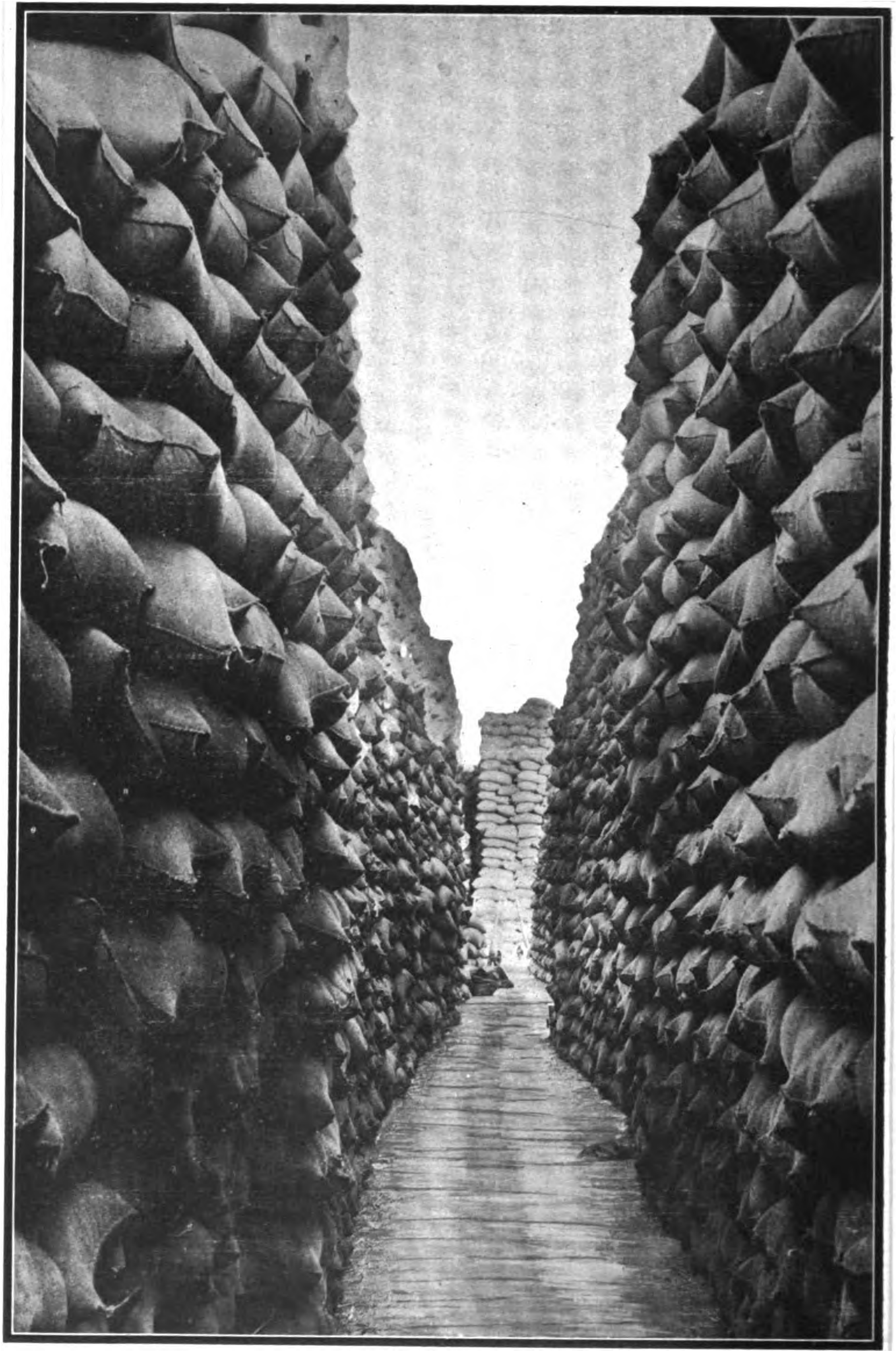
ON THE ROGUE RIVER, FORTY MILES FROM MEDFORD—THE ROGUE WAS CALLED THE ROUGE BY THE EARLY FRENCH CANADIAN TRAPPERS



W. S. BOWMAN, PHOTO

PLOWING BY STEAM IN THE GREAT WHEAT DISTRICT IN EASTERN OREGON AND WASHINGTON

AN ORCHARD NEAR MEDFORD, IN THE ROGUE RIVER VALLEY OF SOUTHERN OREGON, WHERE APPLES AND PEARS GROW TO PERFECTION



BETWEEN THE WALLS OF ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SACKS OF WHEAT IN AN EASTERN OREGON GRANARY

W. S. BOWMAN, PHOTO

and its location adjacent to vast supplies of raw material of all kinds, has quickly developed into one of the prominent cities of the Puget Sound country.

Irrigation is the great specialty of North Yakima, Washington, and this artificial method of supplying the ground with moisture has proved so successful that land which twenty years ago was practically worthless, is to-day selling for more than $1,000 per acre and by the crops it is producing, is proving that that is not an exorbitant figure. Fruit and vegetables, hay and potatoes from the Yakima country, have a reputation all over the Pacific Coast.

British Columbia, the Coeur d'Alene and the Wardner mining districts have poured into the lap of Spokane so many millions that this wonderful metropolis of eastern Washington has a wider fame through her mining specialty than for any other reason. The wealth of these mines has enabled Spokane's millionaires to build up a wonderfully attractive and substantial city. But it is not the mines alone that have made Spokane great, for she is backed by a rich agricultural region from which comes immense quantities of wheat to be converted into flour at her big mills, all of which are operated by the power of Spokane Falls. Nature was so prodigal in supplying this power that there is not only a sufficiency for all manufacturing needs, but it is also used in operating suburban car lines down into the Palouse and over through the Idaho mining districts. It lights the mines and mining cities and operates machinery throughout a great scope of country. The city has attained considerable prominence as a jobbing center and is well and favorably known all over the country for the substantial nature of its growth and the wealth of its citizens.

Lewiston, Idaho, at the junction of the Clearwater and Snake rivers is one of the best-known of the interior cities of the Pacific Northwest. More than one mining rush has swirled through her gates and in the halcyon days of steamboating on the Snake and Columbia rivers, Lewiston was the head of navigation. The mines gave the city its start, but it is only within the past few years since the more lasting and substantial resources of the farm, field and garden came into prominence, that she has made her greatest growth. In the suburbs of Lewiston and just across the river at Clarkston, Washington, are to be found some of the finest irrigated orchards in the country. These orchards and gardens turn off an immense amount of fruit and other products and thus support a large and increasing population which is rapidly building up Lewiston.

While the sawmills of Portland cut more lumber in a year than is turned out at any other port on earth, the city of Aberdeen on Gray's harbor, an indentation in the Washington coast about sixty miles north of the Columbia river, is a very close second for the Oregon metropolis and in the three cities, Aberdeen, Cosmopolis, and Hoquiam, located but a few miles apart, there are mills with an aggregate capacity of two million feet for a ten-hour day's run. The product of these mills, like that of Portland, is sent all over the world, and the industry gives employment to an army of men in the woods and mills, and on the docks.

In a country so well supplied with streams fed by the eternal snows, the early settlers found small necessity for locating on any but lands which were well watered by Nature. For this reason the irrigation projects which years ago became a necessity in older settled regions of the United States, have only quite recently been undertaken in the Pacific Northwest. All over this country are great numbers of rich valleys in which grains of all kinds, fruits and garden truck grow in quantities which are a constant source of wonder to agriculturists living in less favored states. But while astonishing results have been achieved without supplying the land with artificial moisture it is where irrigation has come into play in the semi-arid regions of Oregon, Washington and Idaho that the most remarkable yields per acre have been recorded. Even in these famous valleys where the early settlers experienced no difficulty in securing bountiful harvests, irrigation has proven a valuable aid in increasing the yield and assuring the quality of the crop. In many of these valleys which are so plentifully sprinkled through the Northwest, settlers make a specialty of certain products and by maintaining a high standard for them, always find a good market at high prices. A notable illustration of this is found in the Hood river valley, a comparatively small area of land, watered by Hood river, and devoted almost exclusively to the growing of strawberries and apples although of course other fruits and much garden truck is also grown.

The Rogue river valley in southern Oregon is also a great fruit region, rapidly coming into prominence, and hundreds of carloads are annually shipped out of the Wenatchie valley in Washington and the irrigated fruit farms of the Snake river country. This industry probably yields greater profits than any other that can be followed on irrigated land, for some of these fruit growers have sold more than $10,000 worth of fruit from ten acres of land. The expense of growing, handling and shipping fruit is of course much greater than that attached to ordinary farm products, and in many of the semi-arid districts where the aid of irrigation has been invoked, there are thousands of acres of alfalfa which with its two or three crops per year frequently shows a yield of $60 to $75 per acre.

The Oriental trade supplied the first inspiration which led Benton and Linn and a few other friends of the Oregon country to fight for the rights of the straggling settlers in this far away land and, to-day, despite the tremendous development that is taking place in the manufacturing and transportation lines on shore, this Oriental trade is growing at a rate that is the wonder of the commercial world. It is but eighteen years since the first transpacific steamship service was inaugurated out of a North Pacific port, and a monthly service with three ancient Cunarders which had outlived their usefulness and proved too small for the Atlantic, for the first year or two, had great difficulty in securing enough cargo in the Northwest to keep them in good steaming trim. That was eighteen years ago, and for the year ending December 31, 1906, there was cleared for the Orient from the ports of Seattle, Portland, Tacoma and Van Couver, B. C., one hundred and twenty-eight steamships carrying more than one million tons of freight. These figures seemed stupendous and a reaction was predicted for the year 1907, but the official figures for the first five months of 1907 shows that this year, like its predecessors, is still breaking records. Between January 1 and June 1, there was dispatched for the Orient from Puget Sound ports, forty-one steamships and from Portland, thirty-four steamships. This fleet of seventy-five big vessels carried to the Far East, six hundred thousand tons of freight, and the extent to which Oregon and Washington products figured in the exports is shown by the manifests of these steamers which included among other cargo, forty million feet of lumber, 1,831,973 barrels of flour, and two million bushels of wheat.

It is the preponderance of Oregon and Washington cargo in these steamers which enables the lines operating out of Portland and Puget Sound to maintain a frequent service for eastern freight which by itself would not warrant such frequent sailings of big carriers. And yet this wonderful land in which all of this immense traffic has developed within less than a quarter of a century, is still to a large extent a virgin field.

"There lies the East—there is the road to India," said Benton, but there was nothing in the known world at the time he made the famous utterance that enabled him to have more than the faintest conception of the vast traffic that was destined to sweep over that highway to the markets of the Far East. Judging the future by the past and witnessing the lightning-like changes which a decade makes in this favored Oregon country, it is probable that we of the present generation can no more clearly appreciate the extent of what the future holds for us, than could Benton. We do know, however, that it is booming along on a wave of prosperity that has the forces of Nature behind it to such an extent that recession for an indefinite period is an impossibility.

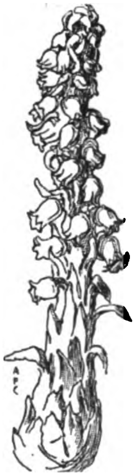
BLUE GENTIAN

SIERRA WILD FLOWERS

By KATHERINE CHANDLER

Drawings by Florence Clayton

PUBLIC opinion has always esteemed a love of flowers a feminine quality, in spite of the fact that all the world botanists have been men. In the past, only man could venture into new regions and explore unknown heights, for woman's place was in the haunts of home. So men discovered new plants and named them and described them. This masculine description is probably the foundation for many of the mistakes in the color of flowers as set down in botanies. Few men see the difference in hues and shades and tints as most women do. This defect in the color education of men—as well as the fact that many plants have been described botanically from dried specimens, whose color is wholly unlike the fresh beauty—has often led amateur botanists astray. But to-day is the era of the amateur botanist as well as of the amateur in every other line. Women now find themselves free to tramp anywhere their brothers may. They invade the most remote wilds and eagerly examine the flora in its native soil. *Their written descriptions of plants have placed in the hands of the average citizen, books more intelligible to him than those written by men, probably just because the unscientific eye is most quickly attracted by the color of the blossom.



SNOW PLANT

At this time of year, scores of western women, and men as well, are reveling in the flora of the Sierras. The heyday of blossomtide lies between the middle of July and the middle of August. Then each mountain slope seems to vie with its neighbor in luxuriance and beauty

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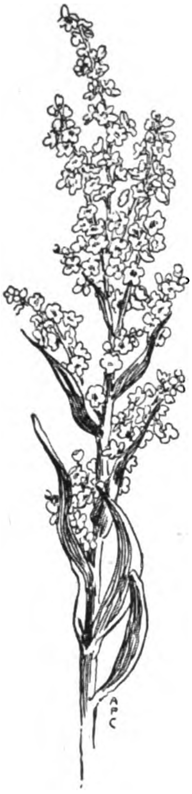
*NOTE.—About the best recent books on wild flowers are Miss Parsons's "Wild Flowers of California," and Mrs. Dana-Parsons's "How to Know Wild Flowers."

PURPLE HEATHER
WHITE HEATHER
AFC



FALSE HELLEBORE

of blossoms. Along our whole eastern range, the season is about the same, although the varieties of flowers may differ. In the Lake Tahoe Forest Reserve, one gets a representative collection of Sierra plants, with only a healthful amount of mountain climbing.

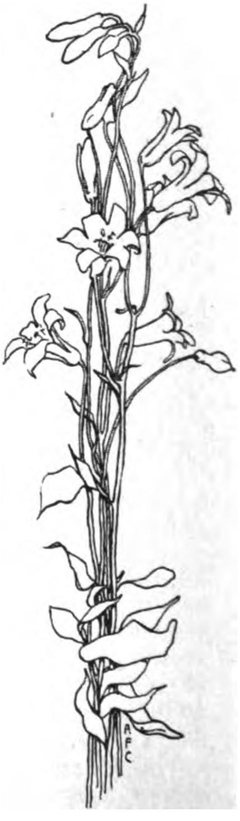
From the Tahoe level of six thousand, two hundred feet to the ten thousand foot summits, one finds a varying array. First, one is impressed by the aspiring sisters of the blossoms that gladdened the coast in the spring days of March and April; and then, by the new flowers that never descend to lower levels. In the upper regions the white for-get-me-not, the buttercup, and the golden brodiæa are small and scrawny, as if worn out by their long travels from the sea. The yellow violet is a wood dweller, pallid and shrinking in comparison with our growing johnny-jump-up. The blue and the white violets are smaller and more delicate than ours. The squaw grass is but a poor diminutive of the beautiful plume that waves on Tamalpais. But that about ends the list of blossoms that grow less beautiful with ascent.

The columbines seem glorified sisters of the coast beauties and crowd so closely over every sunny side that they tint the slopes red. The castilleia bursts into every tint and shade of red and yellow that man ever dreamed of—and the color bracts are longer and more plentiful. The false Solomon's seal and its sister smilacina are as common as the buttercups at home. The Star of Bethlehem and the Breath of Heaven blossoms expand in this higher altitude. The hound's tongue is an irradiated development of our species—seeming flecks of a sun-kissed sky scattered through the woodlands. The lupine family is well represented and is as well equipped for securing insect aid in pollination as any of our species. One exquisite creature in iridescent lavender displays a keel of purest gold to attract the giddy fly; and when she has accomplished her purpose and received pollen from another blossom, she changes her brilliant keel to darkest purple; but whether in lavender and gold or lavender and purple, she is one of the loveliest of her family.

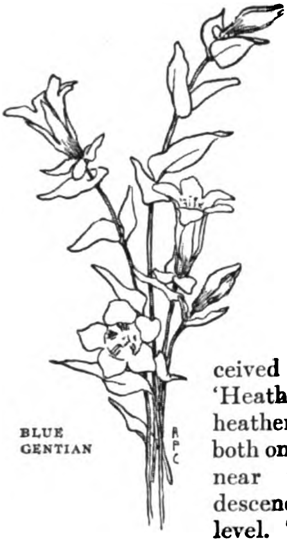
The most beautiful brodiæa above the Tahoe level is a white so pure that it seems the very soul of whiteness. Most of the shrubs here have white blossoms and the white is always a surprise in its utter cleanliness. The wild lilac, the plum, the service berry, the bridal wreath, the elder, the labrador tea, the chamiso, and the mock orange, a little lower down, all seem to revere the memory of the pure snow that protects them for so many months a year and strive to perpetuate it in their blossoms. They achieve a whiteness the blossoms at sea level do not reach.

One could go on indefinitely enumerating the variations of our coast species, but the especially Sierra blossoms are more interesting. Probably the one that most impresses the Alpine visitor is the snow plant. This is one radiant cardinal glow from root to bell-rimmed crown, symbolic of the Sierra Spring in its intense vitality. It seldom grows out of the snow, as poets are wont to picture it, but springs from the brown piney earth soon after the snow has melted.

Perhaps after the snow plant, one loves

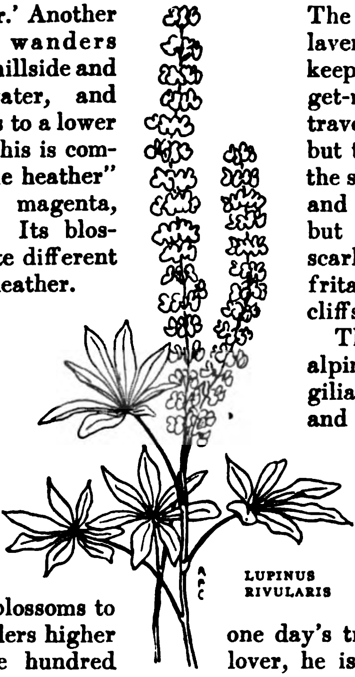


ALPINE TIGER LILY



BLUE GENTIAN

best the dainty white heather. Its tiny bells, similar to those of the lily-of-the-valley, ring the welcome of the Sierras as no other flower does. It skirts the water's edge, and one of the most beautiful lakes which it engirdles, has received its name, 'Heather.' Another heather wanders both on hillside and near water, and descends to a lower level. This is commonly called the "purple heather" though it is a bright magenta, unless when withered. Its blossom and foliage are quite different from that of the white heather.



LUPINUS RIVULARIS

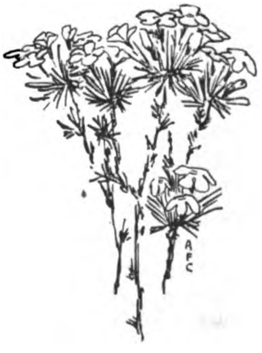
The blue gentian is esteemed a great treasure by coast people. Its blue is different from that of any of our flowers, a vivid brightness. The white lily, too, is much admired. It is fully as beautiful as our cultivated Easter lily, though it often comes with many more blossoms to a stalk. It seldom wanders higher than six thousand, five hundred feet. After that, the family is represented by the Alpine lily, a small reddish gold bell, spotted with brown like a tiger lily.

A blossom which resembles the magenta heather in shape is the lamb's kill. In our mountains it crouches close to the earth, but in the East it stands an erect shrub. It is rose-pink with light veins and with brown stamens lying back on its petals until stirred by some investigating insect. Another pink and white flower is the elephant's head—so startling a likeness in miniature that one never having heard its name would call it aright. Then there is the pyrola—an exquisite harmony of pink and white arising from beautiful spotted leaves. It is one of the most beautiful of Californian flowers. It seeks the shady creek banks, in company with the tellimas and various members of the orchid family, from the ladies' tresses to the mountain ladies' slipper. The mimulus here sometimes dons a bright pink gown, and at others appears in white.

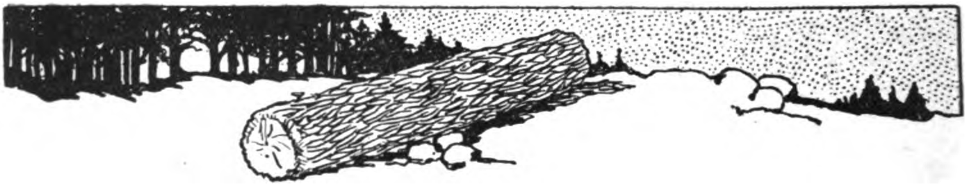
In the open, the white false hellebore tries to rival the royal purple larkspur and pale blue monkshood in height, towering sometimes over ten feet. The brown-eyed susan and the lavender aster and the white daisy keep step together. The blue forget-me-not and the yellow arnica travel in both light and shadow, but the pentstemons brighten only the sunny spots. Here the magenta and the purple are most common, but the beautiful scarlet one, the scarlet bugler, vies with the scarlet fritallaria in glorifying the grey cliffs.

The lowly plants—pussypaws, alpine phlox, marsh marigolds, gilias, mimulus, hosackias, clovers, and dozens of tiny starry blossoms in white and gold are harmonized into a carpet such as only Nature could weave. If one be a collector, he can easily gather between two hundred and three hundred species in one day's tramp; if he be a mere beauty lover, he is content to revel in the harmonious whole, with no thought of details. In either case, he casts aside the cares of every day life and inhales the same inspiration that compels each clod of Sierra soil to express its "soul in grass and flowers."

It's a free for all country, too, this Sierra land, not alone for specialists like Muir or White, but for every tramping nature lover.



ALPINE PHLOX



DEER-HUNTING IN THE SISKIYOUS

By JOHN KRUTTSCHNITT

HOGBACK was a district that was reputed to be one of the best in the vicinity of our camp for deer. My friend (who for sake of convenience I shall call Marcus) and I heard of several fine bucks that had been shot, and of many does that had been seen there only the day before. We had been hunting off and on for several days, visiting all the licks at sunrise, noon, and in the evening but with unvarying ill luck. The welcome information we had received created a strong desire in us to go to Hogback, and we started thither on horseback late the following evening.

There was but one way to get there and that was by a narrow trail which followed in a general direction the winding course of the McCloud river. We took our bedding, lanterns, picket ropes, and enough canned food for a day. Marcus carried his 30-40 musket, and I, my 7mm. Mauser rifle.

By the time we had all our impedimenta securely tied to the saddles it was sundown, and before we were well on the trail, night overtook us. It became very dark indeed, for the moon did not appear and the towering pine trees deepened the gloom of the forest. To have proceeded without a light would have been foolhardy. Marcus lighted his lantern, and took the lead, while I followed closely behind. Although we walked the horses all the way it was not a feeling of safety nor composure with which I followed him on this trail. We had gone over it only once before, and then in the daytime. My horse was given to sudden fits of balkiness, and there was no telling what he might do in the inky darkness that surrounded us. A misstep or a jump to the right meant disaster because the mountainside was very steep and devoid of underbrush, offering no barrier against a sudden slip into the river hundreds of feet below.

Steadily we pursued our route, never attempting to go faster than a walk. For a whole hour we zigzagged in and out of ravines; now close to the river, riding through the underbrush of the grassy bottoms; now high up on the side of the mountain, wending from spur to spur and from ridge to ridge, sometimes crossing and sometimes skirting the deep hollows.

Presently we came to a small creek which empties into the McCloud, and from this we knew we had arrived at Hogback. Here we drew rein and prepared for a night's rest by the river. We unrolled our beds and threw them down in a place which we cleared among the bushes.

We awakened early in the morning. It was dark and cold. As I crawled out of my sleeping-bag the chill air penetrated me to the marrow. We put on our clothes, cocked our rifles, and tiptoed very carefully to the lick, which was some distance up the creek. Arrived there, it being too dark to shoot with any degree of accuracy, we lost no time in getting behind a log, which bore the appearance of having been placed in its particular position by hunters to screen themselves from view. The bushes formed a canopy of leaves overhead, and in front branches were placed as an additional safeguard against scaring away any deer. Just beyond these branches was the creek, and a comparatively barren mountainside sloped down to its farther shore. Hundreds of tracks on this slope bore witness to the many deer that had been there.

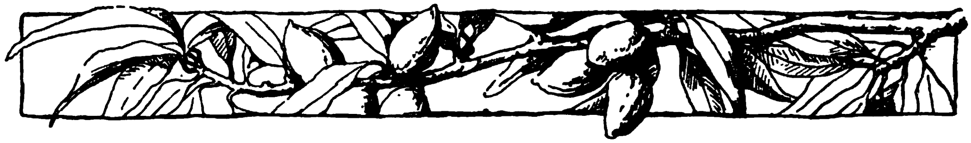
We lay motionless behind the log for some time before the first rays of the sun came streaming through the interstices in the luxuriant foliage of our sconce. The gray of the dawn had scarcely cleared away when the birds had left their nests to forage. The leaves of the bushes were not rustled by the faintest breeze; and the quiet of the solitude was only disturbed by the occasional call of a bird, and a bold chipmunk that chirped excitedly as if he were scolding us. Once or twice the sagacious crow, in a loud caw! caw! which grated upon the ear, gave vent to the exuberance of his joy.

Amid these sounds of the wilderness I fell into a state of drowsiness. I was in this condition only a short while before a sound smote on my ear that caused me to be instantly on the alert. Whoof! whoof! like two snorts, came from the opposite side of the creek and my first thoughts were of a bear. Slowly, I raised my head above the log and peered through the bushes. There, not more than fifty paces away, stood a doe, apparently much frightened. Whether she caught our scent or saw us, it was hard to tell; she ran about twenty feet to the right and to the left, stopping each time to snort, presumably to locate her hidden enemies. Instead of coming any closer she headed for the top of the mountain and, running swiftly, soon disappeared in a denser part of the wood. Remembering the heavy fine for killing does neither of us fired.

From time to time each of us peeped over the log, and carefully scanned the side of the mountain. A few moments later Marcus looked up and descried another doe at the same time calling my attention to it. Like a shadow she descended gracefully to the water's edge. This one, like all the others we saw on the same day, appeared to be very timid about approaching the lick; she walked very slowly, stopping frequently to listen. Within a quarter of an hour or so three more does came down the slope in single file. As they slaked their thirst in the cool element and licked the alkaline deposits on the ground, we watched them with absorbing interest.

One doe inadvertently stepped into the open, and stood facing me, while the others rested under the shade of a small tree that partly overhung the water. My head was in plain sight, and she seemed to be looking at me; but as I remained perfectly still she probably took it for a part of the landscape. These deer stayed at the lick for about five minutes, and then went back up the slope in different directions. About five more does came to the creek before our patience was rewarded by the approach of a spikehorn, accompanied by two does. I had a clear view of him only for a second or two, which was too short a time for me to throw up my rifle and draw a bead on him. He got behind some bushes, and as clearly as I could make out, stood with his head lowered—probably to lick some salt. In the meantime I had my rifle to my shoulder, resting across the log anxiously waiting for the buck to move to the open. I could see him indistinctly all the while, but I did not shoot for fear the bullet would be diverted by the twigs, causing it to fly wide of the mark; after which I would be casting a longing eye on the fleeing quarry. To my keen disappointment, however, the buck and both does suddenly took fright and dashed up the mountain, disappearing ere I had time to recover from my thrill of astonishment.

My companion and I did not stay long at the lick after that. We got up and went back quietly to our temporary camp. As soon as they saw us the horses pricked up their ears and greeted us with a gentle whinny. Within a short space of time the saddles were on them, the bundles lashed, and we were returning empty-handed from the hunt; a bit crestfallen, but the better for the knowledge that we had acquired of the habits of the deer.



REMINDERS OF CALIFORNIA

By John P. Young

Managing Editor San Francisco "Chronicle"

"CAN you beat that in California?" I thought that the question was addressed to me, but before I could turn to answer it the duty was performed by a fellow-citizen of the Golden State, who emphatically replied: "You bet your life we can!"

We were in the garden of the Casino of Funchal, on the Island of Madeira, and the query was suggested by a rose bush, literally a tree in size, which was laden with a profusion of blooms.

Although not directly interrogated I was called on to bear testimony, which happily I was able to do in a convincingly statistical manner by stating that I had seen a rose bush in Santa Cruz which bore over two thousand blooms simultaneously. I did not count them myself, but I had the assurance of a vivacious young lady, who was too pretty to tell an untruth, that she did.

I think this was the first of numerous experiences encountered in a trip extending over several months, in which California was made the basis for comparison with the best we saw by skeptics or admirers of the Golden State.

I could not always tell whether the comparison was instituted in a spirit of facetiousness, or prompted by pride in the ability of California to match anything out of doors, but I assumed that the latter predominated, as I speedily discovered that while the citizen of other states of the Union loves to guy what he conceives to be the bragging propensity of Californians, he tacitly concedes that most of our claims are well founded, by his constant tendency to use California scenery, its mountains and valleys, its trees and its flowers, and its products generally as a standard for measurement.

At the risk of deserving the imputation that I was a California boomer, I make the statement that not once while abroad did I ever hear a traveler remark, "This reminds me of New York," or "That puts me in mind of Virginia," or "Does not that resemble the Wabash?" or some other American river, but I did constantly overhear comparisons made with things Californian.

As there were only five or six who claimed California as their habitat in the three hundred or more forming the passenger list of the steamer which carried us to various ports in the Orient and Europe, it will not be charged that the Californians outshouted the others, or that the New Yorkers, the Virginians and the Indianians were endowed with more modesty. As a matter of fact, the deportment of the Californians was very becoming. The frequency of the allusions to Nature's achievements was due to another cause entirely. Nearly all on board in their peregrinations had taken in California, and they could not escape infection. There seemed to be an irresistible desire to chaff our big things, but it was quite evident that when the chaff was blown away there were a great many kernels of the wheat of solid appreciation left.

One of the earliest bits of testimony to this effect was afforded by a group at an al fresco lunch on the porch of a hotel near the top of Mount Church, to which we were elevated by the funicular railway. Naturally, wine was called for and the best was demanded.

It is safe to say that every one in the party had formed the impression from reading, or, perhaps, from traditions, that Madeira grew a wine of peculiar excellence. They knew that in Colonial days, and during the first half of the last century, people of pretension in America who drank wine affected the product of the Portuguese island. They naturally assumed that a beverage esteemed enough to be carried for months in the hold of a vessel to add to its bouquet must be something superior, and with the tolerance of travelers, they were quite prepared to find it so, if the circumstances would permit. But they did not, and the best the innkeeper could spread before these "connoisseurs" was voted decidedly inferior to California wine.

Several times I saw this tendency exhibited. In Nice, where fine displays of glace fruit are made in the shop windows, and with excellent results, as may be inferred from the overloading of the cabins with supplies, the question was raised regarding the relative qualities of the preparations of France and California. Happily I was not called upon to umpire the dispute, and thus escape a severe strain upon my patriotism; but a gentleman from Newark, New Jersey, insisted that the French conserved fruit was delightful to gaze upon, but he insisted that that of California beat it in flavor.

In one of the restaurants of the same Rivieran town my attention was drawn to an ostentatiously displayed line in the menu. It was asparagus at six francs the service. "It must be fine at that price," I apologetically remarked to my better half as I gave the order. When it was served her practical observation that she was in the habit of buying five pounds of a better quality for a quarter in San Francisco destroyed half the pleasure derived from the feeling that the waiter must look upon me as a millionaire, but it left me confirmed in my theory that it is impossible for a Californian to escape the comparative habit.

On the morning following our departure from Algiers, as the ship was speeding across the blue Mediterranean on her way to Genoa, a passenger emerged from his cabin with a box of prunes which he distributed with the information that they were the genuine French article. After he had extracted numerous encomiums and tributes to their superiority he cynically informed those who had partaken that they were the same kind as they were accustomed to eating in their boarding-houses at home and that they were a California product. He privately informed me that he derived unbounded pleasure from seeing the sign "California prunes" in a window in Algiers and that he went in and bought a lot purely from patriotic motives. In the same place there were displayed evaporated peaches and pears, but he declared they presented such a fine appearance that he was inclined to believe that the Algerians were trying to pass off the domestic as the fashionable foreign product.

Americans when traveling often feel pangs of jealousy when noting how little their flag is in evidence in foreign ports. It takes some philosophy and a thorough consciousness of the fact that we prefer to invest our money in profitable pursuits at home rather than chase the elusive dividend on the high seas, to escape feeling bad over being outstripped in any particular. Still there is some consolation to be had. If our flag is an unfamiliar sight in foreign lands, California canned fruit is not. You find it everywhere, but unfortunately it is dear—so dear, indeed, in some cases as to suggest that it is a delicacy reserved for the very rich.

In jogging across country in Greece the vigorous appetites induced by the jolting over rough roads in wagons almost guiltless of springs caused a premature inroad on the lunch baskets, and long before the time set for the meal that was to appease us, the demands of hunger became imperative. A doctor in our party, with the Greek of the universities at his command, endeavored to get some information from the stolid driver of the vehicle, but in vain. If he knew where anything eatable was to be had he reserved the knowledge. But hungry and inquisitive Americans are not to be balked by reticent descendants of the long-haired followers of Agamemnon. At every place which bore the remotest resemblance to a store an entry was effected. Presently success crowned zealous search. The foragers, in an establishment resembling an Arizona adobe, discovered three cans of "California" peaches. Externally they did not present an inviting appearance. The labels were profusely decorated with fly specks, and were otherwise defaced, but the contents were unimpaired. Whether it was the prospect of relief from slow starvation or the sight of something American in so out of the way a place, the reader may judge for himself, but the discovery evoked three cheers, and the amazed Greeks who surrounded the vehicle, were compeled to listen to the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," while the cans were being opened for the impromptu feast.

Experiences such as these are likely to befall any Californian on his travels, and if he knows his own state well he is certain to have constant reminders of the fact that it has an infinity of resources compared with most places he visits. When traveling through the viticultural countries of Europe he is impressed, not so much by what their industrious inhabitants have achieved, as he is by the possibilities which his fellow-citizens are just beginning to explore. If he drinks the wines of the places he visits he will soon realize that when he is at home, if he chooses to, he may have much better.

I was curious while in Italy to test the merits of a wine which an eminent Italian-American citizen has made familiar to Californians by imitating the type. Perhaps it is a matter of taste, but I thought that the California imitation was superior to the genuine, and so expressed myself to the steward of a Roman hotel, who told me that I was not alone in my opinion, and that Italians who had returned from the Golden State admitted the fact.

I had often seen it stated that Syria bore a strong likeness to California, but I found much more to remind me of this state in southern Spain than in the Holy Land. In Palestine I found the wild flowers nearly the same and as abundant as those in our own fields, and at Jaffa oranges were growing which resembled the navels of this state so closely that at Marseilles a cargo of them was disposed of as the genuine product of California. Judge Tourgee, who was filling the position of Consul-general in that part of the world, was much mystified by the presence of this alleged California fruit and commented on its appearance, without, however, ascertaining from whence it came. I am quite satisfied that the importers handling the Jaffa oranges took advantage of the popularity of the name of this state to pass off on the unsuspecting fruit which I am quite ready to admit is quite as good as that which we grow.

Curiously enough the orange industry is, in a sense, a new one in Jaffa. The golden apple of Hesperides has been known to the people of that region for a long time, but until recently it has not been produced commercially. Quite successful efforts have been made in that direction of late, and they have been prompted by the example of California. I was assured by one of the proprietors of the hotel which takes care of the tourists passing through Jaffa on their way to and from Jerusalem, that it was an account of the successful shipment of oranges from California to London that persuaded him to add a good sized grove to his inn keeping venture.

The instances I have cited do not describe an exceptional experience. Every Californian has probably noted as I did that the name of his state seemed to stand for something distinctive in the minds of foreigners. The most of the latter seem to have the vaguest of ideas respecting the geography of our continent, and to many the name of our country is wholly unknown, being lost in the title America; but they all know something of California, and their imagination clothes it with a halo which could hardly be made brighter if we entered on a systematic booming campaign to accomplish that object.

THE GARDEN OF CONTENT

By E. Mirrielees

Drawings by Eugen Neuhaus

If you've heard the East a-callin' . . .

THE man who had not wanted to come—his name was Rinton Clarke—opened the door of his shingle cabin and looked down across the valley. It was very early but the sun was rising and through the riven fog he could see the town and the grey bay beyond widening to meet the ocean in a line of tossing white. For a moment the beauty of it caught at his breath and his lungs filled in a quick gasp of pleasure. Then his heavy face relaxed to its accustomed quiet and his shoulders again fell forward.

He left the door ajar and set about the preparations for his morning journey into the town. For four baffled years he had lived there on the hill's crest above Monterey, unoccupied, quite alone. No sunrise, no shifting of marvelous shades and colors could win him now from his habit of resentment. As he left the house he glanced again at the bay, grown purple in the advancing light, and scowled his tribute to it, much as a captured Moor might have paid tribute to the vestments of the inquisition priest. Then with his eyes upon the ground he took the footpath which led down into the town.

There was only one house in the half-mile between his own and the opening of the first street. As he came near it he checked his pace and, taking out his pocketknife, struck sharply two or three times on the top strand of the barbedwire fence which surrounded it. Almost at once a girl came out upon the porch and answered the summons by running down the path to the gate.

"You're early," she hailed him.

"I didn't think you'd be up," he acknowledged, "I only tried it to see. I couldn't sleep any longer."

"I didn't want to lie in bed any longer either," she amended the statement, "I'm just up, but I can't stay in the house. Isn't it glorious?"

"It is a beautiful day," the man admitted grudgingly, "I suppose it will be like every other day, though—interminably long and end in a grey evening."

The girl looked up at him quickly. "You are worse?" she asked.

NOTE.—This story was one of four prize winners in the recent SUNSET competition.

"Not worse. It's an anniversary, that's all. I've been here four years to-day—four years waste lumber." He smiled wryly at her. "But why should one bother? Go on in and get your breakfast. I'm going down for mine."

She put out a hand to detain him. "And then? Are you going to do anything—to forget it's an anniversary, I mean. It must be long if you don't."

"It must be long anyway," he reminded her. "I've had some experience in days here. I shall go out and walk for a while and come back and sit in front of my cabin and read and go out and walk again and come down for lunch and my mail. O, I shall do a number of things."

"I had planned to go over to Carmel—walk over," the girl suggested. She spoke rather timidly. "Will you come? It will be—pretty."

"Yes, I'll come. What are you going for—not to see anybody?"

"An errand," she reassured him.

"Then I'll be glad to. I'll be back in an hour—as soon as the prisoner is fed."

He nodded to her and strode on down the path. It troubled him a little that, looking back, he saw her return slowly to the house with drooping head; he reproached himself perfunctorily that he had darkened her morning happiness.

"A part of my curse. I'd much better let her alone," he decided heavily. Then, because he was not used to thinking for any one else, his very solicitude veered back into self-pity. He could have nothing that was granted to other men; he could touch nothing without leaving his blight upon it. He flung out his hands with a gesture of impatient despair. The weight of his four idle years bore down upon him. For the man had not wanted to come. Coming, he had wanted to die, not inch by inch as his curse called for, but with dramatic quickness. He had hoped for it at first and in those days he had been tolerable, for the greatness of his affliction comforted him a little. When it became plain that he was not to die and that the disease which had banished him was even checked in its course, his endurance gave way to open rebellion and that, in turn, to a settled sullenness. The girl was practically the only person whom his bitterness had not repelled. She had been at high school when he came first—young enough to accept his succorings at his own valuation, and the habit of such acceptance had not yet left her. Out of her bountiful health and content she had for him unlimited pity and an awed, soothing wonder at the extent of his martyrdom. Save when, four times a year, he journeyed to San Francisco for consultation with his physician and for the necessities of buying and paying of bills, the girl's comradely kindness formed nearly the whole of his human intercourse.

She was waiting for him when he retraced the trail and they struck out in silence along the wide, white, rising road which joins the bay country to the sea. Above its topmost ridge the sun flamed in their faces and all around them—it was late February—the hills flamed, too, with a wealth of yellow poppies. Neither of them was prodigal of words and for a mile they tramped along without speech. The girl began to whistle presently, her head flung back, her smooth, brown arms, bare to the elbow, swinging in rhythm to her stride. Clarke smiled down at her and joined in the whistling with conscious self-subjection.

"You lucky Marion!" he said at last. The girl looked up at him.

"Isn't it good?" she demanded exultantly. "Doesn't it get into your veins—the air and the sun and all? And isn't it beautiful? "She motioned toward the bay behind them. "See the ship. What would you give to be aboard her?"

It was an unlucky question. The man's face darkened instantly.

"My whole worldly possession. She is going away," he answered bitterly. He thrust his clenched hands into his pockets and turned his face again to their climb. "I didn't quite mean that," he added after a moment. "There might be worse places. Only when one knows the daily sense of imprisonment——"

A flash of instantly repressed impatience crossed the girl's face, leaving her with taut lips.

"Why do you hate it so?" she asked curiously, "I love it. And you are better.

you are getting strong. I should think it would be a perfect garden of content. Why, every one loves it. They come in quantities every winter just because they want to come."

"And I did not want to," Clarke reminded her. He harked back somberly to the original outrage. "I was fool enough to plan things quite otherwise, Marion. I was just out of college, getting ahead, beginning to write passably. And then, as it happens, I was a good deal in love."

"You never told me that," cried the girl breathlessly. A fresh impulse of pity carried both hands out to him. She laid her fingers upon his coat sleeve as gently as she might have touched the edges of a wound. "I see. That explains your hating it. Sometimes—I have thought you over-hated it. I felt as though since you were getting better you ought to be grateful. I wondered why you could not pick up your writing out here. I am sorry. I did not understand."

" 'The butterfly above the road,' " the man quoted in riposte. Then he was ashamed of the ungenerous answer. "Again I did not mean that. I am abominable sometimes. But if you could comprehend the difference between getting better and getting well! My whole life is like one of those little police-ridden German villages, plastered up with the sign 'Verboten' at every turn. I do not let myself die; I gave my word that I would not. But to be always the wreck of a man!"

She nodded gravely. "It is hard. And of course you could not ask her to come with you?"

"When I was supposed to be dying? Hardly! I am glad I had that decency. And even though I am evidently to live—well, it has been four years and you could't ask her to bury herself. I suppose she has—forgotten a good deal."

"You have not forgotten," his companion suggested.

"I? I've had no occasion. Here with no occupation and no human being to compare her with, what should I do but remember? There is nothing to make me forget."

The girl flushed lightly under her brown and bit her lip to keep back a smile. She was so altogether wholesome that it was amusing to show a sort of comradely affection for his awkwardness.

"Tell me about her," she asked, because she thought it was what he most wanted her to ask, and, fixing her eyes upon the black cypress tops crowded against the sky, she listened very sympathizingly until they reached the ridge.

They stopped there for a little, the sea beneath them, the white beach, like sun-warmed snow, spread at their feet. Clarke flung himself upon the ground to rest, rather from habit than from weariness, and lay with clasped hands propping his head, all the querulous soul of him warmed and soothed by the sunshine. The girl ranged about gathering flowers, admiring the view first from one outlook then from another, as happily and as unconsciously as though she had been alone. He watched her comfortably through half-closed eyes. When she turned back to him with her sheaf of poppies, he climbed lazily to his feet.

" 'Flora, peering in April's front,' " he approved her, "You ought to have a coronet of them. They become you."

The girl laughed. She snapped a brittle stem and held out one of the bells for his acceptance. "She wouldn't choose them," she commented, "Is her hair this color?"

"More like this," the man made answer shortly. He stooped and broke a branch of wild mustard from its stalk. Its paler gold was dulled and almost colorless against the riot of poppies, and for an instant it occurred to him unpleasantly that she, indeed, would not be likely to wear poppies or to gather them for the mere pleasure of gathering or to tramp across the Spring-set hills in singing joy at the excursion.

"And neither would I if I'd any choice left me," he defended the realization, "They're acquired tastes—these simple ones."

There were houses scattered through the woods as they went down to the beach—here a shingle bungalow, beyond it the white sides of a tent already in place in expectation of summer, and each with its sheath of trees around it. The girl stopped at one or two doors delivering the messages that had brought about her walk. Then, crossing through the main square of the town, they followed the winding plank sidewalk which led to the sea.

The tide was coming in, though quietly, for the day was still, and the long, smooth purr of water advancing over hard-packed sand greeted their coming. They watched it soberly for a while, wandered across the drenched beach at its edge and climbed at last to the cliffs at the beach's head where, on the stillest day, is rush of water and noise above the sound of voices. Here was waiting for them the life and laughter of the ocean—sea-anemones to curl and close beneath the touch of an inquiring finger, crabs skittering absurdly over the bare face of the rock, sea-palms weltering at its edge, and always as you sought for these treasures the flick of salt spray and the instant peril of drenching.

The merriment of their search and its frustration lasted with them well through the returning tramp. As they came out upon the last sun-swept descent which led to his cabin, the man put his enjoyment into words.

"It's been the least bad of the anniversaries," he admitted, "At times I've forgotten it was an anniversary. I'm glad you asked me."

"And I am glad," the girl began. She stopped, standing still with a face of curious intentness. "Look!" she demanded, pointing.

Clarke followed the direction of her finger. His cabin stood on the edge of the hill, its outline stark against the sky, and from its chimney rose a thread of smoke. To the man, though visitors were unusual, there was nothing startling in the sight, but the girl's eyes shone and she drew in her breath in a quick sigh of expectancy.

"If she should have come!" she ventured.

"Absurd!" he reproved her brusquely.

Their ways parted at the head of the slope, but as he strode across the crisp spring grass, he was annoyingly conscious that she had stopped and was watching his progress hopefully. It was partly this, partly the established custom of resenting any new occurrence which drew his brows together as he entered. The room was dark after the sunshine outside. The finger which rose from its farther side was at first only a blur. He peered across at it, then as his eyes cleared, sprang forward hospitably.

"Thorpe?" he questioned.

"Yes, Thorpe," the intruder confirmed him. "And I'm down here on your account, young man," he added as their hands met. He swung his host around to face the window and scrutinized him. "You'll do," he announced satisfied, "How do you feel? I never saw you look better."

"Oh, I'm better," the man admitted zestlessly, "I feel all right. What brought you?"

Thorpe was the physician of his quadrennial consultation, the specialist whose decision had banished him. He had a certain satisfied sense of impending disaster from his presence.

"I thought I'd like another examination," the doctor explained, "I nearly missed you. I have to take the evening train back." He lifted his hand bag from the table, and Clarke seated himself in a chair facing the window. For half an hour while the man of science tapped and listened, they talked of indifferent things, but when he slipped his stethoscope into its case, the patient sprang up nervously.

"Well, what did you find?" he demanded, "has it got at the other lung?"

The physician was staring at his instruments. "It's not generally a doctor's lot to tell pleasant news," he guarded his answer.

"Hardly necessary to break the shock in my case. Let me have it."

"Well then," the other said slowly, "it's just this. You're well." He seized Clarke's limp hand. "Man, you're cured. You were all but cured when you came up three months ago. Now there's not a trace of disease left in the lungs. You're as sound as the next man."

"Then—I can get away?" Clarke questioned numbly. The loss of his grievance left him, for the moment, curiously lonely.

"As soon as you like. You'll take reasonable precautions, of course, but there's no reason why you shouldn't start east to-morrow—if you still want to go east."

"Or to-night?" said the man. He looked at his watch. "We'll have time to get something to eat in the town. Then I'll go up to San Francisco with you. I can get a ticket from there."

"And your place here?" the guest reminded him.

"Lock it up. It's an honest neighborhood." He glanced around at the dark wood furnishings, the Morris chair before the fireplace. "There's nothing to be harmed. Besides, if you knew how extraordinarily I hate these things——"

"Or how extraordinarily you'll miss them," the physician completed the sentence.

II

For East is East, and West is West
And never the twain shall meet . . .

It had been soddenly hot all day. Clarke, now five months returned, left his rooms at noon and went down to the street in search of coolness. The sky was oppressively lowering, an acrid breath from the east stirred through the air, rendering the street corners tolerable the sheltered blocks between them wastes of heat. As the man moved slowly between the tall, familiar buildings, their stone fronts belched forth warmth upon him like the opened doors of ovens. He stopped at one half a dozen blocks above his rooms, and going in, ordered a cool and scanty luncheon. When he had eaten and returned again to the pavement, he stood gazing up and down its deserted length in some perplexity to find his next occupation.

To return to his rooms he knew to be useless. The Muse was not inhabiting them that day. A place of entertainment was unthinkable till evening. From sheer ennui at last he swung aboard a car, transferred from it to another and leaving that in turn, mounted those steps to which in dreams he had returned most often during his four years of exile. A servant admitted him and he made his way unannounced to the library. Its doors and windows were set wide to catch the air; in the middle of the room four persons, three women and a man, were seated at cards. The smallest of the women sprang up to greet him with nervous enthusiasm.

"Why, Rinton, so glad. Why didn't you say you were coming? Here, take my hand."

"I'll watch," Clarke objected, "It's too hot to play anyway."

"It's too hot not to," the little lady corrected him. "Come. Take the cards. Well, if you won't——" she sank into her seat with a little, high-pitched laugh. She was very tiny with a mass of elaborately twisted, pale yellow hair and a colorless, small-featured face which made her complete self-possession and maturity of manner seem almost elfish.

"We've been playing all the morning," she confided over her shoulder, "One has to do something to forget the heat. How goes it with you? Wouldn't the writing write?"

"Not a word," Clarke admitted, "That's why I came out."

He seated himself by the table and began watching the play with a perfunctory show of interest. Two of the players were new to him—acquaintances made since his return, and for the most part the conversation touched on things and people with which he was unfamiliar. The girl who had greeted his coming dragged the talk back to him from time to time, but in the intervals he was free to realize every prickling start of perspiration, to decide upon the inanity of cards as a form of amusement and wonder why he had come.

A third man was ushered in presently to whom the hand Clarke had refused was successfully relinquished. A maid brought in glasses of iced tea for their refreshment, and under cover of the resultant stir the two non-players crossed to the windows and seated themselves beside them.

"How can you stand it, Eleanor?" Clarke asked under his breath.

The little lady smiled with obviously

intentional misunderstanding. "I'm hopelessly urban, you know. I'd rather be over-heated than bored."

"I don't mean the heat exactly," Clarke protested. A vagrant, salt-tainted puff of wind brushed against his cheek and suggested to him what it was he had meant. "It's this eternal card-playing and chattering and staying inside four walls. Let's get out of doors somewhere. Will you go down to the beach? It's early enough."

The girl raised her eyebrows and nodded almost imperceptibly toward the table.

"Your sister can do the honors. They'd drive a strong man mad anyway. And I can't write to-day."

"It seems you never can 'write to-day' since you came back, Rinton," she commented. "I wonder sometimes if it has become a habit."

"A habit?" Clarke repeated after her.

"Yes—to find your work impossible in these surroundings, to dislike the things we do and the people we have around us. If we are really so objectionable——" She let the words trail off into silence.

"You mean?" the man prompted her.

"That you've gotten the western idea, and the invalid idea, too, Rinton. You can't be content reasonably employed under a roof any more. The miles I've walked with you since you came back!" She emphasized their length with a despairing gesture.

Involuntarily the man's lips twisted. He remembered the walks—six blocks to a matinee, three from one car line to another, a stroll or two in the park.

"I don't know that exercise is a western prerequisite," he objected, "I hated Monterey; you know that. I stayed only as long as I was forced."

"And you hate it here. And nothing forces you to stay. I suppose in time one gets so accustomed to being discontented——"

"I believe you've hit it," said the man suddenly. He got up and stood beside her. "You're peculiarly enlightening to-day, Eleanor. I'm glad I came out. I suppose in four years now an invalid might get—selfish? He might get so used to receiving consideration——"

"'More blessed to give'" the little lady murmured scarcely above her breath. Her tiny, pallid face was altogether free from emotion.

"'More blessed to give' advice anyhow," the man corroborated her. "We're both good at it. But I'm afraid you've made a center shot this time. Do you remember your 'Tomy?' 'I bounced so much o' Thrums to the London folk, and now the first day I'm in Thrums I heard mysel' bouncing o' London.' And certainly all the time I was in Monterey——"

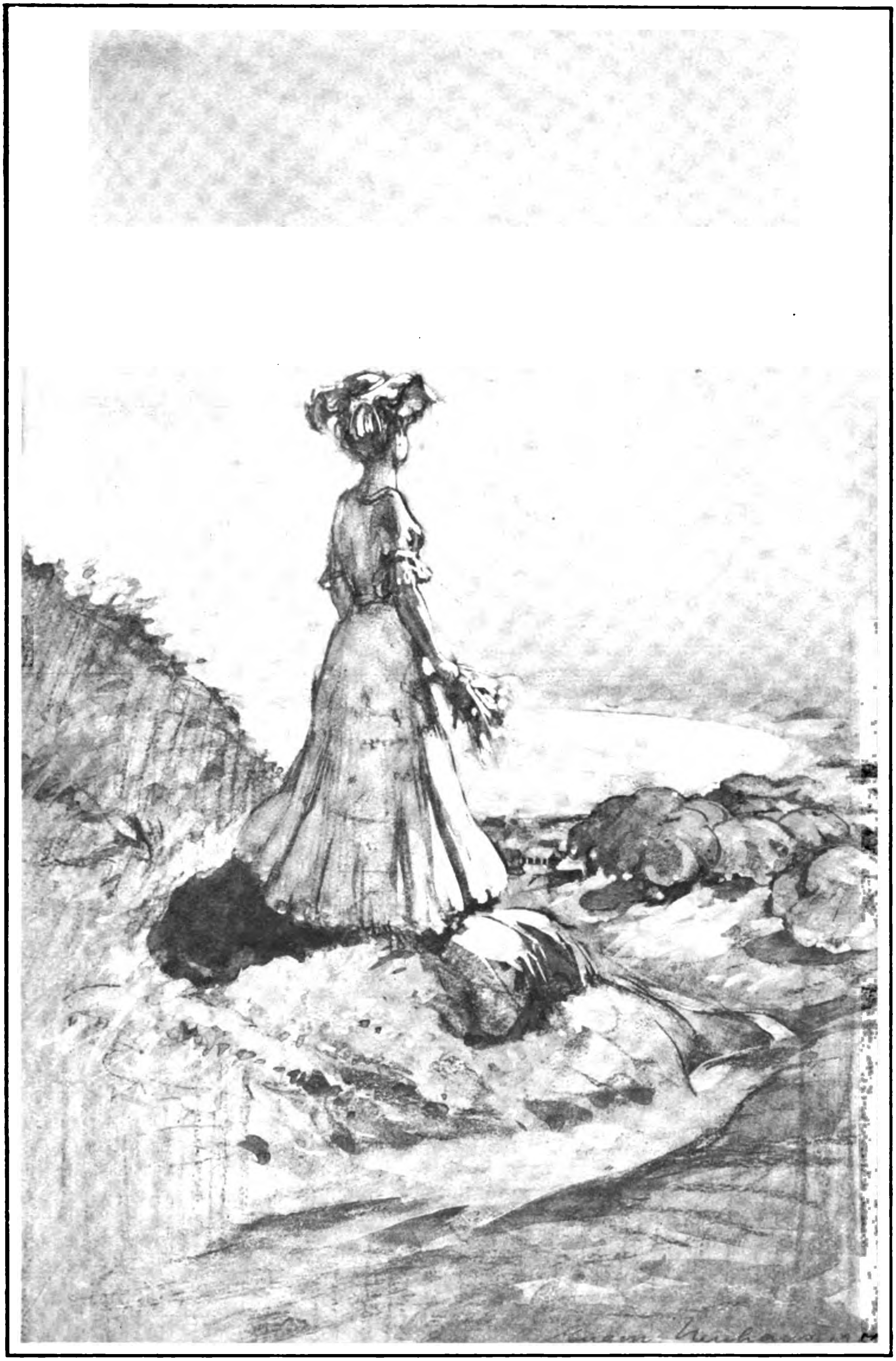
"Careful!" she warned him involuntarily. His voice had risen a little and she glanced toward the table. She was twisting her fingers nervously.

"Well?" he said and held out his hand. As she laid in it the ring she had been turning, his fingers tried to close over hers. "I'll end with one magnanimous statement that's neither sick nor discontented. I bear no malice, Eleanor. I'm glad you came through with the truth." He paled a little in saying it. He was rather grateful than otherwise for the break, but suddenly he hated her that her hand slid out of his with no responsive pressure.

He got away presently. It was still irritatingly hot, and as he made his way down town he returned cynical thanks for the fact; a cooler day would have left self-control to both of them. But he had not, on the whole, much relish for cynicism. The crude force of his comprehension was yet too new upon him. So he was simply spoiled—no more romantic affliction. He had acquired the habit of discontent.

"But I can unacquire it," he determined, and set his lips resolutely into a smile. A moment later he burst into honest laughter at the ridiculousness of the attempt. Life was savorless to him, whatever the cause, and had been savorless since the first excited weeks of homecoming. No careful watching of features could change the central fact. And the fact itself was no food for laughter. To go through a whole life unsatisfied!

"I'll go down and take a look at the water," he decided, "that always did brace me up, and I can think things out."



She was waiting for him when he retraced the trail.

But along the water front the thinking out process was no easier than in the street. He did not question the truth of his discovery; the fault lay in himself, but how to change it? There was no tangible thing on which to put his finger with "This I hate!" only a vague disgust. His lungs ached for alien air; the sights and sounds of the city nauseated him. The decalogue of his resolutions of reform nauseated him, too, though he rehearsed them doggedly.

"I shall see more of people and without criticizing them. I shall look up new interests. I shall not expect them to devote themselves to talking of me or my topics." A remorseful memory halted him there. There had been one pre-eminently on whom he had inflicted such conversation. He had not seen the girl before he left Monterey, though he had written to her.

"And she never once intimated that I depressed her," he remembered warmly, "Not even that last great day when I was chiefly absorbed in its being my anniversary. And when all the way across the hills I talked to her about another woman." A wry amusement filled him at the recollection. "I'd like to own up to her how it turned out. I wonder——"

The thought stopped there. A sudden, pungent desire, unmistakable as the flaunting gold of the poppy had swept across the drab of his disinterest. In an instant his whole grey horizon flamed with the radiance of it. With all the soul and body of him he wanted the girl.

"And the rest of it, too; the rest of it," he protested aloud, not knowing that he had spoken. Not the girl alone, but the free content in her eyes, the brown of her smooth arms and throat and the vivid, wind-cooled sunshine which had tinted them. The level beat of water upon clean sand, the sound to which he had waked and slept, rushed back upon him, the acrid smell of pines as the sun strikes through them. His clenched hands beat together at the strength of the memory.

"I'd give——" he promised, and then for the second time he laughed aloud. "If one's happiness is always to lie at the far end of a continent," he pondered.

It had taken him three hours to leave Monterey. He left New York slowly, with duty calls paid, with packing and arrangement for the forwarding of work. He journeyed slowly, too, for a double doubt assailed him. Would the girl be glad of his return? That was its acknowledged, conventional side. Its unacknowledged side was yet more distracting: Would he himself be glad? He had experienced the effect of distance upon a landscape too often to be quite sure.

He reached Monterey in the early afternoon. As he climbed the familiar footpath and tapped out the accustomed signal, his five months of absence fell away from him like a cloak. When the girl came running to meet him, bareheaded and with outstretched hands, it was a conscious effort to greet her without the old, unspoken demand upon her sympathies. She was glad to see him beyond question, more comradely gladness than he would have chosen, but still unmistakably glad. For himself, with his first glimpse of her, almost with his first whiff of the cool, salt-laden air, he had known that the second doubt was laid.

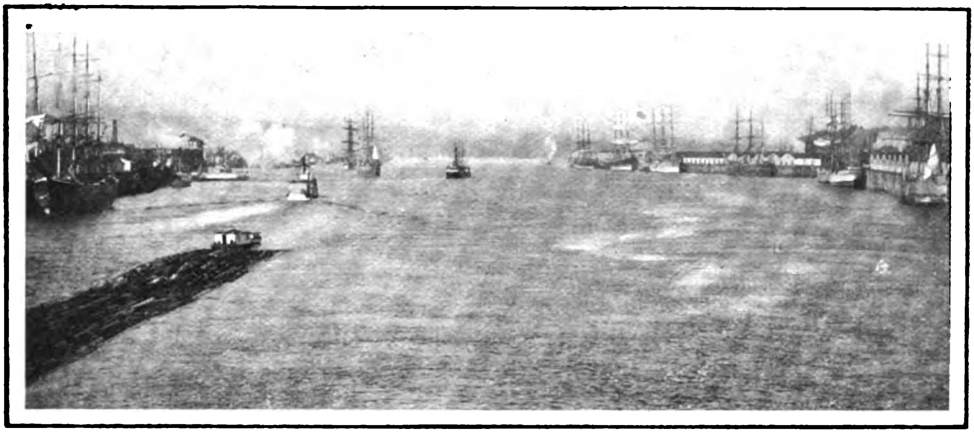
"And you don't ask what brought me?" he suggested presently.

Her face clouded at that. "I supposed——" she hesitated.

He shook his head. "Not a bit of it, nobody sent me. Nobody even takes an interest in my lungs. But I found I was missing it, and I came back to tell you so, and to tell you that the things we talked about that last day—and the woman we talked about—all went up in moonshine as soon as I reached them. And the only real thing——"

"She had forgotten?" the girl interrupted him. The question was almost a denial.

"Both of us. I found I didn't like it. I didn't like the heavy air they breathed nor the stone houses they lived in nor they're giving me two pennies in change from a purchase. And when I discovered the one thing I did want——" It was close upon his lips, but her direct, unconscious gaze warned him in time—"Why I found I'd have to earn it first," he ended lightly, "And I came back to wait for it here—in the garden of content."



IN PORTLAND HARBOR

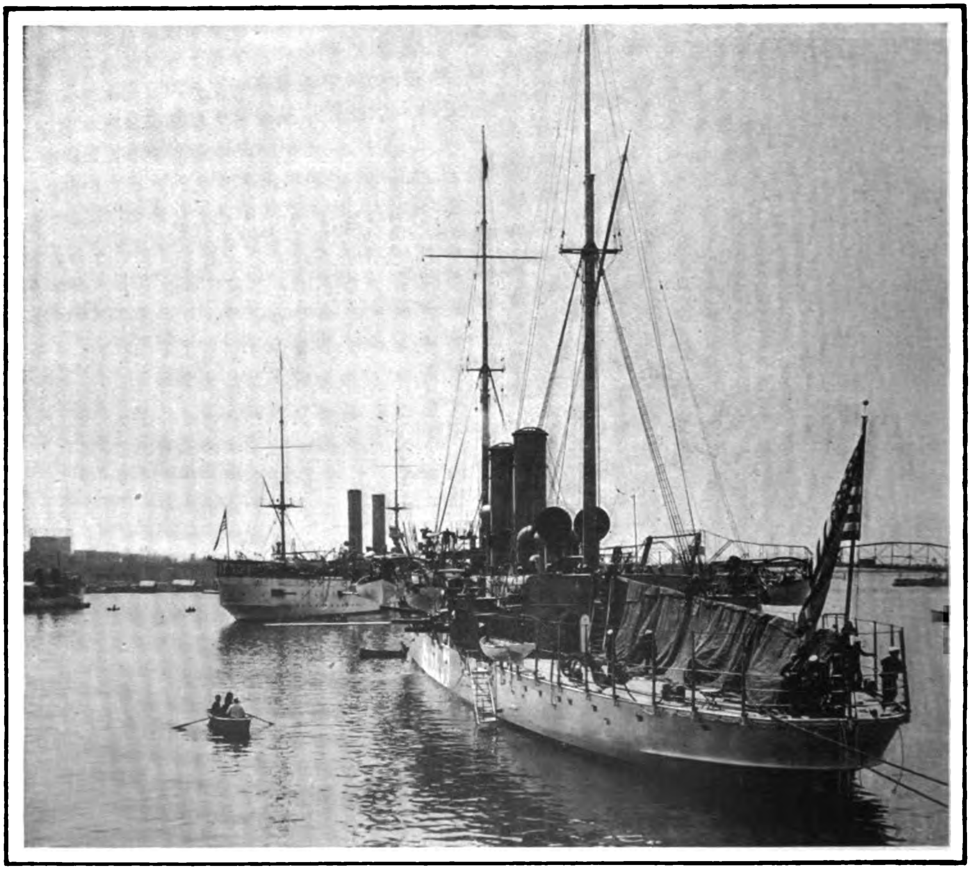
A GOAL FOR YOUNG MEN

By C. C. CHAPMAN

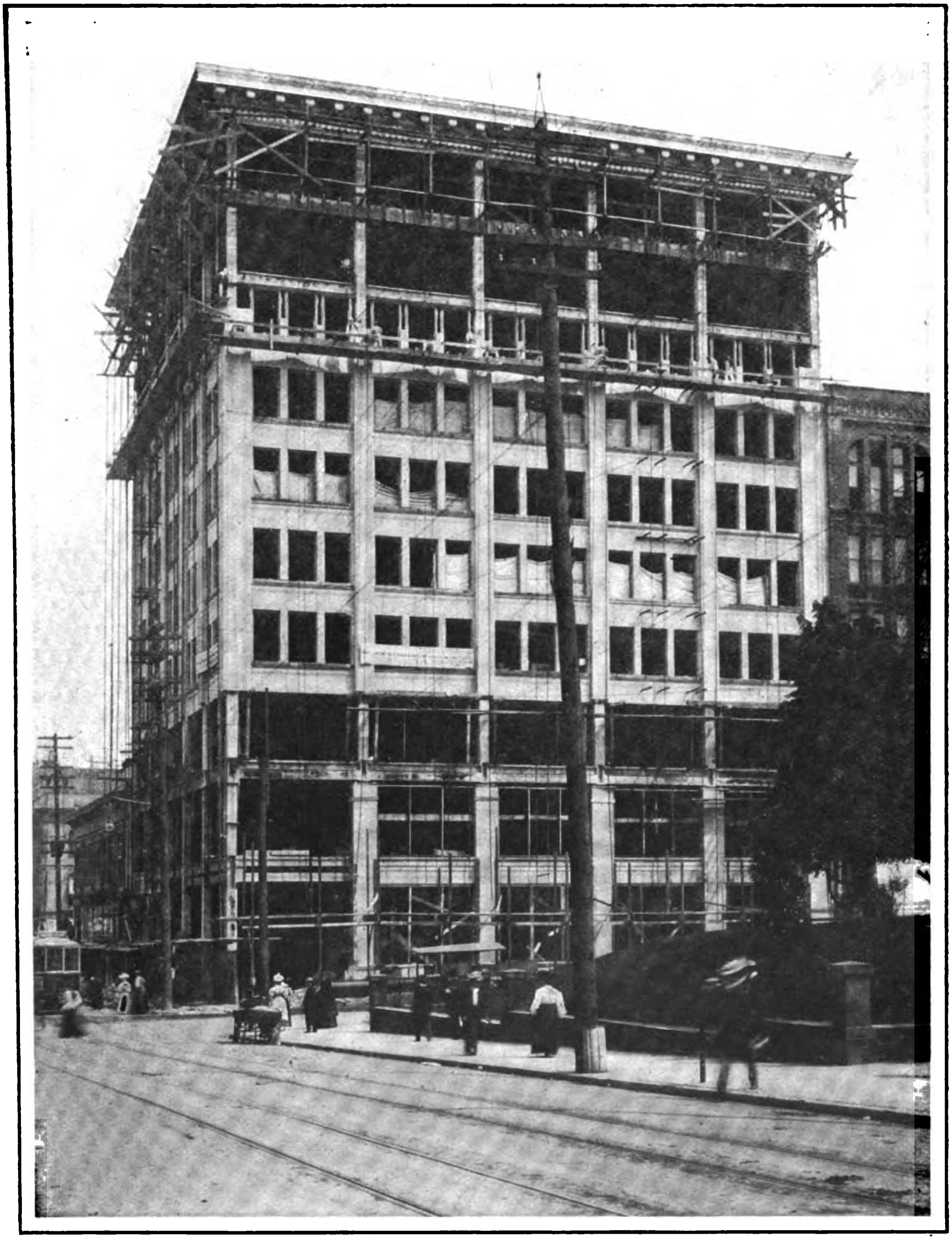
IT IS the active, healthy, ambitious young man, with red blood in his veins, who will be interested by the facts here presented. His yearning to achieve requires something more than commonplace opportunity to satisfy. To win success, to become a factor in the world, he is willing to brave the jungle, endure the desert, bury himself in a factory, or fight for his business life and honor in marts of trade. He is determined to win. His work is done with zest and relish. The clash of conflict to him is music. All temporary consideration of home, ease and luxury fail to restrain him when opportunity calls. Without compunction or regret he tears himself from the tender bonds of family and friends, and eagerly faces the obstacles he must dig through in his striving for a future. It is such young men—the kind of young men who do things in this world—who, with enthusiasm and impetuosity, so frequently sacrifice themselves and their powers on the first opportunity which presents itself. They are so active and eager that it is hard for them to calmly ponder over various possibilities and choose with deliberation that which is genuinely for permanent best interest. Like the six hundred at Balaklava, they are ready to charge into the cannon's mouth. Countless armies of them, fired by the examples of success in the large cities in the East, throng to the great centers of population, there to destroy, if not to be destroyed, in the terrific struggle, which is inevitable from lack of room and limited opportunity. Only a small part of fertile America's annual crop of virile young men is turned towards the broad West, where there is so much room to grow, where opportunity is limitless, and where the future holds out rewards far ahead of anything that can be wrung from the established affluence of the East. So loud is the hum of industry, and so dazzling the glamour of the great cities, that the distant call of a mighty empire—the call for sturdy, robust young men—is heard only by the far-seeing few. These few become empire-builders.

A half century ago, before the railroads traversed the continent, the vast Columbia valley was explored and settled by pioneer men and women of mighty spirit. Since the railroads came, the attraction of climate, rather than the call of opportunity, has been bringing population. This is even more true of other parts of the great West. The quest for health and pleasure lured hundreds of thousands across the Rockies to the Pacific Slope. Those who came were rewarded far beyond their fondest hopes. The invalid and the indolent found not only ease, but such alluring opportunities that the slightest effort was productive of profit. The creative energy of the pioneer, the revitalized enthusiasm of the health-seeker, and the financial resources of the pleasure-lover, combined, developed resources, built cities and established a civilization that to-day compares favorably with that of the parent eastern States.

It is characteristic of their spirit that pioneers like to claim and hold as their own the localities they discover and inhabit. They are strong, bold and hardy, rather than tender, sympathetic and hospitable. Those portions of the West, which were settled before the railroads came, have been slow to welcome the less hardy visitors and colonists whom the railroads brought. As a consequence there are, or have been, two distinct classes of cities in the far West; first, those which were established and flourished before the day of the railroad, and, second, those which have been created largely as a consequence of railroad development. The older cities, dominated by the strong, hardy pioneer element, seldom



THE UNITED STATES CRUISERS CHICAGO AND BOSTON AT PORTLAND

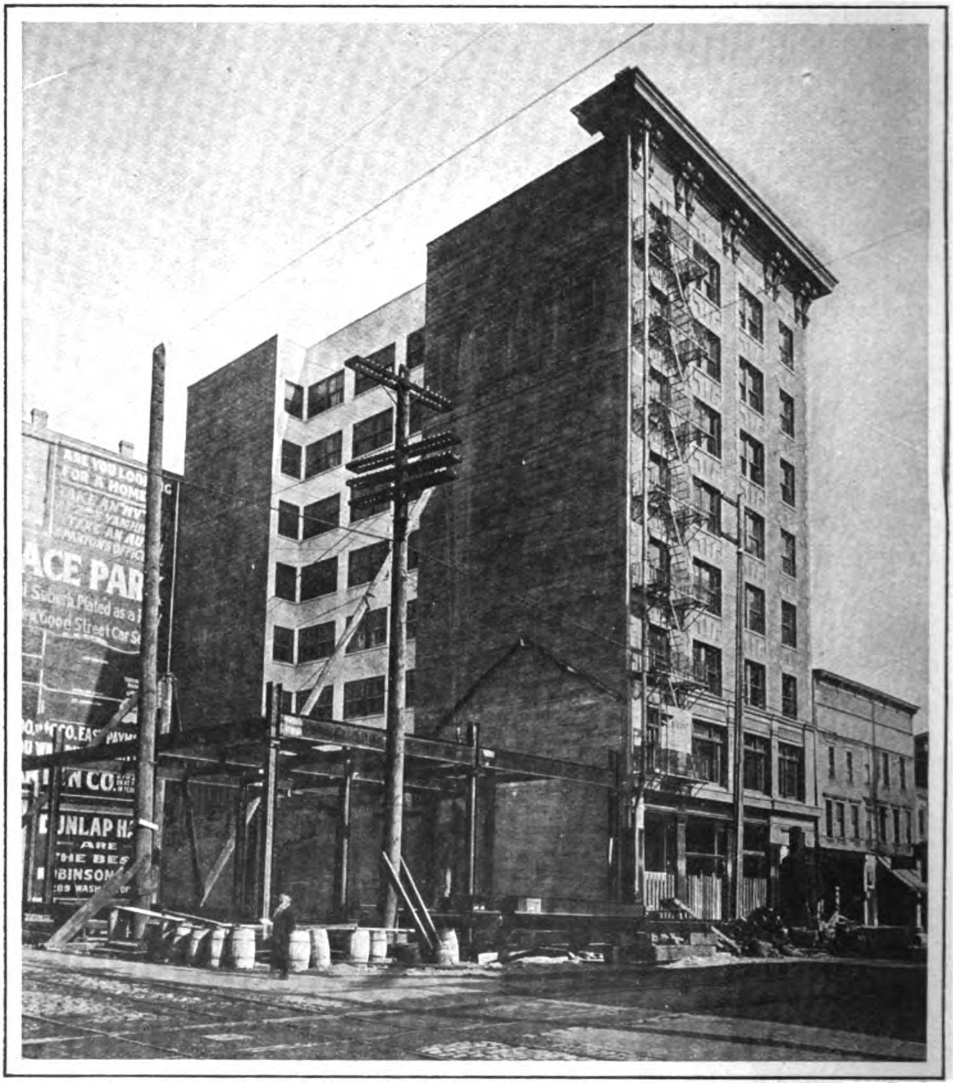


THE CORBETT BUILDING IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, FIFTH AND MORRISON STREETS, PORTLAND

seemed hospitable, either to toruist, colonist or capitalist. The people of these older cities were secure; they were wealthy and well satisfied with the empire and influence, which were mainly established by themselves. With Spartan contempt for those whom they regarded as weaklings, these pioneer builders of cities held themselves aloof and superior, indifferent to the establishment in other localities of newer, more enterprising, and possibly less substantial communities.

Things were "boomed" in these new cities, and when the "booms" flattened out, as they occasionally did, the grizzled old pioneers said, "We told you so." When the "booms" did not flatten out, as was far more often the case, and great cities were built at the termini of the railroads, the pioneers gradually opened their eyes to the opportunity for investment of money, and began to finance the development which insisted upon going on in spite of their indifference.

Portland has been a type of this older order of cities. At the head of deep sea navigation in the Columbia valley, only one hundred miles from the ocean she was absolute monarch of the Pacific Northwest. Down to her door, by Nature's great waterways, floated the commerce of a region nearly as extensive as the

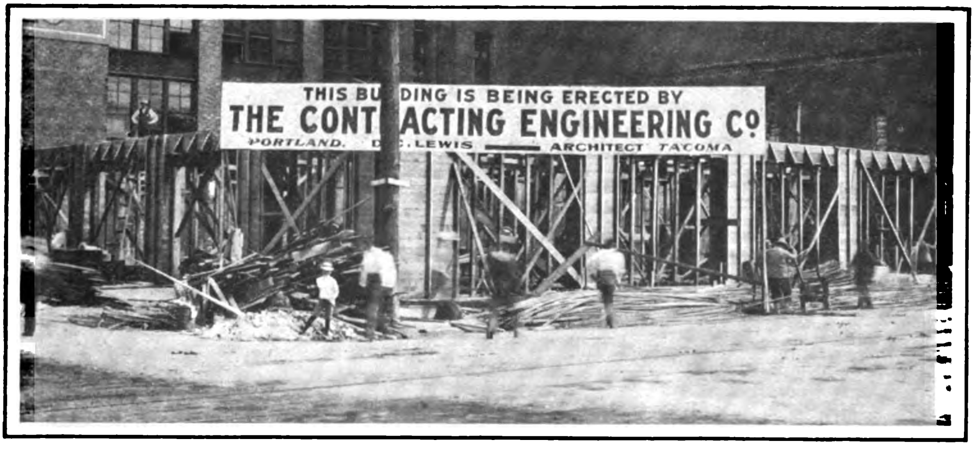


THE COUCH BUILDING, FOURTH STREET, ABOUT READY FOR OCCUPANCY. THE ROTHSCHILD BUILDING, A STEEL, CLASS A STRUCTURE, IS BEING ERECTED ON THE CORNER

TWO BUILDINGS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION ON FIFTH STREET, PORTLAND—THE NEW RETAIL DISTRICT. THE STEEL STRUCTURE IS THAT OF THE COMMERCIAL CLUB. ALL PHOTOGRAPHS SHOWING BUILDINGS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, AND USED TO ILLUSTRATE THIS ARTICLE, WERE TAKEN THE SAME WEEK, SHOWING AS REMARKABLE BUILDING PROGRESS AS ANY IN THE UNITED STATES. THE INCREASE IN BUILDING IN APRIL, 1907, OVER 1906, WAS 167 PER CENT, SO THAT PRACTICALLY A NEW CITY IS BEING ERECTED IN PORTLAND TO-DAY

Mississippi valley. Wealthy, independent and supreme, Portland sat inactive, letting the trade of an empire come to her. She built her own railroads, penetrating her tributary territory and meeting the transcontinental lines as they came. When other railroads were projected toward the Northwest, Portland hardly turned a finger to bring them her way. With indifference she saw them cross the mighty Cascade range, amid untold difficulties, and establish termini at tidewater. Great rival cities grew at those points, and, never indifferent to sure profits from conservative investment of capital, Portland supplied the sinews of development from her vast hoard of riches. With the help of Portland capital her sister cities grew and prospered, soon rivalling her in population, if not in trade and wealth. The railroads advertised the new cities, and they advertised themselves, especially in the East, so that the new names were more spoken than the old. Proud and affluent Portland refused to blow her own horn.

But it was as impossible to ignore the city as to ignore the great Columbia river. Portland is an ever-present fact. Strategically its location gives it command of the commerce of the vast valley. Grain and lumber would roll down hill. The manufacturers and her immense stocks of goods held for her the jobbing trade of an empire. The city kept on growing. Her population doubled and trebled in a decade. People went to Portland—not because she was advertised, for she was not; not because she was boomed, for she was not; not because of her hospitality, for she was anything but hospitable—but because they could make money there. Her position gave her advantages over any other city—advantages that will always keep her supreme—


THIS BU DING IS BEING ERECTED BY
THE CONT ACTING ENGINEERING CO
PORTLAND. D .LEWIS ARCHITECT TACOMA

THE FIRST STORY OF THE BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING AT THE CORNER OF FOURTH AND OAK STREETS. THIS BUILDING IS TO BE ELEVEN STORIES HIGH, OF REINFORCED CONCRETE

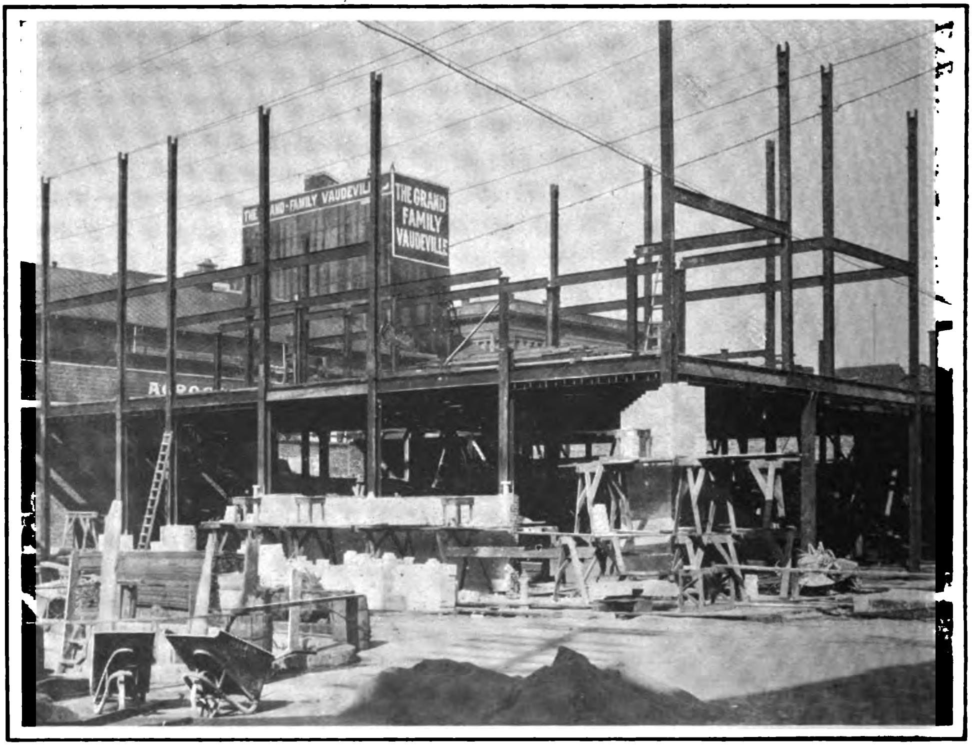
HOTEL LENOX

THE HOTEL LENOX ON THIRD STREET

and people had to come here if they wanted the best location for establishing trade and fortune.

It wasn't the weaklings who came, or the enthusiasts. If any such came, they were usually discouraged and disheartened by the stern conservative atmosphere of the place. They were hardy men who came—men who could hold their own—men for whom lack of sympathy or lack of co-operation had no terrors—men whose strength and conservatism enabled them to meet equally strong and conservative men on an equal and independent footing. And so great were the opportunities, so vast the development and so immense the commerce which continued to flow into the metropolis that all who came, prospered.

Then came the panic—the dark days of 1893-95. Conservative, substantial, strongly entrenched, the city suffered little, and by virtue of her financial might she financed the entire Pacific Northwest through those troublous times. Her great jobbing concerns carried millions and millions in accounts on their books until the stress was over, and continued to carry and pay for stocks of goods second only to those of New York and Chicago. The return of national prosperity found Portland as usual, affluent, indifferent, supreme. With the increase in demand, manufactures were enlarged, stocks increased and markets extended—all without strain or enterprise. The city grew for the same reason a great bank grows, because of its utility. And she



THE BALDWIN-DOWNING BUILDING, CORNER EAST PARK AND ALDER STREETS. WITHIN A STRETCH OF TWO BLOCKS OF THIS BUILDING ARE THREE OTHER STRUCTURES UNDER WAY, ONE OF THEM THE MASONIC TEMPLE

A NEW EAST SIDE STRUCTURE

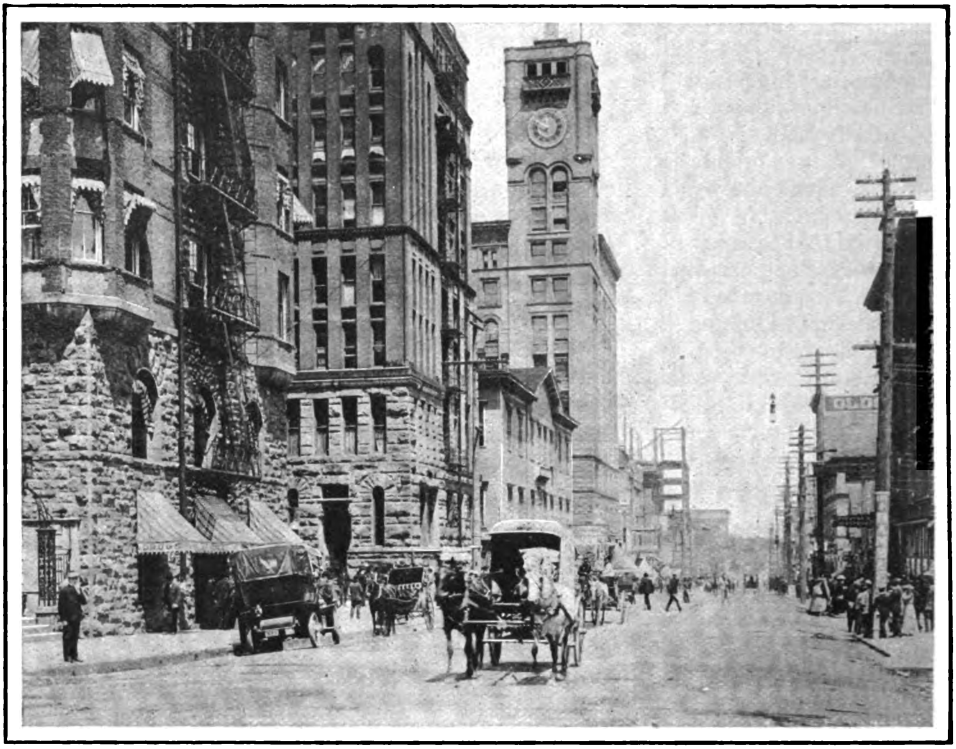
grew in much the same way a bank grows, with no hubbub, no shouting, no "booming" of any kind, grew because of a normal, inevitable demand that she should grow.

It would be a mistake to assume that Portland was absolutely unknown in the East. The financial centers knew and reckoned with her. Merchant princes of New York and Chicago had such vast dealings with her that when they decided to establish branches they came to Portland. Transportation kings jealously watched each other for fear some one of them would obtain imperial advantage by gaining control of the Columbia gateway through to Portland and the Pacific.

Then approached the anniversary of the Lewis and Clark expedition. Portland decided to celebrate. To decide was to act. On one day the capital stock of the exposition was subscribed. With characteristic conservatism Portland finished the exposition on time, conducted it on a paying basis and declared a dividend. For the first time Portland was advertised.

On the heels of the Lewis and Clark Exposition came the announcement that the Hill lines would build down the north bank of the Columbia river to Portland, coupled with which was the important news that the Harriman System was to rebuild its track along the south bank of the Columbia. Parallelling each other on both banks of this broad waterway these steel highways form the only route by which the Pacific can be reached by rail on a water level. The grade amounts to scarcely two-tenths of one per cent by

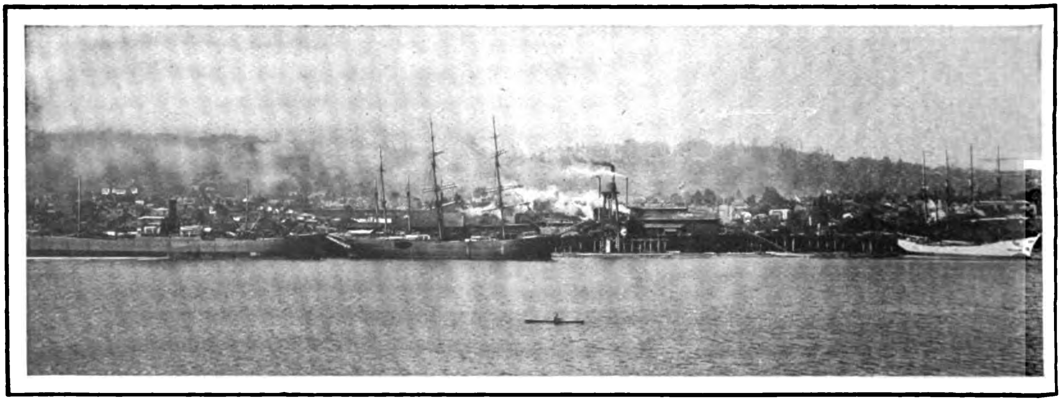
ONE OF PORTLAND'S SHADED HIGHWAYS



A BUSINESS DAY ON SIXTH STREET. THE TOWER BUILDING IS THAT OF "THE OREGONIAN," THE GREAT JOURNALISTIC POWER OF OREGON

either of these two lines. Nowhere else on the North American continent can any other railroad lines ever reach the Pacific through a river channel, as there is no other river channel cut by nature through the immense Pacific Coast mountain ranges.

Portland at the junction of these water-level transcontinental railways, with sea-going vessel facilities, has advantages that no other western city can ever hope to possess. The possibilities for industrial and commercial development are simply beyond imagination.



PORTLAND'S HARBOR IN THE SAWMILL DISTRICT

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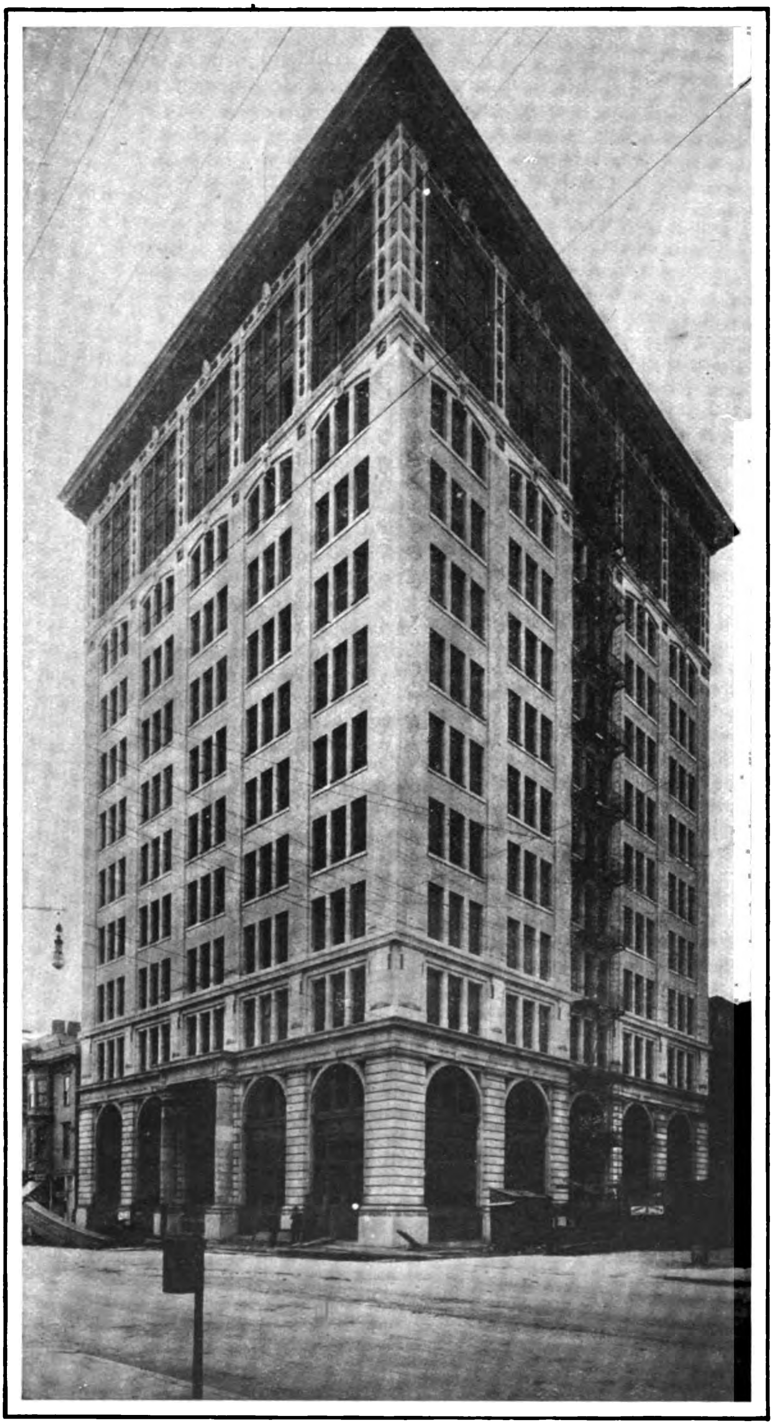

THE WELLS, FARGO BUILDING AT PORTLAND—ONE OF THE MANY NEW BUILDINGS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION. IT WILL BE OCCUPIED LARGELY BY THE OFFICES OF THE OREGON RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION COMPANY AND THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

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The reality of it at this date is a revelation. In actual building operation Portland ranks sixth of all the cities in the United States. In wheat shipments she ranks third, and is running a close race for second place. In bank deposits per capita she is rivalled only by the heaviest financial centers of the East. Her bank clearings are settled daily in gold, as becomes a city of Portland's conservatism, but in spite of this statistical handicap she continues to rank high among the cities of the country both in quantity and in proportion of increase during the past years.

IN THE RESIDENCE DISTRICT OF PORTLAND

Located in the heart of the greatest forests in the world the city for years, has been the greatest lumber manufacturing center in the country. Portland ships more flour and lumber to the Orient than any other city. The great packing companies have located here their stock yards for the Pacific Coast and Oriental trade. These and other overwhelming facts of industrial progress, considered with the city's conservatism, which tells much, while saying little, are what the young men of to-day should consider.

Portland must be studied, understood and appreciated. She never will shout to attract attention. She is a stranger to what is known as the "hot air" method of exploitation. That spirit of enterprise, so characteristic of all the new western cities, which prompts the child to lisp population claims long before it goes to kindergarten, is entirely absent here. It is doubtful whether any commercial body, newspaper official or organization of any kind has any very definite population claim that it is insisting upon. The people are not worrying about how much population the city has; they are too busy. They are not worrying about whether some other city has more population; they are too busy. It is not that the facts do not justify high-sounding claims. Every census that has been taken—the school enumeration, the registration of voters, the postal records, the directory enumeration and the federal census itself—all place Portland at the top of the list of Pacific Northwest cities in population. Yet the city refuses to grow excited over her size. As a banker expressed it recently, "What difference does it make to us what city is the largest in the Pacific Northwest; Portland has interest in all of the cities."

The atmosphere of substantiality and conservatism invariably impresses the inquirer or the visitor, even if it does not direct attention so quickly or appeal so picturesquely as the bustle and hubbub of nearly all other western cities. The absence here of the spirit of boastfulness always surprises the traveller, touring west of the Mississippi. This lack of brag is more than compensated for by the intense affection that the city's sons and daughters feel for their home city. This pride and fondness is contagious. It is the same pride a craftsman feels in his handiwork, the inventor in his creation, and the wife in her home.

TYPICAL HOMES ON PORTLAND HILLS

The young man who wishes to have a part in the further upbuilding of a powerful opulent city, who wishes to earn the privilege of standing shoulder to shoulder with brave pioneer spirits in the upbuilding of an empire, will do well not to ignore this city. If he comes to Portland he will be where history has been made and is making, where industries have long been established, are growing and will continue to grow, where there is work and success for men of robust temperament. He must make good here, but once he makes good he finds himself one of a company of others who have made good, and who are doing things. And once established in Portland the young man has the satisfaction of realizing that he has built his home in one of the most delightful localities in the world from a home point of view; in a climate unexcelled for health or pleasure, and in a community where ideals of business and home life are genuinely old-fashioned, conservative and high.

The same thought, in a measure, comes to the new western man that came to explorers Lewis and Clarke, that came to Frèmont—the thought of the pathfinder: Here is the world as God made it, above and beyond all the artificialties that hamper and choke one in the maelstrom of big centers of population. The snow-capped crests of the Cascades are here; pointing skyward, suggesting new aims and high ambitions; the new world of growth and progress, with its striving and hopeful men and women, with all the breadth of vision and strength of ideals that come by contact with the big things of Nature.

The fast-flowing Columbia, leading seaward from the far interior, and the Willamette, rushing northerly from its fertile valley form near their junction point a natural site for the great city that is growing up here. United to these advantages are the great resources of timber and minerals which to-day are compelling railway building in all directions to open up territory long overlooked.

DIVERSIFIED FARMING IN OREGON

By DENNIS H. STOVALL

NO SECTION of the United States is better suited to diversified farming than the evergreen hills of western Oregon. The vast tracts of thirty and forty years ago, used only as an out range for stock, have been broken up in recent years and divided into smaller farms, and each farm has become a veritable paradise of peace and plenty. The soil is fat and deep, the climate is delightful, and the farmer has no trouble in producing an abundance. With the cutting up and the dividing of the former thinly settled territory into prosperous communities, good roads have taken the place of the pack trail, rural mail routes have been established in every district, a schoolhouse has been built in almost every township, and about every farm has its telephone.

BREAKFAST TIME IN THE PASTURE

The diversified farmer of the western Oregon hills is not a wheat king nor a cattle king; though he is happier than any king could ever hope to be. He has a little of everything, and a plenty of all. There comes to him no threat that the heavens or the soil will turn against him in the regular yield of an abundant harvest. His ready cash is represented in his dairy herd, his alfalfa fields, his flock of sheep and goats, his fat porkers, his chickens and his orchard. These and the products of these, are always ready money and the demand is unlimited. His largest fields are those on which the winter hay is grown. Alfalfa and vetch are sown, and from two to three crops are cut each season. Alfalfa alone, when baled and placed on the market, brings returns of from $75 to $100 an acre.

The peach and apple orchard is another source of income. The trees are kept well pruned and cleanly sprayed. There are frequent seasons when the orchard, or particularly that portion of it devoted to Newton pippin apples, brings returns of $500 to $600 an acre. The apples are marketed through some one of the Fruitgrowers' Unions established in Oregon.

Dairying is one of the big features of diversified farming in this section. As it is conducted here by modern methods, dairying is devoid of the drudgery and hard labor that characterized the same business a few years ago. The farmer has a separator, and the milk from the herd of twelve or twenty cows is separated at once, the skim milk being fed to the calves and pigs, and the cream

CUTTING THE SECOND CROP OF ALFALFA

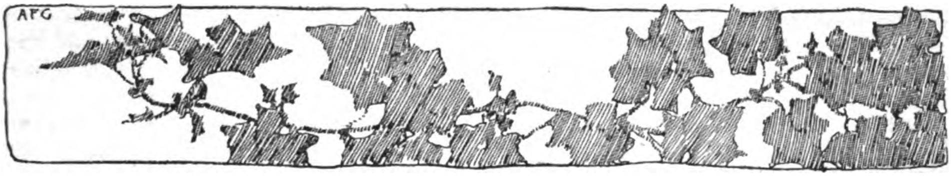
placed in cans and taken to the creamery. The detail of setting in shallow pans, skimming and churning, is all obviated. At the close of every month the farmer receives a check from the creamery. Such cream, or butter fat as it is called, brings a good price always, selling for nearly twice as much as the same amount of butter would sell for. As the range is always good, the grass neither drying up in summer or freezing out in winter, the dairy farmer here has in his milk herd a constant source of money making. There are no seasons in this business—every month is the same—and the returns are limited only by the size of the herd, as well as by the care and attention the farmer gives the business.

The farmer here nearly always keeps a flock of from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty sheep. Though this is not a herd by any means, it is amply large when counted in with the various other features of the farm, and adds its share to the yearly receipts. Such a flock gives returns of from twenty to twenty-five per cent on wool and mutton. It is necessary to feed the sheep and all of the stock in this section but a short time—just while the snow is on the ground, a period usually covered by the month of January. It is mainly for this purpose that the alfalfa hay is grown and stored away in the barns, from eighty to one hundred tons being required each season. The Southdown is the best breed of sheep for this locality. This being a middle-wooled sheep does well in the hills. They mature early, are hardy and prolific, are nicely formed, and meet every demand for quality both for mutton and wool.

Then there is the goat flock. Goats pay here an average of $1.10 each annually from mohair alone. The kids are worth from $2.50 to $3.50 when six months old, if of a good breed, which is nearly always the case in this section as only thoroughbred Angoras are raised. The western Oregon farmer has ample out range for his goats; in truth he can place them on his timbered quarter-section, back in the more rugged section of the mountains, and they will thrive and do well. Cougars, coyotes and other varmints that formerly devastated the flocks in Oregon are a thing of the past.

The home life of this farmer is almost ideal. The rural delivery brings him his daily mail and daily paper, and the general establishment of the telephone has made it possible for him to call up anyone within a radius of one hundred miles or even a greater distance, within a few minutes. Though the winters are fully five months long here, they are never cold, and the abundance of balmy rain assures plenty and constant verdure for the summer. For the home circle there are books and papers and neighborhood chats over the telephone. Then there are parties and dances and school entertainments, or meetings of the Grange, and the winter, though possibly long in one way is remarkably short in another. Before the farmer is aware, there comes a warmth of spring, the pussy willow buds are bursting and the buttercups splash the meadows.

SOME OREGON SOUTHDOWNS



IN A CREVASSE

A MIDSUMMER ADVENTURE ON MOUNT HOOD

By Anne Shannon Monroe

"THE only thing worth while is success," the man affirmed as he strode along over the hard surface of the glacier, his step accompanied by the steady swing of his alpenstock.

"That depends on what you mean by success," argued his companion, an athletic appearing young woman in stout boots, red sweater, and khaki skirt.

"Success in whatever one sets out to do—in business, in money making, in changing the map of the world, or adding to its biographies. Failure betokens a wavering will. I have no patience with the type of person—man or woman—who can be turned aside from that which he has determined to do by some commonplace contingency that may arise. Contingencies are always arising in every one's experience. The successful person forges ahead, regardless; the weak inefficient person loses sight of his ultimate purpose and becomes inmeshed in that which should have been lightly dismissed as a mere incident. Look at yourself; see how you have got ahead! I admire you immensely—because you have succeeded. You have done what you said you would do long ago when you were a school girl. Just compare yourself with other girls of our old class whom we've met this summer."

"I have—often." He did not notice the tired note of her voice.

"What are they? Inane moon-faced creatures mending their husband's socks and minding their babies. And yet some of them had aspirations—in the old days. D'you know I've enjoyed all this—coming back to the Northwest and meeting so many of the old crowd—especially you—but I can't contemplate with any admiration whatever a college woman's contentment in so tame a life. And the men, our old schoolmates, many of them—all seem to be taking it easy, waiting for enterprising easterners to arrive in sufficient numbers to inflate land values and thus supply them with an unearned income; they are not the ones who are building railroads, developing waterways, and energetically pushing this wonderfully rich country to the front. No, they are off fishing or hunting at will, droning along and letting their magnificent opportunities go to the stranger. They're 'dead wood'—so far as enterprise is concerned."

"They have each other, Paul—and their babies, and time to dream."

"While you and I have all the great busy world that does things." He laughed boyishly, almost boisterously. "Do you know," he continued with the same eager enthusiasm, "I wouldn't be at all surprised to run onto you in Egypt next year after that jolly meet we had at the London Club, and again out here on this mountain climb. We who only touch the high places, Marion, are bound to run across each other often, for up where we live there's never a crowd. 'Twas great of you to come along on this tramp with me to-day, away from all the rest. You are positive you must go down to Portland to-morrow?"

"Yes, I have been ordered by wire to hurry from this trip to Honolulu on a very important commission; and my boat leaves day after to-morrow."

"Honolulu! And I'll soon be back in New York—continents and oceans apart!" They stopped impulsively and gazed about them. In their tramp from the summer camp of the mountain climbers, half way up Mount Hood, they had crossed great snow fields, and were now well toward the center of the widest of the glaciers, seamed and criss-crossed by innumerable crevasses. They formed the one bright touch of color in the vast white landscape. Above the hard bleak ice-river at the center of which they stood, beyond the towering, terribly near dome of the white mountain, was the blueblack sky; while far to the horizon were range upon range of rugged purple mountains strangely and fantastically marked by drifts of snow in their ravines, their jagged peaks piercing a soft veil-like mist that floated over and among them.

The young woman held firmly to her broad felt hat, and the man caught at his cap, for the wind whipped fiercely about them as it howled and raged on its way down from the snow and ice fastness, the formation of ages. Snow and ice ever contended for supremacy in this frozen-water world, the wind, master of the situation, now favoring one, now the other, caught up the snow in great clouds, whirled it about with hurricane-like furiousness, later to deposit it in huge drifts here and there, submerging the glacier surface. Giant boulders, now snow-covered, were presently swept bare; and again they were piled high with snowdrift—the face of Nature continually changing, shifting as the sands of the desert.

It was a wild majestic scene; a scene that has commanded the reverence and awe of every person who has ever beheld it; a scene that many say surpasses the view from the Matterhorn.

The man and woman stood silent some moments gazing this way and then that.

"It's great!" he said at last; and then they resumed the tramp. The woman readily kept pace with his rapid gait, and their alpenstocks resounded with sharp clicks as the points of steel regularly struck the frozen surface. A mountain goat (Mazame) came fearlessly out on top of a great boulder above the glacier and stared at them; while the ptarmigans flitted here and there, curious but unafraid.

They made not at all an ideal picture: they were too real, too vital, too much alive; they were a part of the great throbbing, working, doing, active world cut loose and transplanted to this out-of-the-way, unconquered, almost unknown part of Uncle Sam's kingdom. They now cut their way across the ice-river in the teeth of the wind as determinedly as they had lately forged through the crowds of Fifth avenue or State street. The young woman's golden-brown hair was blown fiercely about her wind-colored cheeks and her clear wide grey eyes looked out over the vast white expanse rather than to the man at her side.

The man, of modern athletic mould, was of sparer build, and in his dark restless eyes gleamed the feverish haste of Wall street; he seemed as one on the threshold of great things. Their physical appearance bespoke equal age, but in spirit they differed; she was as one who had already lived all of life, and was now watching the procession go by.

"I must tell Rankin of meeting you in this jolly way when I get over to London again," he said at length. "He was daffy about you—thought the way you told those Rocky mountain stories at the club that night the best thing he had ever heard. And you? I presume you'll make another story of this trip and our meeting?"

"Oh do let me forget that life is only copy!" she exclaimed almost imploringly; as she spoke she stepped quickly ahead as though physically expressing the impatience of her spirit; and Paul, to keep up, hurried his pace. Neither observed that they had stepped from hard ice to crusty snow; there was a sudden crushing through, a sharp cry from the girl, a shout from the man, and they disappeared from view. They had plunged into a crevasse.

The girl was the first to recover. She roused up, wiped the snow from her eyes, ears, hair, looked about the narrow walls that encompassed them, and seeing the man lying inert where he had fallen, sprang to his side, fearfully calling his name:

"Paul!"

He did not answer. She leaned over the heavy figure, turned him so as to look into his face—and went white and sick at sight of an ugly scalp wound from which the blood was flowing, staining darkly the snow on which he lay. In the course of the terrible fall his head had evidently struck a sharp ice abutment. For an awful moment she closed her eyes; and then she again turned to the task before her. She drew the red bandanna—badge of Pacific Coast mountain climbers—from about her throat, knotted it and bound up the man's head, resting it as best she could in her lap away from the snow. Then unfastening the canteen from about her shoulders, she poured water, a few drops at a time, on his face and between his lips.

"Paul!" she called again and again as she continued her ministrations; but there was no sign of returning consciousness.

She looked up—for the first time; saw the small spot of blueblack sky that showed through the opening their fall had made—far, far above jagged ice walls; and shudderingly returned her gaze to the limp figure of the man. "He will never know," was her thought.

Again, cautiously, as one who peeps little by little upon some horrible thing, shielding one's self from sudden shock, she allowed her gaze to travel upward; she now saw with the quick perception of the close observer that the crevasse was peculiarly shaped—concave on one side and equally convex on the other; even should Paul recover, and be unhurt, he could never scale those icy walls. She now studied the bottom of the crevasse: where they rested the two walls had approached each other, and the snow drifting down had filled the space forming a snow-bridge which had caught them in their descent. How long would the snow-pack bear their weight? and then——

Again she shuddered from head to foot, and turned appealingly, beseechingly to the man whose head was a heavy weight in her lap.

"Paul!" she cried, "Oh Paul!" She shook him as one would a sleeping child; but there was no response.

She remembered that he usually carried a pistol when on a tramp in the mountains. If she could fire it the shot might be heard by some guide wandering alone over the glacier. She reached down into his hip pocket; the pistol was not there—but a brandy flask was; drawing it out she quickly unscrewed the stopper and began moistening the man's lips with the liquor; while doing so she called loudly for help; but the sound only spent itself against the icy walls of her narrow tomb, and fell mockingly about her.

Desperately, and yet not without a certain note of resignation, she began to sing, continuing all the time the application of brandy to the man's lips. As she sang the desperation went out of her voice and into it came the sweet maternal note of ministering womankind; the God's will of a mother nature. The figure half in her lap stirred, moved, and with a long breath partly turned.

"Paul," she cried softly, drawing him closely to her, and putting her lips down to his ear. She did not want him to know—not all at once. "Paul, do you feel any pain?"

"Where am I?" he asked, attempting strongly to sit up and beginning to tug at the bandages about his eyes.

"You are with me, dear boy—Marion; you've hurt your head a little; there now, let the bandage stay a bit; tell me, move,—does your body pain you? Try it just a little—no, no don't take off the bandage—not just yet—move, Paul, stretch out your limbs—are you hurt?"

He did so. "Not a bit!" he exclaimed. "I say, where am I?" And he tore the handkerchief from his head.

"Great heavens!"

He looked about at the narrow icy walls spiked with immense cruel icicles, up at the far splotch of blueblack sky, then down to the depths that showed black and ominous just beyond their resting place.

"How long was I—how long has it been?" he asked.

"An eternity, or a second; I don't know!" her voice trembled.

With the intelligence of an experienced mountain climber, he too, at once recognized their position to be hopeless; but with the desperation of hopelessness he rose to his feet, felt for his jack-knife, then remembered he had cached it only that morning while preparing for the great climb to the crater. With a knife he might have done something.

He now turned to Marion. "And you sitting there so calm, Marion—Marion, any other woman would be in hysterics."

"You never stumbled into a crevasse with any other woman," she answered evenly, "Don't be so sure you know women, Paul." Then presently, "You do know something of glaciers—How long a time have we?"

He did not try to deceive her; she had a right to know.

He thought a moment, then steadying his voice, answered: "It is now about eleven o'clock. The wind is blowing a gale up there. Unless the wind dies out, and the sun shines hot on the snow there will be no perceptible change down here. Should it turn warmer, and the wind die out the snow and ice above would begin to melt, trickle down the crevasse, and——"

"And this snow bridge would sink—or plunge lower."

He paled as she put his own unwilling conclusion into words. How much more terrible a thing becomes when transformed from thought to speech!

"But that will not happen; it will not turn warmer."

"Paul, I have a right to the whole truth."

Her clear wide eyes mercilessly drew each word from him. He went on: "We will not freeze to death for some time; we are two well sheltered from the wind and our clothing is thick. They may find us though as we foolishly told no one where we were going it will be a long hard search. They won't miss us till to-night when all the parties return to camp from the various endurance trips; and besides we are too far down to be heard—or seen. But every member of the camp will be out on the search—trust to that. These loyal westerners will never give up till they know."

"That will be a long time; how long was it Colonel Hawkins said would be required for a bottle dropped into one of these crevasses to come out at the snout? two hundred and thirteen years, wasn't it? A glacier is a slow traveler—a foot a day, this one moves. Now, let us by all means be honest: we will not starve to death for a week or ten days; we have chocolate and dried fruit that will keep us alive quite awhile. We won't freeze to death—not for sometime. But there is little likelihood of our being found, and this snow bridge may give way any moment carrying us down with it. In one form or another Old Death is stealthily stalking toward us."

"Yes." He stood, his hands in his pockets, gazing upward. He was the picture of strong, hopeful, twentieth century manhood strangely caught in one of old Nature's snarls. The girl watched him as he stood there. He was so splendid, so strong, so full of plans, so bent on achievement! Unconsciously the tears filled her eyes, and her lips quivered. Suddenly he turned to her.

"What a brute I am!" he exclaimed, and impulsively he put his arms about her, drawing her closely to him, and nestling her head—that proud, self-reliant little head that had never bent under a blow or drooped from discouragement—close against his shoulder. His great sympathetic heart was touched into instant expression.

"God knows if there was any thing I could do—if by giving my life I could save yours—if there was any risk I could run—I'd do it gladly—gladly I'd do it, Marion," he poured forth, touching his lips now to her sunny hair, now to her hand, caught and held in his strong clasp. "Don't despair—I was a fool to speak so hopelessly a while ago. You seemed so strong—you always seem so strong—but that's no reason for my speaking so. After all, it was only my opinion and what's an opinion worth—down here?" He smiled at the conceit—he was by profession a lawyer. "You know I am not always right in my opinions. We may be rescued within an hour."

He had given vent to the torrent of words rapidly, brokenly, in an effort to comfort where the facts gave no warrant for comfort. He had suddenly realized her femininity; some way, previously, she had been so much more the comrade than the woman.

Please don't talk so, dear. You do not understand; it was of you I was thinking—your life; it's a terrible thing to end it so; but for myself, I don't seem to mind at all. I am rather weary of it all, Paul, I don't seem to find living and doing and succeeding so—so interesting as you do."

He pushed her from him and looked into her face in amazement. This from Marion! The dauntless, proud-spirited, forging ahead Marion! The woman of ambition, of courage, of independence, who as a girl had cut out the path her womanhood should know, and as a woman had followed it. Even in his tragic situation this new vision of his old friend was surprising enough to startle him.

"I understand," he cried out at last, "you are being plucky as usual—you are meeting danger bravely—you put my rebellion to shame." It was the only explanation his reason gave him.

"Oh Paul, if you knew the courage it takes to go on living, you would not wonder that—that I have the courage to die." And she let her head rest on his shoulder, yielding herself freely to his enfolding arms.

"Marion," he said, in a wonderment of perplexity, putting his fingers tenderly beneath her beautiful chin, and raising her face till he looked deep into those wells of eyes, "why have you never talked freely with me before; why have you not admitted that your life did not fulfill your desires?"

She did not answer.

Still holding her closely he looked about him; he realized afresh the precariousness of their position; under them yawned the grave. Awful as the situation was, terrible and sure as their end appeared, he still felt a certain zest in the experience of the moment. The blood coursed rapidly through his veins; life seemed never to have been so rich, so full. It had always been so when with Marion. In the old school days she had inspired his first impulse to be and to do; her spirit had awakened his. That one evening spent together at the author's club in London five years ago had been to him as a fresh draught of old, long-forgotten wine; always she had been his better self, stimulating him, urging him on, pushing him ahead to pass the achievements of average men. And yet it had never been so much her words, but the power of her own indomitable example; and, too, his finer senses were always awakened by her presence; with her he was fully alive. Even now, at the bottom of a crevasse he experienced a sense of pleasure in the very fact that he was with her. Some men would long ago have called it love; he had flirted with many a pretty girl, and made love to his full quota of charming widows, but some way he had never classed her with these other women. They were all as so many children to whom he might say, "Run away now, I've no time for you," when he should see her coming. She was as his other, more reliable self; the self that went straight ahead and did things it wanted to do and knew it could do. It had almost been as though he comforted himself by saying, "Well, whether or not I come to anything, there's no doubt about what Marion will do." Lately his plans had begun to mature; recognition had followed promotion, and he was already mentioned in the East as one of "New York's successful younger lawyers." And here he was, after a decade of work and struggle out in the big active world, back in dreamy old Oregon facing Death at the bottom of a crevasse—with Marion!

He selected the very central spot of the snowbridge and drew her cautiously toward it. He seated himself, bracing his back against the concave ice wall, his feet against the convex one; he made a place for her beside him, protecting her as much as possible from contact with the ice. He had so placed himself that should the snow bridge suddenly give way, he could in a measure check their fall. He demanded of Death this much —a warning.

"Marion, dear," he said, drawing her tenderly to his side, "tell me all about life—and you. Tell me what it is you have missed—that I have known nothing of."

"I will tell you," she answered. "The false note is struck in a woman's life when she turns aside from her natural destiny to flimsier things that seem in the eyes of inexperience to be of value. The primary instinct of a woman's nature is the maternal instinct. It is there as a little child, it grows with her womanhood, and it ripens as her years advance. If this instinct finds natural expression through marriage and motherhood while one is in her first youth she knows nothing of its intensity; if not, there is an ever increasing sense of wrong, of loneliness, of mistake. Her life is empty though it may be full of duties and what are called triumphs. No achievement can ease away the heartache of denied motherhood. No pleasure can still the heartcry for one's own. It is loneliness always and forever; it is maintaining a soul-sepulcher."

He felt the softness of her wondrous gold-brown hair beneath his chin; it put him in a quietly dreamy mood; and yet he argued: "But Marion, all women may marry—there are husbands enough."

"When one is young," she continued, as though she would be understood, "and impressionable,—when romance is busy with one's heart, ambition is also busy with one's head. We imagine that we must do great things in the world, and get our names into history for other school girls to study over. We want to try our mettle—just as a young man does; and in so doing we see life in its true colors, the illusions torn away. This makes it difficult—we don't fall in love readily. This also makes us safe, comfortable friends for the men whom we admire; they grow to look upon us as splendid comrades, they glory in our achievements, they surround us at the clubs and toast our wit and wisdom—but when they want a wife they go to some simple-natured woman whose accomplishments end in making coffee and whose faith in them is absolute. All women can marry—true enough; but a woman who has seen something of the world can not blind herself to the truth; she can not become merely conventional, and compromise with fate. She feels that life would be so wonderful a thing, shared with just the right one, both working and enjoying together, and she knows how sordid a thing it must be—shared with the wrong one. No, she can't compromise, she can't accept anything less. But oh how infinitely better to have spent one's young days learning the joys of motherhood than in learning the paltry wisdom of the artificial world. How infinitely better!"

He suddenly recalled his earlier denunciation of the moon-faced women happy mending their husband's socks; the ordinary domestic picture was really distasteful to him; but with Marion—how different every thing would be!

"What a wonderful wife you would have made," he exclaimed impulsively. "What a dream wife!" In an ecstacy of emotion he bent and kissed her on the forehead, the eyes, the mouth; and then a light broke through his masculine mind, but still he could not wholly believe. "Marion," he went on, wonderingly, "am I to catch a glimpse of what life could mean—with you—only to die and leave it? Tell me, had it been different, had we never fallen into this wretched hole—tell me, dear, would your splendid womanhood have blessed my life ultimately, even as it has always blessed it in fleeting touches? Would you have come to me, would you? But don't answer—don't say 'no'; let me think that all you are, all you might have been—was for me. Let me hold you close to my heart—you, whom I have ever set so far above me; Marion, deceive me—let me think it."

"There is no need for deceit," she answered.

For a long time they sat quietly together. His mind was now working as it had never worked on knotty problems before. Perspiration stood out in great drops on his forehead. A determination to effect their rescue had come upon him; true, there appeared no way, but there must be a way. Life had all at once become so rich, so grand a thing that he could not give it up. His will coupled with his habit of conquering that which had been labeled impossible must surely find a way. Repeatedly his lips touched her hair, convulsively his arm tightened about her, but these acts were mechanical; his brain was bent on the one problem of escape.

Presently she raised her eyes and the light in her face startled him. There was no fear, no dread, not even the usual imperturbable calm, nor yet the shadow in her eyes; it was a face illumined, glorified. Her love—so great a thing that only her will could have checked its expression all these years, had at last broken through the barriers of reserve. She smiled. "I am very happy, Paul; it's wonderful not to be alone."

And so the long night wore away.

With daybreak they arose from their cramped positions and stepped about very cautiously to ease the stiffness in their limbs. They had not dared move in the darkness of the night, fearing they might miss their footing and fall to immediate death. They nibbled sparingly at a few raisins, and thus fortified, faced another day. She was in the same dreamy half-realizing mood as on the last evening; he, on the other hand, was tense with his long vigil. He had not closed his eyes—he had watched and thought. He did not call it prayer, perhaps, but all the long cold weary night he had resistlessly thrown the demand back at the forces that held him, "Show me a way," and no answer had come.

The sun was rising, the wind had evidently died down, as melted snow and ice trickled continuously over the jaws of the crevasse which had widened ominously. The snow on which they stood was becoming water soaked. His face grew whiter, and his teeth set hard. She was slightly paler, but the glorified light had not left her face; the only sign of weakness she made was to hold his arm with a tight little clutch, betraying a woman's natural timidity. Occasionally she would sing lines from old college songs of their school days, snatches from popular operas, and a verse or two of a hymn; this may have kept him from insanity.

Then came a loosening of the snow underfoot and a sinking of the snow-mass; he caught the girl and held her as they went down together; the snow settled—they had not fallen far; but the mental strain of uncertainty was awful. She was pale but when she spoke her voice did not tremble. "Keep me with you," she said. "Whatever happens, hold me close—at the last."

In turning to relieve his aching side from pressure against the ice wall, a foreign object caught his attention—an object like a hoe handle. So common a sight in so odd a place startled him; it was like a human sound in an awful stillness. Cautiously he moved forward until he could grasp it—his own alpen stock, unburied by the settling of the snowpack.

"A sign, Marion," he cried exultantly. "This will save us!"

"How?" she asked, smiling faintly.

"I don't know, dear, but it's the first sign."

Using it as a prod, he felt of the snow underfoot, ascertaining its depth. He found that the walls of the crevasse came quite together a few feet beneath them. They could sink no deeper unless the crevasse itself should widen. He prodded very carefully and made her do the same so that she could fully realize this element of security left to them.

"Now we must eat," he said authoritatively. "You will need all your courage, dear heart—your strength as well as your splendid courage."

She asked no questions but obeyed him.

He looked long toward the top of the crevasse; then he tested the alpen stock. Fortunately it was a stout one, well spiked. Next he unlaced his boots, which were also spiked, taking out the leather thongs; removed his leather belt and with the point of the alpen stock cut it in two strips.

"Now, Marion," he said, a terrible intensity marking every word, "I can get to the top alone, and bring ropes to haul you up; but I dread to think of leaving you alone here for so long a time—it will require hours. The alternative is to fasten you to me with a life line made of these thongs. By braiding them together they will be strong enough—they will hold—and as I cut steps in the ice with the stock, and climb, you follow me, putting your foot in each step as I leave it. Should you by chance lose your footing, the thongs will not give way, and I can keep us both from falling with the alpen stock. Will you go with me?"

"Yes, Paul."

Slowly the task began. Little by little they climbed higher, he chopping out the steps, and cautiously moving upward, she with tenseness of nerve and iron will, following, not looking up or down; on, on, they picked their way, with never a word, never a false move, the tremendous will of each bent on the one undertaking.

Three long terrible hours of the most concentrated nerve force and physical endurance, of will subordinating conditions—and Paul climbed out of the cavern's mouth, drawing Marion up after him.

Had the dead arisen and walked into camp that night no greater excitement would have resulted than awoke the hills and vales of the snow-covered valley when the two appeared at the campfire about which crouched the women, all in tears, and the older men of the camp with bowed heads in the misery of uncertainty.

The women seized Marion and wept over her and blanketed her and made her drink hot coffee, while others excitedly cared for Paul. One by one the searchers returned to camp, each eager to hear repeated the story of the escape. The fire was piled high, and the rangers on their tough little ponies gathered around, not too mindful, for once, as to whether or not the branches used were dead ones.

Marion, quiet and abstracted, seemed only dreamily interested in all the chattering accounts of the attempts to find them and the anxiety of those who had remained in camp.

"It'll be great to see what the papers say about you," some one added to the running fire of comment.

"The papers?" Marion questioned, suddenly alert, "Who's reporting this?"

"Why, all the newspaper men, I guess," said the informant, vaguely.

Marion's lips closed; the old conqering, not-to-be-beaten look had flashed back into her eyes. Presently she rose.

"I must go to bed," she said simply. "Good night, everybody." Paul was included in the sweep of her glance.

"Yes, you must go to bed," all agreed. On her way to the tent she stopped and spoke to the little camp runner, a mountain boy who had been engaged to carry her reports daily to the telegraph station fifteen miles below. Then she quickly walked on to her tent.

All slept late the next morning, and taps sounded for breakfast long after the sun was well on his way around the world. One by one the campers straggled out of tents and from chrysalis-like sleeping bags on the hillside down to the brook for a wash, later to join the group that waited on the grass for breakfast. At last all were there but Marion.

"Shall I call her?" a young girl asked.

"Yes, see how she is and take her a cup of coffee," suggested one of the older women. "We won't wait for her."

The girl hurried to Marion's tent only to come flying back an instant later, waving wildly a sheet of paper.

"She's gone," she called breathlessly. "She says she started down the mountainside to the telegraph station at two this morning to send telegrams to her papers; and she won't be back because she's just got time to catch a boat that leaves Portland this afternoon for Honolulu."

"Give me the note," cried Paul, catching the paper almost roughly from the girl's hand; and while he read in dumb consternation an undoubted confirmation of her words, a hush fell on the assemblage. A grey haired bank president from Chicago was the first to speak:

"What I have always admired most in Miss Kenneth," he said, "is her intense interest in her profession."

BY SILVER CITY TRAIL

THE MILITARY ROAD UNITING IDAHO WITH OREGON—AN HISTORIC LAND GRANT IN A COUNTRY OF WONDROUS RICHES

By C. M. Hyskell

IN THE years immediately following the Civil war men looked toward the West. The call of the frontier fell on many a listening ear and willing heart. The prairie country, from the Great Lakes to the Missouri river, had been taken by homesteaders. Beyond the Missouri was the Great American Desert. The Union Pacific was binding its bands of steel to the sandy waste from Omaha to Cheyenne, and there was talk of other transcontinental railroad building to the northward, where men with transit and level were leaving a trail of grade stakes across the bleak Dakota plains. All roads seemed to lead toward the great, unknown Oregon country, where a new state had been carved out, after a quarter of a century of struggle between the American settler and the Hudson's Bay Company's factor over possession of the rich Columbia river territory and its natural resources.

Adventuresome men of the Middle West, looking longingly toward the Pacific Slope, pointed their prairie schooners toward Oregon. Their destination was western Oregon, or the Willamette valley, then the only known habitable portion of the new state.

To and over the Rockies it was a blazed trail. But beyond—it was mystery. There were few with hardihood enough to undertake to cross central or southern Oregon. The way down the Snake river to the Columbia and thence to Astoria or Portland was a long traverse, fraught with heart-breaking toil by land, and danger by boat or raft. The demand went out, and reached Washington, for a direct wagon road across Oregon to the headwaters of the Willamette river.

The Government and state responded by making a deal with the Oregon Military Road Land Grant Company, which undertook to construct a trail from Silver City, Idaho, to Lakeview and thence northwesterly to the summit of the Cascade mountains, near Odell lake, and down into the Willamette valley, with Eugene as the western terminal. The distance was upwards of four hundred miles. For building this trail the company received every alternate section of land in a strip twelve miles wide following the route selected. This was the first of the great historic land grants given as the price of admission of the early immigrants into the Oregon country, and since that time these grants have held hundreds of thousands of acres segregated and unused, owing to the dilatory policy of the holders, and the lack of colonization, irrigation and transportation. For many years they were regarded as so many incubuses upon the state, retarding its development. But to-day, when good lands are becoming more difficult to secure at low cost, the opening of these grant lands to settlement will prove to be a great boon.

The early argonaut, Oregon-bound, passed unseeing over a country in Nebraska—or perhaps Kansas, or the Dakotas—that has since taken rank among the highly productive areas of the union. He saw it not. Prodding his oxen onward, his gaze toward the Pacific, he passed many times over lands that held wealth incalculable for the seeker, had he but known. Then, he crossed the Snake river, and, at Silver City, Idaho, hit the trail of the Oregon Military Road Company and followed it for four hundred miles westward, across one of the greatest plateaus known to civilization; a series of high valleys and nearly level plains extending from the Owyhee mountains to the Cascades. The man who would follow this trail even to-day must have a tireless stride and a strong heart, and be equipped with horses or a good team and well provisioned outfit. Much of the way is through a country as virgin as were the prehistoric and denuded hills when the glacial ice-cap has passed. There are stretches of grass-grown valleys, miles of silent bench lands, and other miles of well-watered basins where no human sound ever broke the solitude of centuries.

That the whole of interior Oregon was once the bed of the Pacific ocean has been proved beyond question by the investigations of Professor Thomas Condon, Dr. Diller and other noted geologists. That the region was later a tropical country, has been equally well established. Numerous discoveries of the bones of these animals, and rocks containing the perfect imprint of the plants of the tropics, have been made, and it is no longer an occasion for surprise when well diggers or irrigation excavators unearth the fossil remains of a camel or a broad-faced ox. Within recent years many fossil beds of beautiful palm leaves have been found in eastern Oregon. The Cascade hills, Blue mountains and Owyhees, once islands surrounded by tropical lakes, were covered with luxuriant growth, forests and flowering shrubs, for Knowlton tells us the magnolia and cinnamon and fig trees were there, and before the Eocene age had passed there came the sycamore, the sweet gum tree, the dogwood and seven species of oak. Professor Diller, who has made a careful study of the field, says the large basins were lake beds in the Miocene and Eocene ages, and thus explains why one may find Eocene leaves exposed by a fresh landslide in some ravine, and within a few miles come upon a rhinoceros skull protruding from a hillside that was at one time the sediment of a Miocene lake. The region now Malheur, Harney and Lake counties was in that ancient period a country of beautiful lakes, with moist, warm climate, luxuriant vegetation, vast forests, and many strange animals.

To-day the soil presents a finely ground mixture of basalt and volcanic ash, containing the elements of most fertile soil, and when properly watered producing enormous crops of vegetables, fruits and grains common to temperate zones. The climate has been changed, says Professor Condon, by the upfolding of the Cascade range, shutting off from the interior the softening influence of the Japan current and the drift of ocean fogs and clouds.

The traveler across this wonderful country finds but one scene of great violence in the topography—in Harney county, where the backbone of the Steins mountains extends across the California boundary to Boon lake, and gives off from its summit the marvelous drainage system of the Donner and Blitzen rivers flowing to the northwest into Malheur lake. The historic wagon trail with its twelve-mile strip of grant lands crosses this range at Andrews, between two big lakes, limpid crystals in the foothills, supplying water that doubtless will be utilized to irrigate the lower plains and increase the value of thousands of acres from their present nominal price to $200 and $300 per acre.

Through the Jordan valley and out across the Malheur plains the route crosses the Owyhee river and two of its tributaries, seeking the water levels that embrace the southerly foothills of the Steins mountains. The elevation of the Malheur county generally is about 2,200 feet higher than the valleys of the Snake, Owyhee and Malheur rivers. In these valleys the tomato, water melon and other succulent vegetables grow with singular abundance and flavor, as they do in the particularly favored Catlone, Warner and Goose lake valley further west.

This region traversed by the grant, while largely lacking surface water, has artesian capabilities that constantly surprise the investigator. Artesian wells are struck at a minimum depth of fifty-four feet. Malheur county has many warm springs. Indications of oil, natural gas and coal have recently attracted much attention, and companies are now being formed to carry on investigations.

Descending the west slope of the Steins mountains the traveler passes through a beautiful region known locally as the Catlow valley, in Harney county. On alternate sections of land not embraced in the wagon trail grant, settlers have for years demonstrated this region's great productivity. It is seldom visited by snowfall that covers the ground any considerable number of days. The altitude is great, the air pure and remarkably invigorating, the summer months bright and warm and the nights cool. No throat or lung troubles are known, and there is an entire absence of miasmatic conditions. All kinds of Oregon's famous fruits are grown, and never-failing crops of vegetables and grains, but only for home consumption until the railroads now projected through Central Oregon are completed. The principal industry at present is stock raising which is highly profitable. While most of the forage is wild hay, many ranchers have seeded alfalfa fields that yield two or three crops annually. The wild meadow grasses are blue joint, red top, clover and sugar grass. The foothill ranges are covered with bunch grass, sheep fescue and wild rye.

Harney county is one of the most interesting and attractive regions in Oregon. The products include wheat, oats, barley, rye, sugar beets, alfalfa, potatoes, apples, pears, plums, peaches, grapes, berries and vegetables. On much of the so-called sagebrush lands wheat is grown profitably.

Winding between lakes and gently sloping hills, and over sage plains, and steering their course by the most convenient water levels, the surveyors of the land grant road crossed the southern part of Lake county, skirting within a few miles of the California line and embracing within the grant a large area of the great Goose Lake Valley. Here the town of Lakeview later sprang up, and became the metropolis of that region and county seat of Lake county. It is located about the middle of the twelve-mile strip. To the east and north, at the boundary of the strip, lie the Windy Hollow Hills, where recently prospectors uncovered wonderful dykes of ore that yield from $12 to $800 gold, per ton.

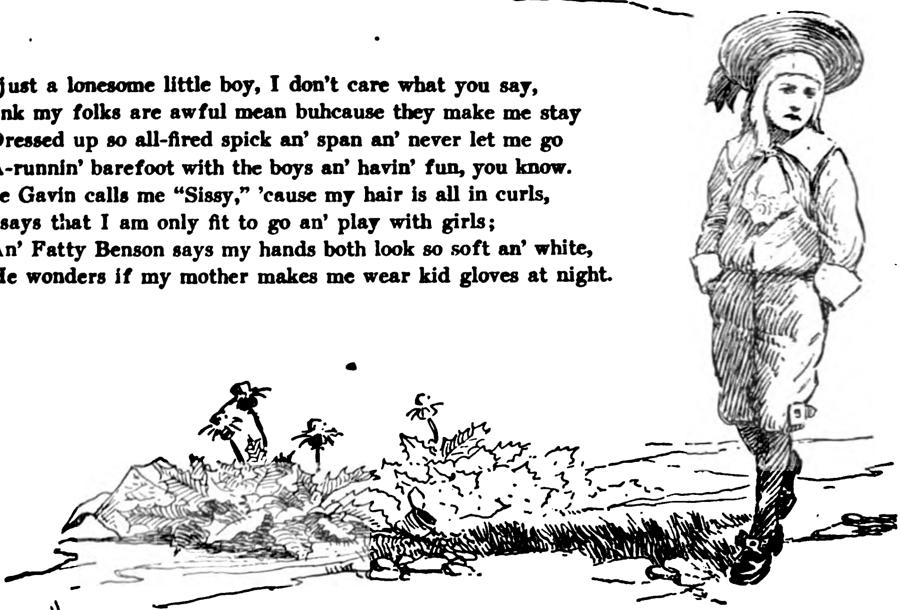
Goose lake valley, one of the largest of the strictly agricultural or rather fruit areas in the grant, surrounds the town of Lakeview in a radius of twenty miles. It produces all the fruits, vegetables and grains that first made Lake county favorably known through exhibition, by private citizens, of a few county products at the recent exposition at Portland. The apples, pears, peaches, potatoes and other vegetables were pronounced equal to the fruits that are exported to Europe and the Orient. There is over $1,000 on deposit in the banks of Lake county for every voter in the county.

From Lake the grant penetrates Klamath county to the east line of the Klamath Indian reservation. An abundance of water makes this region readily capable of irrigation. The Government is at present constructing in Klamath county the largest irrigation system in the Northwest, to cost $4,000,000 and reclaim three hundred thousand acres. Beyond the Indian reservation, from its west line to the summit of the Cascades, the grant lands are heavily timbered, and valuable for their fir, hemlock, sugar pine and larch. At the summit the old military road crosses the range, through a pass south of Crescent lake, and drops into the Willamette valley, where at Eugene the traveler ends one of the most interesting journeys on the continent.

The Lonesome Little Boy

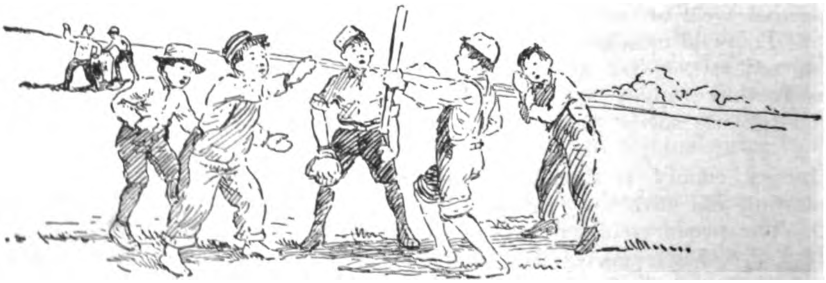
Drawings by
Charles F. Miller

by E. A. Brininstool

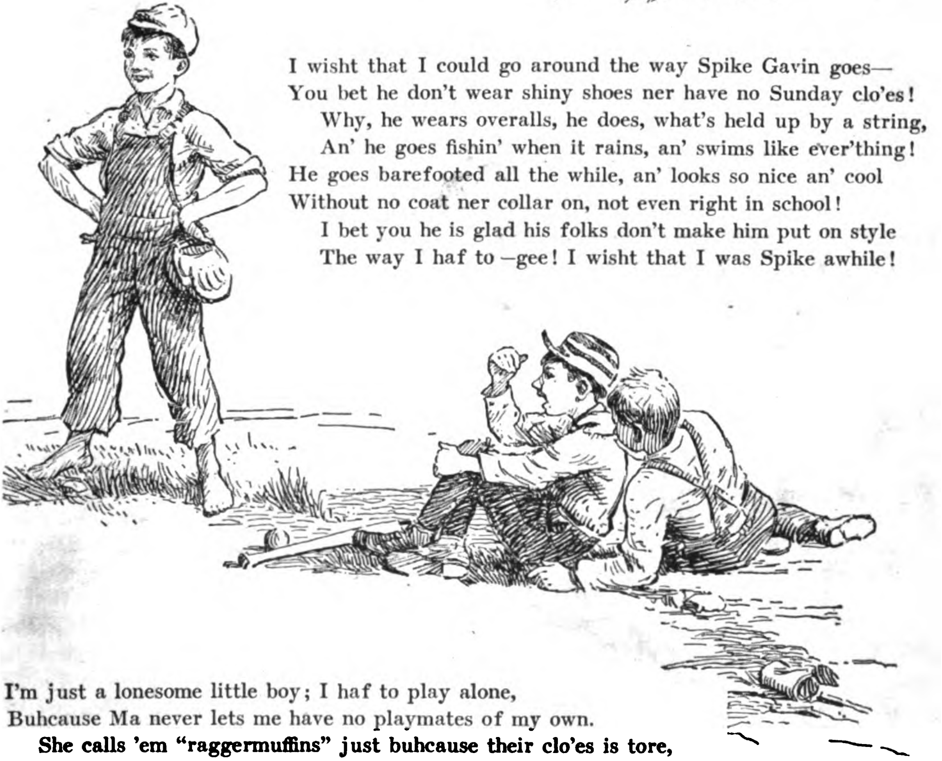


I'm just a lonesome little boy, I don't care what you say,
I think my folks are awful mean buhcause they make me stay
Dressed up so all-fired spick an' span an' never let me go
A-runnin' barefoot with the boys an' havin' fun, you know.
Spike Gavin calls me "Sissy," 'cause my hair is all in curls,
An' says that I am only fit to go an' play with girls;
An' Fatty Benson says my hands both look so soft an' white,
He wonders if my mother makes me wear kid gloves at night.

I haf to be so careful that it ain't no fun at all
To go out with the other boys to play a game of ball,
'Cause when you're runnin' bases, why, a feller has to slide,
An' when I tried it once I split my pants 'way up the side!
An' nen my mother told me never to play ball no more,
Buhcause she had to sew my pants up where I got 'em tore.
I wisht I had my curls cut off, an' didn't haf to wear
My Sunday-go-to-meetin' clo'es on week days ev'rywhere.



I wisht that I could go around the way Spike Gavin goes—
You bet he don't wear shiny shoes ner have no Sunday clo'es!
  Why, he wears overalls, he does, what's held up by a string,
  An' he goes fishin' when it rains, an' swims like ever'thing!
He goes barefooted all the while, an' looks so nice an' cool
Without no coat ner collar on, not even right in school!
  I bet you he is glad his folks don't make him put on style
  The way I haf to—gee! I wisht that I was Spike awhile!



I'm just a lonesome little boy; I haf to play alone,
Buhcause Ma never lets me have no playmates of my own.
  She calls 'em "raggermuffins" just buhcause their clo'es is tore,
  An' says they needn't come around to play with me no more.
They're out there in the alley now, fer I can see 'em all
Right through this knothole in the fence,—an' Spike has got the ball;
  An' now they're started choosin' sides, I know it by the noise—
  Oh, dear! I wisht that I could go an' play like other boys!

SANTA CLARA'S PASSION PLAY

THE "NAZARETH" OF CALIFORNIA'S OBERAMMERGAU A PRODUCTION OF BEAUTY, POWER AND REVERENCE

By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

IT WAS my good fortune in 1889, to see the Oberammergau Passion Play produced in all its original simplicity at Brixleg, a village in the Austrian Tyrol. At Oberammergau I visited Joseph Mayer, the famous Christus of 1870-1871, 1880 and 1890. The Judas also was my friend—the Judas, an impersonation so realistic that when the actors were leaving the theater after the play, mobs of peasants stoned him in the streets and he was obliged to flee for his life. He was a wood carver, as was Joseph Mayer; his son was an artist in burnt wood etching. I asked the father if the son was to succeed him in the part of the mercenary traitor; and the old man with a look of horror mingled with love and pity said:

"Not if I can prevent him. He shall not suffer as I have suffered."

If I am not mistaken, that son has since assumed the part. I saw also the admirable production of Salmi Morse's Passion Play at the Grand opera house, San Francisco, California, in 1878. It was an artistic mingling of tableaux and recitation and deeply impressed the large audiences that gathered to witness it, but through the bigotry of certain fanatics it was suppressed after a few representations. This play was the realization of an almost life-long dream of the author and in its production he invested his whole fortune. Having been boycotted in San Francisco he vainly endeavored to find an opening in New York and at last, losing all hope of achieving the triumph he had striven for he was finally driven to despair and suicide.

I twice saw the Santa Clara College Passion Play—twice in a single day. At the matinee I seemed to be keying up to the proper pitch for a thorough appreciation of the representation that followed in the evening. The interval between the two productions was so brief the actors retained their costumes and their make-up—which in many cases was not elaborate—and the college campus reminded me of a market place in Jerusalem.

If I were asked which of these Passion Plays affected me most profoundly; which touched my heart more than another and has left an impression that is not likely to fade with time, as that of the others have, I should say without hesitation, it is "Nazareth," the Passion Play of Santa Clara. It seems to me the most reverent and the most beautiful and it grows in beauty and reverence the more familiar one becomes with it.

The Passion Play at Oberammergau has become a theatrical speculation in the interest of the Theatre Royal of Munich. The performers have grown stagey, according to the traditions of the conventional drama. At Brixleg—as at Oberammergau—the simple and ingenuous audience refreshed itself during the long and tedious acts—there were eighteen of them—with the undisguised consumption of pretzels and beer. At the Grand opera house, San Francisco, where the cast—which was unannounced, though the chief performers were recognized by old playgoers, especially the "Christus," James O'Neil, of Monte Christo fame—there was the art of the professional and the theatrical atmosphere which is inseparable from it. It was the refreshing artlessness of the students of Santa Clara College who filled every role in the beautiful play and alone deserve the credit for its perfect production, that went straight to the heart and thrilled it with unwonted emotion.

The players were all youths, some of them were children. For more than three months "Nazareth" had been in rehearsal. No classes in the college course were interrupted in all that time. At the close of the evening study hour, or during the half-holidays, a portion of the play was carefully rehearsed. Thus, day by day, and week by week, each grew into his role and it became a part of him. I overheard a protestant clergyman who was present at an afternoon performance of the play, say:

"I do not see how it is possible for these young men to enter into their parts as they do, with so much earnestness and reverence; and recite their scriptural lines with such conviction, without its having a marked influence upon their character hereafter."

It was all very real and very sympathetic to me. I can not believe that it was because I was taken behind the scenes and introduced to several of the actors; or my love for the college and the old Mission church and all who are in any way associated with either, that has prejudiced me in favor of the play and the players. I believe that the majority of those present were affected as I was, seriously and profoundly. Of course, I knew what perhaps very few people in the audience knew, that before the curtain was drawn aside each matinee and evening the whole company was assembled on that stage, and, as with one voice, they uttered an earnest prayer to Saint Joseph for the success of the play. "Thy special favor we now implore for success in the coming Passion Play." This, with the versicle repeated seven times over, in honor of the seven joys and sorrows of Saint Joseph, and a concluding prayer, pitched the key-note in a harmony almost celestial. Then appeared before the curtain two heralds who blew one long note upon their golden trumpets, and withdrew. These heralds looked as if they had stepped for a moment from a picture by Fra Angelico. The six court pages were such angelic children as Fra Angelico alone could paint. Indeed, in the careful selection of the cast each was physically fitted to his part and had no word been spoken, but the whole been merely a series of tableaux, these, with the musical accompaniment, would have made the ensemble perfect.

"Nazareth," the Passion Play, was produced for the first time on any stage, during the week of May 27, 1901, at the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Santa Clara College, the pioneer institution of learning in California. It was written by Clay M. Greene, an alumnus of the Class of 1868, and he, the original native son of San Francisco. On this occasion Mr. Greene assumed the role of Dathian, emissary from King Herod to Bethlehem. So pronounced was the success of the play in 1901, it was resolved that it should be revived at intervals. It enjoyed a second season in 1903, and was in rehearsal for its third season when the terrible disaster of 1906 paralyzed for a time the spirit and energy of the people of the Pacific Coast.

The greatest success of all was the triumphant reproduction of the play during the week of May 13, 1907. The costumes were historically correct; the scenery and appointments rich and of great beauty; the music, delightful and dramatically appropriate, was a fitting accompaniment to a play that was in conception and execution an epic poem. The electrical effects were brilliant and startling and the crowning achievement—an inspiration—so quickened the imagination of the spectator that an emotion akin to awe was awakened when a mysterious light, glowing softly in the wings of the stage heralded the approach of the Redeemer, whose radiant body was never for a moment visible to the breathless audience. One could but look and wonder at what seemed something akin to a miracle. Even on the way to the Cross, the agonizing ascent of Calvary, all that took place during the tragic pilgrimage was suggested; the Apostles crouching, grief-stricken, by a closed gate in a wall beyond which the howling and raving mob passing slowly by, while above it appeared the helmets and plumes of the mounted centurions, the weeping and wailing was heard, and the tips of the waving palms in the hands of the followers of the Christ; and then just the upper portions of the Cross borne upon the bleeding shoulders of Him who was to sanctify it with the sacrifice of His body; then the moment of faintness when the Cross fell and the stoning of the Divine victim by the mob that followed after! I venture to assert that this remarkable scene, so appalling in its suggestiveness, yet so reverentially veiled from the flooding eyes of those who witnessed it, has never been equaled in tremendous effectiveness on any other stage.

The Passion Play is divided into four epochs in nine chapters. The synopsis and music make clear the nature of it, as shown by the features of the programme presented, as follows:

Overture—Nazareth . . . . Barrett

First Epoch

Chapter I. The Plains of Bethlehem
Prelude . . . . Gounod
"Glory Be to God in the Highest"
Chapter II. The Court of Herod I.
Prelude . . . . Adam
"So led by the light of a star sweetly gleaming"

Second Epoch

Chapter III. Council Hall in the Palace of Caiaphas
Prelude . . . . Mozart
"Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!
Hosannah in the Highest"
Chapter IV. The Mount of Olives at Sunset
Prelude . . . . Gounod
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Oh! Turn thee to the Lord, thy God!"
Chapter V. The Mount of Olives—Later
Prelude . . . . Faure
"O Salutaris Hostia"

Third Epoch

Chapter VI. The Court of Herod Archelaus
Prelude . . . . Mercadante.
"When the fair dreams of life are all ending"
Chapter VII. The Court of Pontius Pilate
Prelude . . . . Theo. Dubois
"He is death guilty"

Fourth Epoch

Chapter VIII. A Roadway near Calvary
Prelude . . . . Mercadante
"God's high purpose is now accomplished"
Chapter IX. Interior of the Temple of Jerusalem
Prelude . . . . Mercadante
"Jesus bent his head and cried in a loud voice:
Eli! Eli! Lama Sabacthani!"
Postlude—Te Deum . . . . Tinel

At least three of the original cast of the Passion Play appeared in its third production. The Judas of John J. Ivancovich holds its own in comparison with the best impersonations on the modern English stage. James Bacigalupi and Michael Griffith appear also for the third time and with others in the cast assume their parts with all the ease and self-possession of professionals. They have the art, also, but 'tis an artless art that is guiltless of affectations, and lends to the production a charm that one seldom finds in the theaters of the day.

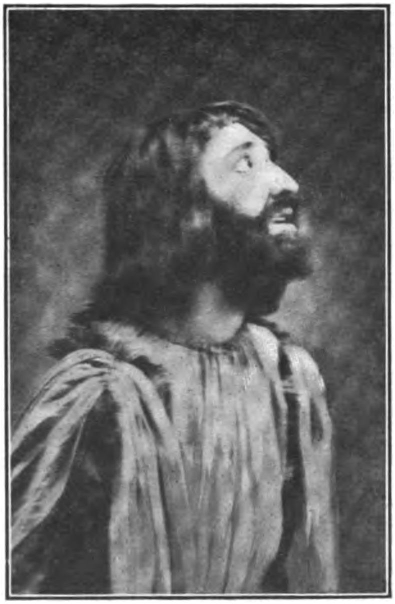
Over two hundred students were employed in the representation of "Nazareth." With them it was indeed a labor of love, a veritable act of donation. One could not help realizing this during the action of the Passion Play. It was as unstagey as possible. A student with his assistants managed the business; a student painted the scenery; one of the professors, the Rev. Richard H. Bell, S. J., and his pupils manipulated the switchboard and electric spot and flood lights, students were ushers, students were the scene-shifters, students were the actors—in fine, a student had the entire stage direction, his name—Martin V. Merle, '06—has already become well known throughout America on account of the wonderful-success of his sacred play "The Light Eternal," which he wrote at the college during his Sophomore year.

"Let Him be crucified!" they cried

Following is the personnel of the Senior Dramatic Club of Santa Clara College which in conducting the Passion Play successsfully, has but added another to its many past triumphs in histrionic art during the last half century:

George Golden Fox, S. J., president; Martin V. Merle, '06, stage director; August M. Aguirre, '07, stage manager; J. Walter Schmitz, '07, assistant stage manager; J. Daniel McKay, '07, business manager; Harry A. J. McKenzie, '08, H. George Casey, '07, Floyd E. Allen, '08, assistant business managers; Professor Godfrey C. Buehrer, Professor August W. Kaufman, musical directors; Lester C. Wolter, '09, property master; J. Daniel Tadish, '11, Frank C. Cuda, '12, assistant property masters; Rev. Richard H. Bell, S. J., electrician; Cleon P. Kilburn, '08, assistant electrician; Harry A. J. Mc Kenzie, '08, Robert E. Fitzgerald, '06, James F. Twohy, '07, Carlos Mc Clatchy, '10, press agents.

Whatever proceeds were in excess of the enormous expenses of the production were this year handed over to the building fund of the new and greater Santa Clara College. Already six hundred acres of land have been purchased for this new site. This land extends from the suburbs of the town of Mountain View to the summit of the foothills bordering the western side of the Santa Clara valley.



JOHN J. IVANCOVICH AS "JUDAS ISCARIOT"

The college itself, which will cost at least a million dollars, will be erected on a beautiful knoll covering half a square mile in area. A more ideal spot for such an institution could hardly be imagined. In the rear, rises a picturesque, well-wooded mountain range, abounding in shady walks and refreshing trout bearing streams. Here the students may take their daily ambulations even during the rainy season. An hour's climb from the college will bring you to Permanente Peak from which a sublime view of the Pacific may be had. Stretching out before

DR. RICHARD A. GLEASON, S. J., PRESIDENT OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

the future college lies the fertile Santa Clara valley. The stately buildings of the neighboring Stanford University will be easily viewed from the front portico; to the north may be seen Menlo Park, Palo Alto, Mayfield and Redwood City, suburban towns, among the live oaks, to the northeast stretches the bay of San Francisco, while Mount Diablo and the observatory-crested Hamilton frame a gorgeous panorama that will constantly delight the eye of all students and visitors to the famous college.

A natural basin has been recently discovered in the neighborhood of this superb site, where it is the dream of the Jesuit Fathers to build an open amphitheater for the future home of the Passion Play which periodically, even as at Oberammergau, may attract thousands to the edifying spectacle.

The cast of "Nazareth" this year is as follows; the names are given in the order in which the characters personated appear on the stage:

ZADOC		H. George Casey, '07
SHADRACK		Harry A. J. McKenzie, '08
ZORABEL		Ivo G. Bogan, '08
THE ANGEL OF THE LORD.		Lewis Byington Ford, '10 Frank J. Warren, '13
DATHIAN	Emissaries from Herod to Bethlehem	Joseph Farry, '97
AMMON		Floyd E. Allen, '08
A HINDO	Wise Men from the East	Jose Gaston, '07
AN EGYPTIAN		George Hall, '08
A PERSIAN		Chas. E. Bercht, '12
THAMAR, Captain in the Palace of King Herod		John B. Shea, '09
ARCHELAUS, Son of King Herod I., afterward Herod II.		Gerald P. Beaumont, '06
JECHONIAS, A rich Publican of Jerusalem		James A. Bacigalupi, '03
ATHIAS, his son, afterward Matthew the apostle		James F. Twohy, '07
HEROD I., King of Judea		Michael E. Griffith, '98
FIRST CITIZEN		George A. Mayerle, '13
SECOND CITIZEN		Paul Owen Troplong, '12
JOSHUA, Captain in the house of Caiaphas		Bernard A. Budde, '10
CAIAPHAS	High Priests of Jerusalem	William McKagney, '07
NATHANAEL		Edmund Lowe, '10
ANNAS		Richard Birmingham, '10

REV. GEORGE GOLDEN FOX, S. J., PRESIDENT SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB, SANTA CLARA COLLEGE

BOAZ	Merchants in the Temple of Jerusalem	Harry A. J. McKenzie, '08
ABIRON		H. George Casey, '07
ESROM		Frank Hefferman, '08

THE APOSTLES

JUDAS ISCARIOT	John J. Ivancovich, '05
THOMAS	C. V. Mullen, '10
MATTHEW	James F. Twohy, '07
ANDREW	Edwin Simard, '11
PETER	August Aguirre, '07
JAMES, Son of Zebedee	George Duffy, '12
PHILIP	Watson Dozier, '10
BARTHOLOMEW	Charles E. Bercht, '12
JAMES, Son of Alphcus	Harold Yoacham, '11
THADDEUS	Edgar Nolan, '10
SIMEON	James Whiting
PONTIUS PILATE	Lee J. Murphy, '08

Shepherds, soldiers, priests, disciples; heralds, populace, etc.

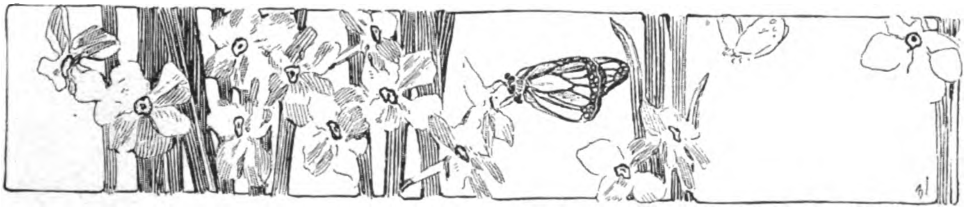
The play, with its four epochs and nine chapters, is highly original in construction. It is written with singular reverence and the delicate treatment of the theme is unlike that of any other Passion Play familiar to the stage. Though much of the action of the play takes place in the very presence of the Divine central figure, He is never for a moment visible, but His presence is made manifest by a nebulous light that seems to emanate from a spiritual body too exquisitely refined to be visible to a worldly eye. The effect is startlingly impressive and so dramatically effective as to inspire in the beholder bewilderment and awe. It is a triumph of dramatic ingenuity little short of pure inspiration.

How can I better conclude these notes than by quoting the author's dedication of his play—a play that is surely destined to be reproduced at intervals for many and many a year to come and to leave after it an aroma of incense as delicious to heart and soul as a memory of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at Christmas or Easter Day:

DEDICATION

TO THE REV. ROBERT E. KENNA, S. J., GENTLE PLAYMATE OF MY BOYHOOD, CHERISHED MEMORY OF MY YOUTH, AND REVEREND FRIEND OF MY RIPER YEARS, THIS WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED, IN TENDER RECOLLECTION OF THE SWEET LONG AGO IN SANTA CLARA COLLEGE, AND TO REVERENTLY ASSIST, IN MY HUMBLE WAY, THE CELEBRATION OF ITS GOLDEN JUBILEE.

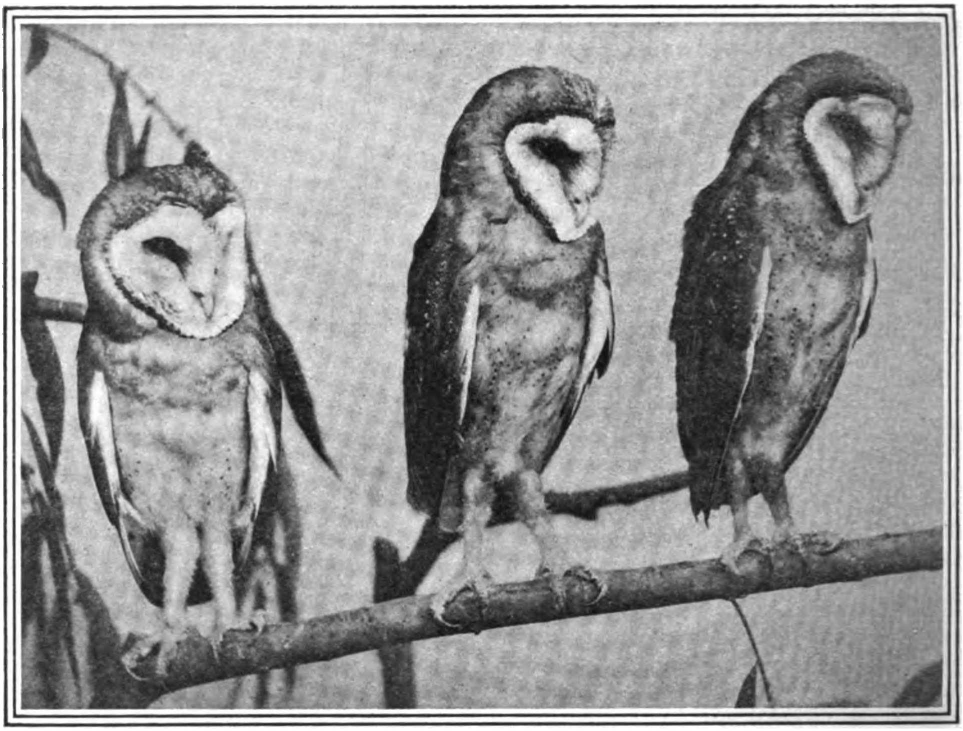
CLAY M. GREENE, 1868-69



THE VIOLET

By ISABEL PIXLEY

WHEN I am gone and the grass grows green
O'er the couch where I'm laid to rest
Will you seek that spot, with a kindly thought
For the one who has loved you best?
If you do, and you shed but a single tear,
Though I can not stretch forth my hand,
A violet blue shall smile up at you
To tell you I understand.



THREE SOLEMN YOUNG BARN OWLS

FEATHERED FORAGERS

By William L. Finley

Photographs by Herman T. Bohlman

THE wild bird of prey is peculiarly fitted by nature to play its part in the animal world. It is powerful in flight, possesses marvelous eyesight, and has sharp talons for holding, and a strong, hooked bill for tearing prey. It lives by catching and killing creatures almost as crafty as itself.

The eye of the bird of prey is doubtless the most perfect organ of sight that exists. The eye of the eagle, for instance, distinguishes minute objects from high in the sky and dives to strike with unerring accuracy. The osprey sailing high over river or lake, distinguishes a small fish even under the wind-roughened surface and knows whether it is within striking distance. Most marvelous of all, is the sight which enables the owl to strike the mouse in the darkness or pursue and capture the bat which we can scarcely see in the early twilight.

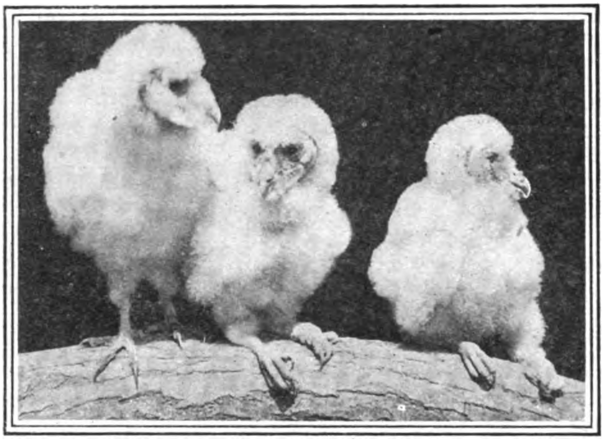
In a camera study of several of the birds of prey, we have visited the same nests six or eight different times during the period when the young were in the nest, in order to get a life series of pictures showing the development of the birds. In doing this we have had some very good chances to watch the feeding habits of these creatures.

It is well known to scientists that all birds of prey swallow a great deal of indigestible matter such as the fur and bones of animals and the feathers of birds. After the nutritious portions have been absorbed, the rest of the mass is formed into pellets in the stomach and is vomited up before a new supply of food is taken. By the examination of these pellets found about the nest, or under a roost, a scientist can get a perfect index to the character of the food that has been eaten. In addition to this, one generally finds the remains of creatures in the nest upon which the young birds have been feeding.

The red-tailed hawk is the best known of the larger raptores throughout the Pacific Coast region. It is common about the hills and in the valleys of California, where it builds in the scattered oak trees. Almost every little cañon along the central coast region is occupied by a pair of redtails. Their nests are easily found in the early spring by scanning the trees for a mile up the hillside with your fieldglass. But finding a redtail's nest is very different in Oregon. The birds are fairly common, but I seldom find a nest. They are too well hidden in the fir forests on the hills or in the tall cottonwoods along the rivers.

We made a close study of a redtail's nest we found in a tall cottonwood one hundred and twenty feet from the ground. We made six different trips, each time climbing to the nest to study and photograph the young birds. The parents were successful hunters; we never saw the time when their larder was empty. Nor did they resort to the

YOUNG GOLDEN EAGLES—THE BIRDS OF FREEDOM



BARN OWL BABIES

chicken yard for food. On our first visits to the nest we found the remains of gophers and fish, and the feathers of quail and pheasants. One morning we saw the mangled body of a screech-owl in the eyrie; almost a case of hawk eat hawk. The old redtail had evidently found the victim returning home too late in the morning, and there were no restrictions as to race and color in the hawk household. Later in the season when the banks of the Columbia overflowed, covering most of the surrounding country, the old hawk did not abandon his hunting preserve. He turned his attention entirely to fishing. Where the carp and catfish fed about the edges of the pond, he had no trouble in catching enough for himself and nestlings to eat. Twice we found a carp over a foot in length in the nest. After that we saw no indication of food other than fish, and on our last visit we picked up the head bones of seven catfish in the eyrie.

The abundance of redtails in California is undoubtedly due to the larger supply of natural food they find about those regions. Moles, squirrels, and other rodents are very plentiful, and these hawks help to keep in check the pests that exert such an evil upon agricultural interests. If it were not for the hawks and owls in California, the balance of nature would surely swing very much against those who cultivate the soil.

The redtail is often called "chicken-hawk," but it does not deserve the name. Many of the hawks carry reputations that they do not deserve. Many people who live in the country are enemies of the hawks and owls and shoot them at every opportunity, because they think the hawk is the persistent enemy of poultry, whereas this is a very small part of his diet. In regions and in seasons when animal insect food is scarce, this hawk will catch chickens and game-birds, but it lives mostly on mice and shrews, as well as on frogs, snakes, lizzards, and insects of various kinds. In a prairie and hilly

IN FULL FLIGHT—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH

country, almost the entire food of this hawk is squirrels, gophers, meadow-mice, and rabbits.

It has been demonstrated by a careful examination of hundreds of the stomachs of these hawks, carried on under the direction of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, that poultry and game birds do not constitute more than ten per cent of the food of this hawk. All the other beneficial animals preyed upon, including snakes, will not increase the proportion to fifteen per cent; so there is a balance of eighty-five per cent in favor of the redtail. This is a fact that every gunner should remember, since the hawks destroy so many injurious rodents they should never be shot unless in the act of stealing chickens.

The sparrow hawk is perhaps the best known of our birds of prey, as it ranges through the entire country. Contrary to what the name might signify, this bird lives almost exclusively on insects, except where such food is difficult to obtain. Along the treeless plains and hills throughout the West, it is a common sight to see these little falcons beating along over the waste, frequently swerving upward in flight and coming to a dead stop, as they hang suspended in the air, with rapid wing-beats, looking for prey. In

"HOME, SWEET HOME" OF THE RED TAILED HAWK, IN A COTTONWOOD TREE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND localities where grasshoppers are abundant, these hawks will congregate and gorge themselves continually.

The golden eagle is our noblest bird of prey. He is found throughout the wild, mountainous regions of the West. The eagle is more than a match for any animal of his own size. Not a beast of the field nor a fowl of the air can dispossess him; he stands intrepid before every earthly power except the hand of man. He is shy and wary at all times, clean and handsome, swift in flight and strong in body. An experience gained in the fiercest of schools makes the eagle as formidable as any creature of the wild.

JUDGE SCREECH-OWL

In a careful study of the home life of a golden eagle made in the mountains of California, we ascertained the following facts: The same eyrie had been used for years. During the month of February, it was recarpeted with small twigs and dry leaves, for the eaglets of the preceding summer had worn it down to a rough platform of large sticks. A hollow was made in the middle of soft material for the eggs. Two dull, white eggs, shell-marked with brown, were laid the first week of March. The period of incubation lasted almost a month, for the eggs were not hatched till the third of April. The eaglets were covered with soft, white down soon after hatching. White is not the color for a hunter, but these snowy garments lasted for a full month, during which the youngsters grew from the egg to the size and weight of a large hen. The first week in May, black pinfeathers began to push up through the down, first appearing on the wings and back. Week after week the stiff, black feathers grew, but they came slowly, covering the back, wings, head, and neck, until, by the first week in June, the eaglets were fairly clothed except for a small white shirt-front. The wings and feet were still weak. It required over three weeks longer for the wing feathers to gain strength to handle their heavy bodies. So it required a good four months of the year for the eagle to rear its family.

We found the golden eagle a valuable inhabitant of any cattle range or farming community. His food consisted almost entirely of the ground squirrels that are so abundant through the California hills and cause such damage to the grain fields. On our second trip to the nest, we found the bodies of four ground squirrels lying on the edge. At each visit we examined the food remains and the pellets about the nest, and I am sure a very large proportion of the eagles' food supply consisted of squirrels, with an occasional rabbit and quail. The hills in many places were perforated with the burrows of squirrels, and the eagles seemed to have regular watch-towers on the high rocks from which they

THE JUDGE AT HIS OFFICE

swooped down on their quarry. If it were not for the birds of prey about these hilly districts, the places would soon be overrun with harmful rodents. Nature has provided this check for the squirrel.

I am satisfied that this family of eagles easily consumed an average of six ground squirrels a day during the period of nesting, and very likely more than that. Those young, growing eagles surely required a fair amount of nourishment each day for about three months, and they were well supplied, to say nothing of what the old birds consumed. But even this low estimate would mean the destruction of five hundred and forty squirrels in about three months' time. This is the permanent home of the eagles; what would be the estimate for the entire year, and what for all the other families of hawks and owls that live along the hills and cañons?

GOLDEN EAGLES IN THEIR EYRIE--TAKEN FROM ADJOINING TREE BY TELEPHOTO LENS

As a family, the owls are among the most beneficial of all birds from the economic standpoint of the agriculturist. With few exceptions the owls are largely nocturnal. Their eyes and ears are remarkably developed, and are keenest in the early hours of the night and morning. Many harmful rodents are most active in their search for food during the night, and the owls are the natural check for this multitude. The hawk hunts by day and the owl by night, and the work of one supplements that of the other.

The little screech owl is perhaps the best known in all parts of the country for its indefatigable work in destroying mice and insects. During the day this owl likes to sleep in the hollow of some old tree; at times it takes refuge in the thick foliage, where it is generally spied by some songster during the day. The fact is soon made public in the bird world for at the cry of "owl!" I have often seen a dozen different birds gather around in a few moments to take a hand in the "ousting." Robins and bluejays are the greatest bane in the owl's life, and for this reason he has to keep hidden during the day. The screech owl has seldom been known to attack poultry. Out of two hundred and fifty-five stomachs of this species examined by the Department of Agriculture, only one contained the remains of a domestic fowl. But often this bird has been found feeding on cut-worms and caterpillars, and at times they are certainly efficient in destroying this pest.

FROM FOREST TO RIVER, AND ON TO THE SEA

MILLIONS IN TREES

THE FOREST WEALTH OF THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

By EDMUND P. SHELDON

THE forests of Oregon and Washington are destined to contribute to the demands of different nations more wealth producing commodities than any other natural resource of the two states. This fact forces itself strongly upon us, when we realize that Oregon contains more standing timber than any other state in the nation and that its standing forests produce more board feet an acre than any other region in the world. According to estimates made by timber men who have studied the matter, Oregon contains approximately 300,000,000,000 feet of standing timber. In comparison with other states, and with the United States, this statement is of interest:

Total standing timber in the United States, 1,380,000,000,000.

Total standing timber on the Pacific Coast, 725,000,000,000.

Total standing timber in Oregon, 300,000,000,000.

Commercially the manufacture of lumber in Oregon constitutes one of the most important industries. There are over six hundred sawmills in operation. In addition to this, there are many other wood-consuming mills, which manufacture shingles, matches, boxes, veneering, sash, doors, furniture and other articles.

It is no uncommon thing for the logger to find trees which will scale upwards of forty thousand feet board measure, when cut into logs. Trees larger than those found in the fir forests of Oregon can not be manufactured into lumber economically, but the largest logs ranging from six to eight or even nine feet in diameter are economically handled by the special machinery which has been developed for use in the sawmills of the West, where we find located sawmills which have the reputation of manufacturing more lumber than any other mills in the world.

At the present time Portland is the chief lumber city of the world. This city acquired that place in 1905 and statistics for 1906 show that it still maintains the lead in lumber production. The cut of the local mills for 1906 was in excess of 643,000,000 feet.

One mill during 1906 cut more lumber than any other mill in the world, 140,000,000 feet.

Commercially the forests of Oregon constitute the state's greatest natural resource. If the standing merchantable timber of the state was manufactured into lumber and sold at the rate of $12 per thousand, which is an exceedingly low estimate, its value would be $3,600,000,000. Right here it is pertinent to remark that at the present time lumber is sold cheaper at the mills in Oregon than in any other lumber district.

Turning for a minute to the consideration of the principal commercial trees of Oregon, we find that among all the different ninety-five species which grow in the state and attain to the dignity of trees, Douglas fir is by far the most valuable and important. The Douglas fir was given its name in honor of the discoverer of the tree. David Douglas, an enthusiastic collector was sent by the Horticultural Society of London to study

A CEDAR LOG BIGGER THAN A HOUSE ON ITS WAY TO THE MILLS

JUST A SLICE OF TIMBER

the botanical resources of the Pacific West. He reached Oregon April 8, 1825. Up to the date of his first visit practically nothing was known, either scientifically or commercially of the trees of this region. To the efforts of Mr. Douglas we must credit the discovery, not only of the Douglas fir, which bears his name, but also the sugar pine, the Noble fir, the Western yellow pine, and hundreds of the common shrubs and herbs found on the Coast. He visited Oregon in 1832 and after making many further discoveries he journeyed to the Hawaiian Islands, where he met a tragic and untimely end by falling into a pit prepared to entrap wild bullocks.

Douglas fir trees grow to be one hundred to three hundred and fifty feet high, and three to fifteen feet in diameter. They are majestic in appearance and conical in outline. The dark evergreen foliage is extremely characteristic and can never be mistaken for a pine by any one who will stop to compare. The tree grows most abundantly in Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. Its range is, however, from northern Mexico and Lower California to central British Columbia; and from the Pacific ocean to the Rocky mountains, and Texas. The exact amount of fir timber now standing on the American continent has not been definitely estimated, and it would be hard to decide on the exact quantity because of its immensity and the inability of man to measure accurately timber scattered over so wide an area. It has been estimated that there is in the State of Oregon about 200,000,000,000 feet of standing fir timber; in Washington, 90,592,926,000 feet board measure. It will be many years before the amount elsewhere will be definitely known. But, is it probable that there is as much as in Oregon and Washington combined? Granting this, and taking into consideration that the history of lumbering has always proved estimates to be too low, we have a probable total amount of nearly six billion feet of standing merchantable fir on the American continent. In Oregon fir is mostly confined to the area west of the Cascades, where it furnishes eighty per cent of the total stand of merchantable

A SKID ROAD AMONG THE DOUGLAS FIRS

timber. Lane county, with 27,827,000,000 feet leads as the greatest fir county of Oregon. Tillamook comes next, with 13,995,000,000 feet. Next come Clatsop and Coos counties with each over 10,000,000,000 feet of standing merchantable fir.

In the areas where fir reaches its greatest development stands are found which frequently yield from fifty to one hundred thousand feet per acre. In these regions the tree will average five or six feet in diameter at the butt with an average height close to three hundred feet. As a tree for reforestation it produces a greater crop per acre than any other conifer known.

The forestry building at the Lewis and Clark Exposition was to Portland what the Ferris wheel was to Chicago. It was constructed almost entirely of fir, and will no doubt go down into history as the most unique structure ever built in the history of expositions as well as the best exhibit of the undeveloped resources of a country ever placed before an admiring public. It is more than a log cabin. It is truly a palace of fir. It stood out in marked contrast to the adjoining structures of staff. It is in itself a good exemplification of the stable, sturdy, pioneer resources of a country as yet in its infancy. The structure is two hundred and six feet long by one hundred and two feet wide, and rises to a height of seventy feet. In its construction two miles of five and six-foot fir logs, eight miles of four to ten-inch fir poles and tons of fir shakes and fir bark shingles were used. Consider how much there is stored up in one of these fir logs, five or six feet in diameter and fifty feet long. One such log contains enough lumber to build a one-story house forty by forty, a yard fence around it, a board walk up to it and still have slabwood enough left to make a fine pile of fuel. One such log would make enough one by three flooring to reach over thirteen miles.

Shipbuilders have for many years known of the strength and durability of fir, and the sails of commerce of every civilized nation are flung to the breeze from masts and spars of this timber. Immense quantities of fir are used as piling in the various harbors of the

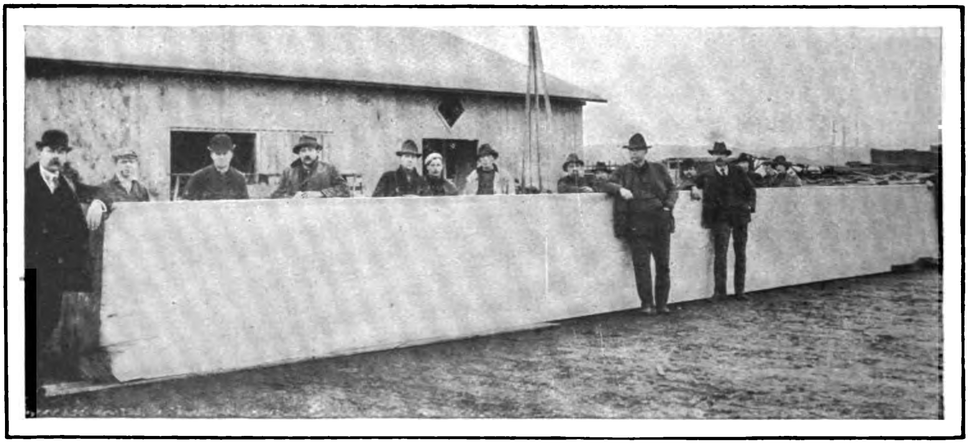
Pacific Coast, and shiploads of this wood are dispatched to the ports of the world. A most important industry is bound to develop in the future, in the manufacture of turpentine, pyroligneous acid, resin and other products from the pitchy stumps of fir. In fact, we are only beginning to find out what fir is good for. For example, a large oar manufacturing establishment in the South is testing fir for oars with the idea in view of ultimately moving west to manufacture oars for the world.

With these facts in view, it seems fair to ask the question as to the future of fir as a source of lumber supply for coming generations. A great deal depends on the maintenance of supply. But if the forests are protected by proper laws that will both prevent and extinguish forest fires, and if conservative methods of lumbering are adopted and fir is treated as a crop, and Nature allowed to use this wonderful tree to replace the mature forest trees as they are harvested, I see no reason why there should not be a continuous source of revenue in fir forests for all time.

The next timber in point of importance is the pine. There are fourteen species. The largest of these is the sugar pine which grows to be one hundred to three hundred feet high and twelve to twenty feet in diameter. It is especially abundant in the southern part of the state and is used for the manufacture of lumber, interior finish, sash, doors, oars, etc. Another important pine is the one which grows in eastern Oregon, and, although called by a number of different names, is commonly known as Western yellow pine. This furnishes about nineteen per cent of the timber of the state and is manufactured into lumber and is shipped east to compete with the rapidly disappearing white pine.

The largest tree in this region is the giant tideland spruce. This tree grows upwards of twenty feet in diameter. There is on record in Clatsop county, one tree which was thirty feet in diameter. This tree species forms a belt along the sea coast from thirty to fifty miles wide.

Other important trees which are manufactured into lumber are the Pacific red cedar, which is to-day the principal shingle material of the world; the Port Orford cedar, which grows only in Coos and Curry counties and which is important for shipbuilding, clothes-chests, matches, etc.; the Tamarack or Larch of eastern Oregon, which is used largely for railroad ties and lumber; the Noble fir, or as it is sometimes called the Larch of "Larch mountain" and the cottonwood, which is largely manufactured into paper, veneer, staves, barrels, trunks and various other forms of woodenware. This region also has a number of valuable hardwoods, such as oak, ash, maple, alder and myrtle.



AN OREGON TOOTHPICK SENT TO THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

BOOKS AND WRITERS

A Magazine for the Blind

To the desk of the editor of SUNSET came, a short time ago, a copy of that most novel magazine, the *Matilda Ziegler Magazine for the Blind.* The first number was issued in March last from New York, comprising six thousand copies of sixty pages each, each page being twelve by fourteen inches in size, and especially printed in raised letter type for blind readers only. On the facing pages the translation is printed in roman type. The subscription price of this magazine is ten cents a year, but it is designed practically for free circulation to all the blind who desire to receive it. The woman who has undertaken this benevolent task is the widow of the late William Ziegler, of New York. A subscription price is charged in order to conform to postal regulations. All persons desiring to receive a copy of this magazine regularly, should send their address to the manager, Mr. Walter G. Holmes, 1931 Broadway, New York City, and if blind, should state whether they read New York or Braille Point. The names of over six thousand blind readers have been secured, and the magazine has been sent to them. It costs Mrs. Ziegler something over $3.00 a year for every magazine she sends out. The first number contains, besides the publisher's announcement, letters from President Roosevelt, former President Cleveland, a letter from Helen Keller, a description of the Ziegler expedition to the Arctic, something about "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," a Hymn of Peace in Esperanto, a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a print of the stars and stripes, and a complete alphabet of the New York Point system of raised letter printing which is used in this magazine.

It appears that the special reason for Mrs. Ziegler's interest in this magazine is that she has a blind son, and Mr. Holmes, the manager, has a blind brother in Tennessee, who derive great pleasure from reading. A year ago he sent a communication to a New York newspaper suggesting the great need of literature for the blind; this was brought to the attention of Mrs. Ziegler, and the present magazine is the result. The problem of printing has been a difficult one to solve. The work is now being done at the American Printing House for the Blind, at Louisville, Kentucky, the largest printing plant of this kind in the country. Another edition in so-called Braille type, is being printed at the State Industrial School for the Blind, at Hartford, Connecticut. It is the intention to make the magazine as near as possible like those published for the seeing. As Miss Helen Keller puts it in her letter to Mrs. Ziegler, published in this issue, "The blind are not specialists interested only in blindness."

Therefore, there will be as little as possible in regard to the blind, outside the mere mention of successful work they are doing and of new lines of work being done for them. The magazine will not be local in its nature, for while it is published in New York, it is for the blind of the whole country, and an event will be considered as important to the readers, if it occurs in California or Texas as if it occurs in New York.

★ ★ ★

The Wooing of Tokala

Books dealing with wild life have of late fallen upon such evil days that a man must be equipped with facts, as well as with a facile pen, and a vivid imagination, if he would venture into this field without getting into trouble. For this reason the average reader may be pardoned if he approaches a new Indian story with distinct question in his mind. An Indian story, by Franklin Welles Calkins, however ("The Wooing of Tokala," The Revell Company, New York), may be taken up with a more than reasonable expectation that one will at least not be deluged by pseudo facts regarding the red man. Moreover, in the particular instance under consideration, the story itself is full of new and naive charm.

Mr. Calkins's claim to speak authoritatively regarding western Indians, and life on the plains, can hardly be questioned. He has lived among the western tribes; has hunted with them, had them for friends, since a boyhood sufficiently remote to admit of his having dipped in his hand with the real red man. Most of his books have been actually written in Indian teepees, while he lived the life he wrote of. His stories have been told him by living Indians, who have been his friends. He numbered Red Cloud among these, and as a young man he knew and had fellowship with most of the great chiefs who ranged the Mississippi valley from the Great Lakes to the Great Divide; from Canada to the Gulf. He knew the limitless green prairies of the seventies, and the life that roamed there.

As a consequence of all this, the Indian that Mr. Calkins draws is very unlike the half-fabulous being so-called western writers have created for us, whose conversation is a jumble of Socrates, Walt Whitman and Philip Gilbert Hammerton; whose war whoop is a comingling of the steam siren's blast and the roar of the Sixth Avenue "L," the two sounds more familiar to the average writer of Indian yarns than are the voices of forest and prairie. In fact, the Indians to whom he introduces us in "The Wooing of Tokala," are so simply, so convincingly, human, that there will doubtless be many to repudiate them, as never having trodden the wilds of Broadway nor figured in any wild west melodrama.

For they are most remarkably like folks; men and women endowed with the same virtues, faults, strengths and weaknesses, as characterize the humanity we are wont to distinguish as civilized. They are moved upon by motives exactly similar to those that influence us, and they act, under varying stress, much the same as all highly organized men and women are wont to act. The difference is of environment rather than of kind or quality.

"The Wooing of Tokala," is a charming story, full of hearty human interest. In addition to being this, it gives a curiously intimate and convincing picture of a life that has nearly vanished from among us, and with which we were never familiar enough to do it justice. Mr. Calkins has a rarely direct and simple narrative style, and an especially happy choice of English, two qualities that tend to add charm to his book. The work is essentially sincere and there is a sanity and veracity about it that carries conviction by the very force of its restraint and its reasonableness. We have had all too few such books about the red man.

Adeline Knapp.

★ ★ ★

"Farm Science" is the title of a book of one hundred and twenty-eight pages which has been prepared for distribution among the farmers of the country by the International Harvester Company of America, Chicago. It is from first to last a farmer's book, most practical, and is unquestionably of the highest authority on the eight subjects treated. These are the headings of the different chapters and every one was prepared by a well-known specialist in his line: "Alfalfa Culture in America;" "Modern Corn Culture;" "Best Methods in Seeding;" "Small Grain Growing;" "Profitable Hay Making;" "Up-to-date Dairying;" "Increasing Fertility," and "Power on the Farm." The preparation of this book meant an outlay on the part of the Harvester Company of several thousand dollars, but it is sent without cost, other than the postage for its mailing, to any farmer or land owner who is interested enough to write for it. The edition is limited and is being rapidly exhausted. Enclose three two-cent stamps for the postage and send to the address given above.

* * *

The Use of National Forests

"THE USE OF NATIONAL FORESTS," a publication recently issued by the Department of Agriculture, is a brief, clear manual for public information as to the forest policy of the National Government. Many people do not know what National Forests are. Others may have heard much about them, but have no idea of their true purpose and use. Here, it is explained, how these Forests are created and how their boundaries are drawn. Their direct use and value are shown from the point of view of the homeseeker, the prospector and miner, the user of timber, the user of the range, the user of water, and other users of Forest resources. It is shown how the Forests are intended for use, for the production of usable products, and for the establishment and maintenance of homes; how on all of them the timber is protected from fire, the water flow is kept steady, the forage on the range is increased and guarded from abuse; and how, in addition, they serve as great public playgrounds and as breeding places and refuges for game. It is pointed out that the Forests are managed by the people in their own interests, and every means is used to meet half way the desires and wants of all Forest users by dealing with them on the ground and with the utmost practicable dispatch and freedom from red tape.

The special interest of this manual lies in its setting forth that the Forest policy of the Government, both in principle and in practice, is for the benefit of every citizen equally. There is still a tendency to think of the National Forests as "preserves" closed to use, and to leave the public lands exposed to unregulated individual exploitation. Where these misapprehensions still prevail this pamphlet will go far to correct them. The book is written by Mr. Frederick E. Olmsted, whose intimate knowledge of conditions in the West and the policy under which the National Forests are managed especially fits him to deal with the subject.

* * *

DR. EDWARD BULL CLAPP, University of California, who has been appointed, for the ensuing year, Professor of Greek at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, is traveling during the summer in Europe. He has already visited many points of interest in Germany, and stopped at various cities on the Italian peninsula. He passed several pleasant days at Naples and on the Island of Capri at the entrance of the Bay of Naples—the island, by the way, on which the Emperor Tiberius spent the last ten years of his life, and built twelve villas or palaces, the ruins of which are still visible.

* * *

Concerning the World's Libraries

DR. W. S. FERGUSON, associate professor of Greek and Roman history, University of California, who is absent on leave, writes to the old folks at home regarding his experiences. His comments on libraries in various places which he has visited are most instructive. For facility of access and for richness of material he says the Harvard library is superior to anything he has found in Europe. He can do his work more satisfactorily in Cambridge than in Berlin or London because of the greater rapidity with which he is able to avail himself of the library privileges. "For the hunting up of references," he says, "and bibliographical work in general, the freedom of the American library is almost indispensable. It is a great evil when a library bureaucracy gets established, as in Italy and Germany, and comes to regard its office as self-sufficient, subject to its own laws, and having as its own peculiar end the preservation of books." In Rome, Professor Ferguson found the library of the German Institute surprisingly good; it contains the archæological works which he needed, and inasmuch as it is managed by scholars and not by librarians, there are no vexatious delays in getting books and no limitations upon the number to be drawn at once. The library at Turin, Professor Ferguson found fairly good. Dr. Sanctis, Professor of Ancient History in the university there secured for him all the privileges of a local professor; still with even this advantage the restrictions were numerous and exacting, and he could work only with considerable inconvenience.

To the student or seeker after knowledge it would seem that the value of a library rests in its usefulness. Books for preservation merely should be kept in a museum, and the librarians that hold to the restrictive, non-using theory might as well go along with the books. These are too busy days for a man to cram his head full of facts. A good library should be arranged to serve as a brain annex for the average citizen.

★ ★ ★

The Shameless Diary of an Explorer

THE title of this book (published by The Outing Company) has a facetious sound but there's no joke about it. Here Mr. Robert Dunn, one of *Collier's* best story-tellers narrates faithfully the details of an exploring party's effort to scale Mount McKinley, that towering Alaskan summit that waves its snowy crest over twenty thousand feet above the sea at its base. Mark Twain, in "Innocents Abroad," won fame by telling more than the truth. Mr. Dunn may be mobbed by other members of his party by reason of his painful adherence to fact. Mountain climbing is a sport designed to try men to see if they are qualified to join the ranks of angels; on this trip the test seems to have been most successful although the expedition was not.

★ ★ ★

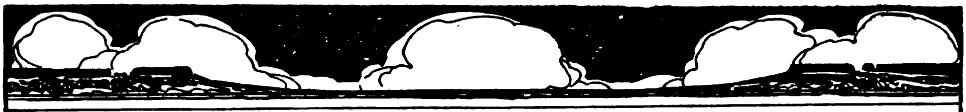
Reed Anthony Cowman

HERE'S an odd sort of book—an autobiography (Houghton, Mifflin & Company). The writer, who signs himself Andy Adams, dedicates the volume to Captain Lytle, secretary of the Texas Cattle Raisers' Association of Fort Worth, and the record is worth preserving in the association archives. Its value historically rests in its being a fairly told narrative of days fast passing, when the cattlemen roamed the western plains, and the Chicholm trail was as familiar to the cowboy as Broadway to a New Yorker. The railways and barbed wire and civilization have put an end to the life here described, so it is well to embalm such yarns in books.

★ ★ ★

The Big Trees of California

GALEN CLARK, ninety-four years of age, has written a book of one hundred and four pages about "The Big Trees of California." He does not tell much that was not known before: the value lies in his telling it. The great trees have been his companions for more than a half century and he loves to pay them tribute. Photographs and good press work help to make the volume attractive. The author is his own publisher and he will send the book to any address on receipt of one dollar for cloth binding; fifty cents for paper. Mr. Clark insists that the trees shall be called Sequoia Washingtoniana, and not gigantea—strange honor for the man who first won fame by cutting down a tree.



In the Wide-Awake West

EDITORIAL COMMENT

FOR HOME-MAKERS

A CENTURY ago, when a New England farmer cast about for a new country for his son, he sent him to northern Ohio, or to western Pennsylvania. Later on came the westward rush to Kansas and Nebraska and Oklahoma. To-day, California, Oregon and the great Northwest country, hold out beckoning arms to the home-maker and settler. This number of SUNSET is given up largely to telling about this vast region. The writers all know their subject—nothing but the facts are here, and the camera plays as important a part in the truth-telling as the pen. It's worth-while sort of reading for all Americans; later on crowds of excursionists are going out to see things for themselves—the special railway rates due to the Christian Endeavor Convention at Seattle being one luring feature. More special rates will carry these sight-seeing tourists all over the coast from Victoria to San Diego.

HONORING "BUCKY" O'NEILL

ONE of the notable events of Independence Day this year was the unveiling at Scott, Arizona, of a bronze statue of Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, who was killed early in the Spanish war. O'Neill was a high type of western manhood, and the young men of Arizona can not have before them a better example of true and aggressive patriotism.

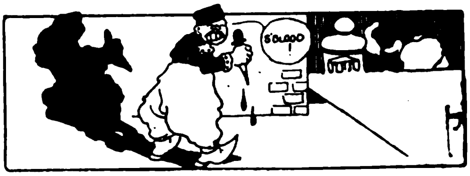
SAN FRANCISCO

WHEN a San Franciscan goes to the eastern states these days, he gets a great deal of unasked-for sympathy and a lot of consideration. So, too, unintentional Pharisees write frequently to friends in this city—whose name they love to torture into 'Frisco—and tell cheerfully of the charms at this special season of Chicago, or of Lenox, Mass., or Podunk, or of Guilford, Conn. There have been times during the past sixteen months—even the most loyal and bumptious of San Franciscans will admit—when things have looked a bit blue—shake, fire, corruption in city government, the Japanese explosion, strikes of all sorts, ending with the bitterly fought battle of the street carmen. But the sun kept on shining, and to-day the health-giving philosophy of the average citizen by the Golden Gate buoys him into so cheerful a frame of mind that he wouldn't swap his town even for Paris, with Versailles thrown in. For out here life is real and earnest, and there's enough energy being released every second to run several Niagaras. Business is good where it has half a chance—June bank clearings footed up $177,307,227—and where it is a trifle slow the partners and the head salesmen and the blonde stenographer are off in the country eating cherries, or idling by the sea shore. The season at all the resorts within two hundred miles of San Francisco, is reported the best ever. Every sort of boarding place that can offer ham and eggs and a tent under a tree is reserved for weeks ahead. The mortality among farm poultry is something frightful, and milk is being stretched beyond all skimming capacity.

Within the city the big hotel dining rooms are crowded nightly, city residents among the strangers, while every popular restaurant and every theater is jammed. The demand for seats during the recent engagements of Maude Adams and Mrs. Fiske was such that both favorites were forced to give extra matinees. The profits from "Peter Pan" alone were close to $37,000. Libraries and clubs are well patronized, and at the annual Bohemian camp the redwoods will soothe to occasional slumber over four hundred busy city men. It's slow work but the city is being rebuilt. There are new alignments and adjustments, old owners are going out, but new ones are coming in. Money is abundant and Hope more so.

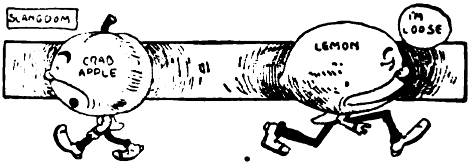
THE PROMISE

The harvest year of the state promises wonders, and that means smiling good times for San Francisco. The gold mines of Nevada and Nome are milling their millions, and that helps. The commerce of the Orient and the Pacific islands is growing steadily, and that helps. Real estate speculators are buying all the lots on San Francisco's sandy peninsula that they can control; new steam and electric lines down the coast promise to make a continuous city as far as San Jose, and everywhere are automobiles. Every poor man seems to have his motor car, and every rich man has cars to burn or turn over. There are about 8,000 automobiles in the city at present, coasting down or chunking up the seven hills, and making life insurance agents cheerfully busy. Strangers, like Editors McClure or Ridgway, pass through, look amazed, and talk about "a city of destiny." The San Franciscan toils joyfully in the fog and cool breeze, thoughtful of overcrowded cities and sweltering heat elsewhere, looks out over the blue bay, buys two seats for the theater, goes to his club for luncheon, and plays dominoes for an hour afterward!



RAISULI AGAIN

The Moroccan bandit, Raisuli, can beat Anna Held at advertising. Just now he has gained the attention of a large and select British and French audience by seizing Sir Harry MacLean, a British subject, and holding him as hostage in order to secure his own pardon for a few hazing adventures marked down against him on the books of the Sultan. Raisuli is so much of an artist in his specialty that he ought to go on the Orpheum circuit. If his Morocco surroundings become too warm he might find some excellent chances in this country. Nearly every good citizen can think of a half dozen men who could be abducted without serious harm to the nation.



GOOD-BYE, LEMON

California lemon growers are happy because the lemon has been crowded out of American slang by the crab-apple and now the prune growers are praying for some one to find them a slang successor. Some people are never satisfied.

EDUCATORS HERE

Reports from Los Angeles indicate that ten thousand or more school teachers and their friends have been in attendance at the convention of the National Educational Association. After work comes play and they will distribute themselves over the coast to greet old friends and to see the sights. Many will go to the Summer school of the University of California at Berkeley, which opened June 24 with nearly five hundred students on the rolls. This Summer school has grown to be one of the most attractive of educational offerings. As it comes just at vacation time, distinguished men from everywhere are glad to take this opportunity to come west and unite business with pleasure. Dr. Simon Newcomb, of Washington, Professor John Adams, of London, and Professor McTaggart, of Cambridge, England, are among the prominent scholars here this season.

FEDERATE THEOLOGY

A notable feature of the summer's educational programme at Berkeley is the Federate Summer School of Theology. This constitutes a movement in religious education of uncommon importance to all the West. It is the first and only school of its kind in this country. An idea of its aims, scope and work is given clearly in the following comprehensive statement, by Dr. William F. Badè, Dean of the school, written especially for Sunset:

Five theological schools, representing so many denominations, are federated to conduct annually at Berkeley a Summer School of Theology for clergymen, teachers, and all who are interested in philosophy and religious problems. Its interest and usefulness is greatly enhanced by association, during the final two weeks, with the University of California Summer School. For the problems of religion do not constitute an independent domain of knowledge. If they are to find a solution that shall commend itself to the common enlightenment of our time they must be solved with full reference to all the aid that science and philosophy can furnish. To encourage this breadth of view registered attendants of either school are admitted, without additional fees, to all the advantages of the other school. The corps of lecturers is composed partly of members of the regular faculties of the associated seminaries, partly of scholars from the East and elsewhere who are distinguished in special branches of theological investigation. Among the latter, this year, is President William Douglas Mackenzie, of Hartford Theological Seminary. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and is the author of a number of works. Among the subjects which he will discuss at the summer session are the origin and evolution of religion, the immanence of God, and immortality.

One of the live social questions of the day is the relation of organized labor to the Church as an institution. Economics may tell that either rent, or interest, or wages, must rise or fall, but it belongs to ethics to say which of these has the prior right to consideration in the adjustment of the upward or downward scale. Men are coming to see more clearly that, for moral rather than economic reasons, questions between classes are never merely class questions, and that what depresses the standard of living in any one class lowers the level and worth of life throughout the community. Hence a place has been made in this summer's programme for the consideration of the business man's and working man's relation to the great ethical and social movements of our time.

The management of the school also accepts the challenge which the present day perplexity of the public with regard to the Old Testament presents. No subject is taught so much and understood so little. Lack of understanding has produced this bewilderment and indifference. Under the old view and method it has been impossible to conceive of any development in Israel's religion, since the whole was conceived to have been present at the beginning, and succeeding generations, instead of struggling their way up to the truth, only needed to obey an authoritative and perfect moral law. Here lies the chief difficulty. It is not the largeness of the book, nor the remoteness of its life, nor its pitiless tempers, nor the oriental character of its imagery, nor the obscurity of its ideas. The modern man desires to trace cause and effect. If what professes to be a history does not fall under the laws of progress and development, it is unintelligible and therefore uninteresting. To meet this demand two courses will be given this year, the one on the historical backgrounds of the Old Testament, the other on the development of its idea of God.

The idea and plan of the school has been enthusiastically welcomed by men prominent in the educational world. The management entertains the hope that this institution may grow in public esteem from year to year. Any one may register for its courses, since there are no examinations. It is an attempt to strike out into new lines of public service, unhampered by sectarianism, and consequently able to command the attention that will turn many eyes toward the Pacific Coast.

LONDON AT SEA

All the sea sharps are "saying things" about Jack London and his ketch craft the *Snark,* because the vessel was more or less unmanageable on its recent voyage from San Francisco to Honolulu. The report is that the scuppers fouled the binnacle and the stays'ls took a bight from the galley. Yo, heave ho! What do people expect, and for what does London seek? He had a lot of fun building his sturdy and rollery craft, secured advertising worth more than the boat, and then away, away o'er the bounding main. He is not easily discouraged. The *Snark* doubtless will soon be heard of among the sampans of the Hoang-Ho, and current literature will be made richer by yellow tales of yellow men who sail the yellow sea.

DELVING IN EGYPT

Word has been received at the University of California, that Dr. George A. Reisner, formerly connected with the faculty, and now working on behalf of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, in Egypt, has been appointed archæologist in charge of the excavations of the Egyptian Government in Nubia. The work about to be undertaken at this point is the most remarkable ever conceived. It is to be nothing more nor less than the continuous excavation of both sides of the Nile from Kalabsche to Derr, a distance of one hundred and fifty kilometers. This is rendered necessary by the decision to raise the Assuan dam another eight meters. Professor Maspero, the head of the Department of Antiquities, is to have charge of the restoration of the known temples, and the copying of their inscriptions. Captain Lyons, head of the survey department, is in charge of the topographical and archæological survey, and has assigned to Dr. Reisner the task of excavating the monuments and the recording and publishing of these excavations. The work is expected to require fully five years.

SAIL ON, JOAQUIN

If the people of Oregon will take Joaquin Miller's suggestion seriously, the poet of the Sierra may find a place in the United States Senate. It is quite the thing to smile at Mr. Miller's ambitions but surely Oregon could not suffer by such a choice. A man with a breadth of vision great enough to write "Columbus," who has taught school and fought Indians, campaigned with Walker in Nicaragua, toiled over the White Pass to the Klondike, whose genuine honors in the world of letters are equaled by few living writers, could not be a small man wherever placed. Sentimental, yet business-like and well-to-do in worldly goods, altruistic yet every inch a fighter, honest as the sun, yet shrewd as a Yankee peddler, Mr. Miller would be anything but a figurehead, even among the great men of Washington.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

DEVOTED TO TIMELY FACTS OF MATERIAL PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST

BIG LUMBER CRAFT

While many eastern capitalists consider that they are doing well in placing their money at four and five per cent per annum, the western financier would scarcely consider an investment that paid him as little as eight per cent for the reason that there are so many propositions offering more tempting returns. These days a man is indeed fortunate who owns a few shares in one of the steamers engaged in the immense lumber traffic between Aberdeen, Washington and San Francisco. A steamer with a capacity of seven hundred and fifty thousand feet of lumber is a big boat, worth from $75,000 to $80,000, and the stock is divided into one hundred shares. $800 is the par value of each share, but since these boats make the round trip between Aberdeen and San Francisco every four or five weeks, and often pay a dividend of $50 and $60 a share per trip, there is no difficulty in getting subscribers for the stock. The trouble lies rather in getting enough boats.

Most of these vessels are built on Grays Harbor, there being two large shipyards in Aberdeen. Visiting them is an experience well worth the time of anyone unfamiliar with the sea and shipbuilding. The material used is Washington fir, than which there is no better ship lumber in the world. The stern post is of Japanese oak, which, by the way, is shipped in to Aberdeen cheaper than the eastern oak, but where timbers of great length are imperative, eastern oak must be obtained. The inside of the vessel is sealed with great fir planks eleven inches thick making the boat's wall from twenty-four to twenty-six inches through. The beams which extend from one side of the boat to the other and support the decks, are in turn, supported by heavy bracket-shaped timbers called knees. These are cut from the stump of the fir near the ground where the tree spreads its roots that it may be more strongly anchored to the soil.

A. Decker.

THE OSTRICH INDUSTRY

The remarkable progress made by the ostrich raising industry in California and Arizona is typical of the progress made in other lines of trade, but is exceptional in that it is the only industry of its kind in the world. The South African farms do not manufacture and retail their product, but in California the feathers are grown, manufactured and retailed by the same concern. The recent establishing of the Los Angeles Ostrich Farm, within the city limits of Los Angeles, gives California four ostrich enterprises—the others being at San Diego, South Pasadena and San Jose.

The initiative in the ostrich industry was taken about thirty years ago by Dr. Sketchley, who established a farm at Anaheim. Later on other men imported birds and assisted in establishing the business. The greatest development of the business has been in Arizona, where there are at present over two thousand birds. Their product of feathers has been sold principally to New York manufacturers. There is a tendency on the part of the ostrich feather growers to combine their efforts in building up the industry and in this way give to the Southwest a distinct industry characteristic of its climate and sunshine. At the present time fully $12,000,000 worth of ostrich feather goods are sold annually in the United States, and of this amount California has sold approximately $200,000, which proves that there is ample field for the California producers to enlarge their business. The cost of manufacturing ostrich feathers is less than in New York, although the scale of wages is the same. The difference is due to the ever-present sunshine and the warm climate which makes heating expense a small item. The California farms can produce, manufacture and retail their feathers for fully one-third less than it is necessary for eastern retailers to charge. There is a fifty per cent duty on imported plumes, boas, etc., which gives the California product a great advantage.

The quality of the California product is as a rule superior to the grade of goods commonly retailed throughout the United States, due to the fact that the feathers are fresher when they reach the consumer, and retain the life and beauty which is often destroyed in imported feathers by the methods pursued in handling, packing and shipping. The California product is sold throughout the United States, principally by mail orders, but retail salesrooms are maintained at the farms and in the shopping centers of Los Angeles.

★ ★ ★

A LITTLE HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA

[Written by a pupil of the Low Eighth Grade,
Piedmont School, Oakland, California]

The story of our "State of Gold,"
Has many, many times been told,
But for a change, if you have time,
I'll tell it all to you in rhyme.

The Indians owned it first, you know,
Then Spain, who conquered Mexico,
Sent Coronado to explore,
Our California's western shore.

And after many a weary year,
The fathers planted missions here,
To teach the Indians modern ways,
And how their corn and wheat to raise.

In 'forty-six, our Government,
A navy to these waters sent,
And on a pleasant summer day,
Our flag was raised at Monterey.

Two years, our flag, the west-wind's sport,
Waved proudly over Sutter's fort,
Before a man named Marshal, found
Some glittering specks upon the ground.

Yes, it was gold, beyond a doubt!
No, he'd not let the secret out,
Alas,—the glad news quickly spread,
Till in the Far East it was read.

Ere long, the "forty-niners," bold,
Left home and friends in search of gold,
Their route lay over desert's sand,
And over hostile Indians' land.

And oftentimes, the scalping knife,
Would take the would-be-miner's life;
But very many reached our state,
And some became both rich and great.

Five years our flag, the west-wind's sport,
Had waved o'er John A. Sutter's fort;
Five years had passed, since on that day,
Our flag was raised at Monterey.

And now the state so dear to me,
Became one of the thirty-three,
Among the states, both large and small,
Our own state is best of all.

FRANCES WICKS.

CONTENT

Out among the pepper trees
Watch the shadows playing
Out among the pepper trees
Watch the lazy summer breeze
Ever idly straying.

Softly goes the afternoon,
Softly goes the gloaming;
Hear the drowsy hum of bees
When among the pepper trees
Idly we are roaming.

Turn your eyes to purple hills
Golden haze descrying;
Out among the pepper trees
Dreamily we take our ease
While the day is dying.

ALBERTA BANCROFT.

★ ★ ★

A QUERY

O why does the editor chuckle and smile?
He's reading a manuscript really worth while!
From beginning through plot
To the climax things trot
Right along in true Chambers of Londonesque style!
And he'll not be so jaded
As if he had waded
Through sheets of the usual mush by the mile!

CAMILLA J. KNIGHT.

★ ★ ★

BUFFALO CALLS

PROGRESSIVE Buffalo calls her wandering citizens home for its Old Home Week, from September 1 to 7. Buffalo has proved her ability as an entertainer by giving the Pan-American Exposition and established a claim to the attention by giving two Presidents to the United States. The survivor of this twain, Mr. Cleveland, is one of the advertised attractions of the Buffalo Week. He is expected to deliver an address at the dedication of a McKinley monument which will be unveiled by President Roosevelt. It stands on Niagara Square, opposite the house in which lived and died the other Buffalo President, Millard Fillmore. McKinley, it will be remembered, was assassinated while attending the Pan-American Exposition. It was thought appropriate that the unexpended balance of the appropriation made by New York for that exposition should be devoted to building this monument. It is of Vermont marble, consisting of a shaft with sculptured lions at the base. The height of the shaft is sixty-nine feet above base, and the base is twenty-four feet high. The committee in charge would be glad to learn the present addresses of all former residents.

FIFTEENTH·NATIONAL·IRRIGATION·CONGRESS
SCIENCE BIDS THE DESERT DRINK
SACRAMENTO. CAL. SEPT. 2-7 '07

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS

The Fifteenth National Irrigation Congress will be held in Sacramento, California, September 2 to the 7 inclusive. The four great objects of the Congress are to "save the forests, store the floods, reclaim the deserts, and make homes on the land." All who are interested in the achievement of these objects or any of them are invited to attend the Congress, and, by participating in its deliberations, contribute to a wise direction of national policies and development of practical methods of conserving and developing the great natural resources of the country, thereby insuring a greater stability of prosperous conditions, extending the habitable area, increasing the products of the land, and increasing internal trade and commerce. National and state officials, irrigation and forestry experts, engineers, farmers and irrigators, manufacturers, professional and business men, industrial workers, editors and other representatives of the press will attend the Congress.

Simultaneously with the Irrigation Congress there will be held at Sacramento an Interstate Exposition of Irrigated Land Products and Forest Products. The largest and finest list of trophies and prizes ever offered at any event of this kind will stimulate competition.

Special railway rates have been made for delegates to the Congress and will prevail over all transcontinental lines, with stop-over privileges at all western points. Tickets may be purchased via San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Portland. Special excursions will enable delegates to see all California. These will cover the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys, with their great farms, vineyards, orchards and irrigation districts. They will penetrate the mountains, pass through magnificent pine forests to the great mining districts of the Mother Lode and to the famous copper belt of the north and rich gold mines of the Siskiyous.

* * *

WHEN PUYALLUP BURNED

Did you ever mix up in fighting fire in a western town? If not, then half of your life experience has been missed. Fire is recognized as the common enemy, and almost everybody mixes in against it. If there is a steam fire engine or a hand engine, the bicycle riders strain every nerve to beat them in the mad race. Every old express horse wakes up and rises to the occasion, the dogs bark, the roosters crow, the town cows bellow, and the fire bell, if there is one, clangs and bangs.

John Parrott was the only man ever seen running in the opposite direction, and when stopped and asked if he did not know that the fire was the other way, he said:

"Yes, but I'm going after my red shirt. F-i-r-e-!"

When our town started to burn up it was named Puyallup. The name still sticks. Better if it had scorched off and a new one, say Hopville, been tacked on. For there, in its rich valley, were raised the best hops in the world, whether you found them in your yeast cakes or your beer. The town was often called Pullyallup or Pieallup, and the old Hudson Bay men used to call it Peewallup. But it was a good, straight American name, for the Indian tribe it was named after had camped around there for thousands of years.

The fire started in the old pioneer livery stable, which ran back from its false front on Yellowstone avenue to its lean-to on Tinpot alley, and dry timothy hay,—so called because Tim Davenport, father of Homer, the cartoonist, first discovered it growing on Boston Common, hand in hand with baked beans,—furnished fodder on which it flashed and leaped and flamed for joy.

Soon the solid columns of blacker smoke soared skyward, and the people came on the run. The old-time bucket brigade was quickly formed, but the big stable was doomed. Everybody saw that. No one mourned. It had been standing in the way of progress. When Pete Belles's hotel near by began to scorch and crackle exertions were redoubled, but it had to go, for the water supply was weak,—not a fraction of what it is to-day. The buckets and willing volunteers were the only fire-fighting apparatus, but they saved the stores across the street from further loss than their front windows.

There were local fiddlers here, of course, as there are in almost all western towns, but they were not Neros. One of them packed on his hip a large showcase three hundred yards beyond the danger zone, and then shivered it into splinters by butting against a telegraph pole.

But now the flames took the old-time Greeley advice and started to go west, and laughingly lick up several small stores fronting the railroad. Butcher shops, drug-stores, saloons, candy kitchens, furniture stores, peanut stands —all had their stocks removed by willing hands and stacked up on common ground across the way. Then they let the buildings burn; there was no saving them; they had taken their chances when they came fresh from the sawmill and lined up in a solid row.

But farther on loomed up the big pioneer general merchandise store with its $50,000 stock, and near it the depot and little bank. These must be saved. There was a gap between the small stores. Its owner would neither fish nor cut bait by selling or improving, so his thirty-foot lot stood vacant. Water-soaked blankets were spread on the roof of the building beyond this gap, and Joe Fernandez and a few other volunteers braved the blistering heat and stayed up there.

The bucket brigade centered its efforts on the side-walls of this building, but the water they threw on scorched, sizzled and ran off. It had no staying qualities. It seemed that the building and the precious stuff beyond were doomed. But on a side-track near by stood a carload of real, ripe watermelons fresh from the big patches of the great Yakima country across the Cascade Range. Consigned to a dealer who expected to sell them to Indian hop-pickers, their car had just been cut out of a westbound freight, and there they stood with their hands in their pockets while everybody else worked to stop the fire.

Then one of the workers was struck with an idea. He rushed to the melon car, gathered up a melon, and dashed its brains out against the hot side of the steaming building. Half the pulp stuck to the weather-boarding and refused to run off, as the water was doing. In a second, the other fire-fighters had caught on, and all dropped buckets and smashed watermelons against the sides of the building that was the pivotal point in saving the town. The pulp stuck—stuck well. Every watermelon was sacrificed. Not one was left to tell the tale. But each one of them had more backbone than ten buckets of water, and their clinging crust made the walls fireproof until the opposite building burned down.

And thus the watermelons saved Puyallup.

J. W. Redington.

AN AUTO PSALM

Lives of auto men remind us,
We can animate the scene,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Groans, and smell of gasoline.

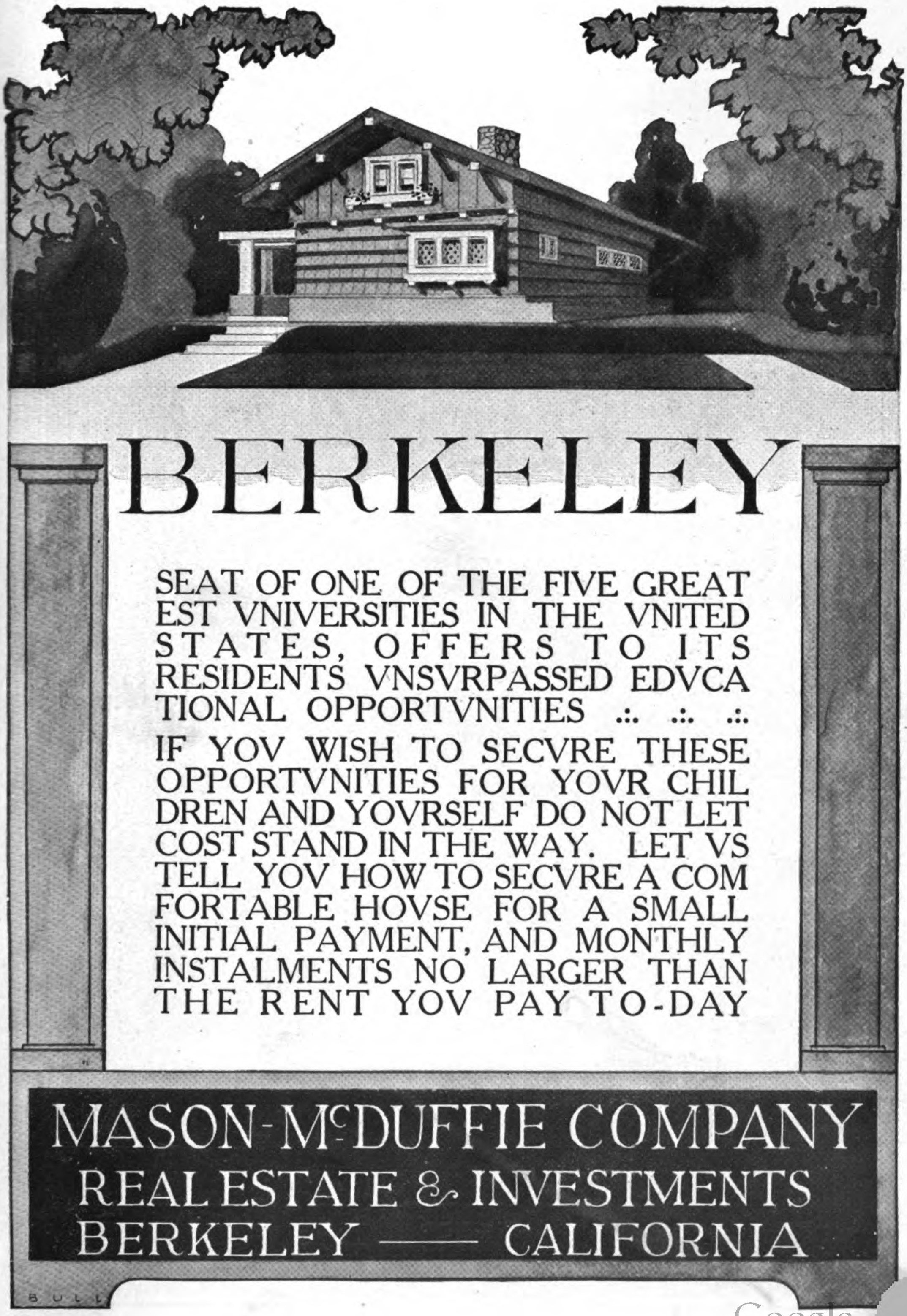
Let us, then, be up and doing
At a mile a minute rate,
Still advancing, still pursuing,
Learn to slaughter,—not to wait.

Camilla J. Knight.

PORTLAND CEMENT

Do you know that the production of Portland cement in this country has increased in thirty-five years from three thousand barrels a year to four million barrels in last year, and this with the prospect of an increase during the next year of twenty per cent? Without being in the hands of a trust, the prices have increased in the past eighteen months from fifteen to twenty per cent from legitimate demand. Do you know that the enormous output for 1906 would be sufficient to build a first-class cement sidewalk five feet wide, three and six-tenths times around the world, or build a sidewalk four hundred and fifty-six feet wide, reaching from Chicago to New York.

The uses to which this material, mixed with sand or crushed stone are put, are almost unlimited. They range from the smallest culvert to the enormous concrete arches spanning largest streams; from the humblest cottage made of concrete blocks to the finest sky-scraper and office buildings built from reinforced concrete. To the farmer alone, Portland cement concrete presents an enormous range of possibilities. With it he makes his fence posts, drain tile, culvert pipe, well curbing, feeding floors, watering troughs, stable floors, silos, granaries, stables, residences; in fact, he can almost make it take the place of everything heretofore made of wood and in other walks of life, it is equally as useful.

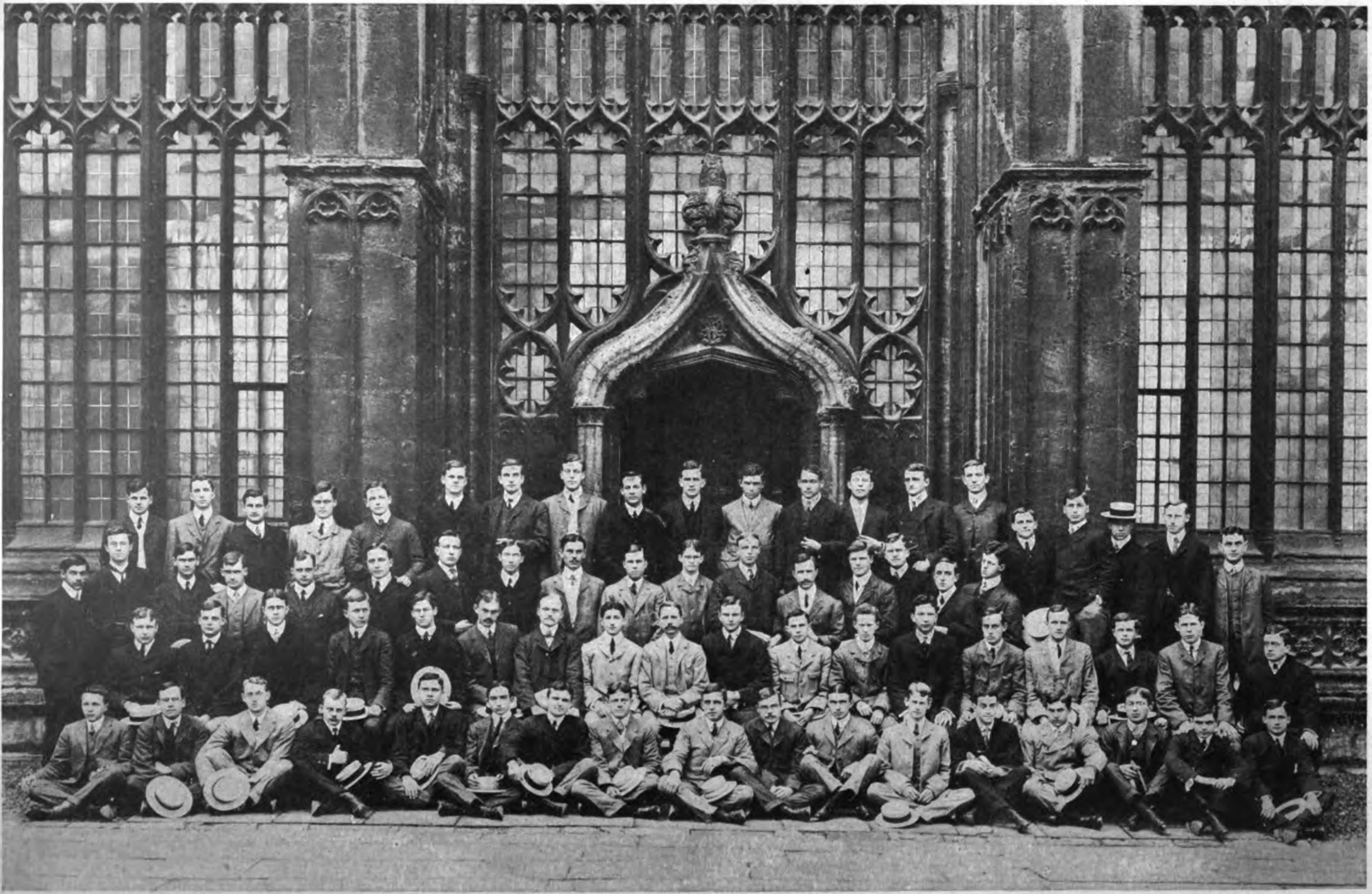


BERKELEY

SEAT OF ONE OF THE FIVE GREATEST VNIVERSITIES IN THE VNITED STATES, OFFERS TO ITS RESIDENTS VNSVRPASSED EDVCATIONAL OPPORTVNITIES .:. .:. .:.

IF YOV WISH TO SECVRE THESE OPPORTVNITIES FOR YOVR CHILDREN AND YOVRSELF DO NOT LET COST STAND IN THE WAY. LET VS TELL YOV HOW TO SECVRE A COMFORTABLE HOVSE FOR A SMALL INITIAL PAYMENT, AND MONTHLY INSTALMENTS NO LARGER THAN THE RENT YOV PAY TO-DAY

MASON-M^c^DUFFIE COMPANY
REAL ESTATE & INVESTMENTS
BERKELEY —— CALIFORNIA



THE FIRST CONTINGENT OF CECIL RHODES SCHOLARS (1905) AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD—THESE STUDENTS WERE FROM THE UNITED STATES, GERMANY, AND THE COLONIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. (See "The Invasion of Oxford")

FRONTISPIECE, SUNSET MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER, 1907

SUNSET MAGAZINE

Vol. XIX SEPTEMBER, 1907 No. 5

THE INVASION OF OXFORD

By William C. Crittenden

First Student of the Cecil Rhodes Scholarship from California

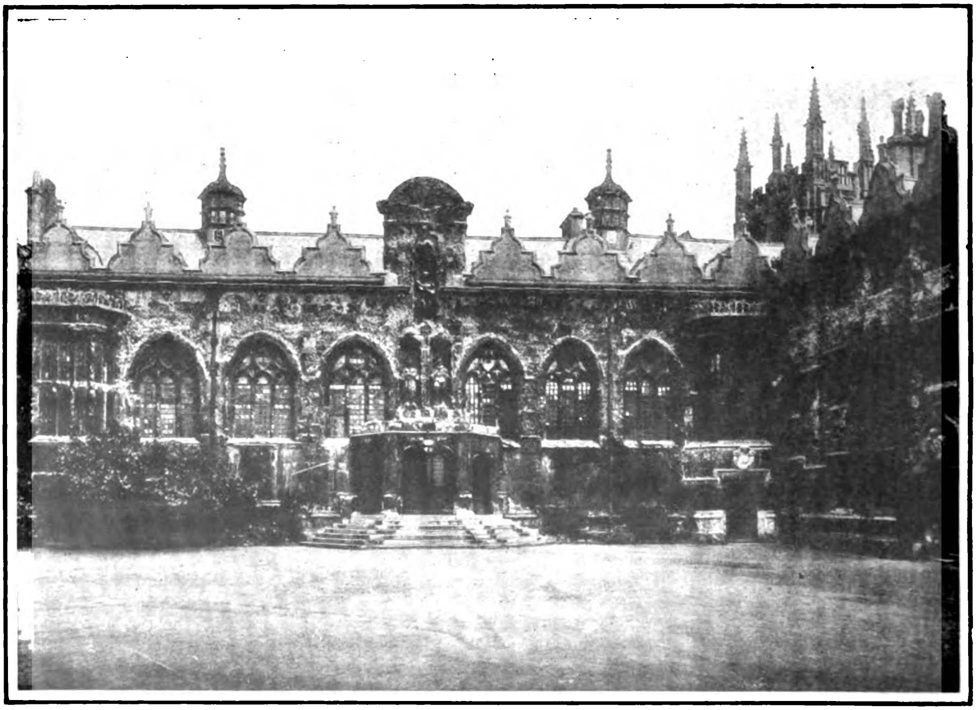
IN THE year 1904 there was a call for volunteers to invade Oxford, the stronghold of the classics, mind to mind and brawn to brawn. Some said it was to be an army of brains. It was an earnest whole-souled band but motley. Many carried haughty airs; one a gold headed cane, a few had American editions of the history of the war of the Revolution. Some philanthropic souls were burdened with advice and it hung heavy on them. It was not uncommon to see young heroes wearing all their grey matter on the outside like a peddler with his wares. It was indeed in many ways a formidable throng. Finally without exception all carried lily pots. But this needs explanation.

"Why do you want to take that flower pot," demanded Mr. John of his wife as they started from Ohio on a trip to California. "Why, I couldn't go without it. This is the most beautiful lily in our town, dear, I couldn't leave it. I must take it." And she did. She nursed that lily and pampered it and watered it every day. The porter grew pale, and the husband became thin, but Mrs. John with pride, still clung to her lily pot and for five days and nights she petted that lily. One morning she looked from the car window on the sun-swept lands of California and saw as in a dream whole fields of lilies, great callas, and hers was a mere starveling beside them. She said not a word but picked up the lily and walked with sad measured steps to the rear of the car and leaning over dropped it. And thus these young invaders with even more tenacity clung to their lily pots of prejudice and nursed them and were proud of them.

One good, whole-souled fellow was particularly burdened. "Yes," he said, "when I left home it was very sad. I went out on the farm for the last time and I said: 'Good-bye, old farm, I'm going to Oxford,' and I patted 'Bossy' on the neck and said, 'Good-bye 'Bossy,' I'm going to Oxford,' and then," he said: "I looked up to the bright blue sky and murmured 'Good-bye, God, I'm going to Oxford.'" And when he arrived and found God over here, I really believe he was disappointed.

And others in the same way found Oxford milder than they had anticipated. The *Avernia* on which about thirty of America's ornaments were transported was the scene of a great contest. One party was for "Do as the Romans do;" the other flaunted the banner of the righteous, "We sha'' reform Oxford." Hot waged the factions and all on account of those famous wine breakfasts, reports of which had stirred many hearts—but in different ways. "No wine for breakfast" was the war cry and with tense muscles and set teeth and minds alert for the contest the worthy band advanced upon poor old Oxford with the firm determination to reform a development of thirteen centuries. The summons came to each. "Come to breker" (breakfast). With teeth set tighter, with the glory of báttle in the blood, with their lily pots under their arms, these "nasal-twanged Americans" went to "breker!" Course by course went by but no sparkling bottles of the wily juice beamed proud of their years and no glasses clinked. Verily, great was the disappointment even of the reformers who were loudest in their complaints of "weak tea, bad coffee, always got better at home," and finally one poor fellow went so far as to admit "he would just like to get a smell of all that good grape juice he had heard so much about."

So, one by one we dropped our lily pots, relaxed our muscles and calmed down to normal. Then it was, that we began to wonder what the difference really was between the English youth and ourselves. The veneer or better crust of time was rather thick, but this conservativeness, the ready manner of the American, soon broke through and beneath it all, there were found genial companions and loyal friends. When an Englishman comes up to one before a vacation, and begs your pardon for asking you to telegraph him if by ill luck you run short of money, and ends by inviting you to spend a fortnight at his home if you get lonesome—after a few such experiences one forgets everything except this big-heartedness and it warms your heart to have the privilege of knowing such men. And when they see that any sojourner in a strange land, is looking gloomy over the prospect of a Christmas dinner on a patriarch and a fake plum pudding, before one knows it there is a kind invitation from the



IN THE QUADRANGLE OF ORIEL—MERTON TOWER AT THE RIGHT

DAVIS'S SERIES, COPYRIGHTED

"mater" of one of your friends and you are given a chance of bursting your heart through the remembrance of the hospitality that has been shown you.

It is this heart and hand friendship, the friendship which goes to the bottom of the purse and the center of the heart which all Americans most admire, but thought they had left behind when they sailed from the "States." The Americans here will soon be saying what John Beerbarrel said to his devoted spouse who seeing him in a very dilapidated condition of mind and body began, "Now John, ain't yer coming 'ome! Won't yer please come 'ome? If yer don't come 'ome I'll beat you." "Well," says John, "I'll do anything yer likes, in reason, M'ria, but I won't come 'ome!"

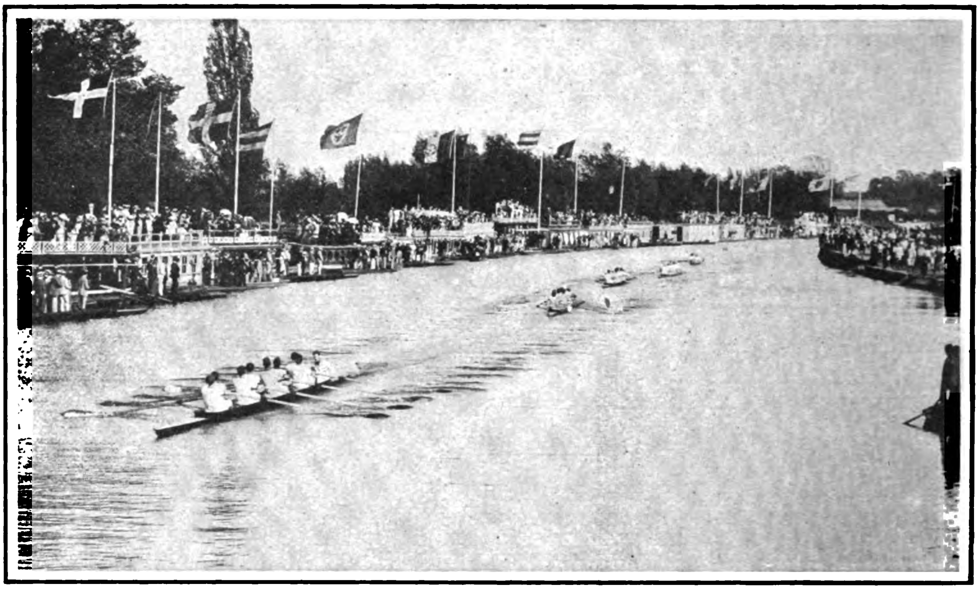
And now it is a familiar sight to see two broad shouldered fellows walking down "The High," arm in arm, with cap and gown and turned-up trousers and one will be English and the other American but no one will know it. They are always mingled. The Britisher and the "men from the States" are cursed by the same coach on the river, advance the same football on the gridiron; are chased by the same proctors and plow (fail) in the same examinations. But with all this we are not becoming Anglomaniacs. Far from it. We respect the Englishmen too much to characterize them. With the exception of one of our band we have too little time even for the essentials to waste over cultivating thoraxal feats. There seems to be unanimity of opinion on this one point that when anything tends to make us unfitted to perform the duties of citizens of the United States in after years it is to be avoided. We don't wish to be like the American actor who was seeking employment of a London manager:

"No, I don't think I require your services, you have too many Americanisms, too much of the American accent."

"What am I to do?" replied the actor. "In the 'States' they say I have the British accent and you say I have the American. And you can't expect me to give recitations on a transatlantic liner can you?"

But the Rhodes men have done more than avoid the pitfalls. They have gained many positive advantages and in general made a success of their sojourns here, although many recent publications in the United States have declared to the contrary. Even a comparison between the Americans and Colonials would be favorable to the "men from the States," judging from articles on Rhodes scholars published in England, although some of the eastern dailies have stated the contrary, basing their opinion on the fact that the two best prize scholarships were

A SHADED CORNER OF MAGDALEN QUADRANGLE SHOWING THE STATELY COLLEGE TOWER



A SUMMER-TIME "BUMPING RACE" BETWEEN THE COLLEGE EIGHTS—ON THE LEFT ARE THE COLLEGE BARGES WITH THEIR FLAGS

taken by the Colonials. Both of these men were educated from their childhood on the English system, fitting them for Oxford and particular courses of study. The one, before he came to England, had spent seven years on English law, the other had studied classics since he was ten years old. It has often been remarked how admirably the Americans have done considering the disadvantages they are placed under.

The consensus of opinion the first year was that our work here was a waste of time. To some extent that was due to the fact that few worked the first year. One man was only going to remain one year, now he intends to stay four. There are several others with similar intentions. It is now generally admitted that the courses of study here and the methods of work are most satisfactory, especially for those who intend to practice law or become professors. In a debate a few weeks ago among Americans it was moved:

That the Oxford system of examinations and instruction is more advantageous than that in an American university. The affirmative won the debate by a vote of about two to one.

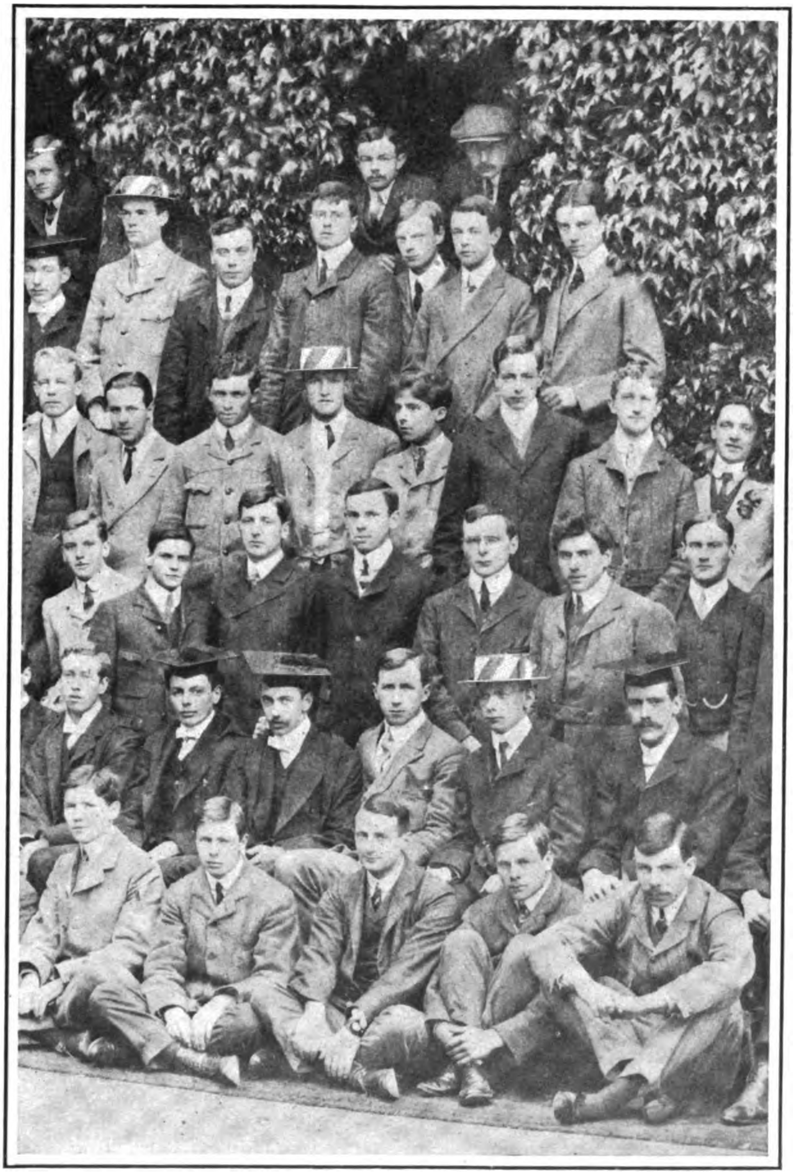
Besides, the Americans especially have taken advantage of the opportunities to travel on the continent and study French and German or even Italian and Spanish in these countries. A great admirer of Oxford not long ago asked a Rhodes scholar what in his opinion was the greatest advantage the scholarship afforded. "Why," was the careless reply, "the opportunity it gives one to travel on the continent." There is a certain amount of truth in this thoughtless answer. It has even been suggested that a joke in *Punch* was called forth by the traveling propensities of Rhodes men. A band of tourists was standing looking into the fiery crater of Vesuvius.

"This does remind me of hell," remarked an American.

A young lady near by whispered to her mother: "How these Americans do travel!"

The Rhodes scholars have succeeded not only from their own standpoint but also from that of the English student. They have fulfilled the purpose of Rhodes and mixed with the British youth. In athletics, the American has readily adapted himself to the beau ideal of the English, that is to attempt many sports and do one or two well. The Oxford student admires a man who is "sporting" as they call him, one who will help his college out when a man happens to be needed in any game. The question is not how well he can play but will he have the spirit to attempt for the sake of his college. An American is always ready to attempt and what is more to do it successfully. There are some Rhodes men who have played for their college in four or five sports. These men come in contact with many more students and are naturally the most popular.

But athletic ability is not all that is needed to fit a man for life at an



A TYPICAL COLLEGE GROUP TAKEN IN A CORNER OF THE QUAD. THOSE IN WHITE TIES AND GOWNS AND "MORTAR BOARD" HATS ARE TAKING FINAL EXAMINATIONS; THOSE IN STRAW HATS WITH STRIPED BANDS MARK THE MEN ROWING IN "THE EIGHT." MR. CRITTENDEN, THE FIRST RHODES SCHOLAR FROM CALIFORNIA, AND THE WRITER OF THIS ARTICLE, IS IN THE FOURTH ROW FROM THE BOTTOM AND WEARS A STRIPED BAND HAT

English university, as is sometimes supposed. The British youth is a study at first; an American doesn't know how to take him exactly. The first side of an Englishman you see will make you think him an idler and an overgrown boy—irresponsible and thoughtless. That is the side that presents itself at a dinner or a "smoker." Then some night you will be sitting by your fire and a young Britisher will come in, light his bulldog pipe, pull an easy chair so that his feet will reach the fender and ask you whether you think the Constitution of the United States is going to be amended to enlarge the power of the Federal Government, or some similar poser with regard to European politics. A couple of hours later he will leave you with a firm determination on your part to learn more about your own country at least. Or perhaps he will advance a crude theory of life—a sort of philosophy of his own and will wait for you to knock it in the head. If you do he will return perhaps a week later with a better constructed theory and a pouch full of tobacco. Then one begins to see the Britisher in a different light.

It is a strange inconsistency, the youthful, boyish hilarity and the deep workings of a thoughtful well-poised mind. This is what the American must understand and he must adapt himself to this apparent inconsistency. A scatterbrain will fail here and so will a very sober-minded student. But the average American, being adaptable and somewhat of an actor by instinct, is soon one with the rest, for he is never adverse to a good time and can usually hold his own in discussing politics and government even if he doesn't knock in the head many theories of life, or give a visitor a vigorous discussion of Kant.

One might say that the first test is athletic ability, the next, sociability and the final, scholastic ability. When you have passed the first two you are the admiration of your friends; when you have shown yourself a scholar besides you are the admiration of your college.

One is a scholar at Oxford, only if to all appearances he does little work and takes "honors" in his examinations. It is a peculiar distinction. A man who is unsociable and "sports his oak" (shuts and locks his door) and takes "honors" is not a "scholar" in Oxford—he is a "dig," "smug," "outsider"—anything but a scholar. "Of course he doses well" they say, "for he does nothing else but work." The man who plays for his college, whose door is always open emitting odorous streams of good smoke, who will always make up a four at bridge and then likes "honors"—he is the "scholar." When one studies at college he must do it on the sly as it were. If anyone comes in he must make that man feel that he would not work if he were eternally alone. He must fill a pipe and discuss the Triple Alliance or a football match, perhaps both. He must never look at his watch; the best timekeeper is the fact that the "baccy" has run short.

This in general is the attitude towards one another when the examinations are a year or so off. But as every man in a college knows what the other two hundred men are doing there is a sort of understanding that when "schools" (examinations) are only a few months or weeks off, those who are to try for degrees must be left alone and they generally are visited only after twelve for a half hour or so to cheer them up, but the oak must not be sported.

At first it seemed to the American that every man had to be a genius to take honors under these conditions, but when the intermittent vacation began to come and he found that half of the year he was free to go off and work far from tobacco smoke, then he began to understand. But it is not "sporting" to work more than half of each vacation, and the Americans are "sporting" as well as the Englishman, and often more so for the continent is a great temptation, but he works longer hours and harder than the Britisher when he does study.

The interesting point now is, do the Americans pass this last test and prove themselves "scholars" in the Oxford sense of the word? It is fair to say that the majority do. It is taken for granted that the Rhodes scholars have scholastic ability and that is an incentive to live up to their reputation.

Of the forty-three invaders who came over three years ago and returned to the United States this summer, several will not attempt to take degrees. The remaining may be divided into two classes; those who are graduates of some American colleges and those who have not taken a degree in the United States. The former, numbering thirty-seven, were given advanced standing and excused from all preliminary examinations; the latter had to spend the first year in passing preliminaries. Of those who were given advanced standing, four took Oxford honor degrees at the end of their second year, i. e., June, 1906, as follows:

R. H. Beven, of Rhode Island, degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, Third Class.

C. F. Tucker-Brook, of West Virginia, degree in English Literature, First Class.

H. A. Hinds, of North Dakota, degree in Natural Science, First Class.

J. A. Brown, of New Hampshire, degree of Bachelor of Science, First Class.

Of the seven who were required to pass the preliminary examinations, all have now done so and two of this class obtained final honor degrees at the end of their second year:

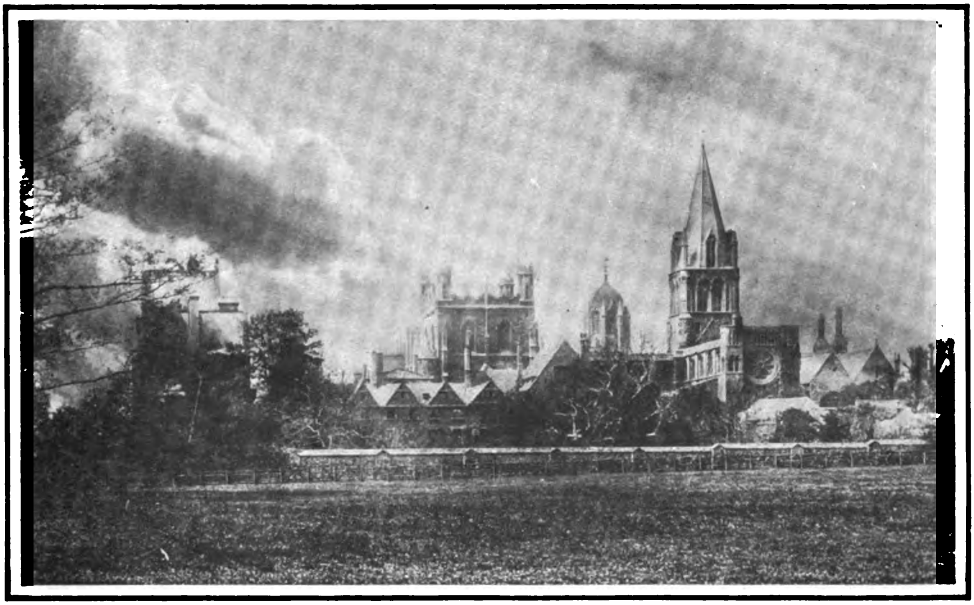
W. C. Crittenden, of California, Second Class, Final Honor, School of Jurisprudence.

D. R. Porter, of Maine, Fourth Class, Final Honor, School of History.

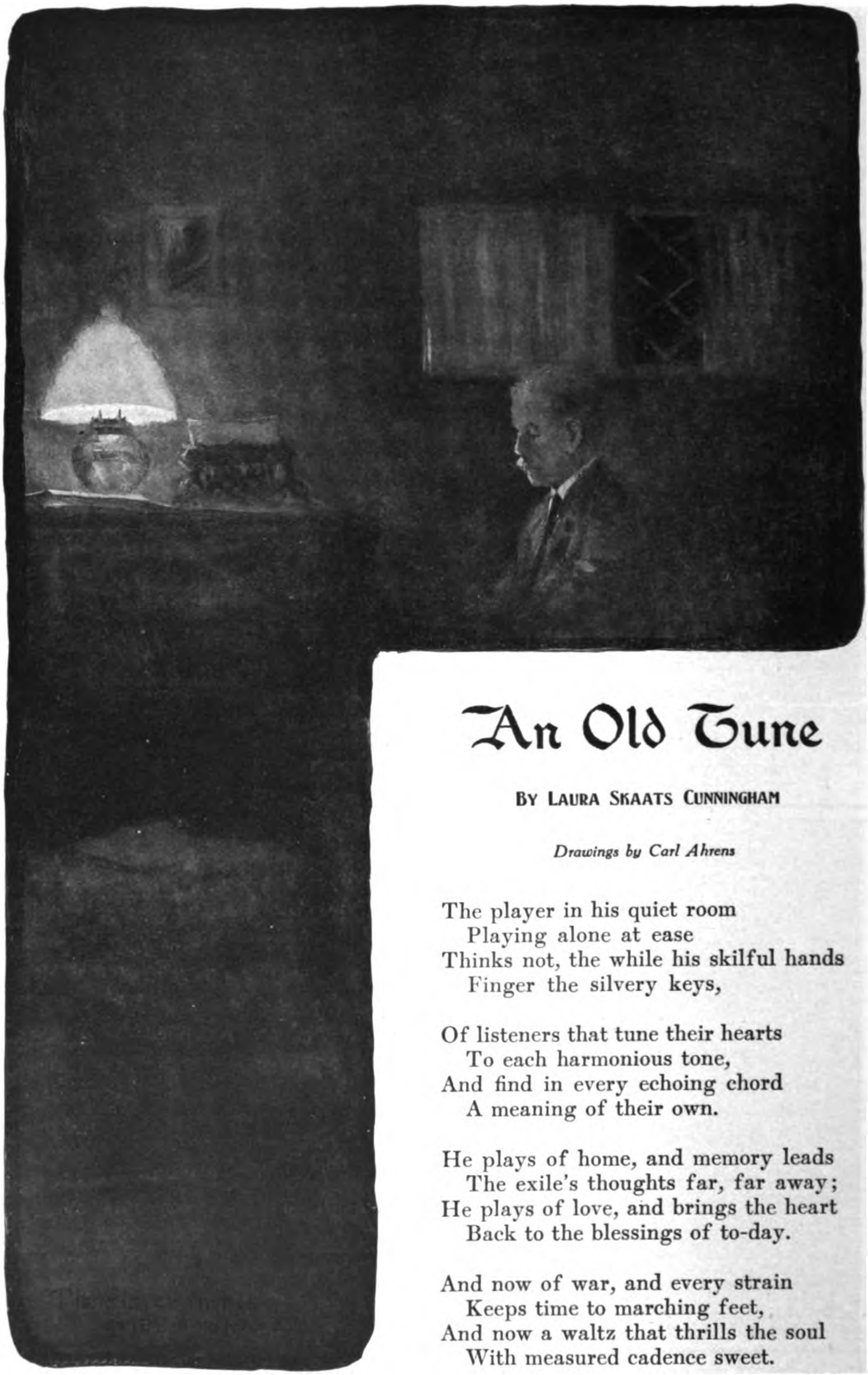
And now one can say that like the band of Ulysses of old, we have left Scylla on the one hand and Charybdis on the other—we have secretly dropped our lily pots, the spiders haunt, the histories of the Revolution and through necessity, or in most cases through choice, we have escaped Anglomaniacism. We are not less staunch and patriotic Americans but better and more enthusiastic Anglo-Saxons.

From the English standpoint a quotation from *Punch* to Artemus Ward best expresses the progress of the invasion. It was handed to a Rhodes scholar by an Englishman whom he had visited:

"This North American has been a inmate of my 'ouse over two weeks, yit he hasn't made no attempts to scalp any member of my family. He hasn't broke no cup or sassers, or furniture of any kind (Hear, Hear) I find I can trust him with lited candles. He eats his wittles with a knife and a fork. People of this kind should be encurridged. I purpose 'is 'elth (loud 'plaws)."



OLD CHRIST CHURCH AND ITS SURROUNDINGS



An Old Tune

BY LAURA SKAATS CUNNINGHAM

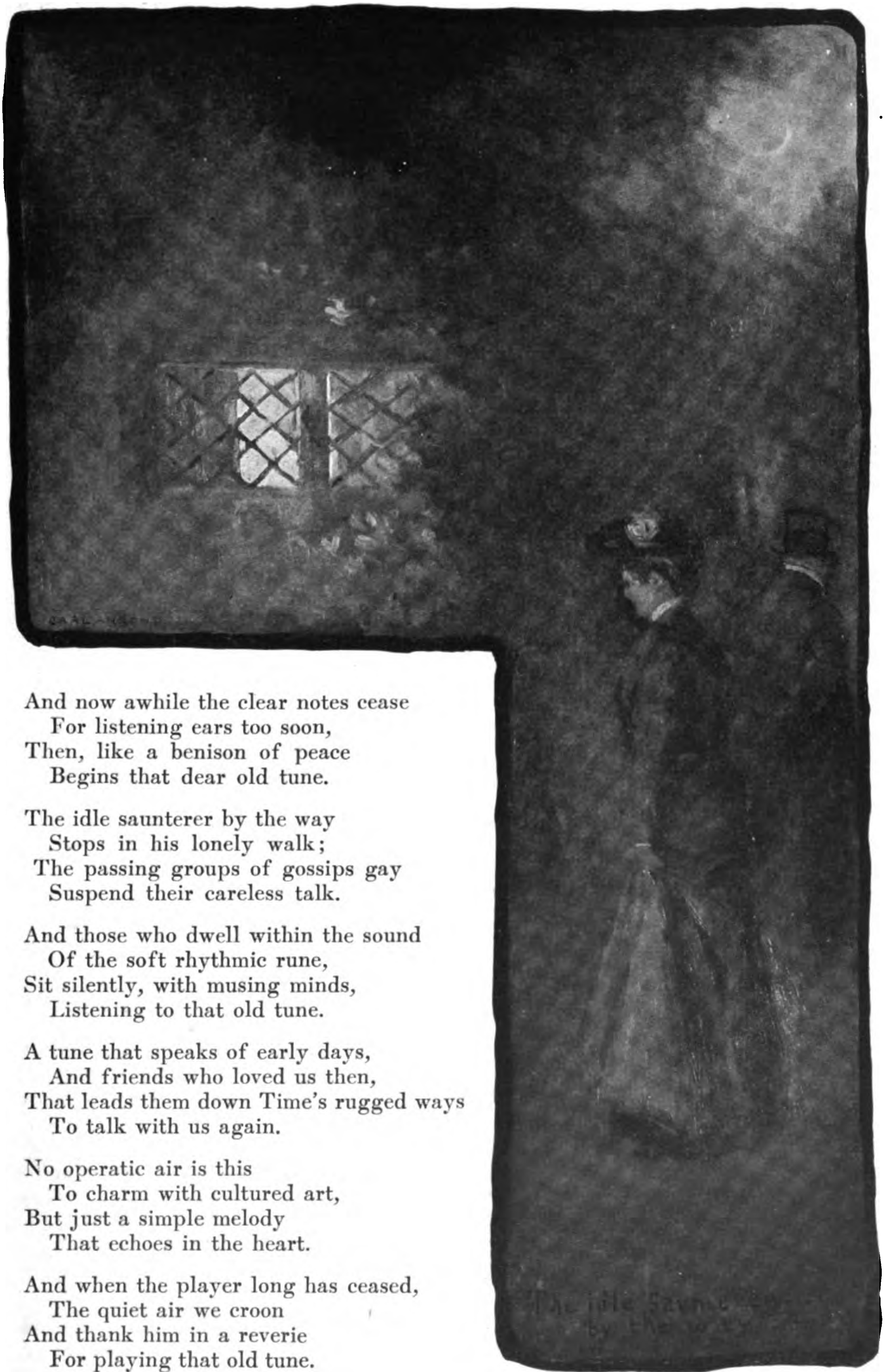
Drawings by Carl Ahrens

The player in his quiet room
  Playing alone at ease
Thinks not, the while his skilful hands
  Finger the silvery keys,

Of listeners that tune their hearts
  To each harmonious tone,
And find in every echoing chord
  A meaning of their own.

He plays of home, and memory leads
  The exile's thoughts far, far away;
He plays of love, and brings the heart
  Back to the blessings of to-day.

And now of war, and every strain
  Keeps time to marching feet,
And now a waltz that thrills the soul
  With measured cadence sweet.



And now awhile the clear notes cease
  For listening ears too soon,
Then, like a benison of peace
  Begins that dear old tune.

The idle saunterer by the way
  Stops in his lonely walk;
The passing groups of gossips gay
  Suspend their careless talk.

And those who dwell within the sound
  Of the soft rhythmic rune,
Sit silently, with musing minds,
  Listening to that old tune.

A tune that speaks of early days,
  And friends who loved us then,
That leads them down Time's rugged ways
  To talk with us again.

No operatic air is this
  To charm with cultured art,
But just a simple melody
  That echoes in the heart.

And when the player long has ceased,
  The quiet air we croon
And thank him in a reverie
  For playing that old tune.

THE NORTHWEST'S EXPOSITION

IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES MARK THE GROUND-BREAKING FOR THE GREAT ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC POTLATCH

By **Frank L. Merrick**
Chief of the Department of Publicity

YOU may say in the strongest terms that I am a staunch believer in the great Pacific Northwest and the Alaska-Yukon country. It has a future of unequaled opportunity backed up by limitless resources and possibilities. Seattle and other cities of Puget Sound and the Northwest, are fortunate in facing the Pacific ocean with its vast commerce and have everything to make them great and prosperous centers of population, trade and influence. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition will be typical of the spirit and progress of the section it represents and I wish it great success."

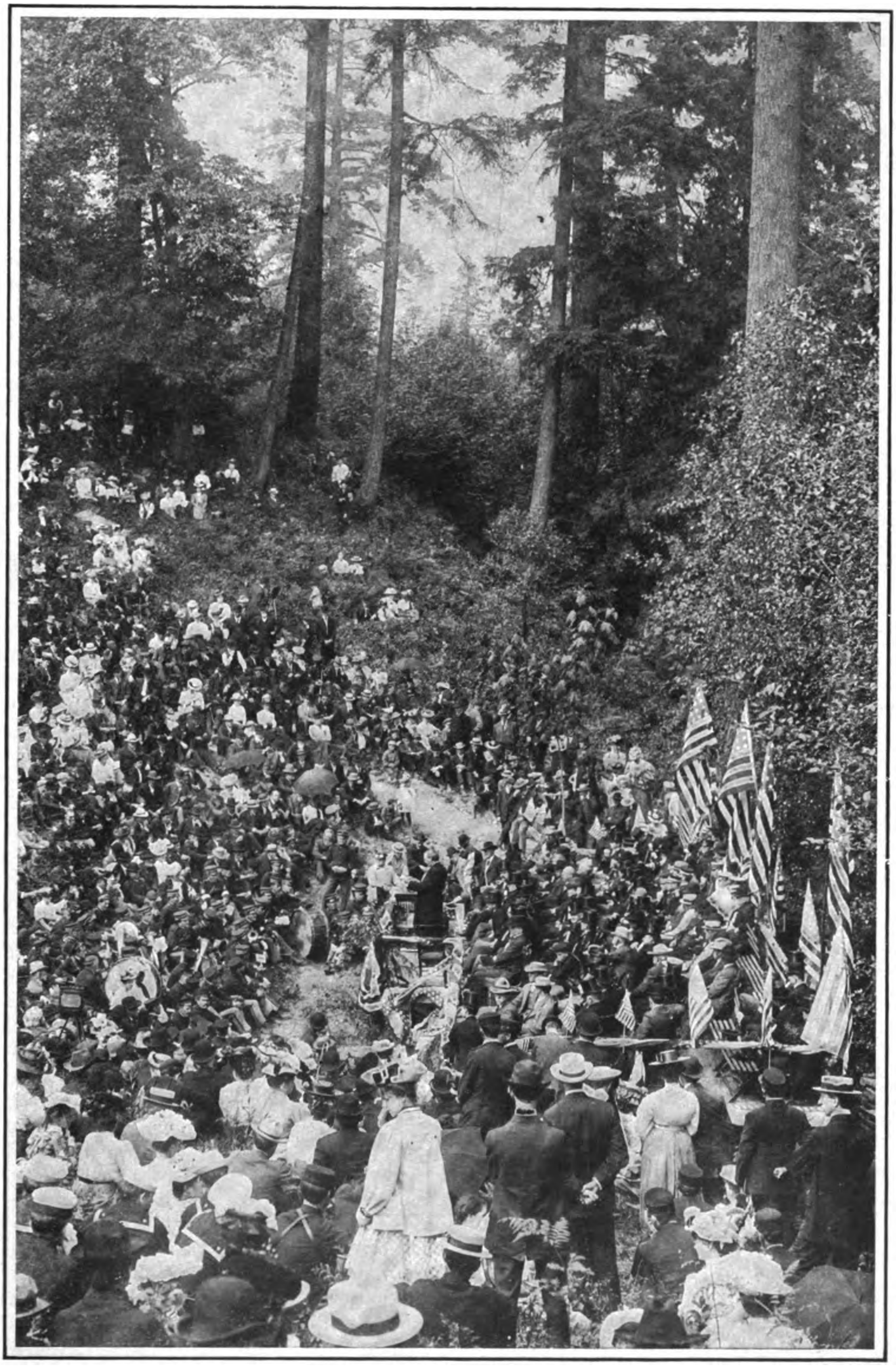
That is the message President Roosevelt sent to the people of the Pacific West through his representative, Hon. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, at the ground-breaking ceremonies of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle on June 1. That President Roosevelt's words were received with much appreciation by the people of the great Northwest is obvious. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition is planned to be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, world's expositions ever held, and the millions of persons who are vitally interested in its success, are glad to have the President take the stand he has in regard to the enterprise.

Before a crowd of fifteen thousand persons and amid the playing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by three military bands, President J. E. Chilberg, turned the first spadeful of earth, thus starting work on the $10,000,000 world's fair that will attract the attention of the world from now until it closes on October 15, 1909.

Typical of the riches of the countries the exposition will be held to exploit, a golden shovel and pick were used to break the ground. These implements will be interesting exhibits during the period of the exposition. No more favorable circumstances could have been hoped for by the exposition management or the people of the Pacific West for the epoch-making event. The day was bright, the people enthusiastic, many states were represented, the national government was interested and the affairs of the exposition were in a satisfactory and far-advanced state.

The day was marked by much pomp and oratory. From early morning until late at night, the officials of the exposition were kept busy attending to the duties that fell upon them to make the day a success. Many prominent men, mayors, legislators, governors and state officials participated in the ceremonies, and many visitors from near-by cities were present.

President Roosevelt, realizing the importance of the event to the country sent as his representative, Hon. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics. Mr. Barrett was the principal speaker of the day and the guest of honor. He is well known on the coast, as he was engaged



A CROWD OF OVER FIFTEEN THOUSAND PEOPLE WITNESSED THE GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONIES OF THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION WHICH WERE HELD AT SEATTLE ON JUNE V. THE NATURAL FOREST GROWTH ON THE SELECTED SITE IS BEAUTIFUL AND IMPRESSIVE in newspaper work in San Francisco, Seattle, Portland and Tacoma before he entered the Government service. He began his diplomatic career as minister to Siam and from that time till he accepted his present position he held several important diplomatic posts.

The ceremonies started with a big military parade at noon. It passed through the principal down-town streets which were thronged with people and ended at Union Station where a special train was taken for the exposition grounds. Among the troops in line were the United States regulars from Fort Lawton, marines and blue jackets from Puget Sound navy yard, and the Washington National Guard. The fifty exposition trustees, officials and invited guests rode in carriages.

"IT MUST BE A SUCCESS," DECLARED PRESIDENT CHILBERG

The exercises on the grounds, which are located on the Washington University campus, began at 2 o'clock and if the tenor of the speeches can be taken as a criterion of the importance of the exposition to the world at large, there is no doubt of its ultimate success.

The scene during the ceremonies was an inspiring one. Nature contributed her share to the event by providing the grounds with a beautiful, natural amphitheater. Capable of seating about thirty thousand persons when furnished with benches, it easily accommodated the fifteen thousand men, women and children who stood, sat or reclined on its grassy slopes during the three hours of speech-making. From the speakers stand, which held a representative gathering, the three sides of the amphitheater covered with the thousands of spectators presented a never-to-be-forgotten sight. Mingling with the brightness of the women's summer gowns and the men's dull attire was the dash of color of the soldiers. Here and there large banners bearing the names of states proclaimed the fact that state societies were in attendance in bodies. On the outer edge of the amphitheater were automobiles and carriages filled with smartly dressed women and well-groomed men who from their distant vantage point could hear just as plainly as those who constituted the circle around the orator's rostrum, for a natural speaking voice can be heard at any point in the amphitheater.

The Rev. Dr. Myron T. Haynes invoked the Divine blessing and was followed by President J. E. Chilberg, of the exposition, who outlined the work accomplished from the inception of the world's fair to ground-breaking day. Other speakers addressed the assemblage in the following order: Governor Albert E. Mead, of Washington; Governor W. B. Hoggatt, of Alaska; W. A. Williams, representing Governor George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon; City Engineer R. H. Thomson, representing Mayor William H. Moore, of Seattle, who was unable to speak on account of sickness; Henry A. McLean, president of the Washington State Commission; President John P. Hartman, of the Washington University Board of Regents, and Hon. John Barrett, representing President Roosevelt. Rev. P.

Hylebos, of Tacoma, delivered the benediction. I. A. Nadeau, director-general of the exposition acted as master of ceremonies and introduced the speakers.

President Chilberg, of the exposition, in telling of the origin of the fair and outlining the work done by the management up to ground-breaking day, said in part:

"It seems proper at this time to review briefly the history of the exposition and the causes which led to its organization, and the purposes for which it was organized.

"During the Lewis and Clark Exposition held at Portland, Oregon, in 1905, it was suggested that Seattle should hold an exposition in 1907 to exploit Alaska and its undeveloped resources, and for that purpose an expenditure of $150,000 or $250,000 was contemplated. Since then, the scope of the exposition has been enlarged until it now embraces the exploitation of the resources of Alaska and the Yukon territory, and of all the countries bordering upon the Pacific ocean. It is possible that $10,000,000 will ultimately be expended in this work.

"On May 7, 1906, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was incorporated, its board of trustees organized and officers elected. It was then necessary that a location be selected and after careful consideration of many beautiful sites offered, these grounds, the property of the University of Washington, were chosen as the most beautiful of all, and, furthermore, because all of the improvements of a permanent nature made by the exposition would not be destroyed and wasted, but would remain for the uses of the University and the students of future years.

"WE ARE MAKING HISTORY," SAID GOVERNOR ALBERT E. MEAD, OF WASHINGTON

"The next step was to secure subscriptions to the capital stock. The finance committee of the exposition, of which Mr. Will H. Parry is chairman, decided that the entire capital should be subscribed in one day. I attended the first meeting of the finance committee held for the purpose of discussing ways and means of accomplishing the result. Mr. Jacob Furth, the oldest man on the committee and one of our ablest financiers, remarked at the meeting:

"'Gentlemen: Let it be understood that there is no such word as fail. You, Mr. Chilberg, will please inform the executive committee that they may proceed with their plans and the money will be ready.'

"This remark convinced me that the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition must be a success, as a combination of the older as well as the younger men of a community for the purpose of attaining a worthy object could not fail. On October 2, 1906, the date set for selling $500,000 of stock, there were received three thousand, six hundred subscriptions amounting to $650,000, an achievement never equaled by any community in such work. Later it was decided to increase the capital stock to $800,000 to meet the enlarged plans of the exposition and the growing enthusiasm of the people of this city and the State of Washington.

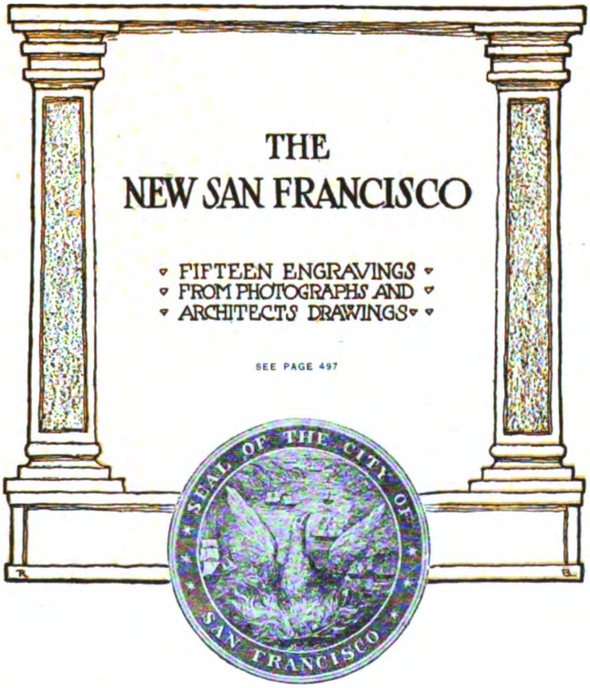
"The work of our division of exploitation has brought about official participation, by legislative enactment, of the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Nebraska, Missouri, and Pennsylvania. At least ten more states and a number of foreign nations are expected to participate in the exposition. The United States Senate last winter passed a bill appropriating $700,000 for the Government exhibit, but the bill was not reached in the House owing to the lack of time. We have no doubt that Congress, at the coming session, will grant us substantial recognition.

"There should be a purpose or reason for holding an exposition. Most expositions have had an historical setting and the celebration of an historical event as a reason for their existence. Our exposition is not for the purpose of celebrating great events, of the past, however worthy they might be. We are a new country looking forward to the future with confidence and hope, and we contemplate great commercial results from the exploitation and advertising of the vast, undeveloped, resources of Alaska and the Yukon territory; the exploitation of the trade of Mexico, Central and South America, the Orient and the islands of the Pacific, as well as the exploitation of the resources of the new states of the Pacific Coast of which our own Washington is the youngest member.

"We believe this exposition will result in greater development of Alaska, the Yukon and the Pacific Coast states, and in increased commerce between the United States and the nations of the Pacific."

The sinking of the golden shovel into the earth by President Chilberg, which occurred immediately after the speech-making, was the signal for a great outburst of enthusiasm. The fifteen thousand persons cheered so loudly that the combined efforts of three military bands were drowned. After President Chilberg turned the first spadeful of earth, each speaker and invited guest took a turn at the pick and shovel. Those on the outer edge in their enthusiasm called for the earth to be thrown high into the air, which was done to the detriment of beautiful gowns and silk hats, and then, after the digging and shoveling had stopped, the crowd went souvenir mad.

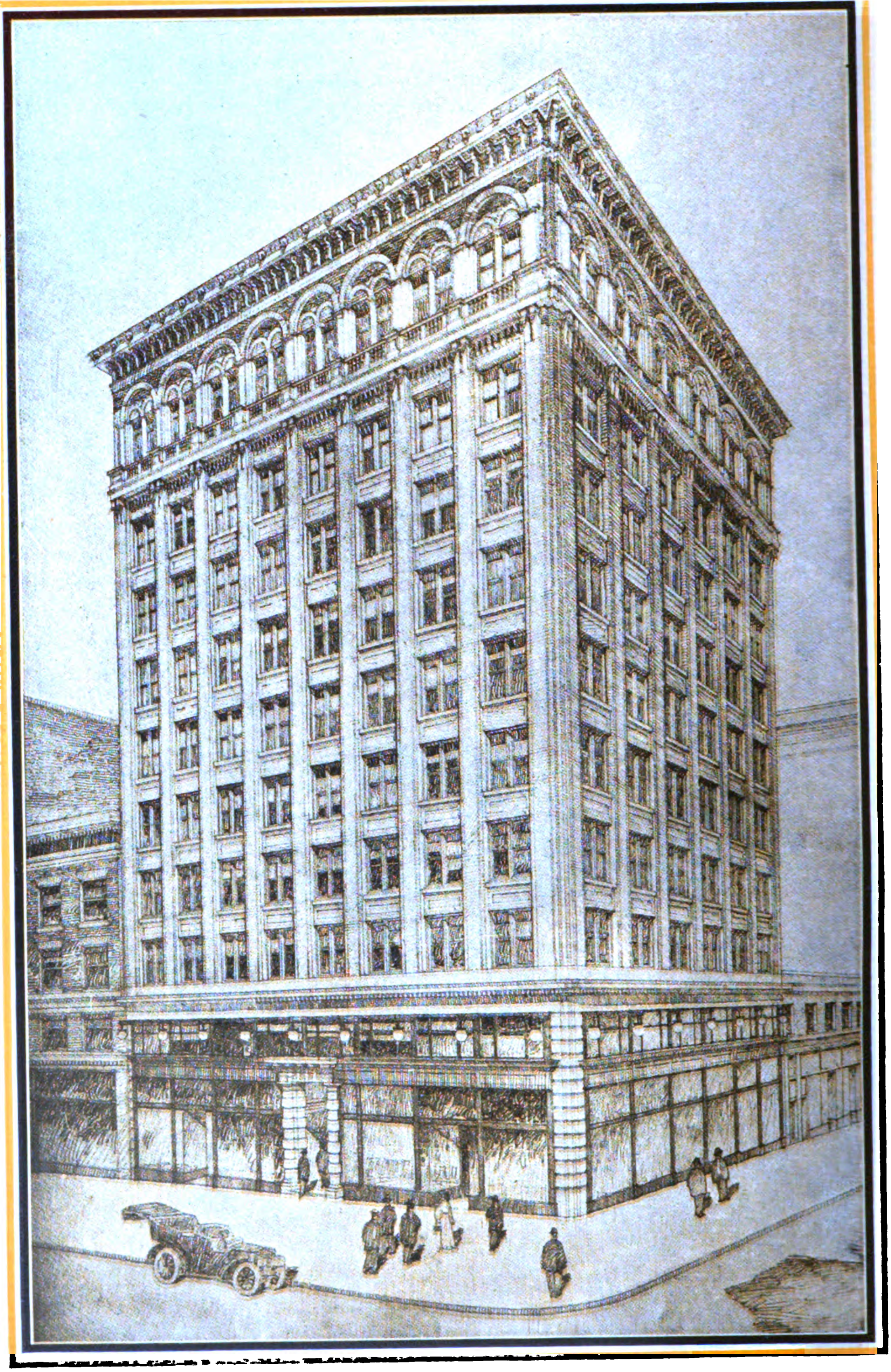
HON. JOHN BARRETT, REPRESENTING PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, WIELDS A GOLDEN PICK AND CRACKS AN OLDEN JOKE


SEAL OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO
R
B

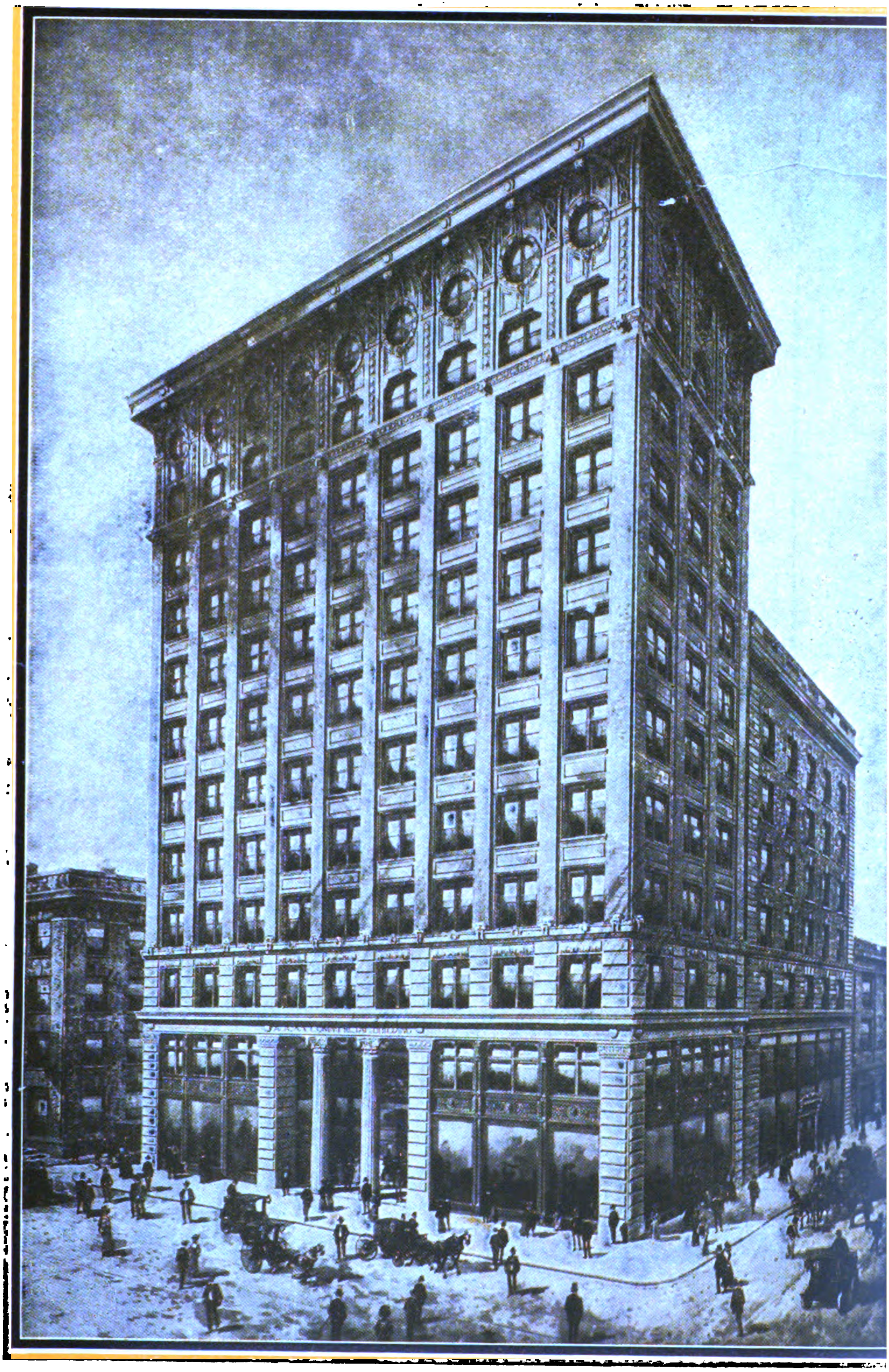
THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO

FIFTEEN ENGRAVINGS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND
ARCHITECTS DRAWINGS

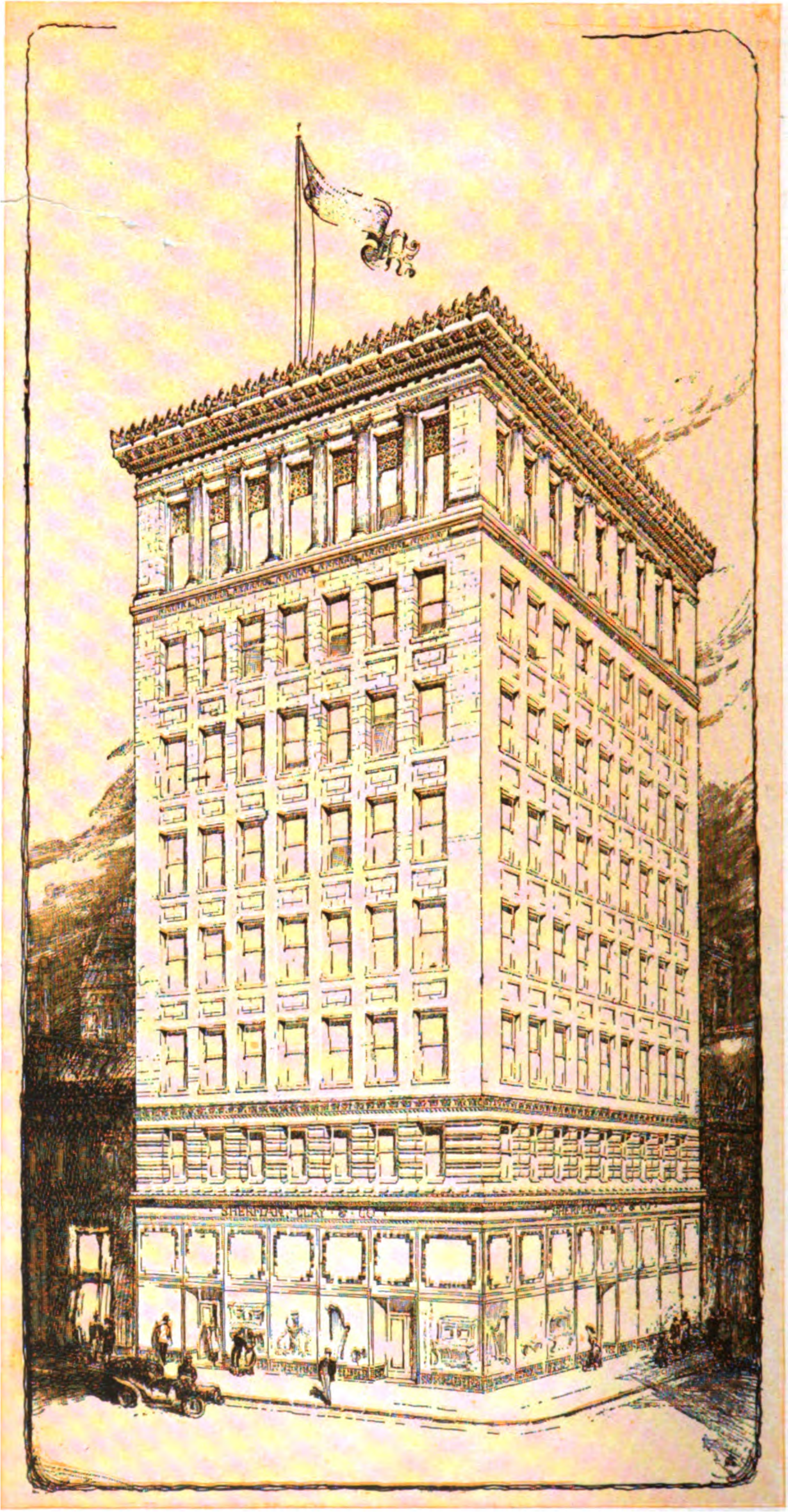
SEE PAGE 497



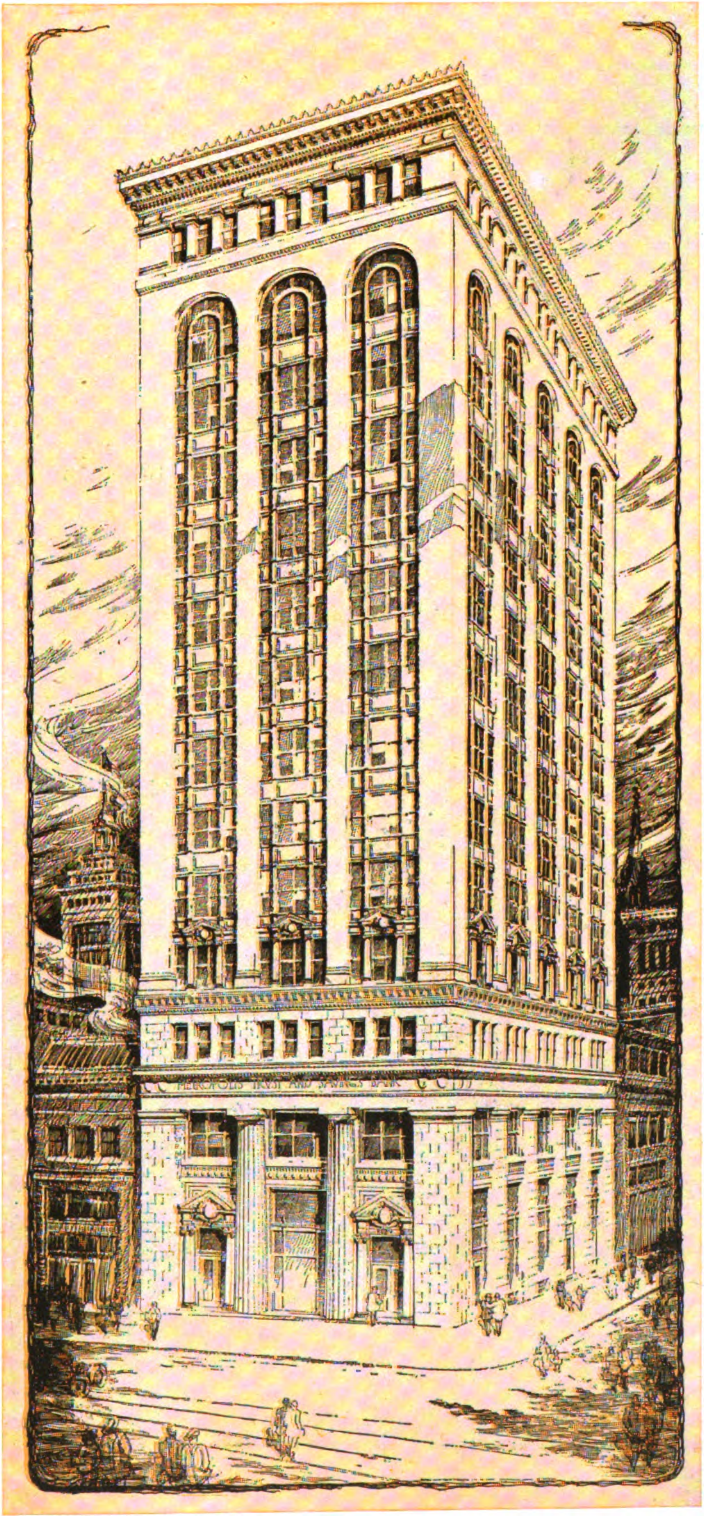
BALBOA BUILDING, A STEEL FRAME OFFICE STRUCTURE, AT MARKET AND SECOND STREETS; OWNER, A. A. MOORE; COST, $300,000; ARCHITECTS, BLISS AND FAVILLE



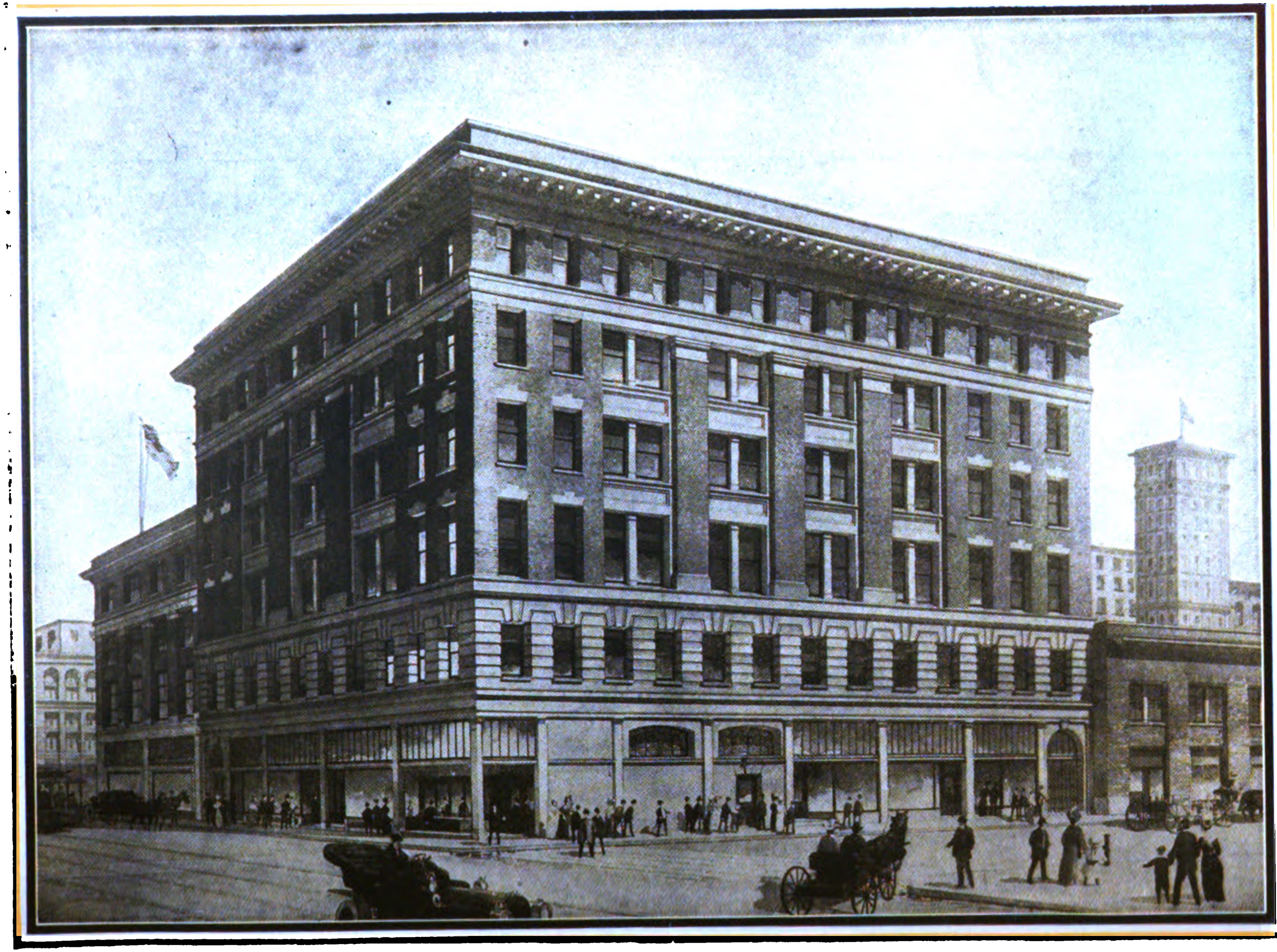
THE ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY'S BUILDING, NORTHEAST CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STREETS: WHIT
GRANITE BASE AND GRAY TERRA COTTA SUPERSTRUCTURE; COST, ABOUT $500,000; ARCHITECTS, MEYERS AND WA



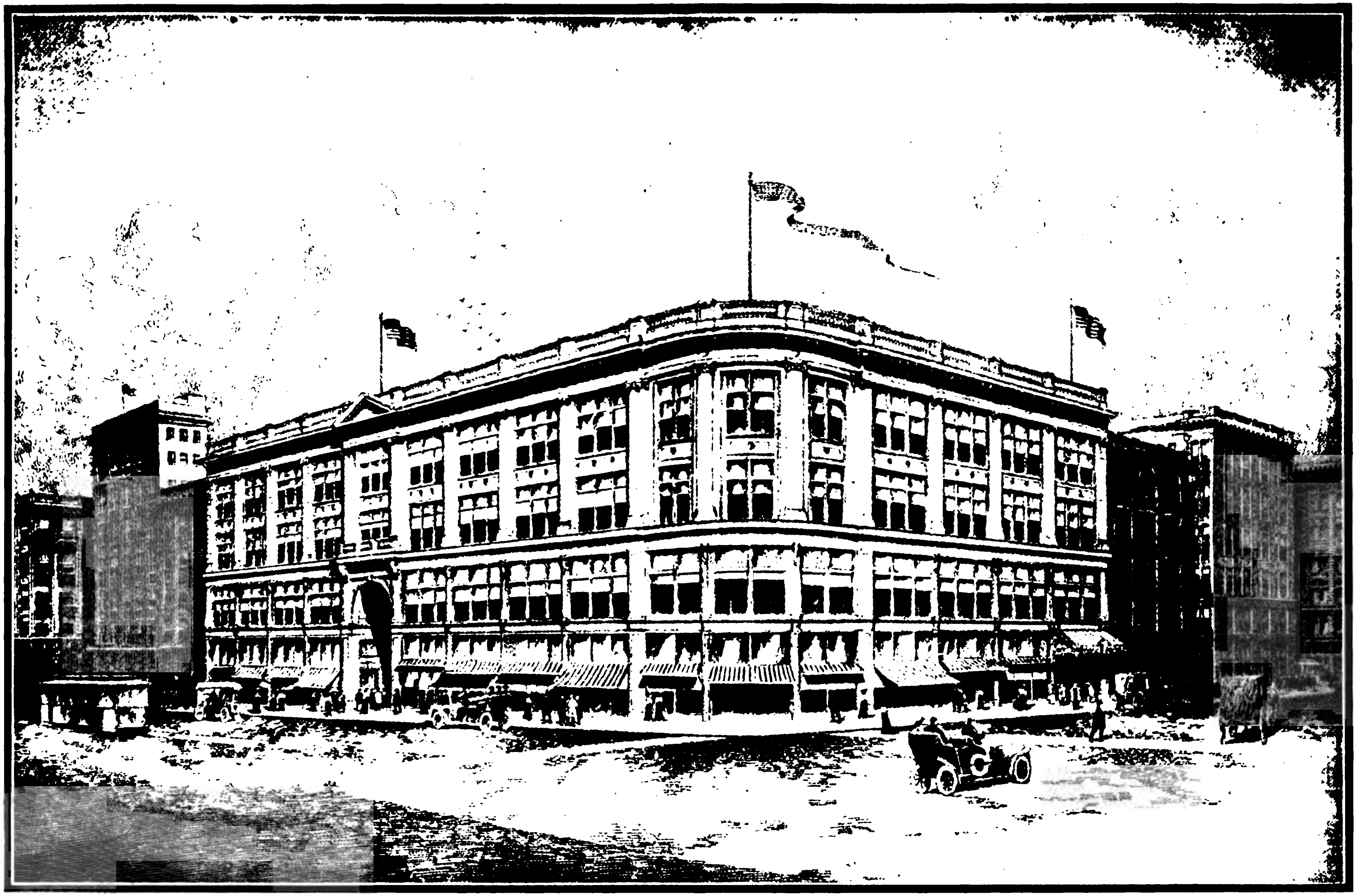
THE NEW HOME OF SHERMAN, CLAY AND COMPANY, MUSIC DEALERS, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF KEARNY AND SUTTER STREETS; COST, ABOUT $220,000; A STEEL FRAME BUILDING FACED WITH GLAZED TERRA COTTA; ARCHITECT, L. B. DUTTON


METROPOLIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

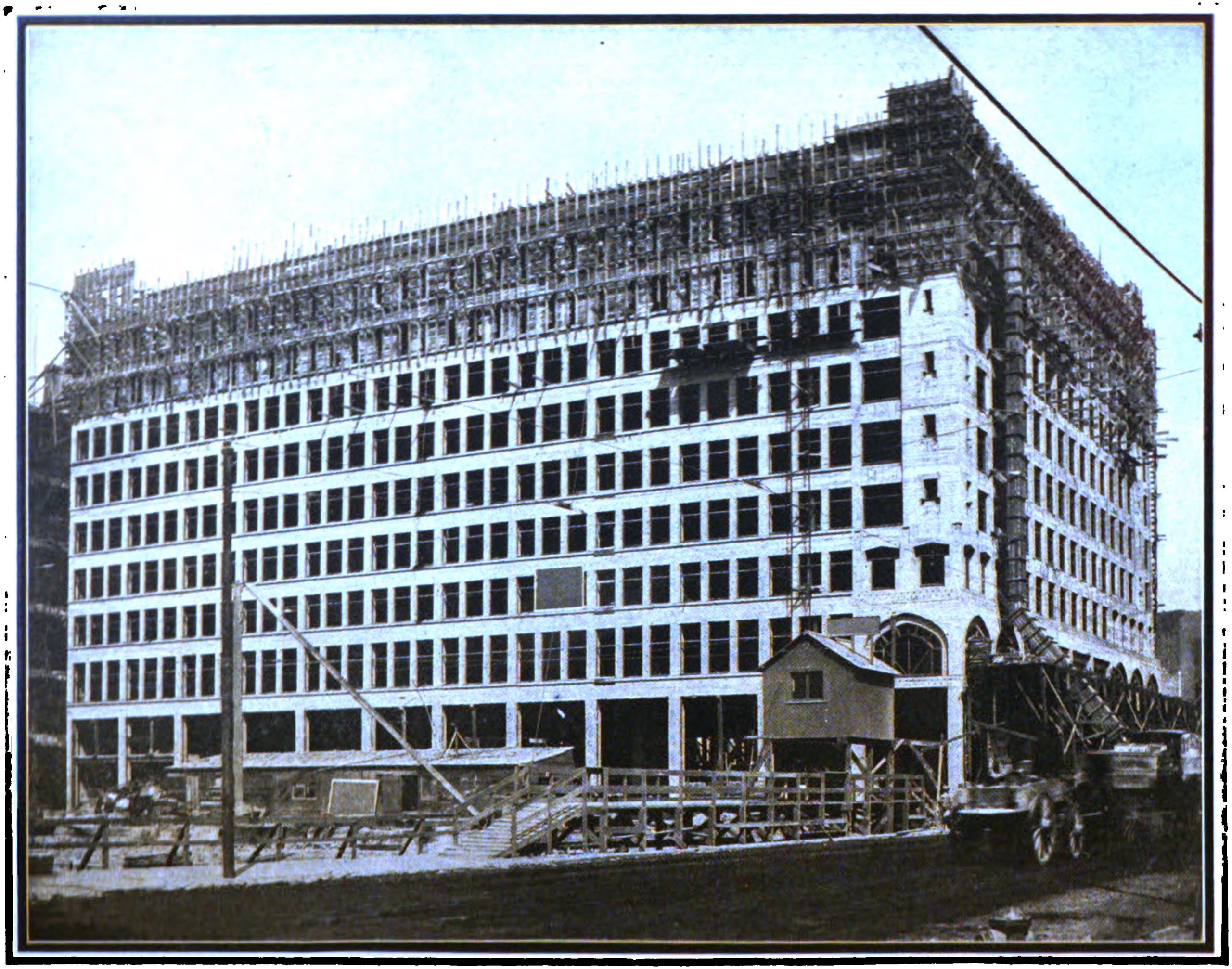
THE METROPOLIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK, A STEEL FRAME OFFICE BUILDING, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD GRAND HOTEL, MARKET AND NEW MONTGOMERY STREETS; LOT 55 x 91 FEET; COST, $600,000; ARCHITECT, L. B. DUTTON



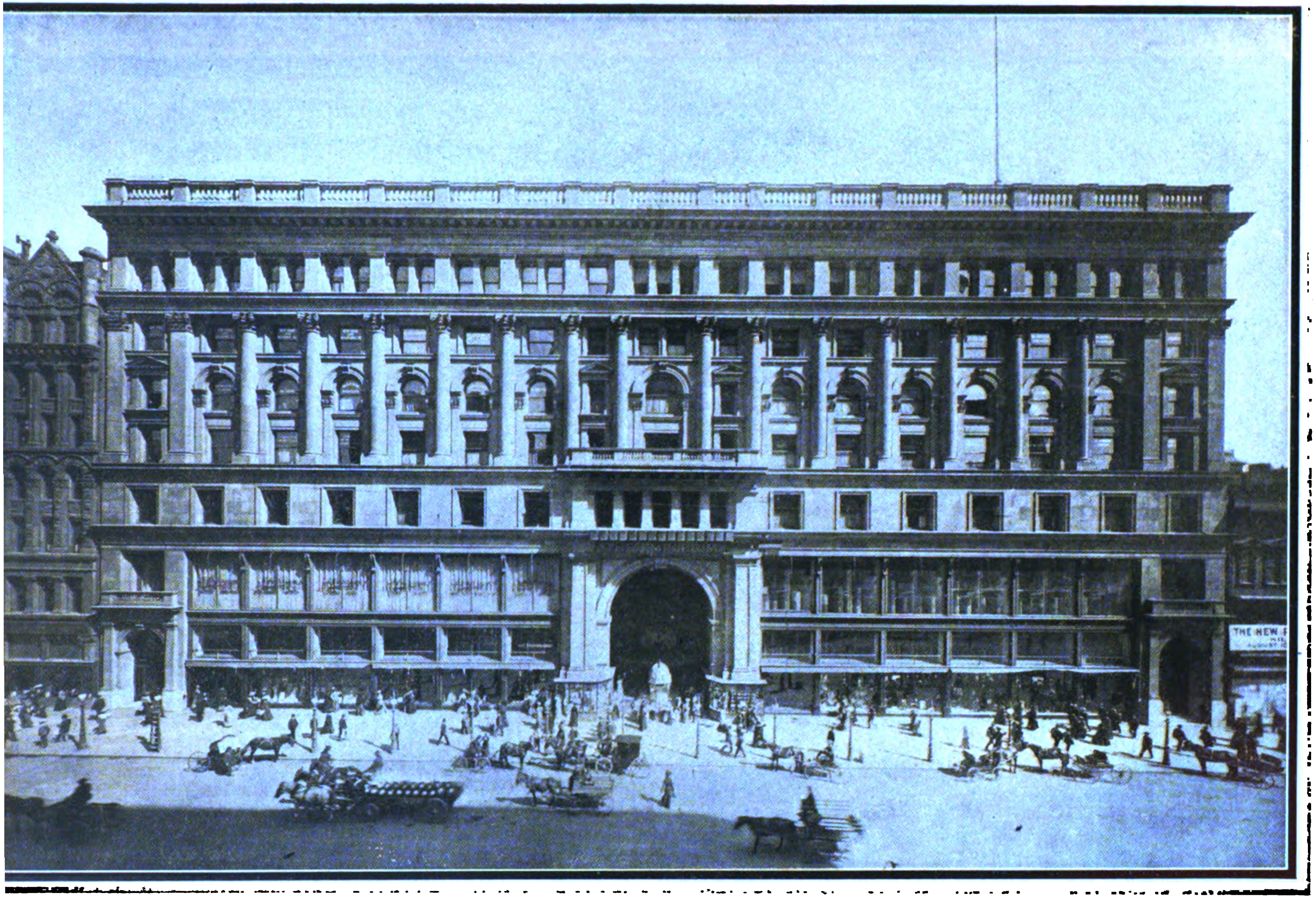
THE NEW HOME OF THE CALKINS NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE; SIX STORIES AND BASEMENT, SOUTHWEST CORNER OF BATTERY AND COMMERCIAL STREETS; LOT 75 x 105 FEET; COST, $200,000; ARCHITECTS, WRIGHT, RUSHFORTH AND CAHILL



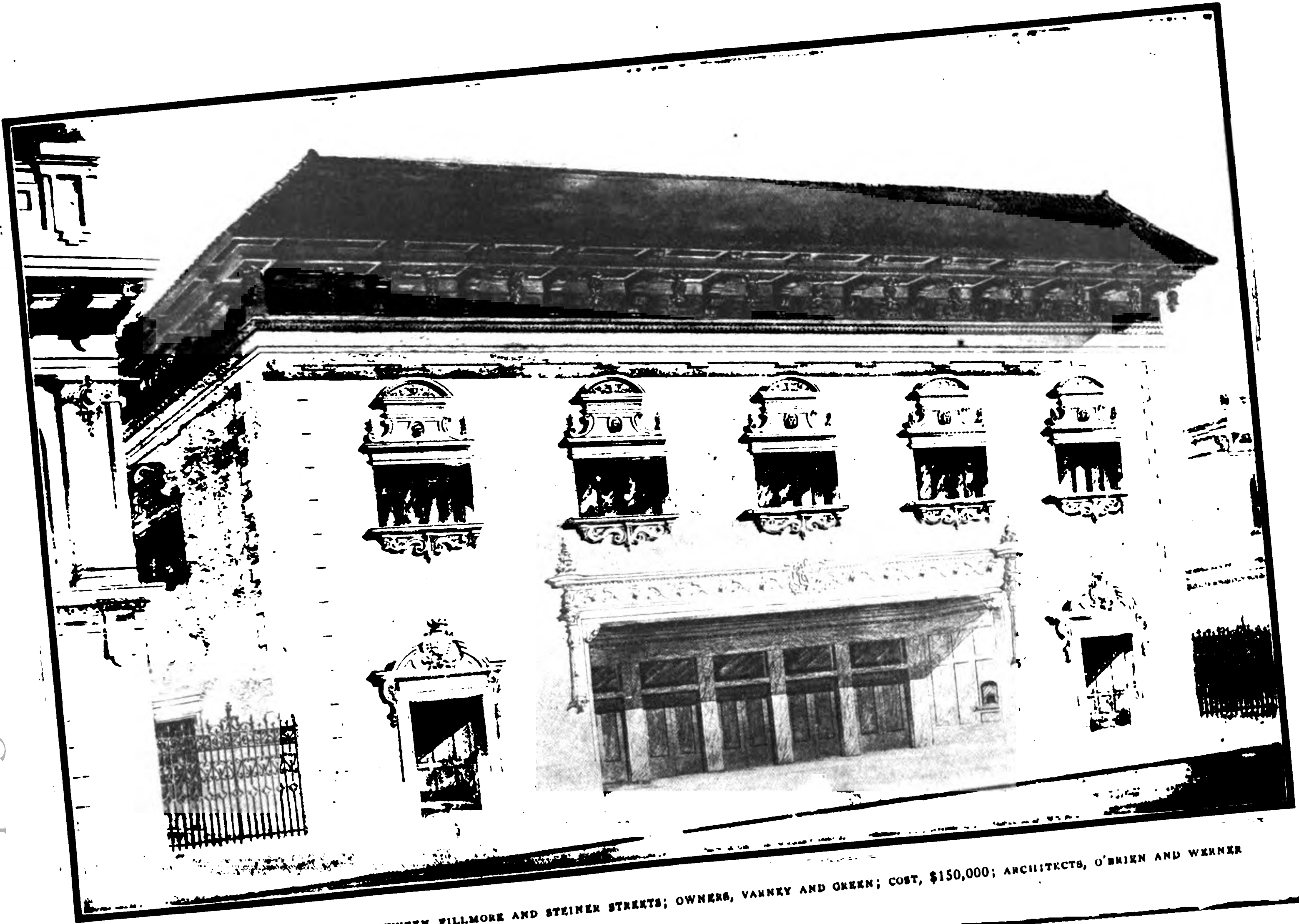
THE NEW WHITE HOUSE, A FOUR-STORY STRUCTURE OF STEEL, WITH WHITE TERRA COTTA FRONT, ON THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF SUTTER STREET AND GRANT AVENUE; RAPHAEL WEILL AND COMPANY, OWNERS; LOT 137.5 x 275 FEET. WITH FIXTURES AND EQUIPMENT THIS BUILDING WILL COST $1,000,000; ARCHITECT, ALBERT PISSIS



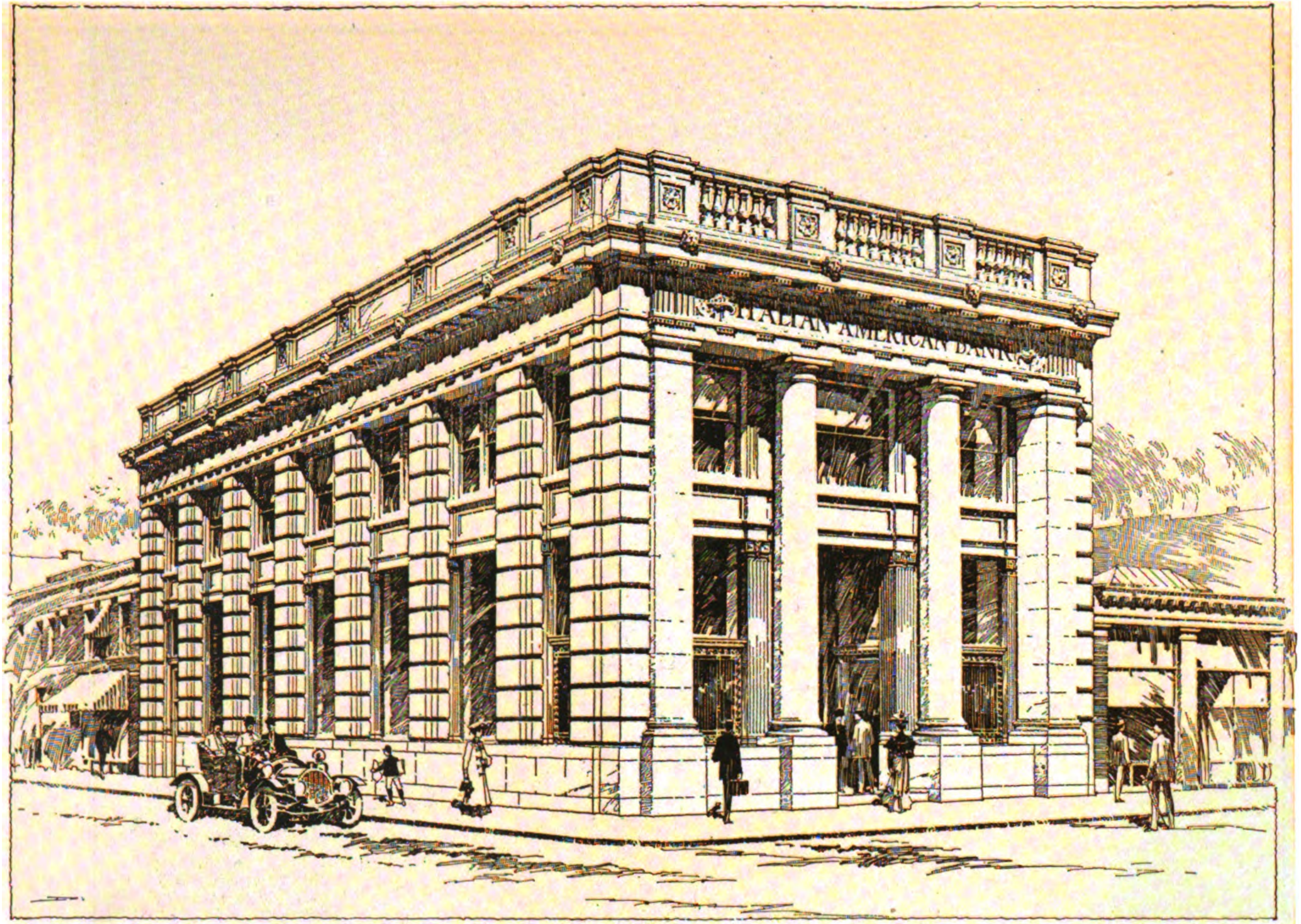
THE PACIFIC BUILDING (FROM FOURTH STREET) THE LARGEST REINFORCED CONCRETE BUILDING IN THE WORLD; ON MARKET STREET, CORNER OF FOURTH (SITE OF THE OLD FLOOD BUILDING), WITH A FRONTAGE OF 195 FEET ON MARKET STREET AND 145 FEET ON FOURTH; NINE STORIES CONTAINING 540 OFFICES, BESIDES FIVE STORES; COST, $1,500,000; ARCHITECT, CHARLES F. WHITTLESEY



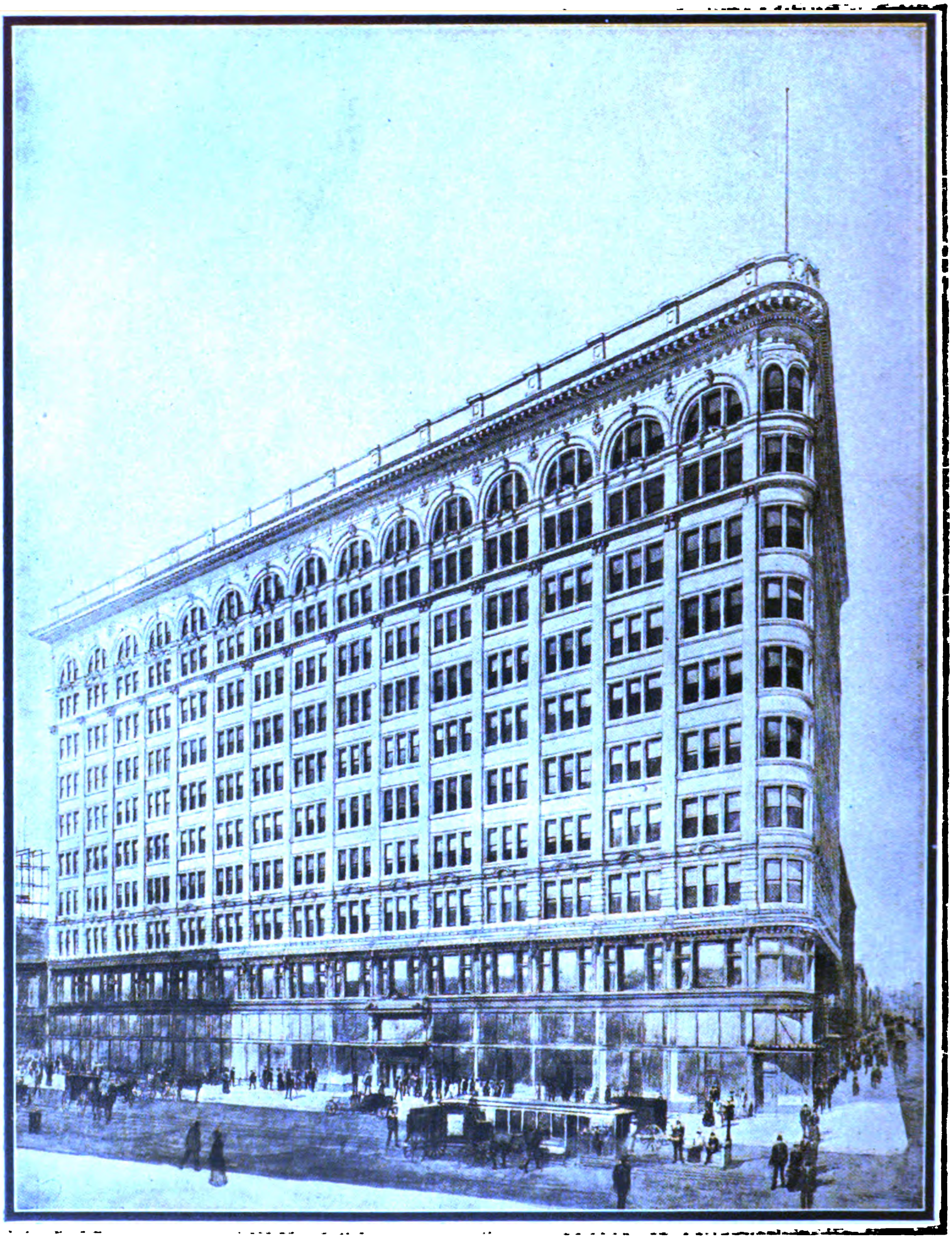
EMPORIUM BUILDING, SOUTH SIDE OF MARKET STREET, WEST OF THE PACIFIC BUILDING (SEE PRECEDING PAGE). THIS BUILDING IS PRACTICALLY A DUPLICATION OF THE BUILDING DESTROYED BY THE FIRE, WHICH THEN HOUSED THE LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE WEST OF CHICAGO; OWNERS, THE PARROT ESTATE; COST, $1,600,000; ARCHITECT, ALBERT PISSIS. See page 504



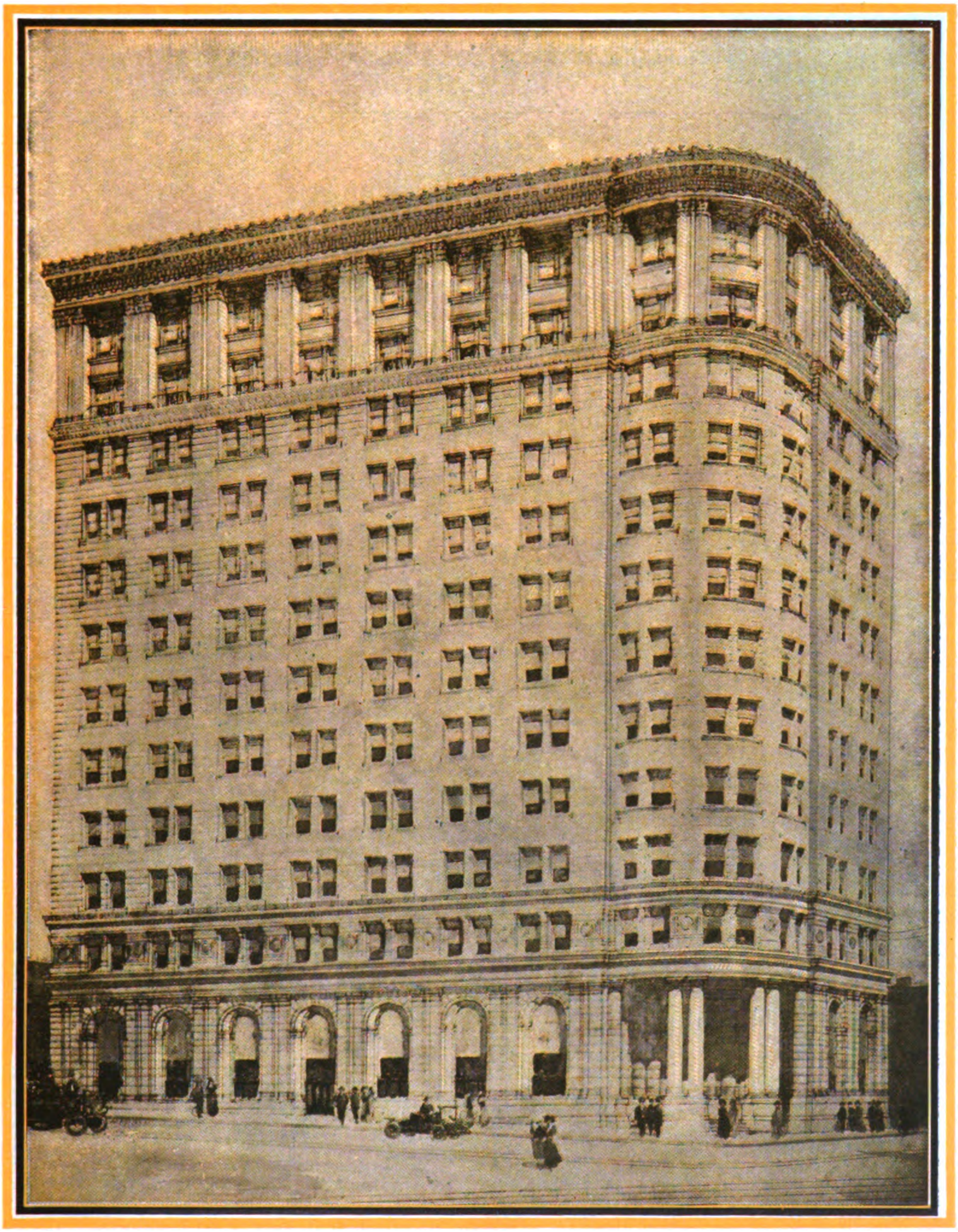
PRINCESS THEATER, ELLIS STREET, BETWEEN FILLMORE AND STEINER STREETS; OWNERS, VARNEY AND GREEN; COST, $150,000; ARCHITECTS, O'BRIEN AND WERNER


ITALIAN AMERICAN BANK

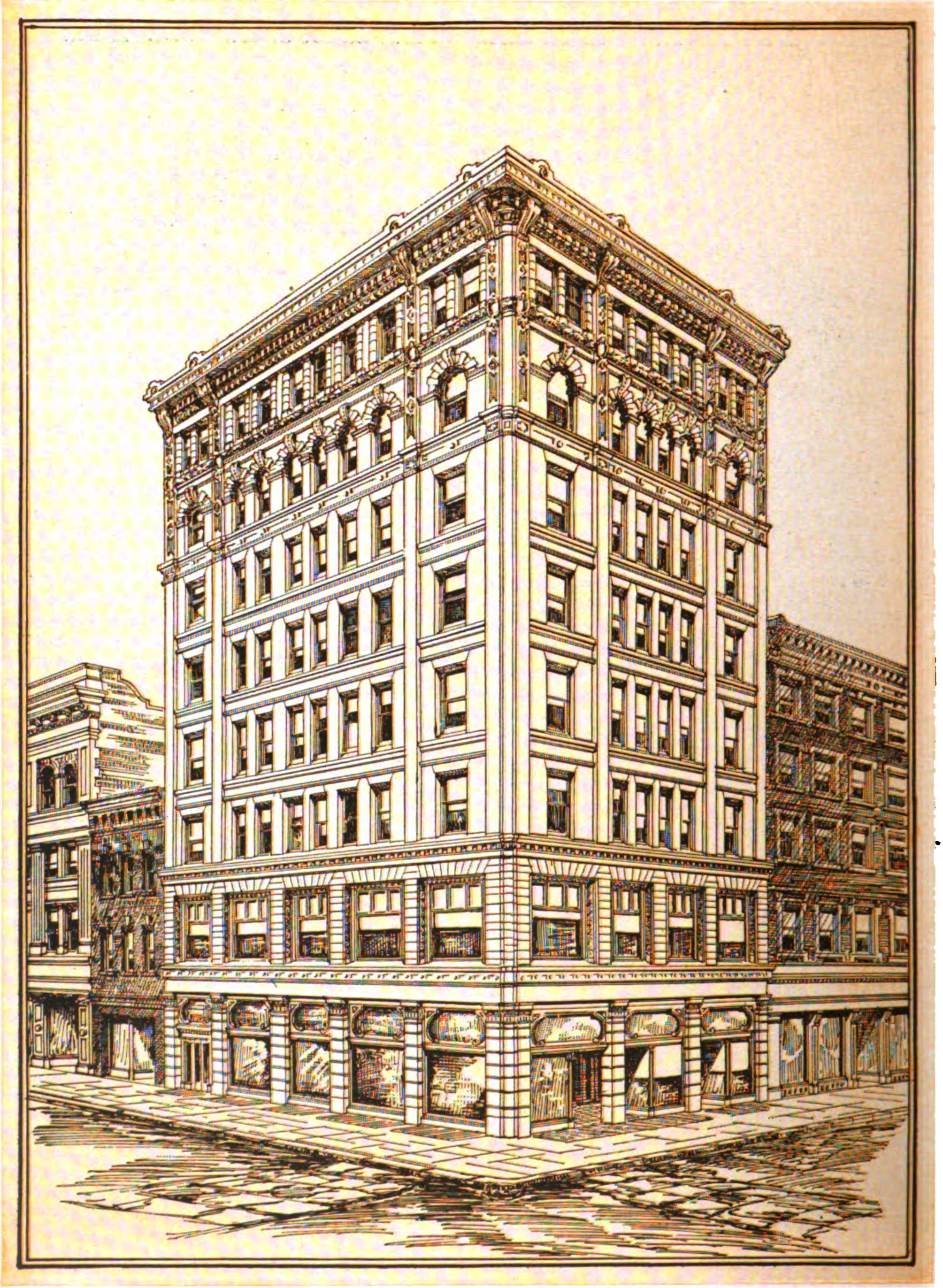
THE ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, A STEEL FRAME AND GRANITE STRUCTURE, SOUTHEAST CORNER OF MONTGOMERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS; OWNERS, ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK; HOWARD AND GALLOWAY, ARCHITECTS AND ENGINEERS



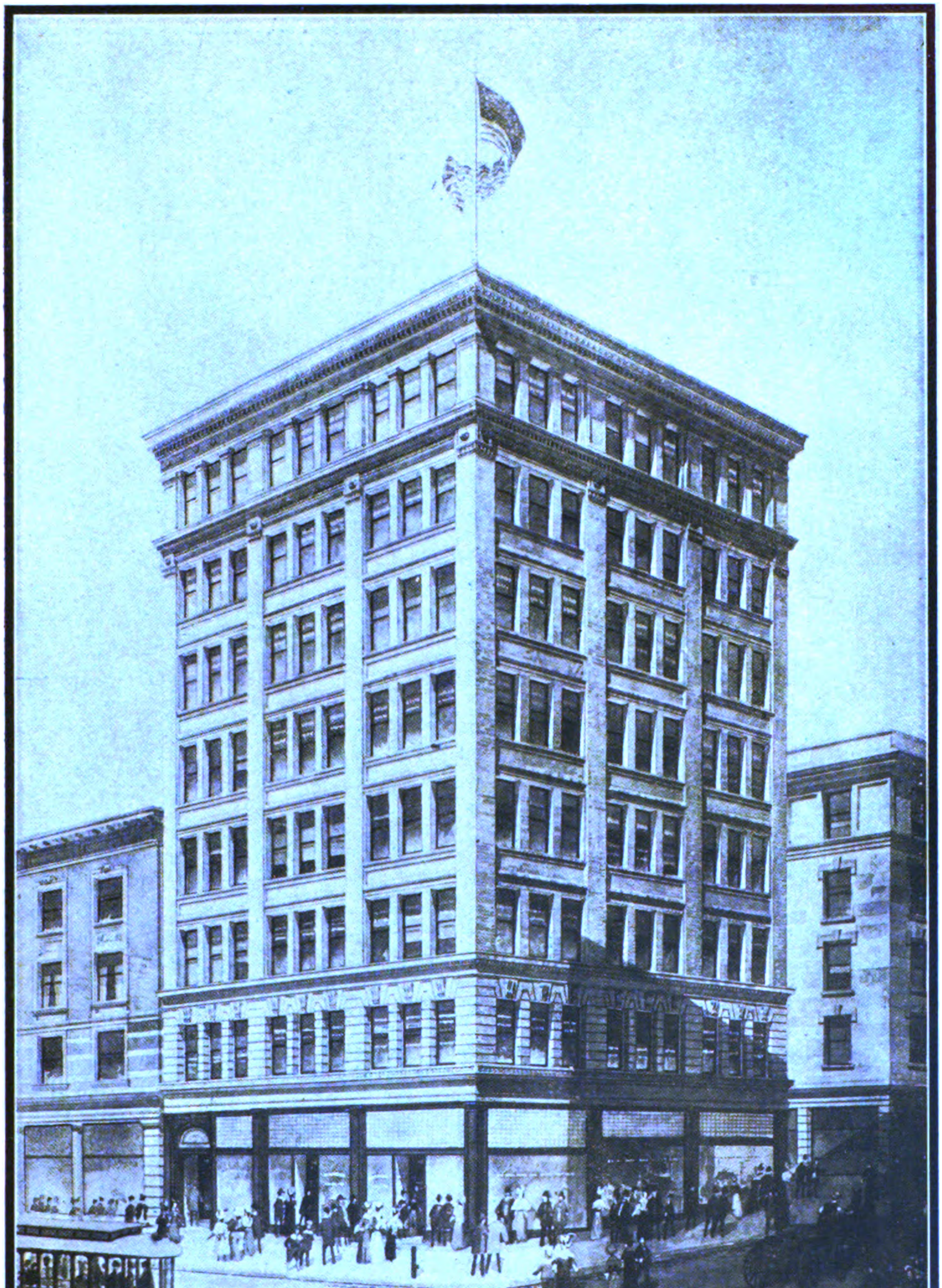
THE PHELAN BUILDING, IN THE HEART OF THE CITY, AT THE JUNCTION OF O'FARRELL STREET, GRANT AVENUE AND MARKET STREET; A TWELVE-STORY, STEEL FRAME OFFICE STRUCTURE; COST, $1,500,000; OWNER, JAMES D. PHELAN



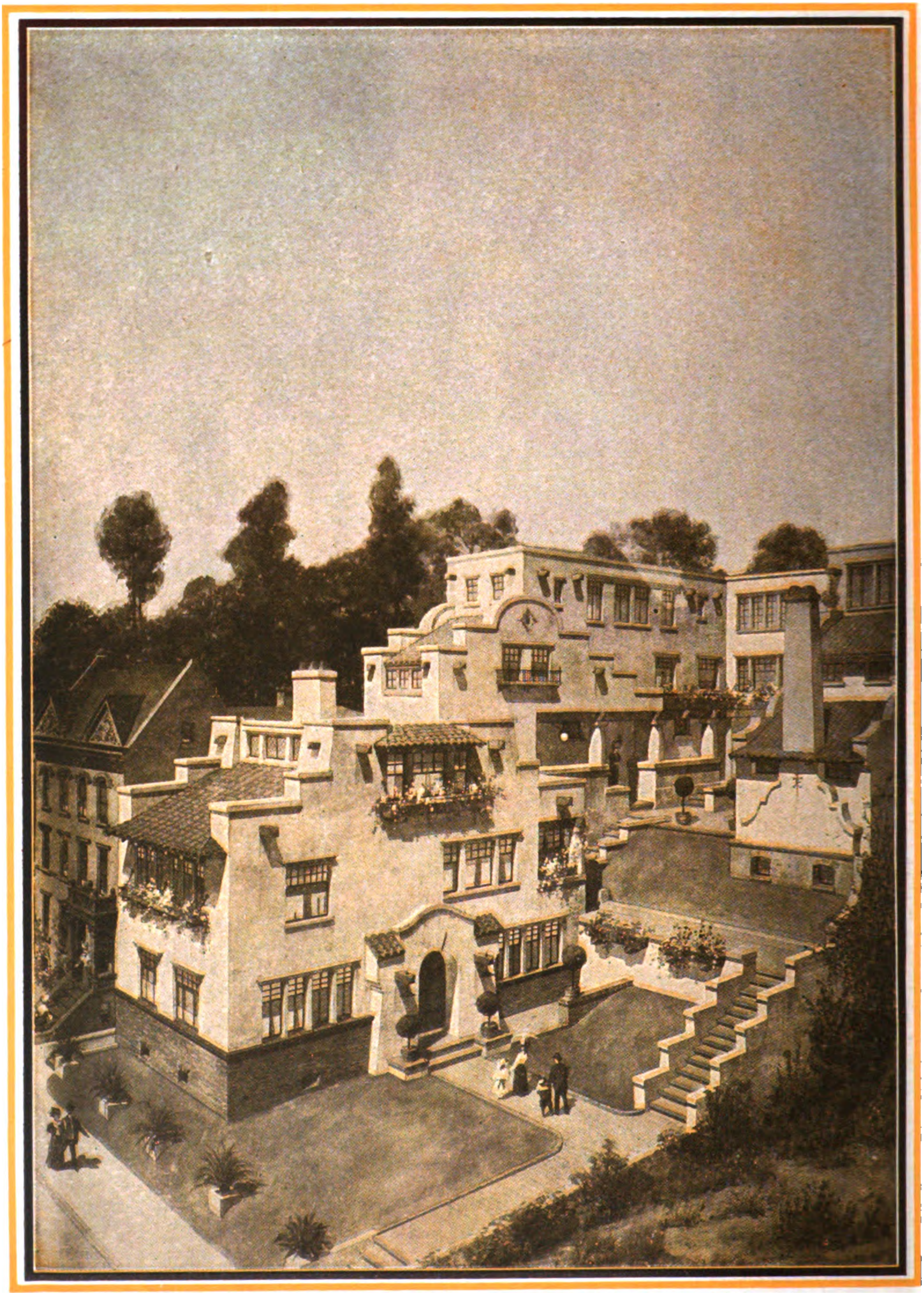
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, A STEEL FRAME STRUCTURE, WITH STONE FACING, FOR OFFICES, BANK AND SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS; NORTHWEST CORNER MARKET AND POST STREETS, SITE OF THE OLD MASONIC TEMPLE; OWNERS, THOMAS MAGEE SONS COMPANY; COST, OVER $1,000,000; ARCHITECTS, D. H. BURNHAM AND COMPANY; DRAWINGS BY WILLIS POLK



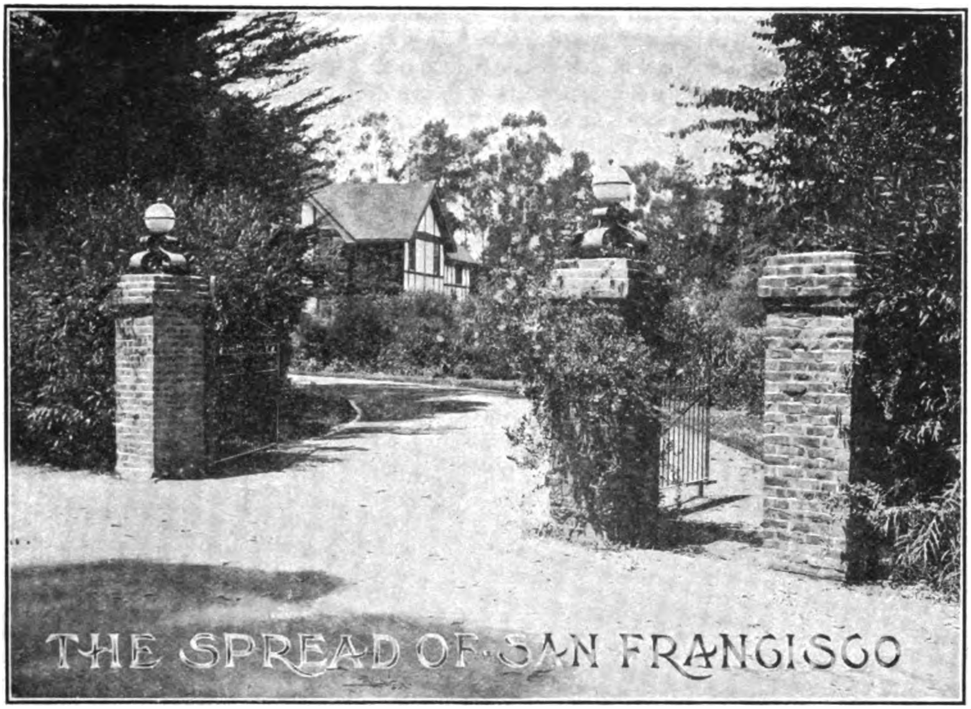
THE THOMAS H. WILLIAMS STEEL FRAME OFFICE BUILDING, CORNER OF MISSION AND THIRD STREETS; LOT 55 x 77.6 FEET; COST ABOUT $250,000; ARCHITECT, CLINTON DAY



THE EIGHT-STORY STEEL, BRICK AND TERRA COTTA OFFICE BUILDING OF THE CHARLES A. SCHMITT ESTATE, SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF KEARNY AND BUSH STREETS; COST, $200,000; ARCHITECT, ALBERT PISSIS



SPANISH MISSION TYPE APARTMENT HOUSE, ON SACRAMENTO STREET, NEAR MAPLE; L. T. SMITH, OWNER; COST, $27,500; ARCHITECTS, STONE AND SMITH



THE SPREAD OF SAN FRANCISCO

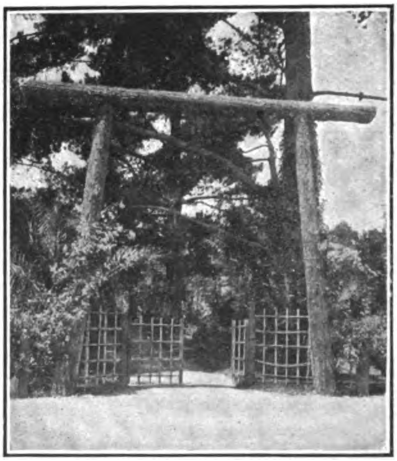
THE STORY OF THE ENCHANTED GARDEN DOWN THE PENINSULA, AND THE DEVELOPMENTS WHICH MAKE IT POSSIBLE AS A HOME SITE FOR CITY TOILERS

By RUFUS STEELE

Illustrated from photographs by Tibbitts

"HOME!" said William C. Ralston to his coachman, as he emerged from the Bank of California and stepped into the waiting carriage, thirty-five years ago. And then the blooded horses would dart out of Sansome street and across the city, and by the time the Potrero hills were reached they would be traveling at a long, even gallop. Ten miles down the peninsula the Jehu leaned far over to grip the lines and bring his dripping steeds to halt before a stable at the roadside. Hostlers sprang to the traces and released the tired team, while other hostlers led out the fresh relay and swung the span into place on either side the pole. Five minutes had not elapsed before the coach was swinging on with new life, lilting down the highway first marked by the sandals of the padres, until the next relay station was reached. On again, and in two hours from the time Banker Ralston left his city office he whirled into the courtyard of the wonderful old house at Belmont, twenty-six miles away. Out of the carriage sprang the banker and up to the pillared entrance, while the soft music that came through the open windows told him that his guests were ready assembled about the banquet board and indulging a flow of wit as they awaited the coming of the master, a coming that should start a prandial season such as would gladden the hearts of kings. And far into the night Ralston and his brilliant company would eat and drink and wax merry in the mansion that he had built, in the palace where after the banker, Sharon, the Comstocker, was to burn the lamps of gold, where he was to marry his daughter to a lord of the English court. And the reign of the second master, old timers say, was as brilliant as that of the first. And when the life of Ralston had culminated in a tragedy and scandal had beset the closing days of Sharon, the hospitality of their house had set a glamor about the groves of Belmont which lingers there to this day.

And perhaps on the night that Ralston was regaling his friends, another party was gathered to enjoy the bounty, if less quiet, hardly less lavish, of Leland Stanford at his home ten miles below Belmont in the shadow of the great redwood tree which for hundreds of years had guarded the bank of San Francisquito creek. And in that same era the homes of Felton, of Hopkins, of Hayward, of Eyre, and that growing outpost of Midas at Menlo Park, were adding to the splendor which transformed the marvelous garden of the peninsula, famous now around the world, into the veriest land of enchantment whose gate swung open only to a golden key. Perhaps in no other time and in no other community has America witnessed so near a return to the pomp and magnificence of Old World baronies. Here was all that money might summon for the comfort and luxury of man in a spot where Nature had left nothing undone to delight him. The traveler by the old road, his thought full of the stories of this region, may well have drawn rein in the night to contemplate from his saddle the shadowy grove from which came the sounds of music and life, of that life ever set with the glamor of romance and mystery to the uninitiate. And it required small lengthening of the imagination to fancy that the dusky foreground hid a moat and that those lights which shot the treetops with golden arrows streamed through the mullioned windows of a feudal keep.

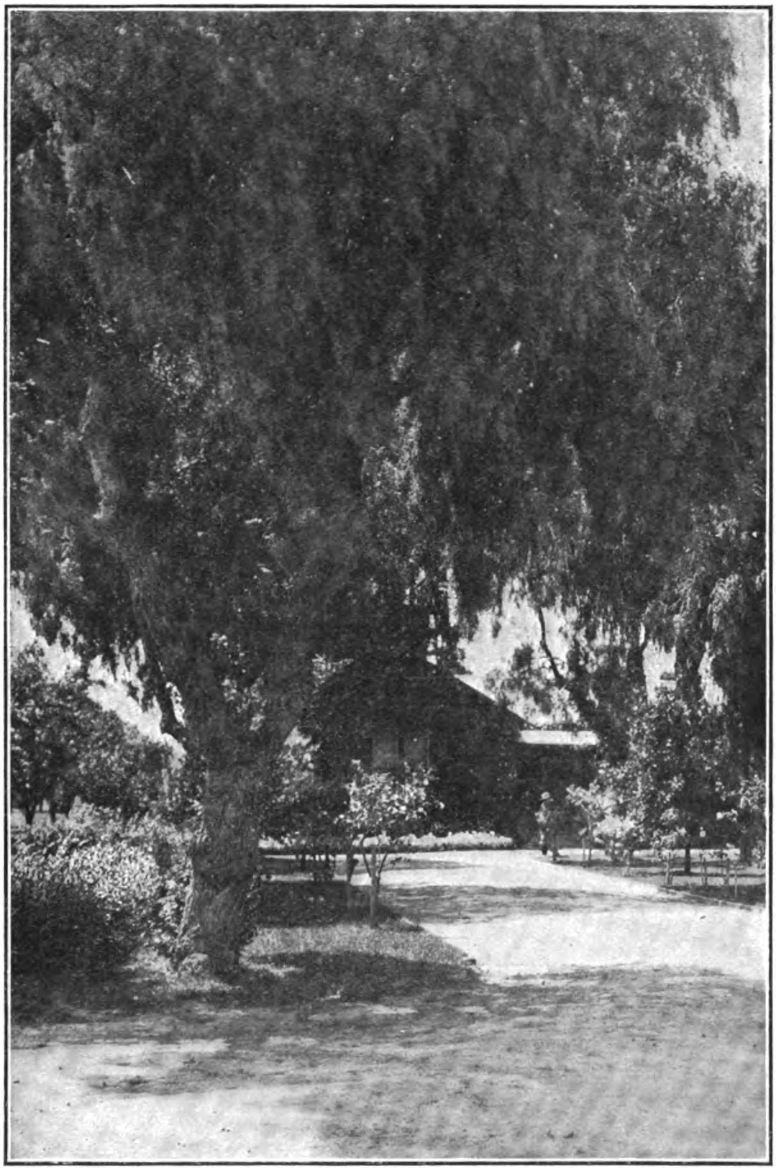


THE BOWIE GATEWAY

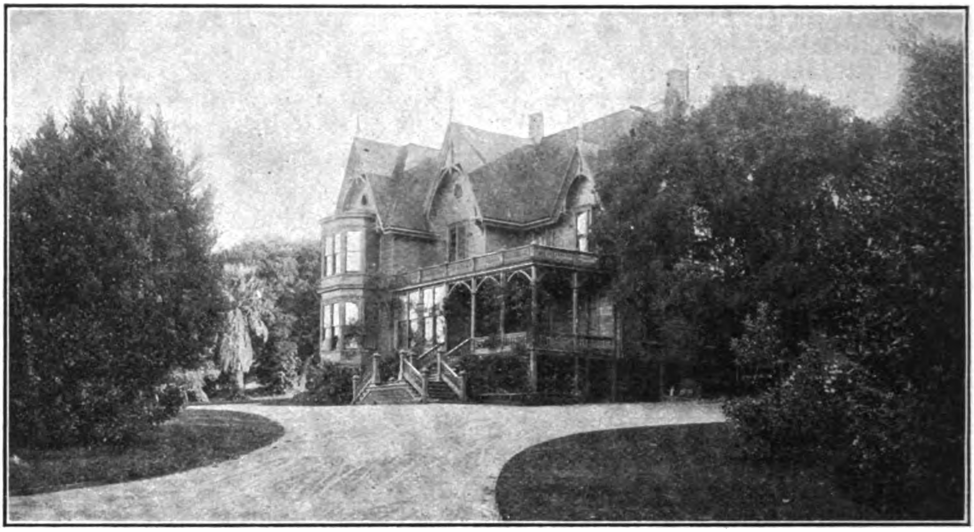
Those times and those scenes are gone with the chapter of San Francisco history to which they belonged, but that which made them possible remains. It is the peninsula itself. The unique beauty of its scenery, the softness that never goes out of the climate at any season of the year, were the setting of a chivalric splendor whose passing left them in no whit diminished. A good share of the millions that were spent there left the landscape more beautiful even than it was.

Wealth still makes its home on this wonderful peninsula far from the hum of the city, but wealth no longer holds it all in fee. A hundred acres of meadow, or a mile along the dimpling waters of the bay, is no longer necessary to a country seat. Ninety-nine acres are cheerfully spared in these less prodigal days. And they are spared not to the rich alone, but to those who need most the joys of the country. A third of a century after the Bonanza kings and queens and princes, the garden where they fêted their friends is thrown open to the homes of workers whose only wealth is the weekly wage. The man who never has more than three figures in his bankbook has not been slow to grasp his opportunity, and now, by virtue of curious and fortuitous circumstances, he is to seize the opportunity as he has not been able to do until this day. No castle will await his coming at evening with notes from an orchestra, and no coach of a Ralston will send him swaying down the highway at the top speed of a span. Instead, the music of his welcome will be the glad greetings of his wife and babes at the door of a cottage, and he will be carried thither, together with scores of his friends each as happily possessed as himself, over a highway of steel that runs straight from his workshop in the city to his home in a wood. He is no longer a prisoner within municipal gates because of the time which it takes to travel to and from the beloved country. For time is abridged.

When, a few weeks hence, trains fly down the new Bay Shore cut-off of the Southern Pacific Railway in a straight line through the five great tunnels, you can go from the foot of Third street to Redwood City in the time that it takes one to go by street car from the Ferry

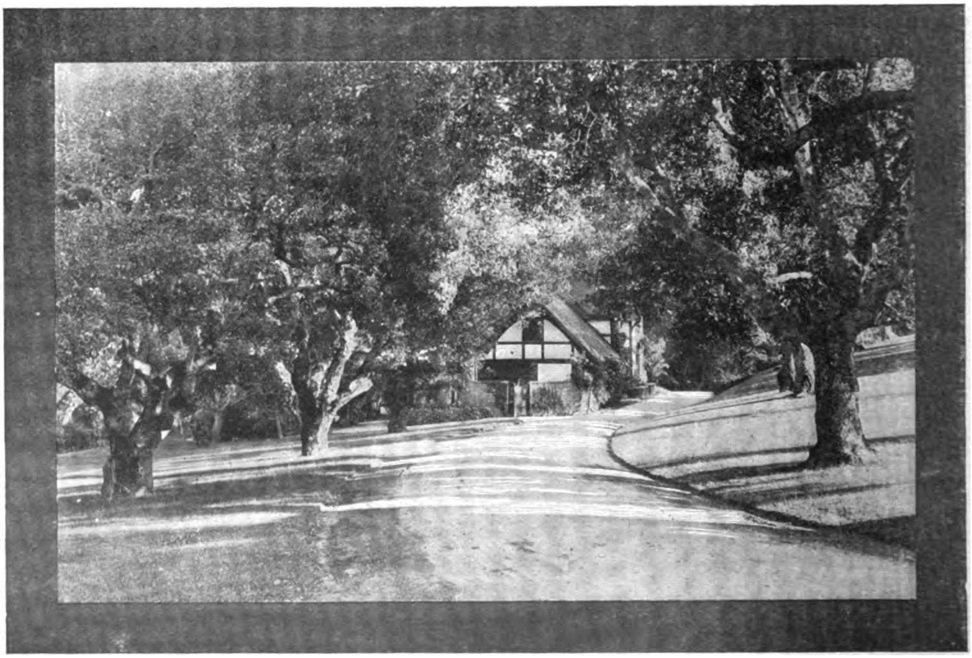


UNDER THE SHELTERING PEPPER TREE



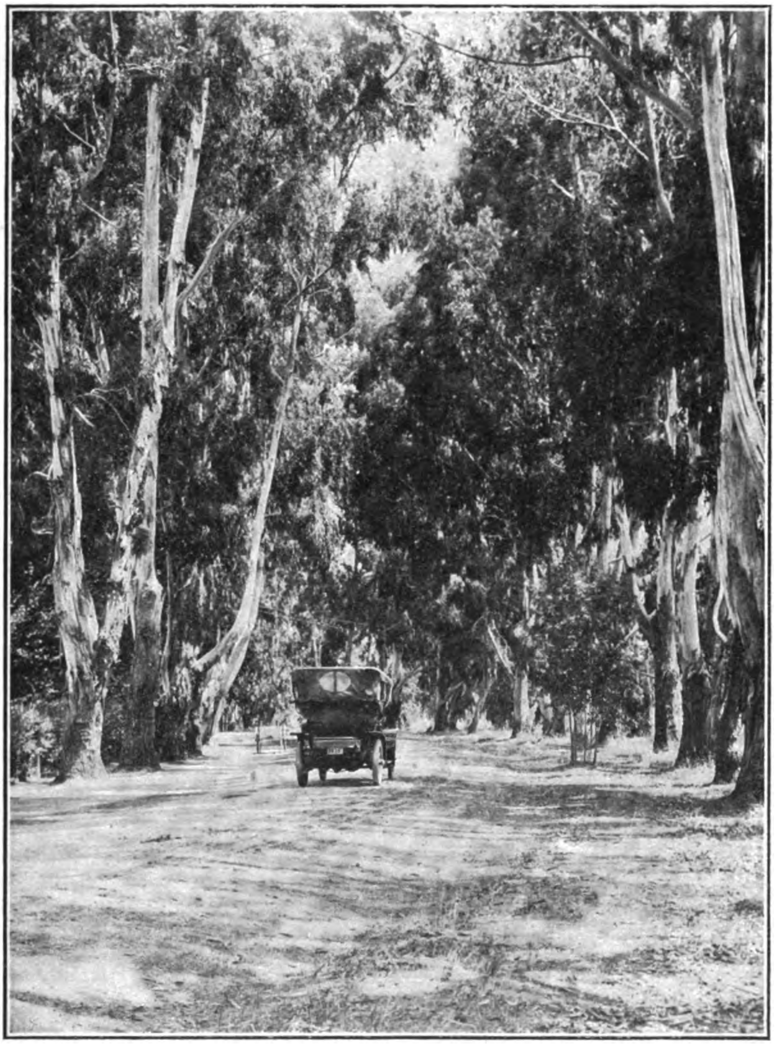
THE OLD W. C. RALSTON HOME—NOW THE BELMONT SCHOOL

to Golden Gate Park. By the same measure of time spent in traveling, the city worker who lives in Palo Alto, or Mayfield, will reach home as soon as the business man who lives in Berkeley or the heart of Oakland. Take two men with offices in the Flood Building: the one who lives in San Mateo will reach his office as quickly as the other who dwells on Ashbury Heights. And the commuter from the flower fields of Burlingame will come up to business in the Crocker Building while his friend is walking down town from Octavia street. So much from a railway that runs in a direct line with thirty or forty trains a day.



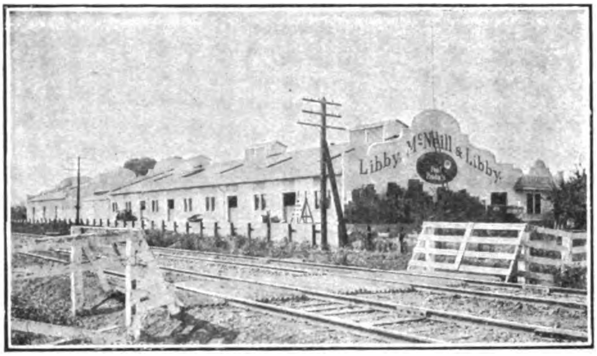
THE POPE HOME UNDER THE LIVE OAKS

The beauty and charm of that part of the peninsula which is embraced in San Mateo and Santa Clara counties was celebrated even in the earliest days of San Francisco. Indeed it was described at length in a report to the British Government more than half a century before gold was discovered in California. It was on November 15, 1792, that Lieutenant George Vancouver in the British ship "Discovery" sent a wave of excitement over the little Spanish community of Yerba Buena by sailing into the bay. Señor Don Heamegildo Sal was commander of the port, and he received the cultured English navigator cordially. In fact cordiality extended into a feast and in the flow of wines and good feeling Señor Sal made an offer, quickly accepted by Vancouver, which later the Spaniard regretted exceedingly. The commander of the port offered his English visitor an escort of soldiers in case he cared to make a pilgrimage down the peninsula to the port of Monterey. Much as he later regretted this rash promise which would

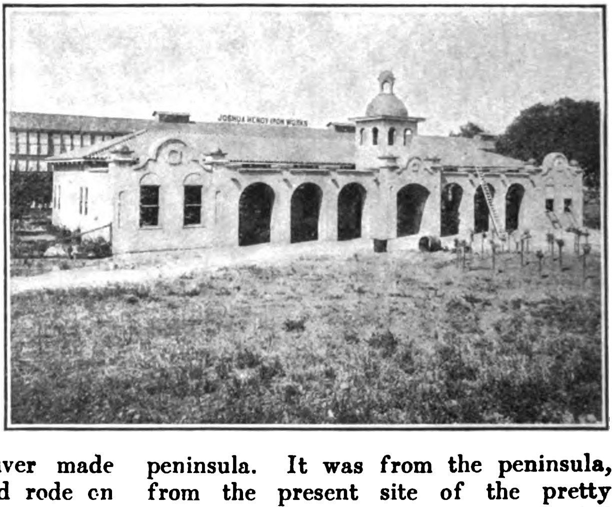


EUCALYPTUS BORDERING HIGHWAY NEAR MENLO PARK give an inkling of the country to covetous Britain, Señor Sal kept his word, and presently Vancouver was contemplating the wonderful stretch of hills and vales and meadows from the southern slopes of the San Bruno mountains. He commented on the park-like country about San Mateo and went on down the peninsula.

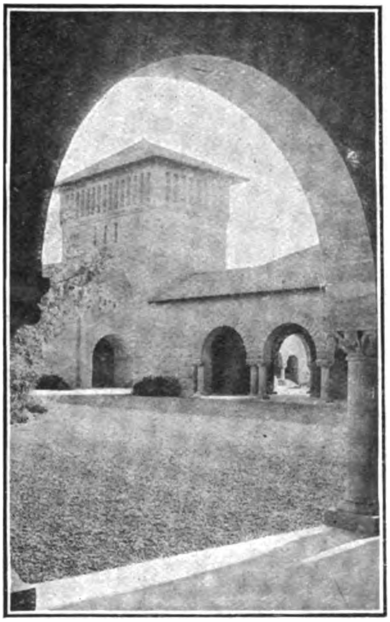
He stopped to marvel at the palo alto, the stately old redwood which had strayed from its fellows in the hills and stood a lone watcher on the bank of San Francisquito creek. Padre Font had seen this kingly tree from San Bruno heights while the Declaration of Independence was being signed at Philadelphia in 1776, and he described it as being one hundred and fifty feet in height with a circumference of fifteen feet. Its topmost boughs now look down upon the orchards at its base from a height of over two hundred feet, while its girth has expanded to thirty. Vancouver made some notes about the tree and rode on into Llamura de los Robles, or plain of the oaks, which is to-day the Santa Clara valley. At Mission Santa Clara he rested from the chafing of the unaccustomed saddle and was entertained by the padres, he found "an extensive fertile plain, the soil of which is a rich, black productive mould, superior to any I had before seen in America. By the help of a very mean and ill-contrived plow drawn by oxen the earth is once slightly turned over and smoothed down by a harrow. In the month of November or December the wheat is sown in drills, or broadcast on the even surface, and scratched in with a harrow. This is the whole system of their husbandry, which uniformly produces them in July or August an abundant harvest. The wheat returns twenty-five to thirty for one, and maize, pease and beans are also raised. Here had been planted peaches, apricots, apples, pears, figs and vines, all of which, excepting the latter, promised to succeed very well." Even the astute Vancouver could not be expected to forsee that whatever defect might be found in the vineyard would be completely forgotten in the day of the prune.



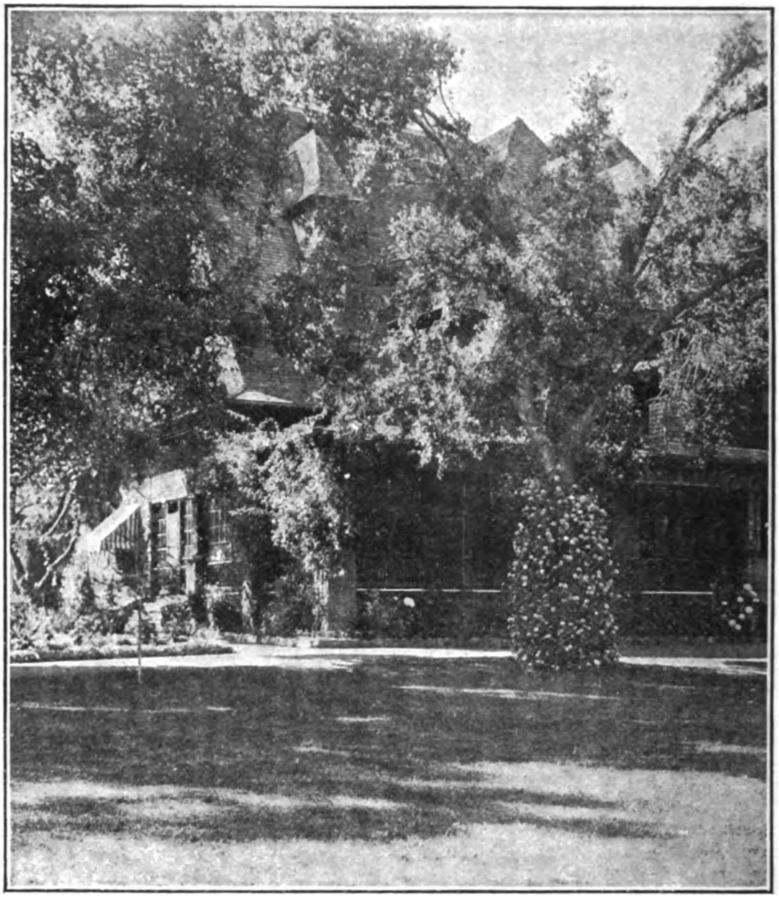
FACTORIES THAT ARE SURE OF SUNSHINE AND PURE AIR



The visit of Vancouver is not the only event lending great historical interest to the peninsula. It was from the peninsula, from the present site of the pretty little group of homes at the station called San Carlos, that San Francisco bay was discovered in 1769 by Portola. Bartolome Ferrelo, commanding the "La Victoria," and Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, in the "San Salvador," out on a discovering voyage along the coast of New Spain, cast anchor in the shelter of the Southeast Farallone Island on November 16, 1542, and were the first Europeans to cast eyes upon the hills where now sits San Francisco. But they failed to note that niche that marks the Golden Gate and they sailed away without knowing that they had been within thirty miles of one of the most magnificent land-locked harbors in the world, now San Francisco bay. In May, 1602, General Sebastian Vizcaino left Navidad, Mexico, to explore the northwest coast, and he found Monterey bay and so reported to the king of Spain. In 1769 the Spanish governor of Lower California, Don Gaspar de Partola, organized a land expedition to proceed to San Diego and thence on to Monterey bay, being guided by the report of Vizcaino. A sea expedition having the same destination, composed of the ships San Carlos and San Antonio, set out at the same time. Governor Portola reached San Diego after a hard journey. He reorganized his company there and set out on June 16, 1769, accompanied by Don Pedro Fages, Don Miguel Costanso, Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez and a large party. In attempting to follow the inaccurate report of Vizcaino concerning the location of Monterey bay, they lost their way and wandered too far northward, coming up the peninsula and at length, from their camp where San Carlos stands to-day, they looked upon the waters of the southern end of San Francisco bay late in November, 1769. Their provisions being all but exhausted, and their scouts reporting mountains ahead that ran down to the shore and the Indians opposed to their farther progress, Portola and his party turned back and eventually reached Monterey bay. In the records kept by the scribes of Portola's party is found the account of the discovery of San Francisco bay, though the finding of the Golden Gate was reserved for explorers who came afterward.


ON THE STANFORD QUAD

History has it that the first Anglo-Saxon to desert Yerba Buena for the joys of a home "down the peninsula" was William Smith, who, with his Spanish wife, established his domicile, about 1833, near the present site of Woodside, not far from the handsome seat of the Josselyn family. The town of San Mateo began in 1871, when John B. Cooper threw up a brush arbor to serve as an abode until he could gather the materials for a more pretentious dwelling. When Mr. Ralston took up his residence in the palatial home at Belmont, more than a decade later, those lavish entertainments began which were to attract other favored children of fortune into his marvelous "park." California has known no more imposing hospitality than Ralston's, and yet the house he built may be said to have reached the acme of its social splendor after the financier's tragic death and when Sharon had become its master. It was in Sharon's day that General Grant, fresh from China and Li Hung Chang, and on the last quarter of his famous trip around the world, was entertained there. Flora Sharon was hostess, and she and her father thought the expenditure of forty thousand dollars no undue extravagance in making ready for their honored guest and the elite of San Francisco society, who came by special train to the station and thence in an endless procession of carriages, to do him honor. Even the "mile of greenhouses" was brilliantly illuminated on that night. The gowns represented a fortune: the collation became the highest standard of the times. While the more

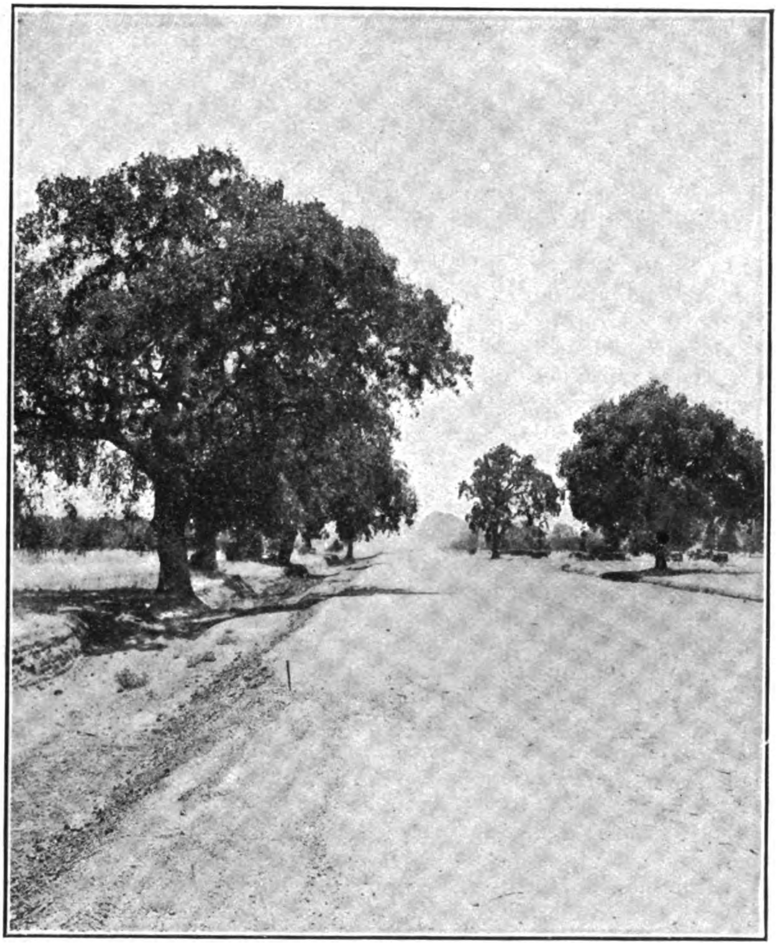


A "HEAVEN ON EARTH" HOME NEAR MOUNTAIN VIEW

mature hung about the former President and hero of the late Civil war, the younger guests danced merrily in the spacious rooms. General Grant led the grand march with Flora Sharon on his arm. With the great house overflowing with the multitude of guests and the young hostess in such wide demand, it may be forgiven her if she did not chance to appear in time to stop a game of ten pins at which certain convivial young men amused themselves upon the lawn. Every time a pin was bowled over it exploded with a refreshing noise, and a shower of moisture sparkled in the light before it fell into the grass. For the pins at which they bowled were bottles of champagne.

Many survivors of that day in city and peninsula society love yet to tell of the splendor of Fred Sharon's birthday party, and of the surpassing festival when, in the same house, Flora Sharon became the bride of Sir Thomas Hesketh.

Easily might pages be filled with stories of the social doings of the late '60s and '70s in the homes beyond the San Bruno hills, but this is a story of to-day and to-morrow rather than of yesterday. From Millbrae to Mayfield—that is a span of eighteen miles—the region is so set with manorial homes that one might best absorb their beauty if traveling afoot with a full week in which to complete his journey. Mostly the architect lingered until he was in tune with the surroundings before he planned the house. Occasionally one finds an architectural classic which makes him



GRADED ROADBED OF THE PENINSULA ELECTRIC ROAD NEAR PALO ALTO

tarry to feast his eyes: that is where the architect realized the inspiration which came to him from the groves and the ground and the air. California has no fairer examples of landscape gardening than some of these. Here the artist of the out-of-doors has wrought masterpieces of color with every rare flower ready to lend him the perfection of its distinctive shade. The writer might attempt a detailed description of some of these homes, but with a more kindly feeling for his patient reader rather let him suggest a list to serve as a partial guide for an excursion.

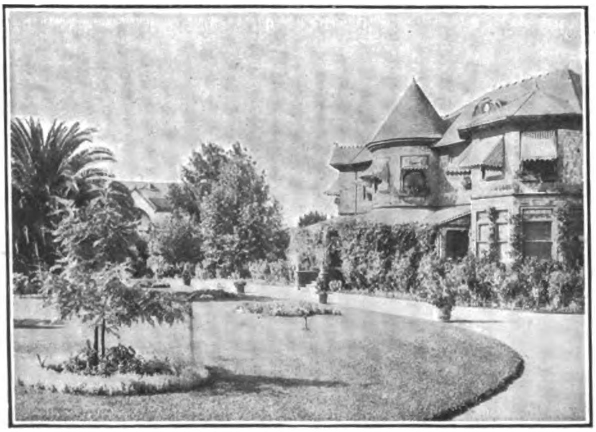
Go to Millbrae to see the home of D. O. Mills; and then on to Burlingame to see the homes of Pope, of Tobin, of Carolan, of Hopkins, of Crocker, of Poniatowski, of Williams, of Rideout, of Redington. See the Burlingame Country Club, as famous in England as in America, among its trees and flowers. Play polo on one of those remarkable California ponies with Clark on the Hobart field, or The Crossways with Carolan. Then on to San Mateo to study the home-building of Howard, of Parrott, of Bowie, of Hayward, of de Guigne, of Payson, of Hayne, of Kohl, of Lawrence, of Byrnes and Maynard. At Belmont go to Hoitt's school and you will behold the home of Ralston and Sharon: in the home of Brittain you shall see how the eccentric in architecture may yet preserve a harmony. At Redwood City the old Hawes mansion is but one of many well worth your while. If Menlo stands for money,

THE COLEMAN HOUSE AT MENLO

Menlo Park homes—the homes of Flood, of Coryell, of Eyre, of Atherton, of Macondray, of Felton, of Doyle, of Selby—express the most that money buys in spacious places of abode where comfort and elegance are crowned with all the beauty that art has been able to add to nature. Drive through the grounds of the Leland Stanford Junior University at Palo Alto and turn out the lane to the quiet old Stanford mansion in the trees. It is a charming place to rest, indoors or out, while you meditate upon the virtues of giving a kingly fortune for the education of other people's sons and daughters who die not in their early youth. And when you are rested, go over to the stock farm where the paddocks and the great stables are empty now save for the thoroughbred pensioners who never again shall hear the tap of a circuit bell, and let some gray keeper who refuses to forsake the place tell you of Suñol and Orion and Palo Alto and the other great horses who went forth from these stables to win and hold the light harness records of the world.

Go visit these places for yourself and when you have reveled in the natural beauty of "down the peninsula," when you have felt your heart stirring at the thought of what home life might be in such homes, when you have loitered through lanes and paths and avenues that have no equal anywhere—then, doubtless, you shall understand how the march of progress which brings these communities, with their thousands of untenanted acres, within reach of the workers of a great city is more than a commercial consideration.

The coast line of the Southern Pacific in going from Third and Townsend streets to San Bruno has made a great curve to the westward in circling the low mountains extending almost across the peninsula. New electric lines will help the development. The Bay Shore cut-off is a direct flight to San Bruno along the shore of the bay, made possible by the building of five great tunnels under these mountains. Several miles is cut off the distance and seventeen minutes is saved in the schedule. These seventeen minutes saved—which will be extended into several more minutes saved—make possible the inauguration of a train system which will make city suburbs of every town and colony as far south as Mayfield, and Mayfield is thirty-five miles from San Francisco. Several fast suburban trains will pass each way over the line every hour. In the morning, doubtless, trains will run up from Palo Alto and run



A PALO ALTO HOME

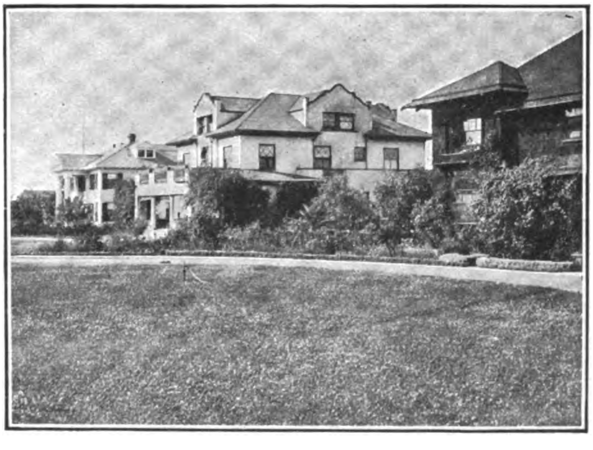
RURAL LUXURY NEAR MAYFIELD

back again in the evening with no stop at way stations. Thus the commuter who loves to dwell in the classic atmosphere of Stanford University will be no more than forty minutes in traveling to and from the city. That brings Palo Alto as close to San Francisco as Park street, Alameda, though the geography says distance is more than twice as great. What a dreadful smash the geography is getting is seen from the fact that with the opening of the Bay Shore cut-off trains will run to Mayfield in forty minutes, to Redwood City in thirty-five, to San Mateo in twenty-three and to Burlingame in seventeen. The man in business on Sansome street who grudges the half hour he must spend on the street car in reaching his home on Central avenue may see his opportunity of getting closer to his office by moving to Burlingame!

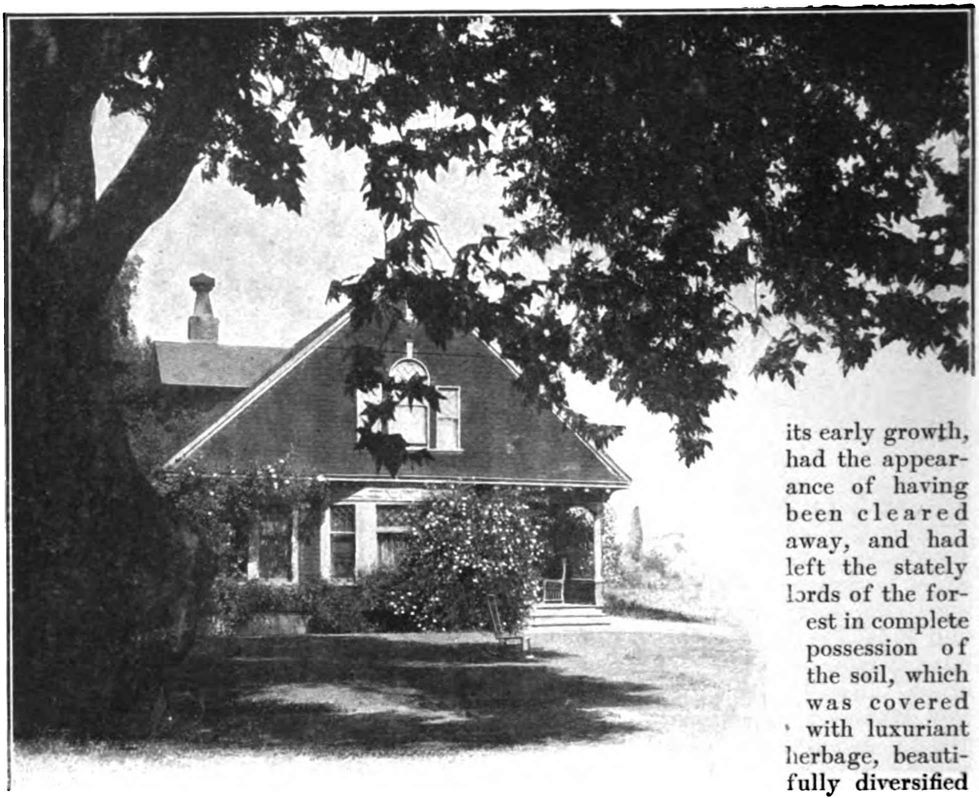
Burlingame, with the El Cerrito and Homestead additions, has a population exceeding five thousand. They average a new home a day down there, and men in uniform now deliver the mail. The coastal hills are an effective shelter from wind and fog. The bay shore is attractive. The water invites to a swim, and the temperature of it is about seventy degrees the year around. If Burlingame has blue-blooded society, Burlingame also has an industry of which it is very proud. It is an industry such as might be expected in these surroundings. Burlingame grows flowers for the shops of San Francisco. The greenhouses stretch for miles, and between them whole fields are in brilliant bloom. Such roses and such carnations, says Burlingame, are grown nowhere else in the world.

A magnificent driveway, lined with mansions and estates, with everywhere flowers and shrubbery and palms and lawns like meadows, lead on to San Mateo. This pretty town, which is modern in every respect, is the home of schools, academic, military and theological. To the $10,000 donated by Carnegie, the residents added another $5,000 for the erection of their handsome library, which contains over eight thousand volumes.

Both Burlingame and San Mateo lie in an extensive valley known as the Canada Raymundo. To the westward in a crescent are the foothills and beyond these the San Moreno mountains, whose highest peak reaches an altitude of two thousand, five hundred feet. Long ago the oak forests were supplemented by groves of eucalyptus, planted at gaps where the winds might enter, and these groves develop into substantial barriers.



WHERE STANFORD PROFESSORS ENJOY LIFE



THE SHADING ARMS OF BLACK OAKS

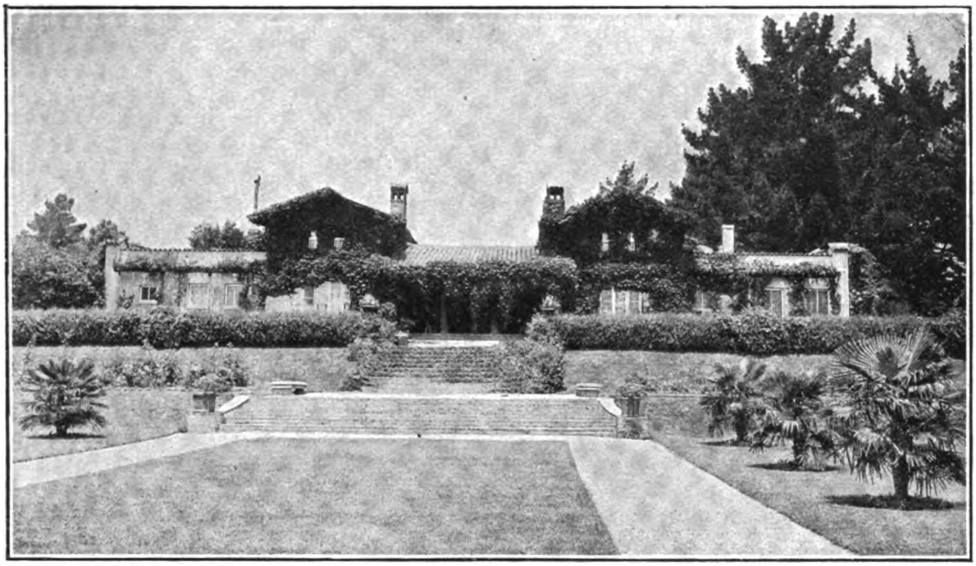
"About noon," says Vancouver in the report which he made to his government, "having advanced twenty-three miles (it was really twenty-six miles) we arrived at a very pleasant and enchanting lawn, situated amidst a grove of trees at the foot of a small hill, by which flowed a very fine stream of excellent water. This delightful pasture is nearly enclosed on every side."

This spot was on San Mateo creek at the edge of the beautiful home property of Henry P. Bowie.

"It required some resolution to quit so lovely a scene," continues Vancouver, "the beauty of which was greatly heightened by the serenity of the weather. We had not proceeded far from this delightful spot when we entered a country I little expected to find in these regions. For about twenty miles it could only be compared to a park which had originally been planted with the true old English oak; the underbrush, which had attained its early growth, had the appearance of having been cleared away, and had left the stately lords of the forest in complete possession of the soil, which was covered with luxuriant herbage, beautifully diversified with pleasing eminences and valleys, with a range of lofty, rugged mountains that bounded the prospect and required only to be adorned with the neat habitations of an industrious people to produce a scene not inferior to the most studied effects of taste in the disposal of grounds, especially when seen from the port or its confines, the waters of which extended some distance by the side of this country."

This "park" became the noted Las Pulgas rancho of Governor Jose Arguello in the early years of the nineteenth century. In it lies Belmont and the house that Ralston built which later became the home of Sharon.

Redwood City, which place the Spanish called the Embarcadero because it was the head of their southern navigation of the bay, is a flourishing place of homes and business. Its main business street is an avenue. Redwood is the county seat of San Mateo county.

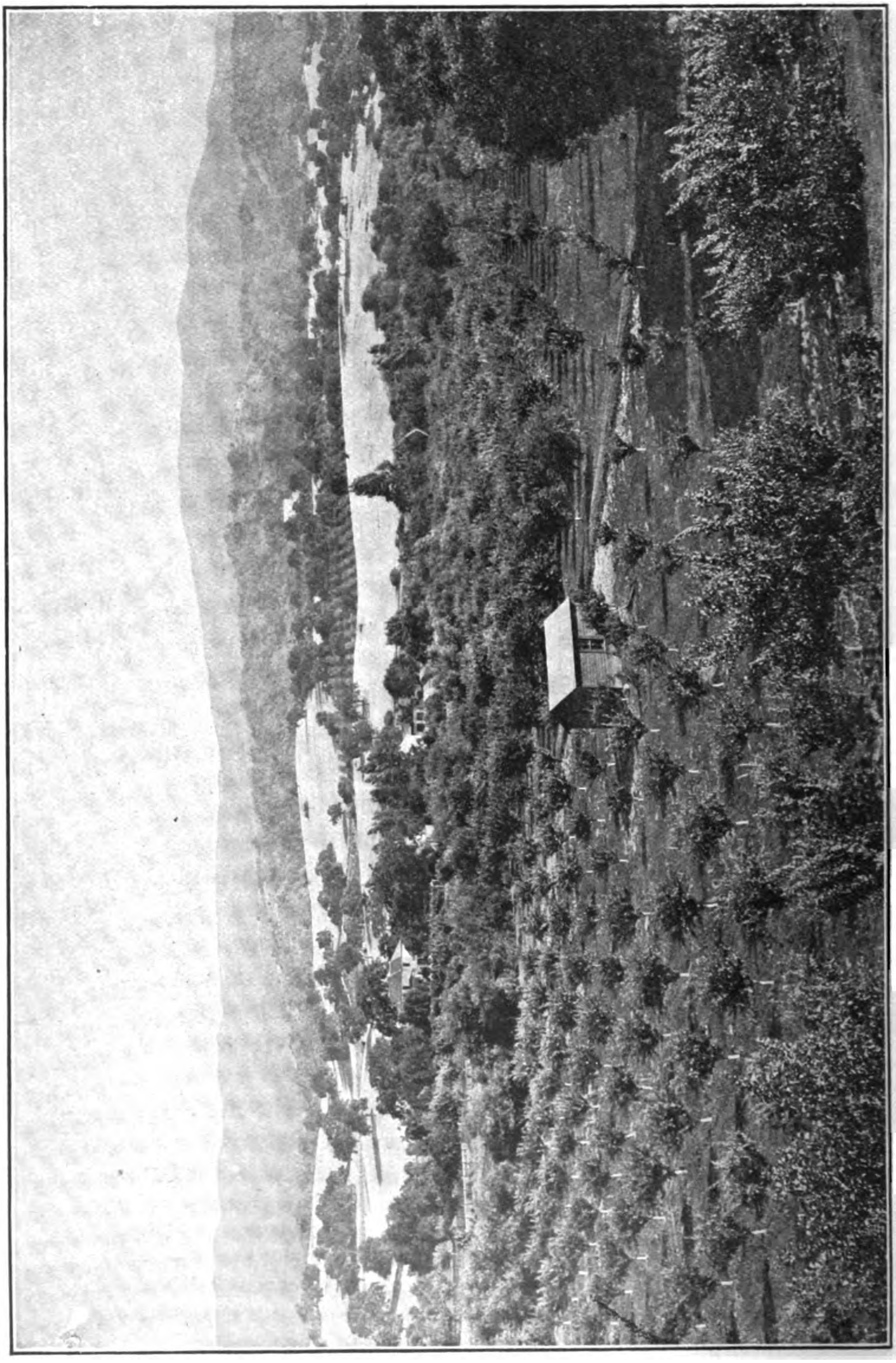


THE BOWIE HOUSE IN THE HEART OF BURLINGAME

Palo Alto is a little city of seven thousand home-builders located midway between the Santa Cruz mountains and the bay. Its climate is equable and pleasant in January or in July. People have come from all over America to make their homes here while their children attend the preparatory schools and then enter Stanford University. By a provision in the land deeds and by local ordinance the sale of intoxicating liquors is forbidden.

Mayfield, which has spent a fortune on public improvements in the past two years, is a town of three thousand inhabitants a mile from Palo Alto. Like Palo

SAN CARLOS—FROM THE HILLS CLOSE BY PORTOLA FIRST SAW SAN FRANCISCO



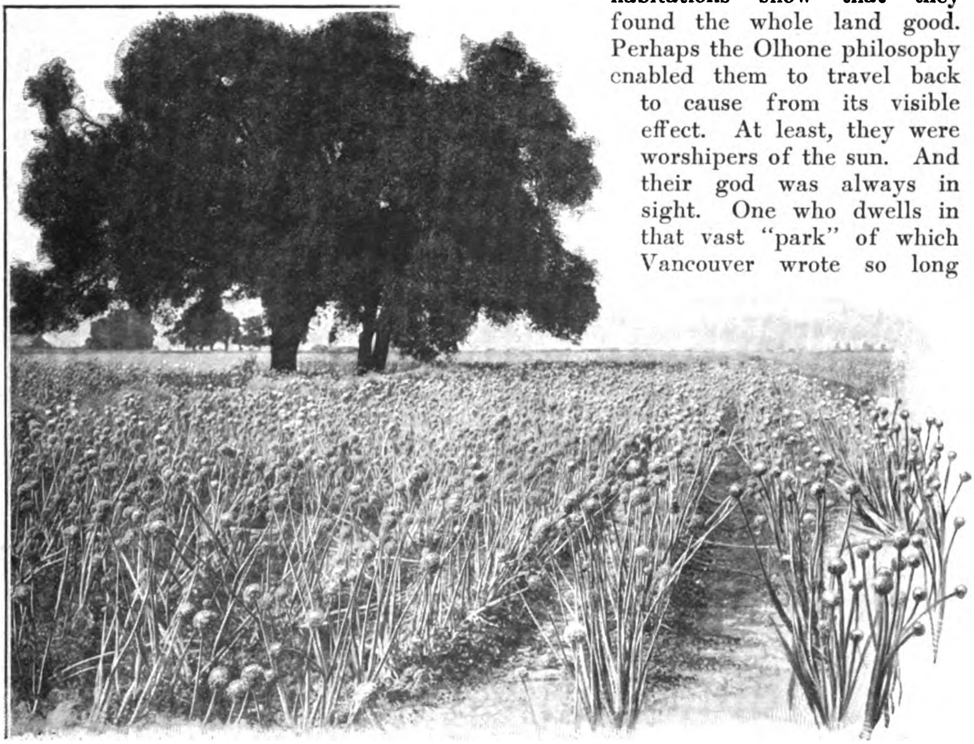
ACROSS THE VALLEY NEAR LOS ALTOS, SHOWING THE ROLLING COUNTRY, THE ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS, AND THE MOUNTAIN SETTING

Alto, it has no saloons. Its oak groves are interspersed with orchards of peach, apricot, prune, apple and fig trees.

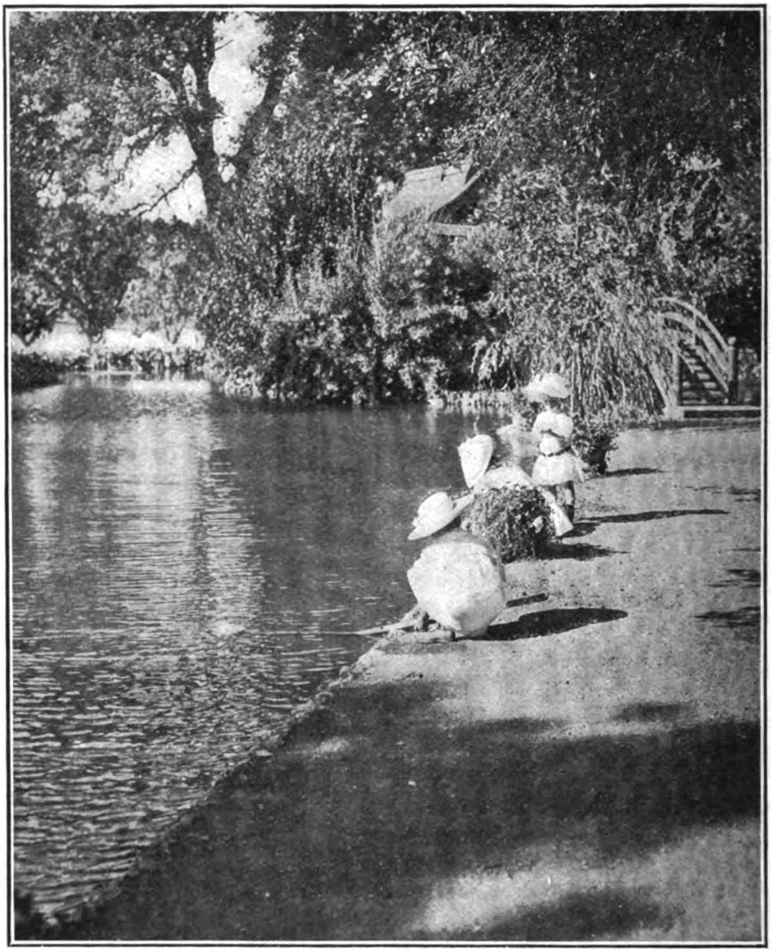
Not far from Mayfield, on the railroad, is the new town of Leland, which promises rapid and substantial development. Beyond lie Mountain View and Santa Clara before the beautiful city of San Jose is reached. This metropolis of the orchard districts combines great business activity with a home development that is charming and extensive. Trees, flowers and a variety of ornamental plants do their prettiest for San Jose. Tourists from all over the world love to loiter in the avenues along which the homes reach for miles. The city has acquired every modern improvement and convenience without sacrificing any of the loveliness which Nature and the landscape gardener have brought to it. The growing output of its prune and other orchards and the steady influx of home-builders from the Atlantic states and the Middle West, assure the unretarded expansion of this imposing city.

Westward from San Jose, in the picturesque foothills which bound the Santa Clara valley, is Los Gatos, on the Oakland and Santa Cruz narrow gauge railroad. The climate and scenery of Los Gatos are such that the town ranks almost as a resort. Shaded roads lead out to delightful country homes. Many of these have been built by San Francisco people who make the summer season gay with house parties of their city friends.

Perhaps the best feature of the country down the peninsula to the city-dweller who would listen to his heart and the rumble of the new railroad and seek a home in the enchanted garden is the fact that he has so much from which to choose. He is unfortunate, indeed, who can not find that particular spot which he craves, and not good at hunting things is he who can not find that which will fit his purse. The climate of the whole region is best described as delightful, and yet there is diversity. The first inhabitants of whom there is record were the Olhone Indians and the marks of their various habitations show that they found the whole land good. Perhaps the Olhone philosophy enabled them to travel back to cause from its visible effect. At least, they were worshipers of the sun. And their god was always in sight. One who dwells in that vast "park" of which Vancouver wrote so long



OAKS AND ONIONS—TWO STRONG TESTIMONIALS FROM THE SOIL



THE IDEAL PLAYGROUND AND DOORYARD OF A SAN MATEO HOME

ago, contemplating that glory which is of the sunshine, might readily forgive the untaught native and justify him in the oblation which he made.

MAGIC

By HERBERT BASHFORD

The giant redwoods looming column-wise
Show dark green boughs against day's azure skies;
Night's stars flame out and lo, the branches hold
A million glowing petals, white and gold!

The Firebrand

A Short Story of Old San Francisco

By Mabel Craft Deering

Drawings by R. F. Thomson

THE cobbled street was so steep that no horse ever clattered up it and only the death rattle in the cable slot proclaimed that a city's heart was nearby. Except for this background of noise the street was strangely quiet and when the stillness was broken by a wild uproar on a certain sunshiny April morning, a dozen faces were pressed against the window panes of the red brick house while twenty-four narrow, scant-lidded eyes peered through iron bars, which had been designed to keep the world out rather than to cloister Chinese loveliness within. Among the faces was one with round gray eyes, a direct glance, and ample eyelids—the face of the firm young superintendent of the Mission—the Scotswoman, Donaldine Cameron.

In the street below was a wild tumult—a babel of voices, the hoarse talk of men, the shrill tones of women, and, above them all, one strident note which cut the din. Presently, the bell at the front door of the Mission sent its jangling summons through the long hallways and Miss Cameron herself went down to investigate this mob before her doorway.

The open door framed a strange scene. Against a motley background of the city's riff-raff, the dark blue helmets of three policemen were silhouetted and, on the steps, a figure of fury, was the girl who had rung the doorbell—so strange a figure that even those who thought they knew the depths of Chinatown stared. "Is this a Chinese woman or a strapping boy masquerading in feminine dress?" was Miss Cameron's first thought. Ninety-nine out of a hundred Chinese women are small and demure, with flat, dishlike, empty faces—barren of lines that tell of feeling—and what little expression the high tides of the years have left is carefully obliterated by shaving the eyebrows and replacing them with little, silly, thin, black lines, penciled high on the forehead and giving the childish countenance an expression of perpetual astonishment at life. A liberal use of cosmetics adds to the artificiality of a visage that is sometimes pretty but is usually as expressionless as a bit of embroidery. This girl, however, was different. Tall as a man, broad-shouldered, with long arms waving above the crowd and strong yellow fingers which she snapped in the faces of the astonished blue-coats; with black, flashing eyes, a dramatic manner and a powerful voice jabbering her native tongue, it was small wonder that Miss Cameron was aghast at this intruder who, as yet, had not noted that the door had been opened to her imperious summons. She seemed to be about nineteen and she was dressed in a black velvet blouse—the first Miss Cameron had ever seen on a Chinese woman. Instead of wearing her hair in lacquered bands, decorated with little bird-cages of flowers and beads and gold, this young fury wore her unusually abundant tresses in a long braid and either its own weight or the fingers of her assailants had disarranged the plait until the strands hung in inky masses about her face and shoulders. She needed only the cross and coat of mail to look a Joan of Arc.

At this moment the girl turned and saw Miss Cameron, the interpreter beside her, standing in the hospitably opened door.

"I have come to live with you," she announced dramatically, and strode within the doorway.

The astonished interpreter followed the visitor to the sitting room while Miss Cameron remained to ask questions.

"You'll have a sweet time with her," said one policeman, mopping his red and streaming face. "She rows it with everybody. She's from the 'City of Peking' and she's quarreled with every woman in the house and there must be a hundred of 'em. She's been carrying a revolver lately and intimidating everybody, but her owner got it away from her. Everybody's afraid of her—I think she's crazy, myself."

"But what is she doing here?" inquired Miss Cameron.

"Well," said one of the other men, "she got an idea yesterday that her owner was holding her up for more money than he had a right to and so she told him that she was coming to the Mission. He tried to frighten her away but the truth was, he was scared stiff and she knew it. She's always had her own way because nobody dared to fight her. She'll boss the whole Mission if she stays."

"She won't stay," said the third man.

"O, I don't know," put in the second speaker. "Jean Ho's a queer 'un—not a bit like the rest of 'em. They're mostly cows—the China women—about as much sense as a hen. But she's different. Only I'm sorry for you, Miss Cameron. If she gives you any trouble, just telephone and we'll run her in."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Cameron, "I'll see what we can do for her."

"You should have seen the street in front of the 'City of Peking' when she came out," laughed the first man, who had recovered his breath. "She had just had a worse row than usual with old Ah Lee who owns her. She had bloodied his nose and was running down the street, blowing her police whistle like mad. Old Ah Lee ran after her, holding onto his nose and bellowing like a bull. It was her whistle got this crowd together," waving his hand at the opium smokers and scourings of Chinatown who almost filled the narrow street. "She was shaking her fist at them when we came up and then she sailed into us for being so slow. She said she wanted to come here, so we kept back the crowd and steered her along up. And here we are—wish you joy of her," this with a grin.

Miss Cameron smiled. "Well, I'll let you know how I get on with her, Mr. O'Day. Thank you again," and Miss Cameron stepped back into the cool green hallway where the strung bamboo curtains clicked softly in the wind, as the heavy oak door closed behind the Mistress of the Mission.

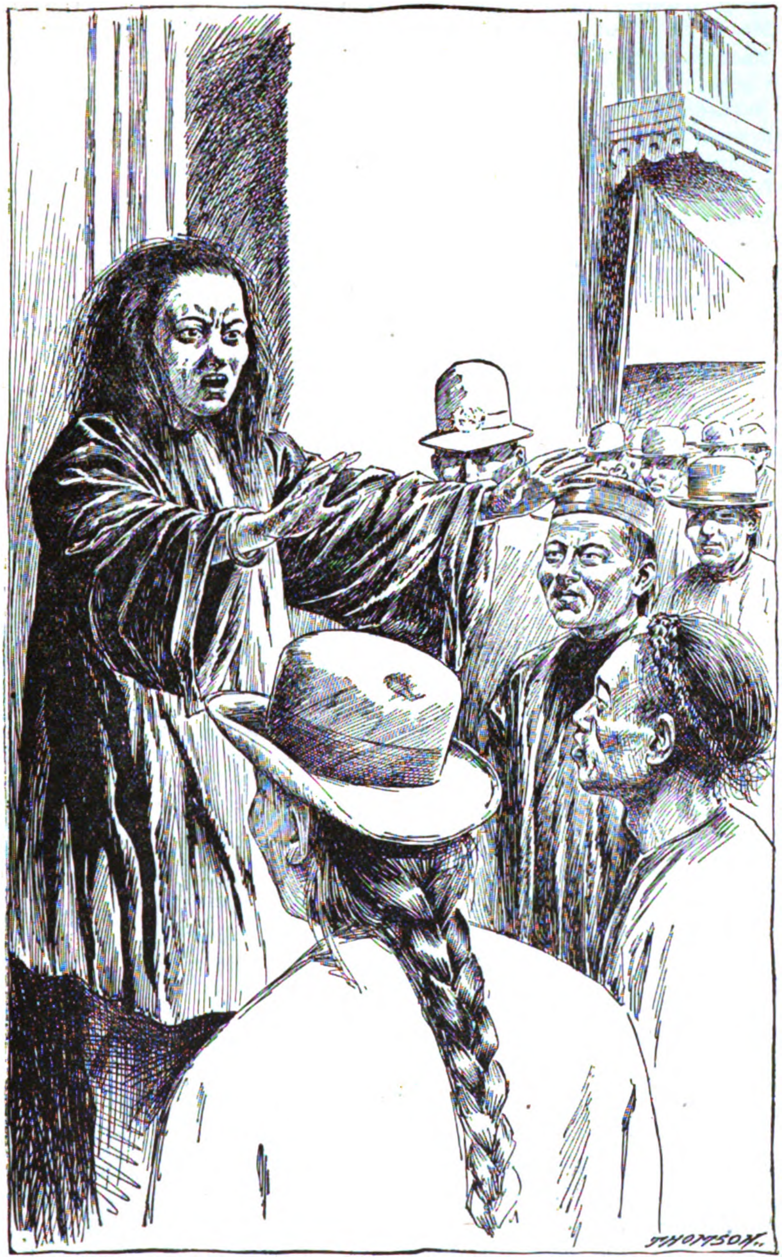
Jean Ho was in the little reception room with the interpreter, her face dark as a thunder cloud, her hair still in great disorder and her black velvet *sahm* adding to the concentrated tragedy of her appearance.

"How do you do, Jean Ho?" said Miss Cameron, taking the firm, well-muscled, yellow hand. "You are welcome to stay here as long as you please."

Jean Ho frowned darkly. She did not understand the words and she would not permit the kindliness of the tone to penetrate a heart which had every reason to be suspicious.

"Take her upstairs," said Miss Cameron to the interpreter. "Give her the east room by herself, for the present; tell her to comb her hair and to take a bath; and then give her something to eat." Suey Leen, her eyes wide with surprise, said "Yes ma'am," meekly, and left the room, followed by Jean Ho. The well-trained interpreter could not conceal her surprise at the bold and theatrical manner in which Jean Ho had thrown off the yoke. To fly by night was one thing—to blow a police whistle and come escorted by a throng of white men and policemen was quite another.

Jean Ho, washed and combed, was a much more civilized being in appearance. She was not pretty but she had beautiful hair and a second view showed that the



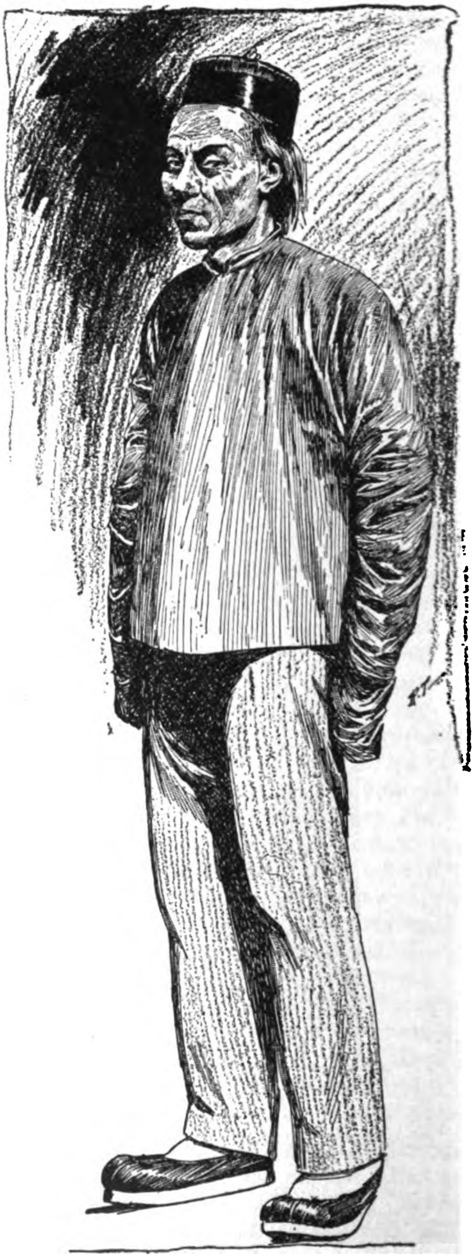
With long arms waving above the crowd

strong hands were unusually small for so tall a woman and that the feet, in their black slippers, were daintiness itself. The carriage of the head was as fine as it was unique—the head was always thrown proudly back, the eyes flashing at the slightest opposition. Miss Cameron never learned the story of Jean Ho's birth and ancestry—Jean Ho professed not to know—but if race was ever shown in face and figure it was exhibited in the masterfulness of Jean Ho.

The new girl lorded it over the others just as Mr. O'Day had said she would. All the teachers were afraid of her—so were the girls. At first the newcomer sullenly refused to attend the Mission classes; a week later, when she had discovered their purpose, she conceived a passion for learning. Not only did she determine to attend the classes herself, but she decided that all the other girls should go, too, and one or two of them, who had coined excuses to escape the drudgery of spelling and arithmetic were soundly trounced by Jean Ho. From the dormitory where the truants were idling came cries of distress and Miss Cameron rushed up three flights of stairs to find her self-appointed sergeant-at-arms dragging the unwilling learners to the school-room, and, by way of quickening their lagging steps, pulling out a few locks of hair as they scuttled away from her.

But there was one teacher beloved by Jean Ho. She was a beautiful, fragile, blonde girl, with indomitable spirit in a delicate sheath. She sang beautifully and Jean Ho, the long-armed, the sombrely dressed, never tired of hanging over the piano like a lover when Miss Evelyn sang. When Jean Ho had had a physical argument with her room-mate in which the other girl never failed to get the worst of it, it was only Miss Evelyn who could separate them and make Jean Ho say she was sorry. Gradually the fisticuffs grew less frequent and Jean Ho settled down—still the Hotspur of the Mission—but no longer a breaker of rules and a flaunter at discipline.

She could never, however, be cast in the mold of the other girls. The Mission was not rich and it was one of the thorns in Miss Cameron's side that each week she was obliged to appoint one girl to serve as chief cook and two others to act as dishwashers and general assistants. How they despised the work! Many of them had been slaves, bred in idleness, prettily clothed, daintily fed, with hairdressers and manicures to save them all physical exertion. They hated to dip their beautiful hands into greasy water and they enjoyed cooking over a hot stove—cooking for forty or fifty persons at that—about as much as American women enjoy the same becoming pastime. Miss Cameron felt that the kitchen work kept more girls from the Home than the fear of Christianity and she knew that the love of holiness must be very strong in



AH LING

heathen hearts to overcome the dislike of this dirty and unaccustomed work. But Jean Ho was true to her course in life. She had set sail in a contrary breeze.

Miss Cameron had had Jean Ho in the Mission almost three months before she ventured to give her her turn at fagging. Then one morning, she asked Jean Ho, with some timidity, if she thought she could take her turn in the kitchen, and to her amazement, Jean Ho thought that she could. During the week that followed, the Mission feasted on dainties the like of which had never before graced its board. Jean Ho cooked with enthusiasm. Like everything else that she did, she handled the kitchen force in a masterly way.

Whether or not the news of Jean Ho's culinary prowess had spread through the Quarter, it was at about this time that her first admirer appeared. He was a handsome young Chinaman in lavender trousers, tan shoes and a short *sahm,* which correspond to oiled hair, square-cut sack coats and pointed-toed shoes in the wardrobe of the American hoodlum, and both Miss Cameron and Miss Evelyn warned Jean Ho earnestly against him. Sometimes Jean Ho was coy and would not see him; at other times, especially when her sweet tooth throbbed for sugared cocoanut, she would go down and presently a large paper bag of the coveted Chinese sweet would arrive. The lover was anxious to serve his lady in any way which suited her capricious, wayward fancy.

One day when Jean Ho had been kinder than usual, Miss Cameron felt it to be her duty to tell her charge that her admirer undoubtedly smoked opium, did not bear a good reputation even in Chinatown and was not desirable as a husband. Jean Ho's brow darkened but she said nothing. The next time her admirer called, Jean Ho sent word to Miss Cameron that she had decided not to see him again and it was Miss Cameron's delicate task to break the news to Mr. Lavender Trousers. He appeared to be very sorry but the soothing pipe of the night made him blithe enough next day.

Jean Ho grew restless. She said to Miss Cameron one day, "I think I will visit my aunt. She lives only a few blocks away. I will come back to see you. I think I will go to-morrow."

Miss Cameron was sorry to lose her charge just as the Mission ideas were beginning to take root, but, having interfered once with the current of Jean Ho's life, she did not care to thwart her again.

"I'm sorry you're tired of us so soon, Jean Ho," she said, "you may go, of course. Come in to see me as often as you feel inclined. I shall always be very glad to see you."

So Jean Ho went and came back often during the two months which followed. One day she came in and sat for a long time in Miss Cameron's room without speaking. Then she said suddenly, "My aunt has found me a husband."

"Yes?" said Miss Cameron, not particularly surprised. "Who is he?" Jean Ho explained without embarrassment what any other girl in the Home would have told with simpering, downcast looks and many blushes, not to mention much twisting of loose jade rings.

In her boyish way, Jean Ho looked straight at Miss Cameron. "His name is Ah Ling," she said, "and he's that rather old man who is secretary of the Shim Shee Mue Company and has his office in the joss house off the alley. He's quite good looking and he's been married before but has no children. I like him and I think he'll be good to me. Do you mind about his religion?"

Miss Cameron had never felt that the religion of the West had taken any very deep hold on Jean Ho, so she was the less surprised that this Confucian priest had found favor in the eyes of her unusual ward.

"Well, of course, Jean Ho," she said, the Scotch eyes twinkling a bit in spite of her, "I would have preferred to have had him a Christian, but if he's all right in other ways—I'll make inquiries in Chinatown—the Shim Shee Mue, did you say?"

"And I want to be married here—a Christian wedding," continued Jean Ho. "And may I stay here while I get ready?"

"What does Ah Ling think of a Christian wedding?" asked Miss Cameron.

"O, he doesn't mind," returned Jean Ho, nonchalantly, and Miss Cameron smiled again, thinking what a ludicrous picture the stalwart Jean Ho in her black blouse would make as she strode up the aisle to join her, probably, more petite bridegroom.

"You are very welcome to come here while you make your preparations," she said, and Jean Ho went away satisfied.

Miss Cameron made inquiries in the Quarter and heard much that was good of Ah Ling and some things that were not so satisfactory. She made her report to Jean Ho.

"He is saving and industrious and he doesn't gamble," Miss Cameron said, "but he wasn't very kind to his first wife, and a man who doesn't treat his first wife well has sometimes contracted a habit of unkindness."

"But she was always sickly and had no son," protested the stalwart Jean Ho.

Miss Cameron thought to herself that Jean Ho was less affected by western ideals than she had thought and perhaps the marriage would be for the best, after all. She advised against it, however, as strongly as she dared, but Jean Ho had evidently made up her mind. The Missionary shopped with her ward with some misgiving, though Miss Cameron presented Jean Ho with her bridal garments according to promise—a light green and pink *sahm* instead of the velvet, with little bells and bits of silvered glass sewed to the hem, after immemorial Chinese custom.

The evening of the wedding came. The chapel had been decorated by the Mission girls and was lovely in its simple dress of huckleberry foliage and cut flowers. The place was crowded, Caucasian and Chinese guests conversing together affably. There was the old Ah Fook, wily pagan, who worked around the corner, but who was never forgotten by Dong Ho to whom he had once rendered an inestimable service, and because of it, had an inalienable right to be asked to all Mission festivities, but especially to weddings and Christmas trees, when there was pink ice cream. Ah Fook had blue queue strings braided into his queue for he had recently lost a brother, but Chinese mourning is of a sensible kind and does not compel one to miss the things one really wishes to do. Next to Ah Fook was the little Chinese clergyman who had named his sons after famous Christian teachers from Luther down to some very local and latter day saints. The clergyman was getting gray about the roots of his queue, for his life was a hard one. He disapproved entirely of Ah Fook which only made that Celestial smile the harder. Next in line was the Chinese dentist from down the street—the one at the sign of the swinging golden tooth—who had married a Mission girl, and there was the young son of the Chinese consul-general under escort of his father's American secretary—in short, the elite as well as the commonalty of the Quarter. Presently a trousered and slippered girl slid silkily along the piano bench and struck up a march, just as the gray-haired Caucasian clergyman with the bridegroom at his side, entered the room. There was a rustle of expectation near the rear door, the crowd parted, and the stalwart Jean Ho, her little bells and mirror all a-tinkle, stalked into the room. Miss Cameron, with a pink rose in her hair, walked at Jean Ho's side, the only bridesmaid.

The bride and groom met before the platform over which hung a gruesome chart of the world where a great black blot was marked "Heathendom" and the service began. The familiar phrases had been translated into Chinese and the clergyman read them with all the peculiar twanging accent of the American who speaks Chinese—bride and groom making the responses with more facile tongues. One could not help feeling that "love, honor and cherish," must mean something rather different in its Chinese equivalent but the bridegroom promised glibly enough and the clergyman's monotonous sentences droned on to the final blessing. "Amen" was understood by everyone and after it had been spoken, the clergyman took the limp hand of the bride and called her Mrs. Ah Ling and the married pair turned about to face the company, the laughing crowd closing in on them with congratulations and good wishes and playful teasing quite in the western way. Jean Ho stood tall and dark and somber. She was not downcast nor blushing, but seemed to regard the affair in a very practical light. She showed in most matter-of-fact fashion, at the bridegroom's request, some exquisite gold bangles made of unalloyed metal and wrought in most beautiful designs, which her new husband had just slipped over her hands, and she was quite indifferent when her wedding ring, also of yellowest gold and with a half-dozen separate bands curiously interlaced and entwined in it, was drawn from her finger and passed about among the admiring Mission girls, who thought it worth while to be married, just for the sake of possessing such trinkets as these. In fact, Jean Ho did not seem to be nearly as keenly alive to these metallic advantages of matrimony as was her bridegroom. He kept one eye on the peregrinating wedding ring while he pulled aside the deep cuff of the bride's *sahm* to afford some friends of his a better glimpse of the bracelets. Jean Ho held out her hands obediently that the gew-gaws might be admired.

Then came the best part of the wedding to the Mission children. Ice cream and cake were served—plenty of them—and the ice cream was pink. When all had feasted sufficiently, Miss Cameron slipped out with Jean Ho and Ah Ling and went off with them to see that everything in their house was in proper order. Somehow Miss Cameron had a pang at leaving her brave, fine Jean Ho with this rather ordinary Ah Ling, but Miss Cameron always had a pang when her girls married.

* * *

The years went peacefully in Ah Ling's household and Miss Cameron felt relieved, for she had been by no means sure that the high-spirited Jean Ho would break well to double harness. Miss Cameron kept a watchful eye on the pair and Jean Ho came often to see the Missionary. Miss Cameron knew that Jean Ho had fallen a victim to the passion of Chinese women—gambling—and for this she gently rebuked her, but Jean Ho continued to play at games of chance with all the money she could spare from her household.

After awhile a child was born to the pair. The soldierly young mother seemed very happy over it and brought the tiny yellow mite over that Miss Cameron might see it. Jean Ho was proud of the baby in spite of a fatal defect—it was a girl. As for Ah Ling, he was moderately pleased—he regarded the girl as a pledge that Fortune might ultimately vouchsafe him a son. The birth of the child had a greater effect on Jean Ho. All that Miss Cameron's pleadings had been powerless to compass, the tiny fingers of the little one brought about—Jean Ho stopped gambling that she might have more money to buy flannel caps with upright fur ears and coats with stiffly embroidered sleeves which stood out at right angles to the tiny body and made the baby look like a windmill.

Once in awhile, the old passion overflowed Jean Ho's heart and she indulged in a game of fan tan or Chinese dominoes but she always suffered deep regret afterward—especially if she had lost. When she won, the little Ah Ying had another set of anklets for her tiny and beautiful feet.

When Ah Ying was two years old there came another baby into the household—this time the wished-for son. What prayer sticks and punks and scarlet paper petitions Ah Ling scattered and burned for very joy! What did it matter that the new baby was not nearly as fine a child as Ah Ying? The father would not look at his elder child long enough to make the comparison but he hung all day over the boy's bed and he brought home the most wonderful Chinese playthings before the soft little fingers could even close about them. He seemed to resent the presence in the house of little Ah Ying since she took time of Jean Ho's that might so much better be spent upon the wonderful Ah Wa. For no man, of course, had ever had a son before and this was the most wonderful child ever born under the folds of the Dragon Flag. Jean Ho looked on and said nothing. She was not unmindful of the added prestige her son had brought her, but her regenerated heart went out to her first-born, the unwanted little Ah Ying. The little girl was pretty, which made it much worse, and Jean Ho suffered an agony of apprehension concerning the child's future.

One day—Ah Ying was four and precocious, with the mother's beautifully modeled hands and feet and the pink of the apricot tinting her yellow satin cheeks—Ah Ling came home in the middle of the afternoon. This was most unusual, for it was the high tide of tourists in the afternoon and it was then that the sale of prayer papers and punk sticks was the most brisk. The father had with him Wah Sang, the curio merchant from the next block and without so much as a salutation to Jean Ho, Ah Ling strode into the inner room where Ah Ying was peacefully playing with plum pits and brought the little girl out in his arms.

"A fine child," he said to his companion in Chinese. "See how big she is, and only four. She will be tall like her mother. She is worth five hundred dollars of anybody's money. I'd keep her myself but it costs too much to feed her all those years and she's in the way of her brother, my son."

The curio merchant merely grunted and felt of the little, round, baby arms, not omitting to notice their dimples.

The blood gathered in Jean Ho's heart until she thought it would never flow back again to her ice-cold hands and feet, but the training of centuries stood her in good stead. Not a muscle moved; not a sound came. The curio merchant prodded his prospective purchase again—much as an inexperienced housewife presses the breast bone of a proffered fowl.

"I'll take her," he said.

A paper was signed, the curio merchant took Ah Ying in his arms and the little girl waved her dimpled hand to her mother as she was borne into the dark and narrow passage. Ah Ling, smiling, followed. He had never so much as glanced at Jean Ho.

The mother waited until the sound of footsteps had ceased in the passage. Then she gave way to such expression of grief as the rambling old house had never known—not even in the days when it had been a fashionable hotel and demonstrative western hearts had broken in agony or swelled with joy under its hospitable shelter. The mother threw herself on the floor in a transport of rage and despair; she bumped her head against the threshhold; she pulled out her hair and she gnawed off her cherished nails. Her neighbors must have thought her mad, but, in a Chinese tenement, no one is ever curious.

Her rage over, she dressed the baby and went to the Mission—the Mission which had never failed her. Miss Cameron listened to her story with compassionate eyes—she had feared from the first that the Confucian husband would prove true to his own ideals.

"My poor Jean Ho," she said, "I don't know how to advise you. I'll try to get Ah Ying away, but I shall have to keep her here or send her to China—you can never have her again."

"I'll leave him," stormed Jean Ho, with more than Caucasian fury. "I'll never live with him again."

"No," said Miss Cameron, "that won't do. He is merely like other Chinamen. If you leave Ah Ling you will have to give up your baby. You must stay with the man you have married. I know it's hard—you are more Americanized than I thought."

"Then I'll go back," said Jean Ho, grinding her teeth, "but they shall never have Ah Ying. I'll poison her first."

"Oh, not that," protested Miss Cameron with horror.

The weeks passed and the Missionary heard no more from Jean Ho. There had been a police raid in Chinatown—a most successful one—and the Mission was full of unwilling captives, weeping like banshees, kicking and biting and scratching and spitting like wildcats; Miss Cameron had her hands full.

One night Jean Ho presented herself at the Mission. She was flushed and disheveled as on the morning of her arrival and her haste was terrible. The little girl at her side was calm and smiling and unruffled. On one plump hand was a tiny gold ring; on the slender ankles, tinkling bangles of jade and gold. The little *sahm* was of as many colors as Joseph's coat and extra trousers and blouses were tied in a large red handkerchief. Jean Ho had been playing dominoes lately with a success that amounted to genius.

"I have brought you Ah Ying," said Jean Ho, gaspingly, wiping away the sweat that streaked her forehead. "I give her to you."

"Why Jean Ho," said Miss Cameron, amazed, "how did you get her?"

"I stole her," said Jean Ho, defiantly, "stole her while they slept. They had put her to sleep on a box on the back porch. (The mother's voice trembled.) I went over the roofs and I heard her cry with the cold. All one night I listened. The next night I went over the roofs again and I let myself down with a rope. I got her. For two days I've had her in a trunk in the cellar and she never cried. They're hunting for her—promise me you'll never give her up."

"I promise," said Miss Cameron. "I'll do the best I can to keep her. If worst comes to worst I'll find her a home out of town."

There was search for the child, of course. What the curio merchant had intended as a safe investment had turned out a wildcat speculation. He was sorrowfully indignant. He went to Ah Ling but that gentleman, who had been from home on a little journey, was wide-eyed with innocent astonishment. Wah Sang was rich and successful and consequently not without enemies. Why had he been so careless with his purchase? Never once was Jean Ho suspected. A Chinese mother rescue a child and a girl at that? Perish the thought! The end of the world is not yet.

After making a list of his enemies the curio merchant remembered Miss Cameron. He made inquiries and found that there was a new child at the Mission. "I knew it," he said to himself. Wah Sang could not afford to raise a hue and cry. Many of his best customers were Caucasians and they would be unable to grasp even such a simple business transaction as the one between him and Ah Ling had been.

* * *

Ah Ying grows apace and is one of the pets of the Mission. She sings hymns for American visitors and her manifold fascinations cause many silver dollars to clang into the contribution box which hangs so inconspicuously under the curtains of strung bamboo. To a dark-browed woman who comes twice a week the child babbles happily in her own tongue, the marvelous story of a child's eventful days.

The velvet *sahm* of Jean Ho grows shabbier and shabbier and she never wears any other, but Ah Ying is gay as a butterfly and her new anklets are by far the prettiest and most expensive in the Mission.

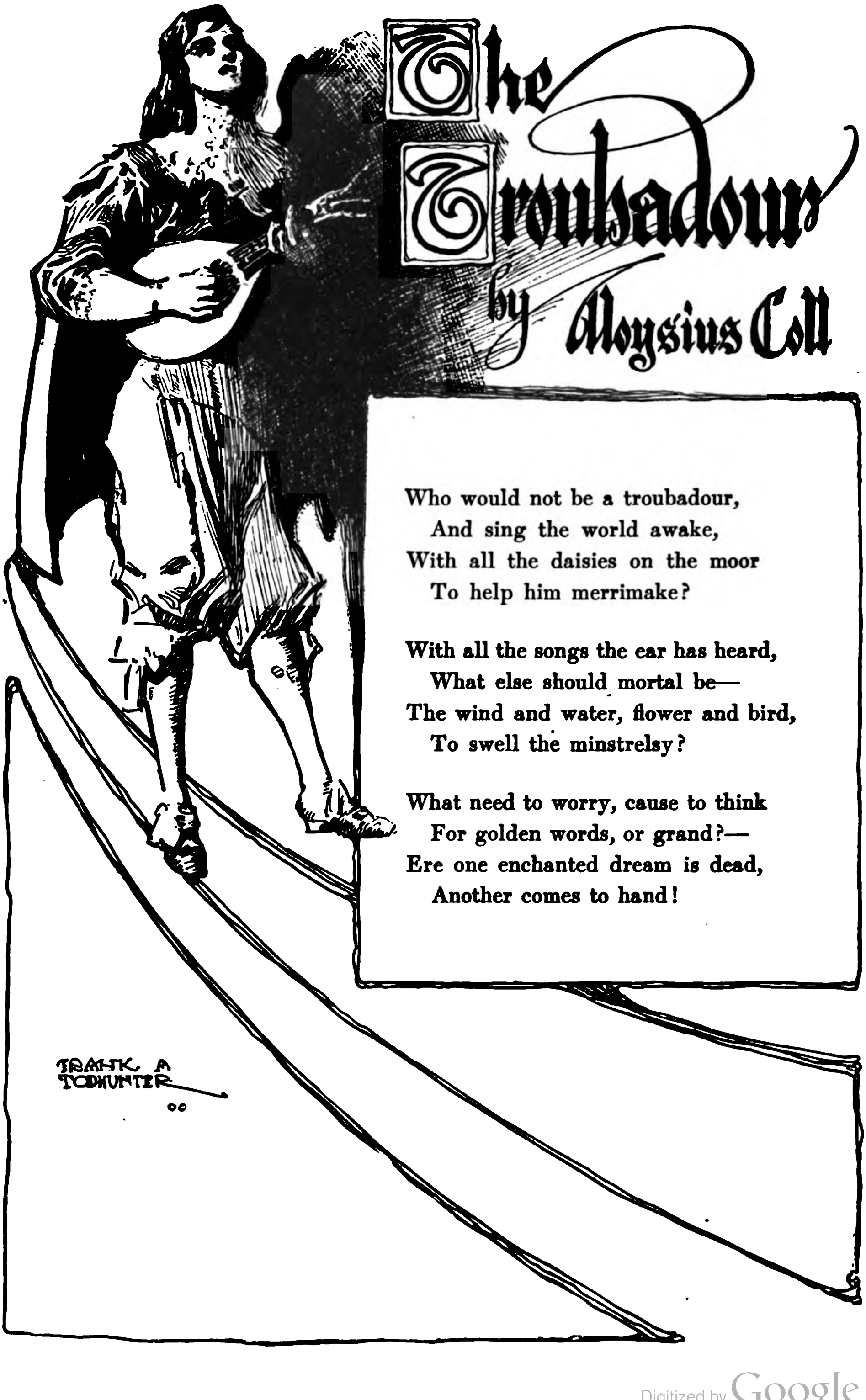
INDIRECTION

By MABEL PORTER PITTS

Each day would find a better goal,
Each work a truer place,
If man would meet man soul to soul
Instead of face to face.

The Troubadour

by Aloysius Coll



Who would not be a troubadour,
  And sing the world awake,
With all the daisies on the moor
  To help him merrimake?

With all the songs the ear has heard,
  What else should mortal be—
The wind and water, flower and bird,
  To swell the minstrelsy?

What need to worry, cause to think
  For golden words, or grand?—
Ere one enchanted dream is dead,
  Another comes to hand!

AN UNSUNG ROUGH RIDER

By Adeline Knapp

Drawing by Maynard Dixon

ALL the world loves a rough rider. A horse and a hurry bring into the development of a canvass those elements of the dramatic: the spectacular, if you will, that thrill the imagination and do for the mental fibre what wholesome exercise does for the physical. Paul Revere, riding his little scamper from Boston to Lexington; Sheridan, twenty miles away; Collin Graves, the early morning milkman, flying down his route to warn helpless sleepers of flood, each has found some one to glorify his deed in song, and to keep his name alive.

Paul Revere rode about twenty miles. To tell the truth, I have always been inclined, in my own private mind, to discount Paul's achievement. There is no gainsaying Longfellow's triumph, but there was no Carnegie medal committee in those days, and lacking their report we needs must accept the poet's. Sheridan's feat was the real thing. We may enjoy that thrill with no criticism of its hallmark. And the other—pity the rattle of milk cans should drown the shouting glory of his deed. It deserved a more poetic background, but we must thrill over Collin Graves.

But Juan Flaco rode through the enemy's country, five hundred miles in eighty-two hours, and no poet has sung his deed. Juan Flaco was a *gringo,* loved of the early Californians. His real name was John Brown, but he was long and lean, a spindling-built Yankee, and they called him Juan Flaco, lean John, until he came to have no other name. He was a rancher, well-established in the country long before the Mexican cession.

The early Californians were for the most part Castilians. They were ruled by Mexico, while they looked down upon her and hers. They felt that they were a superior race, and they evaded that rule when they could. They sent their unmarried sons to Honolulu to escape military service; they banded together to defeat the operation of Mexican law, and they openly scorned Mexicans in their territory. Naturally they had much to say when Mexico ceded their country and themselves to the *gringo.*

The haughty dons about Los Angeles did something more than talk. They planned an uprising. A somewhat too authoritative young American lieutenant, a small, ill-equipped garrison, a discontented populace of hot, fighting blood; in these were all the elements of a successful rebellion. Five hundred Spanish Californians, well found, well organized, were banded together to overthrow the garrison. They could easily have done it, and having done it could as easily have held the whole state. The United States Government was not then particularly desirous of California. It was making a determined fight for the Oregon country, upon which the Hudson's Bay Company, cruel and rapacious, had laid its clutches. It might have let California go, for years, at least, and how history would have been changed!

But there was Juan Flaco. The haughty dons did not include him in their spleen against the *gringo.* They were willing to wipe out the garrison, to avenge what they deemed their wrongs; but they were gentle souls, though their wrath had been roused, and they could not harm a friend, even for the common cause. So Juan Flaco was warned of the garrison's impending doom.

A date for striking the blow was not yet set. Juan Flaco pleaded with his friends. He warned them, in turn. He remonstrated with the American commander, advising a more conciliatory course. Not able to win his associates to wisdom he cast in his lot with the garrison.

But he was a man of action. He must be doing something to ease the situation. The garrison could never hold out against the Californians; so Juan Flaco volunteered to go for help. Stockton's fleet lay in Yerba Buena (San Francisco) bay, five hundred miles away. There was no help nearer, and time pressed. The mischief of it was no one knew just how hard time pressed. The Californians had stopped telling Juan Flaco their plans; they would warn him in time for him to escape; but the others were doomed.

Juan Flaco knew the country, and he had a darling mare; she was a wonder, was La Mariposa, and the apple of his eye. If he could get away on her, he could defy immediate pursuit; could get other horses from friendly hidalgos; could perhaps make San Francisco before it was too late. There was no doubt but that Stockton would come to the garrison's aid if he knew.

It was eight o'clock on a September evening in the year 1846—the twenty-fourth of the month, to be exact. The scent of pomegranates was in the air, deliciously suggestive of peace—where peace was not. The garrison was in quarters. It was not safe for the *gringos* to walk abroad. About the pueblo little knots of men were gathered, in the shadows. The time was not quite ripe for their action, but it was ripening fast.

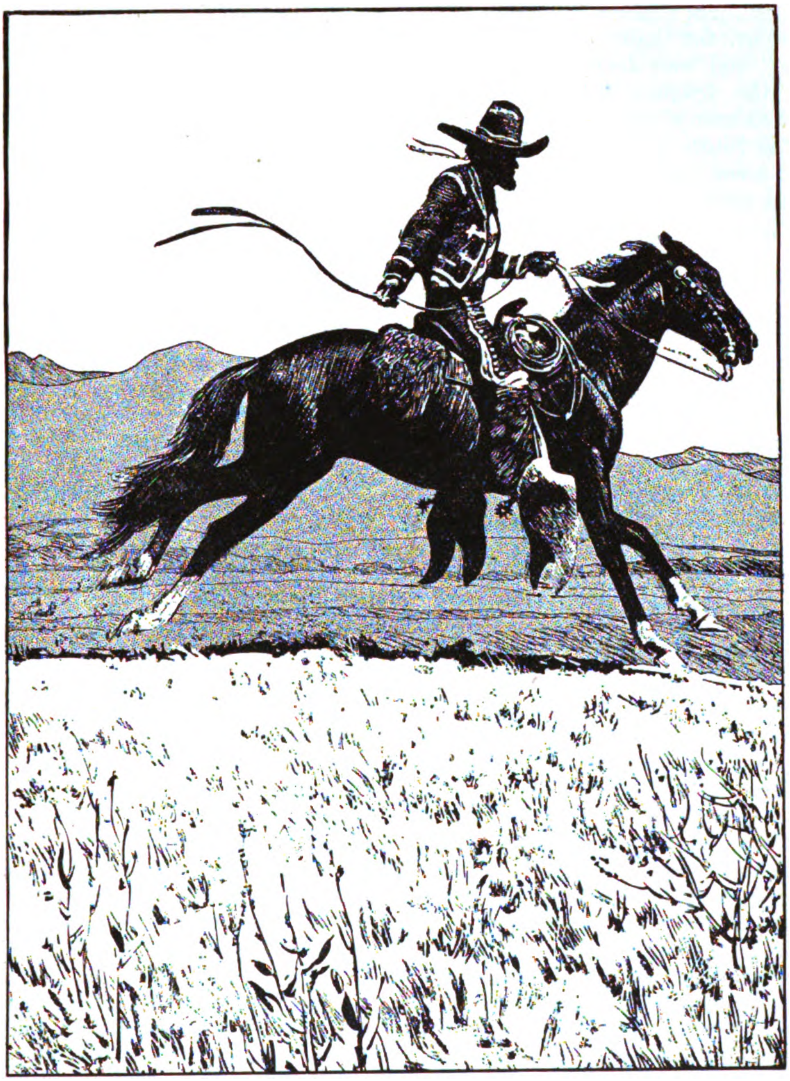
Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs along the one paved way. A single horseman rode away from the garrison, situated on a knoll, overlooking the pueblo. Instantly, from everywhere out of the darkness, other horsemen sprang in pursuit.

The American was well mounted, and he had need to be. His attempt was madness itself. If La Mariposa could not carry him over this first stretch his life was forfeit; even the Californians who would have spared him in coolness, would shoot, at night, not knowing who the fugitive was.

North of town lay a ravine that he must cross. Two miles away was a bridge and a stretch of road on which capture seemed inevitable. The Californians rode for it, laughing at the folly that would make such an attempt. It could not be Juan Flaco, this fool fleeing in the darkness. He would know better.

But Juan Flaco was ahead of them on the road; only, he was not making for the bridge. There was one chance of escape just before the bridge was reached. Thirteen feet, the chasm yawned, but he believed his darling was good for it. He put her at it on the run, lifting, lifting her, and she sailed over. Not so fast, though, but that a bullet, speeding through the night, stung her quarter. La Mariposa snorted with pain, but she went on as though the ball had transferred its impulse to her. A little scramble on the opposite bank; an instant's pause, then into the darkness plunged the mare while her pursuers drew rein and listened for the crash that would tell them the foolhardy *gringo* had met death at the bottom of the ravine. They heard no such crash, but he could not have escaped, they told themselves. The horse did not live that could make that leap in the dark. Poor man—he must be dead—Christ have mercy on his soul. And they rode back to the pueblo.

Meantime, a mile or more to the north, Juan Flaco bent over his gallant mare and stroked her soft, dead neck. The bullet had done its work and there were brave tears in the man's eyes as he loosened La Mariposa's trappings. He hid bridle and saddle in the brush, took



A single horseman rode away from the garrison, situated on a knoll, overlooking the pueblo.

his spurs in his hand and ran forward, keeping north, for his errand was urgent. Four miles he ran, and reached the rancho of an American settler. He told his story; another horse was brought and he was off again.

All night he rode, by highway and trail, through mountain torrent and forest tangle, sending his steed over the long miles with the urgency of despair. Stockton was five hundred miles away. Could the little garrison hold out till help came? If not, help would come in vain. The victorious Californians would but slay the reinforcements.

Daylight found him at the hacienda of his friend Noriega, and the Señor himself, roused by the early caller, rushed out to greet the panting rider, who dropped from his saddle, able only to voice his need for a fresh horse.

Spanish hospitality asked no questions. A cup of coffee was brought, and a tortilla or two, to be eaten while a racer was saddled for Juan Flaco who rode in haste. A wave of the hand; a hasty flung "*gracias,*" and lean John was again eating up the leagues to Yerba Buena, where Stockton's fleet lay at anchor before the future great seaport.

High noon, and his horse dropped under him as he galloped through a great rancho gateway. Another mount was brought on the run; a hasty bite and drink succored the rider who must reach Santa Barbara that night. Saints preserve us from such haste—was there not to-morrow? Surely, yes; even for the Americanos. The gentle Californians watched through a haze of burning cigarettes until the wild rider was but a speck on the plain.

Once more, that day, Juan Flaco changed horses and tasted food, before, at eleven o'clock at night, he reached Santa Barbara and an American home.

"Get me another horse. A good one; quick."

And while they ran to do his bidding he fell asleep; his story half told. Two hours later he rode away into the north, heavy with sleep, but with no time to linger over the leagues that still lay between him and Yerba Buena.

There was need for haste, and at eleven o'clock on the night of the twenty-sixth, he had halted but thrice, each time for a fresh horse and a hastily snatched bite; not once for rest. At eleven o'clock, I say, and then, half dead with fatigue, he slipped from his horse, staked the animal where it could feed, and fell dead asleep at the foot of a great live-oak, away up in the Santa Lucia mountains.

Something shuffling and ill-omened awoke him, at the first streak of dawn. He threw up a questioning hand and it met a huge, hairy bulk. Not to lie still and be eaten by a bear was Juan Flaco lean and quick. He rolled to the other side of the tree before bruin well knew what he had been smelling of. Then he scrambled into the branches.

But bruin could climb too, and he came on with an angry twinkle in his little piggy eyes. Juan Flaco let him come close before he fired—once, twice, and the bear went crashing down to earth. He would have liked to skin him for the beautiful coat; but Yerba Buena was still leagues upon leagues away.

His way led over the mountains, now, and he pressed on by hardly discernible trails. He was dizzy with weariness, sick with apprehension. A thousand fears were in his mind; a thousand dangers lurked in his path.

Down the mountains and across the hot Salinas plain he raced. His lips were cracked and swollen, his mouth raw from drinking the alkaline water. He was faint with hunger; but on they dashed, his good steed and he, until, just at noon his horse, startled by the yell of a coyote, checked his stride for an instant, just where a sinuous body and a flat head lurked by the trail.

Like lightning the coil unwound; the flat head shot out and the poisonous fangs struck the horse's foreleg. Juan Flaco's ready gun blew the snake to atoms, but the mischief was done.

Tortured by pain, goaded to a frenzy of fear by the pistol shot, the steed dashed forward along the trail. Juan Flaco had his work cut out to stay with the procession on that stretch. The animal's nostrils flared blood red, his leg was swelling fast, but he ran, as one pursued by demons, for a mile. Then his strength began to ebb. They were nearing the great Murphy rancho, now, and Juan Flaco urged him on, with voice and spur, till he staggered, more dead than alive, into the great courtyard, and willing attendants ran to his help.

Señor Murphy—only California could raise such a combination as that—Señor Murphy himself came out and saw that the exhausted messenger had food and drink. He told his story as he ate, and when a fresh horse was brought they had to lift him into the saddle. He could not mount alone.

"*Adios*" the Señor waved, and "*adios*" came back on the hot afternoon air, as Juan Flaco tore along the road to Monterey.

There was need for circumspection now. He dared not ride his wildfire pace through the capital of the department, or there would be questions to answer. Former *officiales* of the old government would want to know why the young

Señor from Los Angeles rode thus, hotfoot for Yerba Buena.

Outside of Monterey, therefore, he turned Murphyado's good horse loose, and carrying saddle and spurs, walked on, in the friendly shelter of darkness. Early hours prevailed in pastoral California, and the capital was asleep. No one saw or heard the staggering messenger, as he lowered his burden at the door of an American settler and aroused the householder.

The latter wasted no time, but while Flaco slept like a dead man, where he had dropped, went forth in quest of a famous racer, the fleetest horse in that section. This he secured, and at two o'clock in the morning of September the twenty-eighth, having slept for an hour and a half, lean John rode softly away from Monterey. Once clear of town he let the racer loose, and at noon that day he rode into San Jose, fairest pueblo in Santa Clara valley, the garden of the world.

Here he was seized upon by a group of excited Californians who recognized the horse. It reads like a chapter from a modern wild west melodrama, but they put Flaco in jail. Why should they not, when no one knew this wild, haggard *gringo,* who had ridden Señor Job Dey's favorite race horse almost to death? Señor Dey had lent him the horse? Tell that to the *gringos!* Mother of Mercy! Did they not know how the Señor worshiped his racer? Would he lend him to a whirlwind rider who knew no better than to kill the *pobrecito* on the road? Flaco was hailed before the alcalde, his heart heavy with anxiety. Horses were plentiful in California. A stranger might pick one from any herd, and ride unquestioned, but this was no range horse, and he realized that the case was serious. Even if they sent a messenger to ask Señor Dey, no man would ride as Juan Flaco had ridden, and at least two precious days would be lost.

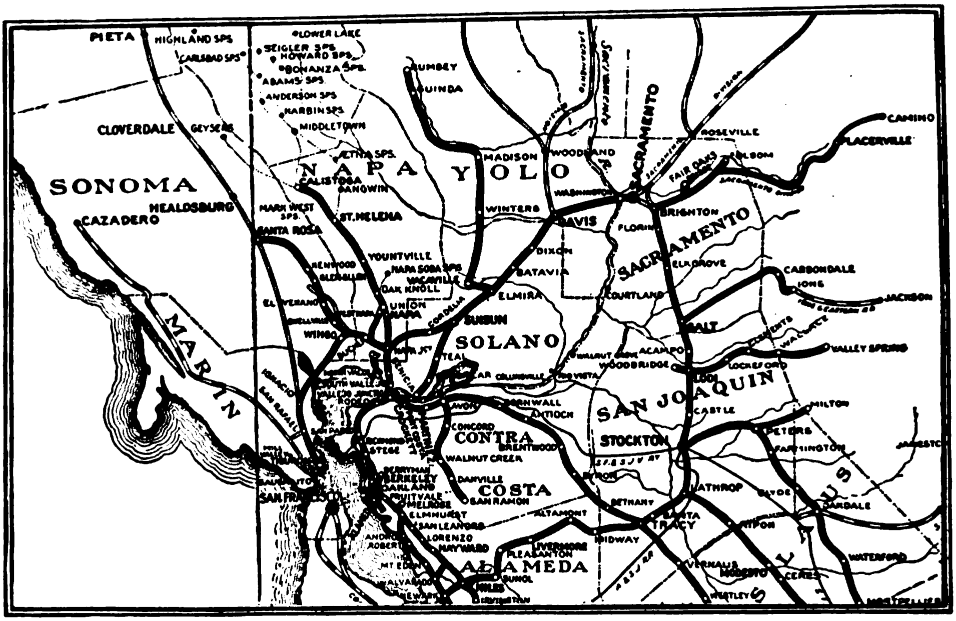
Despair settled upon him. He saw the garrison overpowered, with no help at hand. He saw himself discredited, his errand undone, every man's hand against him. Then, in the gossip of hangers-on about the place he caught the name of Larkin and he awoke to new energy and determination.

Was General Larkin in the pueblo? Then there was hope. Larkin was known and loved by every Californian. He had been United States consul in Mexican days, and every man was his friend. He knew Juan Flaco, and he happened, if such providence can be called a happening, to pass through San Jose that day. They told him of the mad *gringo* who asked for him, and Larkin came, heard Juan Flaco's story; became responsible for him. They furnished him with a horse and cheered him on his way.

But four hours had been lost, and Juan Flaco rode to make the time up. He killed his fresh horse before half the distance to Yerba Buena was covered. He roped another from a grazing herd, shifted the saddle and bridle, and pressed on. In San Jose he had been unable to eat, for sorrow, and he was nearly dead when he flung himself from the saddle on Yerba Buena beach, where the roar and rush of San Francisco's traffic now hold sway.

The four hours' delay cost him eight more. All the boats of the fleet had gone to their ships for the night. He would readily have defied naval discipline by going out to the fleet himself, but there was not so much as a raft on shore to take him out. Nor was there a soul on shore to whom he dared tell his errand. He turned his horse loose and slept on the sand till daybreak. As soon as it was light enough he signaled the fleet. A boat came in and took him off, and, ragged, dirty, unkempt, he went into Commander Stockton's presence.

That is all. He showed his credentials, written by Lieutenant Gillespie on cigarette papers, and told his story. Stockton sailed at once for the south, and reached Los Angeles just in time. Juan Flaco's tough ride had not been in vain. That is what he called it, in after years, "a tough ride." He never spoke of it as a duty done. Probably he never thought of it as such. He claimed no reward, and got none, but on his way back to Los Angeles, a ride which he took at his leisure, he turned aside, in the Santa Lucia mountains, and secured the pelt of that big brown bear; and everybody knows that even the leader of rough riders would have been glad of that.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SOLANO
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BRENTWOOD
WALNUT CREEK
DANVILLE
SAN RAMON
ANTIOCH
CORNWALL
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SAN LEANDRO
LORENZO
ELMHURST
MELROSE
FRUITVALE
OAKLAND
BERKELEY
BERRYMAN
SAN FRANCISCO
MT EDEN
ALVARADO
NEWARK
SAN RAFAEL
IGNACIO
AVON
TEAL
WINGO
SONOMA

SHOWING THE LOCATION OF NAPA RELATIVE TO OTHER CENTRAL CALIFORNIA COUNTIES

A POCKET EMPIRE

By A. Warren Robinson

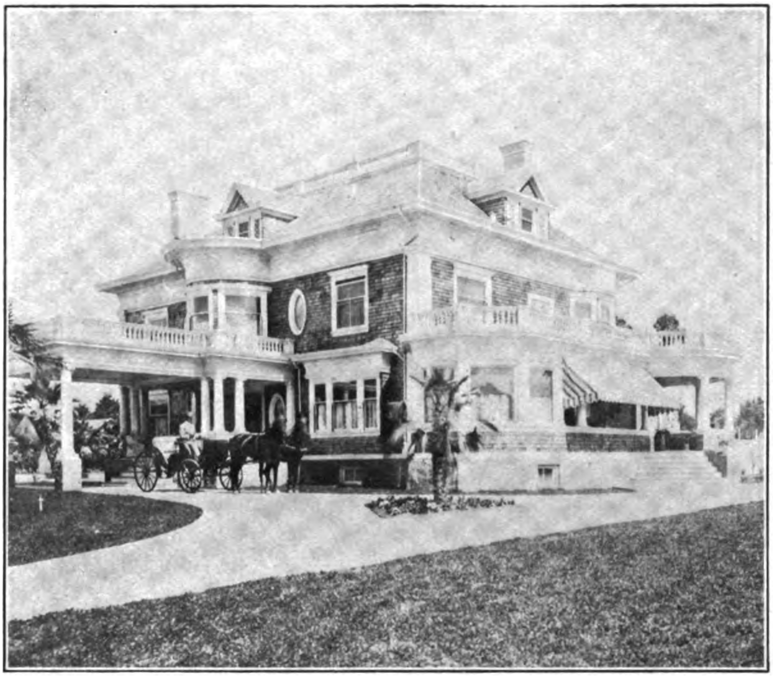
IN 1831 the first white settler permanently located in California's Napa valley. In 1836 the first log house built by white men in the state was here erected. Numerous tribes of Indians, aggregating some three thousand, then roamed at their sweet will, among the forests that clothed the mountain sides, or through the valley levels in pursuit of game. From numerous streams they took the speckled trout, or the larger salmon, gathered among the luxuriant grasses quantities of "hoppers," which they roasted and ground into coarse meal for an especial relish to their simple bill of fare, and slept and dreamed their useless lives away—useless, as measured by the standard of Californians of the present day.

Napa is one of a group of counties which lie contiguous, or approximately so, to San Francisco bay. It is one of the smallest in the state, having an area of eight hundred and fifty square miles. The assessed acreage is four hundred and five thousand, six hundred and seventy-eight acres and there yet remain between sixty thousand and seventy thousand acres of Government land. San Francisco, the metropolis of the state, is distant only about forty miles from the county's southern boundary.

Numerous spurs of the Coast range of mountains enclose several lovely valleys, of varying area, each possessing productive soils and an equable climate. The mountain ridges intervening between Napa county and the broad Pacific, forty miles distant, deflect and moderate the harsher breezes of the ocean.

Napa valley, the largest of the several noteworthy valleys in the county, having a length of upward of thirty miles and a breadth of from one to five miles, opens to the headwaters of San Francisco bay as a spreading fan, its apex Mount St. Helena (4,240 feet) forty miles distant from the bay.

In the lower portion of the valley the average monthly temperature for the last twenty-eight years has been: for January, 45°; February, 49°; March, 51°; April, 55°; May, 59°; June, 64°; July, 65°; August, 65°; September, 63°; October, 58°; November, 57°; December, 46°. The summer temperature is a few degrees



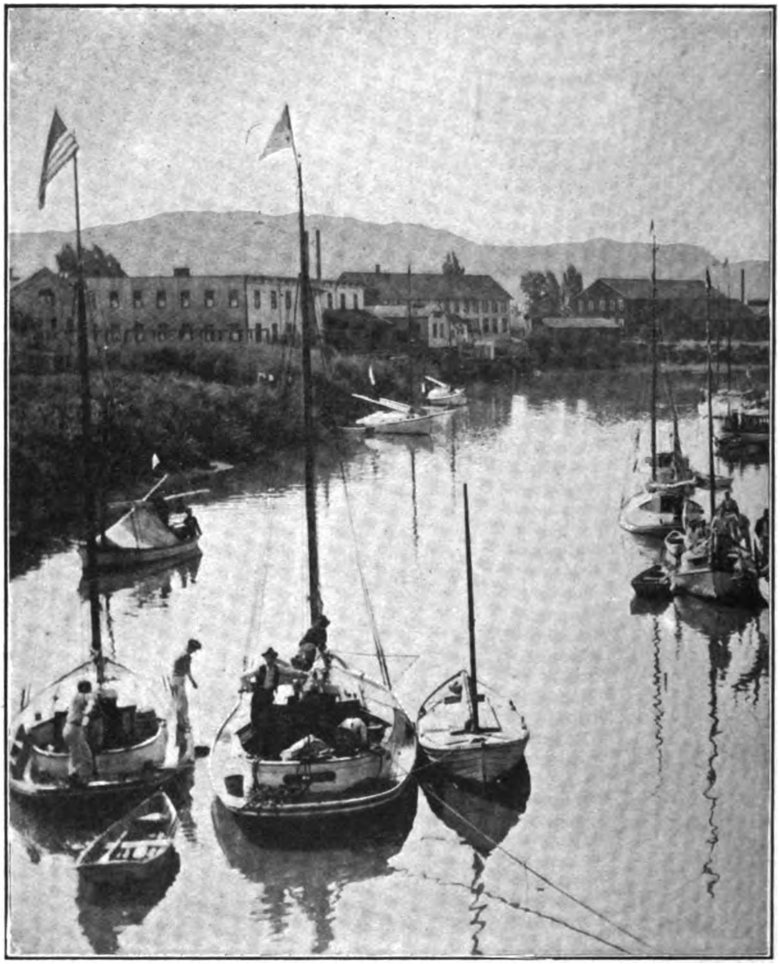
A NAPA RESIDENCE—A TYPE OF MANY

higher in the upper portions of the valley and in the smaller valleys, which are to a great extent, deprived of the summer sea breezes.

One feature of any climate of any section of the Golden State which interests the homeseeker, as well as the oldest inhabitant, is the annual rainfall. It has ever been the boast of Napa county farmers that here no irrigation at any season of the year is needed. Crops of all kinds quickly mature and yield abundantly, nourished by a kindly soil furnished during the rainy season, with abundant moisture for the coming twelvemonth. In the lower Napa valley the average annual rainfall during the last twenty-eight years has been about twenty-six inches. Owing to the varied topography of the county the precipitation is not the same in every locality. The soil is divided into five classes, viz: argillaceous, adobe, loam, lava and tule. It is admirably adapted to general farming, horticulture, dairying and stock raising. Given these three factors an unexceled climate, an abundant rainfall and a rich and varied soil, and it follows, as the night the day, that abundant harvests must (as they do) reward the diligent husbandman's toil. A failure of crops was never known in Napa county.

The Napa valley resembled, in the early '50s, an immense English park, its broad acres being abundantly shaded by thousands and tens of thousands of widespreading white, black and live oak trees, while in valley and on hillside were tall, luxuriant, wild oats and the succulent alfillerilla and clover. After the advent of the white men the land was for the greater part, planted to wheat and barley, bountiful harvests resulting.

As time passed it was found that Napa and her sister valleys were especially adapted for raising grapes of every variety, and hundreds of productive vineyards dotted the valleys and covered with luxuriant foliage the hillsides. While at the present day the culture of the grape is not given the prominence that at one time distinguished the industry, it is of great and growing importance. A

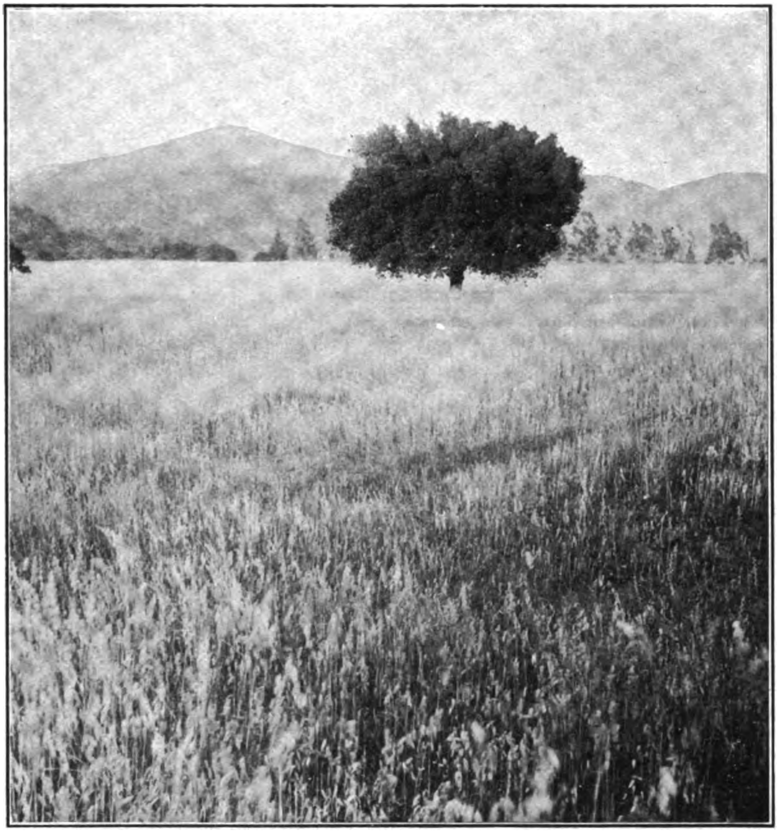


YACHTS ON THE NAPA RIVER—STEAMERS PLY REGULARLY BETWEEN HERE AND SAN FRANCISCO

decrease in the former number of vineyards was followed by a very marked increase in the acreage devoted to orchards of the many varieties of fruit for which California is justly noted.

While citrus fruits are grown to perfection in many favored localities, oranges and lemons are not cultivated on a commercial scale. English and French walnuts, almonds and olives are grown in large quantities. Several of the olive growers place upon the market a superior quality of olive oil which has an extended reputation and a large sale.

The Berryessa, Pope, Chiles, Conn, Capelle, Gordon, and Browns valleys, varying in their acreage, are all favored with productive soils and a congenial climate. Grains and fruits, nuts and wines are a few of the products of these attractive valleys, in all of which, together with Napa, the home-seeker will find unexceled locations and will be cordially welcomed. While pre-eminently this county is the home of the vine and the various deciduous fruits, it is well adapted by reason of its climate and topography to stock raising and dairying. Many of the speediest standard bred horses raised in any section of the United States have been foaled, raised and trained within the confines of the county. Roadsters and draft horses of unsurpassed excellence, and for which there is



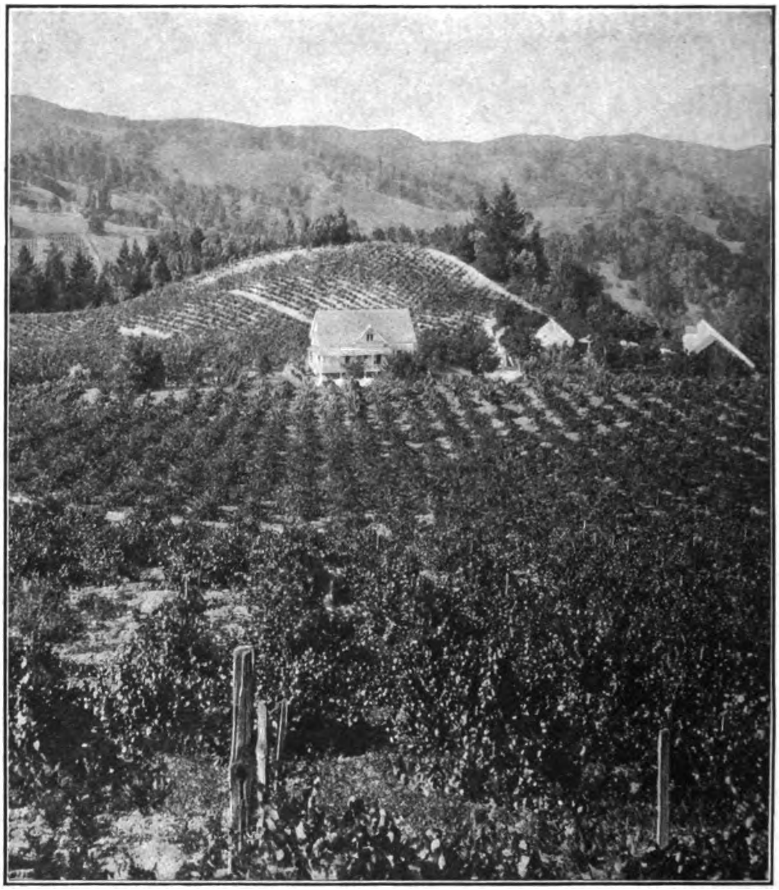
A WHEAT FIELD IN NAPA VALLEY

a constant demand, quickly mature, finding by reason of nearness to the San Francisco market a ready sale at all times.

On numerous dairies finely bred cows furnish cream for a quality of butter for which there is an extensive sale, one Jersey creamery regularly furnishing a liberal amount to parties living as far distant as Hawaii, to the west, and to Alaska in the far away North. Alfalfa grows freely everywhere.

A recent valuation of the county foots up $13,659,270; real estate, outside of cities and towns, $5,181,285; improvements, $2,661,975; city and town valuations, $1,216,575; improvements, $2,114,840. Net gain in assessed valuation in the county for 1906, $617,970. The county has no debt, funded or floating. Far and near the county is noted for her numerous well-constructed stone bridges. In this particular Napa leads all the counties of the state. Likewise are the highways of the county famed for their excellence. The principal roads are daily sprinkled during the summer and fall months. In some sections oil is used to lay the dust, the oil being taken from wells within the county.

Land values everywhere in the county compare favorably with those in any locality in the state. The rich lowlands in Napa valley, located near towns, within easy reach of excellent transportation facilities have for some time been held at from $100 to $200 per acre. Hill land, adapted to stock raising or similar purposes, is offered as low as $10 per acre. Between these two extremes lies a wide margin. Intending purchasers of real estate can rely upon obtaining what



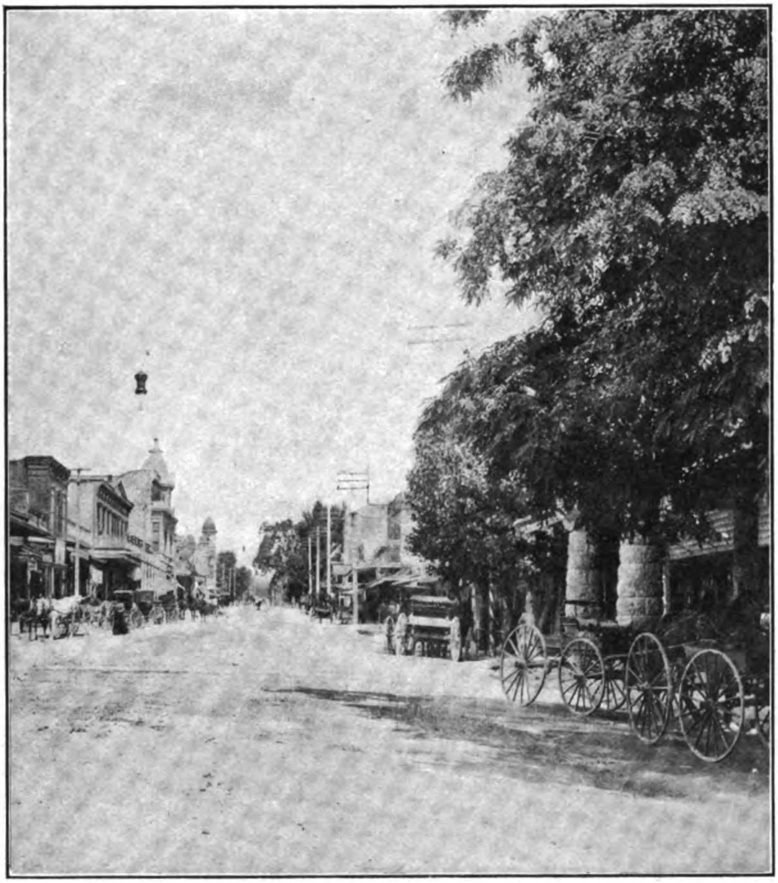
STRIECH'S VINEYARD, IN THE FOOTHILLS, NEAR NAPA—A TYPE OF THE VINEYARDS AND ORCHARD HOMES OF THE COUNTY

they seek at fair prices. But the figures quoted will not hold good indefinitely. Real estate in no portion of the county will depreciate in value.

Throughout the county, but especially near the larger centers of trade, there is an assurance entertained by all classes of the thrifty population of rapid growth and constant development which shall be permanent. For all California this is an era of advancement and Napa county, in this notable onward march, holds leading place. Incoming of new people, the building of electric railroads and the completion of several resort hotels, are all attracting investors.

The county boasts not of numerous mines, but the several rich quicksilver lodes are here located and have been worked for many years. One of these, Oat Hill, holds second place only to the New Almaden. Several mineral springs, whose healing waters have a wide extended reputation are located in different parts of the county.

Three prosperous incorporated towns in Napa valley are worthy of especial mention—Napa, St. Helena and Calistoga. Napa, the county seat, is very advantageously situated upon the banks of Napa river, at the head of navigation. The population numbers about six thousand, an increase of fifteen hundred since 1900, and constant additions are noted. The town is famed for the architectural beauty of its numerous private residences, the stability of its business blocks, for well kept gardens and lawns, for its magnificent streets, its many miles of cement sidewalks, its factories, its



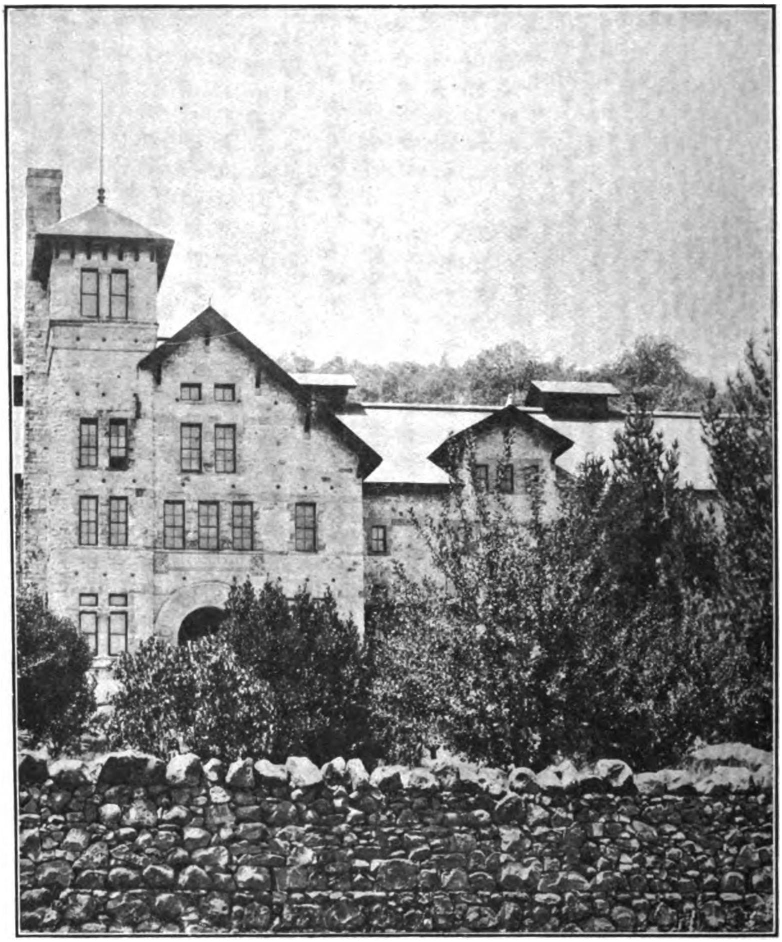
LOOKING NORTH ON MAIN STREET, ST. HELENA

churches, its schools, its many facilities of communication with the outside world.

The visitor from distant localities can scarcely realize that only comparatively a few years ago, the site of this busy, bustling town was without a building of any kind, without even a name. The first house was erected in 1848. The original town site was planted to beans in 1847, and in the following year a luxuriant crop of oats was cut therefrom—the first touch of civilization that was felt in Napa. There was then not a store, hotel, saloon, church or school within the limits of the county. There were neither roads, bridges nor fences.

Churches of many denominations, to-day lift their spires heavenward; public schools fully equip hundreds of pupils for the universities or for the practical duties of everyday life. There are many large factories and tanneries which furnish employment to hundreds of intelligent workmen, where are made the finest brands of leather, shoes, gloves, shirts, boxes and other useful articles which find their way to business centers in the near and distant East, North and South. Fruit of unsurpassed quality is canned on a large scale, and tons of artificial ice are daily manufactured.

Close at hand is the state hospital for the insane, erected at a cost of over one and a half million dollars—one of the most attractive buildings, architecturally considered in the state. Two thousand acres of hill and valley land are controled by this institution. Passenger and freight steamboats daily ply between Napa and San Francisco. In addition a



GREYSTONE WINE CELLAR, ST. HELENA

fine electric railway connecting the town with the headwaters of the bay of San Francisco has been in successful operation for over a year and will soon reach the farthest limits of the valley. Connected with this road are steamers which speedily reach San Francisco. Another electric road is projected, rights of way having been obtained to connect with Lake county, adjoining Napa on the north. Seven miles up the valley from Napa, near the town of Yountville, is located the Veterans' Home, where about seven hundred aged patriots are tenderly cared for at state and government expense. Buildings and surroundings are valued at $200,000.

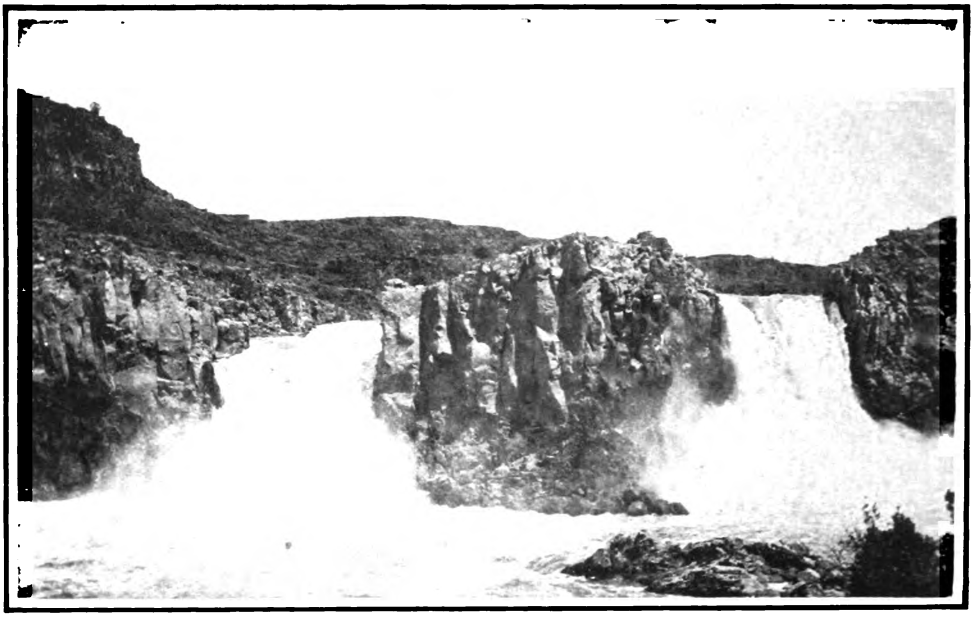
A few miles farther up the valley are situated the thriving towns of Oakville and Rutherford, and a short distance above, eighteen miles from the county seat, is the prosperous town of St. Helena. This section is one of the most picturesque in the entire Napa valley. Numerous vineyards, orchards, olive yards and poultry plants are to be seen on every hand. Hops grow to perfection and alfalfa produces abundant crops.

The population of St. Helena approximates two thousand. For a town of its size it possesses the finest stone school building in the state. Just outside the limits of the town, built into a rugged hillside, is the largest wine cellar in the

VINTAGE TIME ON A NAPA RANCH—THE COUNTY PRODUCES NEARLY ONE THIRD OF THE WINE OUTPUT OF THE STATE

world. Constructed of stone, obtained from nearby quarries, it has a very attractive facade and is one of the notable attractions of the valley. Numerous wine cellars, substantially constructed, are scattered through this portion of the valley. Eight miles away on the pine-clad ridge to the northeast is the Howell mountain plateau about two thousand feet above sea level, famed for its vineyards and its health resorts. Here, among the resorts, are Angwin's large hotel, Woodworth's, the White cottages, and the Toland house.

Nestled at the foot of towering Mount St. Helena lies Calistoga at the extreme limit of Napa valley. Taken all in all, Napa is as snug a little empire as one will find. Its climate is ideal the year around, and the general fertility of its soil would throw a New England farmer into spasms of delight.



WHERE THE SNAKE DIVIDES—THE TWIN FALLS, A DROP OF ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY FEET, HIGHER THAN NIAGARA

IN THE TWIN FALLS COUNTRY

By BLAINE PHILLIPS

> He gave it for his opinion that whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country than the whole race of politicians put together.—*Dean Swift.*

THROUGH the scorching heat of a July day bravely shone a streak of rich green, set, it seemed brutally, between a line of flaming mountains and a baked waste of sickly yellow. The idea of it was cruel. There it was apparently frail, but gay and defiant; beyond, the mountains, gaunt, sterile, a chain of fantastic buttes suffused with crimson, standing guard upon the southern boundary of the Idaho plain. I gazed longingly at it, eager to fill my lungs with its fragrant breath. From under my horse's hoofs stretched an interminable undulating mesa, barren except for the sagebrush which everywhere struggled for nourishment, its olive color barely distinguishable against the destitute background.

"Better take the train," someone shouted as I started out from Shoshone. But had I not sprung of the argonauts; what desert tales could discourage me? Besides from the winding stage road could I not see to the westward the great sweep of plain, called by the old settler the "North Side projeck," where hundreds of home-seekers are coming as a conquering army to subdue its one hundred and fifty thousand acres of barrenness, where the "new town" is starting with its water works and electric lights already installed, and where the land cruiser tells you that he can show you better soil than you had ."back east?"

Yet now I found myself within a few miles of my objective point railing at the contumacy I had displayed in the morning. I was twenty-five miles tired and proportionately sore. That last mile! Some agency absorbed the midday heat only to throw it into my face. The road began to twist. Rounding a sharp curve my horse stopped suddenly. The shock of being thrown heavily against the horn of the saddle was not so alarming as the awfulness of the spectacle which spread out before me. The earth seemed to have fallen away. A great yawning, three-cornered chasm opening into a larger chasm through which glided an emerald river, the notable Snake. Below me, at the cañon bottom were two lakes, clear and placid, glistening like two jewels of marvelous blue. A pageant of gorgeous mists moved with the utmost grace through the depths, and were lost in the dense purple shadows cast by the mighty cliffs beyond the river. Beautiful, yes, but there was also the forbidding aspect of the gorge, a reminder of the age when omnific elements vomited mountains and gouged cañons in the surface of the earth. Sheer was the strata, showing as clearly as the grain in cross-cut timber, colored red and blue and umber, studded with crenelated battlements which aged and crumbling, frowned on the scintillating mists below. Down in the chasm I urged my horse, then past an acreage alive with vibrating crops. I crossed the river on a ferry held by a thin cable against the swift current of the river, then up the cliffs, on a road which, figuratively, crawled timidly to the crest, winding under a roaring waterfall and past heavily shadowed gashes in the rugged, upheaved, western landscape.

A SNAKE RIVER GRAIN FIELD—ON THE TWIN FALLS EXPERIMENTAL FARM

Here was the green, not a streak but a vast area of it rich and healthful. I was in a new world. All around me was refreshing color, the deep green of thickly grown alfalfa, the paler hue of swaying timothy and grain; distant, the roofs and spires of a city. Both the horse and I felt its reviving influence. Three miles were covered quickly, the road sprinkled, neatly fenced, lined on either side with trees and prosperous appearing home crofts. It led into a substantially built town. I halted the horse in front of an almost palatial hotel and slipped from the saddle uttering a sigh of satisfaction. A stranger greeted me:

"Two years ago this was a ringer for the North Side." I glanced quickly at the solid buildings, the well-kept streets and the general aspect of activity and responded:

"Great goodness!"

"Yep, I was the only man here; had a shack there—he pointed to the hotel—and used to sit on the porch and shoot jacks an' gophers—coyotes got so friendly they used to eat out of my hand."

"Great goodness!" I reiterated.

"Had visitors 'bout once a month. I'd talk irrigation and empires to 'em 'til they got blue in the face an' then the ungrateful scrubs 'd go to Shoshone an' tell 'bout the ravin' lunatic out on the desert. Sometimes I think it's all a dream," he added quickly.

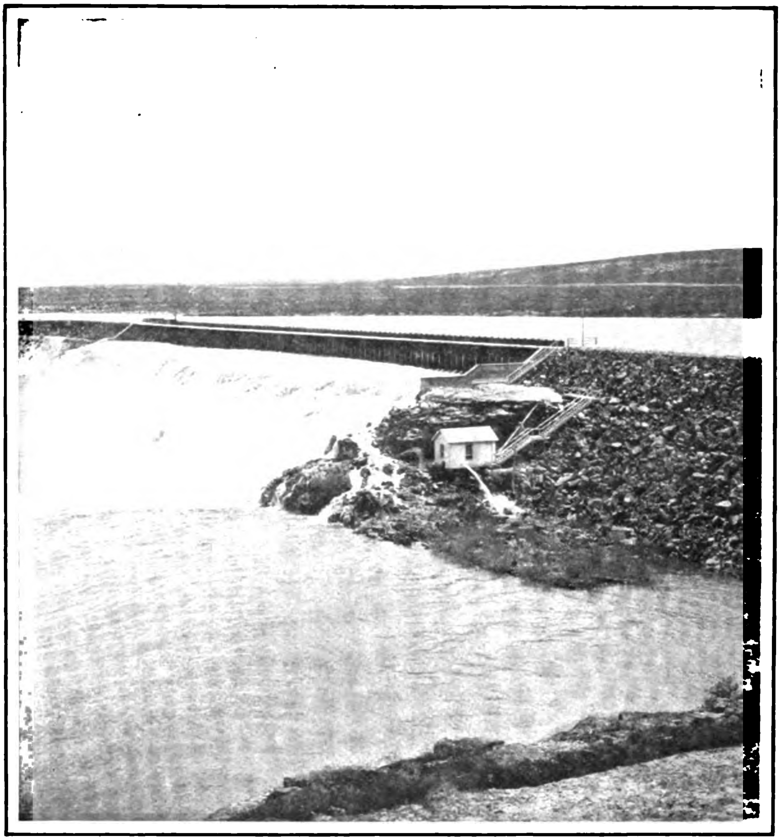
"Yes?"

"But Bert Perrine did it."

"Bert Perrine?"

"Yep. Biggest little man in the country."

And this plain-spoken, wholesome, lovable man, "Cyclone" Bob McCollum



THE MILNER DAM, ONE THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED FEET LONG, AND EIGHTY FEET HIGH, WITH FLOOD GATES FIVE HUNDRED FEET LONG

escorted me to his office where he sat me down and unfolded the tale of how "it was Bert that did it." At some later time, I will tell of what Bert Perrine did. Now I will tell simply of the great enterprise, which is the carrying out of Perrine's idea of converting the desert into a fecund empire of four hundred and twenty thousand acres under a single canal system—the greatest irrigation work of modern times.

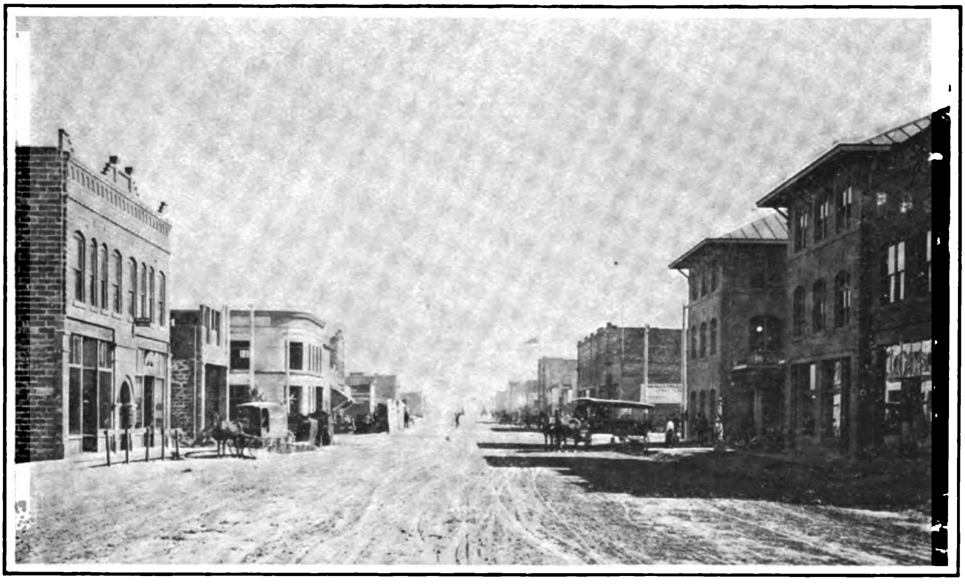
About fifteen years ago, a Wyoming farmer concluded that the problem of western irrigation could be solved by turning the government land over to the state for the purpose of reclamation under state direction and supervision. One mild winter when the stock didn't need the customary amount of attention, a legislature elected him to the Senate, and Senator Joseph M. Carey, of Wyoming, proceeded to have the "Carey Act" put on the statute books. Progress came slowly. Then Idaho, best watered of the arid states, seized the opportunity, or rather Perrine did, and conquered all discouragements. Result: the great Twin Falls Project, the South Side covering two hundred thousand acres, already covered with canals, one hundred and seventy thousand acres of it in homes and the North Side just building to cover one hundred and eighty thousand acres more, and rapidly becoming the home of that typical product of the west who knows a good thing when he sees it.

Two years ago, as McCollum said, the South Side of Snake river was a "ringer" for the North Side. It was a desert, acres piled on acres, with sagebrush everywhere. But Snake river, seventh river in the nation, wound its way a thousand miles through the state, now playing peacefully, now dashing and roaring down rapids, over mighty falls, gliding swiftly through terrible chasms, past Titan mountains and lifeless deserts. Men of ideas saw the possibilities. The soil, a rich alluvial volcanic ash, was fertile beyond a doubt. From the river life-giving water could be obtained. At the head of the cañon Nature had supplied the piers for a dam, and the long gradual slopes made the work of irrigation ideal. There was no dreaming, no transcendent visions of altruism—simply Idaho ideas and Pennsylvania money.

Under the Carey Act the state first determines the existence of a good water right, its engineer supervises the plans for the works, it fixes the price at which water rights may be sold and the terms on which the works are to be turned over to the settler by the persons constructing them. It is building by a private corporation, under state supervision with ultimate municipal ownership. The land is obtained from the state. No settlement is required until the water is ready for delivery. Title may be obtained in five weeks but you may take three years if you wish. You must cultivate one-eighth of the ground. You pay thirty-five dollars per acre for the water right, three dollars down, eight dollars per acre in annual payments in the next five years and the balance of the purchase price in the next five; ten years in all. But you get the property; your water right is perpetual, you are simply buying an interest in the works which are turned over to a corporation composed exclusively of the water users. There are no interest charges on a bonded debt. Maintenance charge for water thirty-five cents or less per acre per annum is levied by the farmers themselves.

On March 1, 1905, the great gates in the Milner dam were closed, the canal gates were opened and the waters of Snake river wended their way through a canal eighty feet wide on the bottom for a distance of nearly seventy miles, covering the broad acres of the South Side. A thousand miles of laterals bring the water to the settler. In 1905, "Bob" McCollum furnished the only evidence of settlement; while to-day ten thousand people call the South Side project home.

Idaho counties are amplitudinous. So the legislature made the South Side project a county by itself with Twin Falls as the county seat. Twin Falls in August, 1904, was nothing; in August, 1906, here were three thousand people,



A PROMISING TWO-YEAR-OLD—THE MAIN STREET OF TWIN FALLS schools, waterworks, electric lights, sewer system and telephones. McCollum helped—he holds the world's record on selling sagebrush. The tireless, energetic, hustling American is the Twin Falls type. He came from Oregon, Nebraska, Washington, Colorado, Kansas and the Mississippi valley.

"Twin Falls is an old town," said McCollum. "Three years old this fall; average size of farms less than eighty acres. Better go to Milner and then over the North Side and see how it looks in the making."

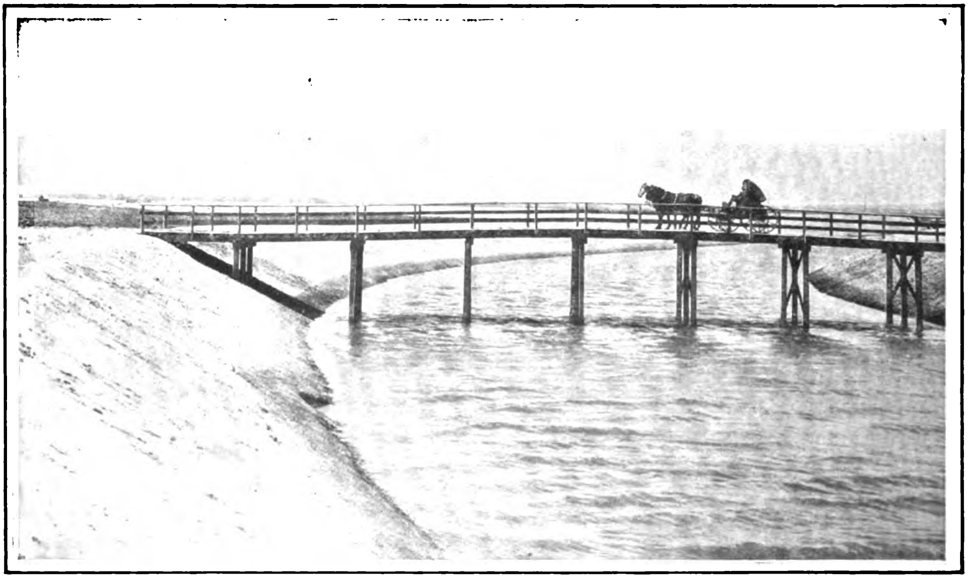
And so we went to Milner, where the North Side forces work; where the great dam diverts the water for both the North and the South sides.

The sound of a hundred pieces of artillery smote our ears.

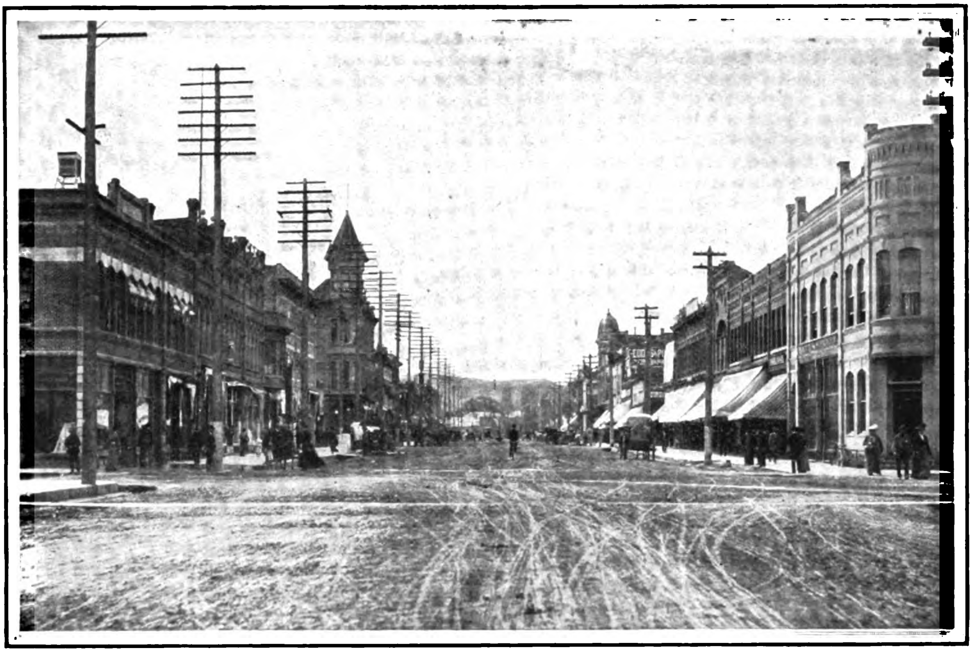
"That's Faris's crew firing shots," said Bob. "Hundreds of men and teams, but they use electricity and powder mostly. He's moving one-eightieth as much stuff as all the Government forces on the Panama canal. Got to do it. He gets a fortune for completion January 1."

Off to the northwest, twenty miles away, is the country of our morning ride. The country of the great North Side project is where the transformation of the past two years on the South Side is being duplicated. Here money and enterprise are carving out an empire; here two and a half million dollars are being spent on no firmer foundation than the hope that the land may be sold to settlers; here new towns are springing up and new railroads are to be built.

But this is not all, down in the gorge that divides the North and South sides are some of the most wonderful water powers of the world. Twin Falls are as high as Niagara; three miles farther down are the Shoshone Falls, a two hundred and ten-foot drop, turning the wheels which generate power for the tract; still farther down are Augur Falls, Upper Salmon and Lower Salmon Falls. Soil, climate, water and power, but after all is said, it is the energetic, hustling American who is making the Twin Falls tract to-day. Resources are nothing; the character of the citizenship everything.



THE TWIN FALLS CANAL IS EIGHTY FEET WIDE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE DITCH. IT IS OVER SEVENTY MILES LONG AND IS THE LARGEST IRRIGATING CANAL IN THE WORLD



THIS IS THE RIALTO OF BAKER CITY

ABOUT BAKER CITY

FACTS REGARDING THE GROWING METROPOLIS OF NORTHEASTERN OREGON—RICH MINING DEVELOPMENT

By W. C. Cowgill

BAKER CITY is at the head of Powder valley, Oregon, one of the most fertile agricultural regions in the Northwest. The valley is about sixty miles long, is traversed by Powder river, and many other streams, and is surrounded by mountain ranges with snow capped peaks. The city's altitude is 3,446 feet. The average rain fall during the past eighteen years has been 13.24 inches. A great potential wealth in undeveloped mineral and agricultural resources lies here at the city's doorway.

Half a century ago Baker City was established as a stage station on the overland route, while Auburn, up the gulch seven miles away, had six or seven thousand people eagerly placer mining. From that time the place has grown steadily in the character of its buildings and the style of their architecture. Native stone of magnificent quality has been found. The present population according to the school census, is about nine thousand. It is the county seat, and is centrally located on the main line of the Oregon Railway

& Navigation Railroad in what is known as the gold and copper belt of eastern Oregon. A modern Opera House costing $35,000, an Elks Temple, a Knights of Pythias Castle, an Eagles' Aerie are all new and handsome buildings. The St. Francis Academy and the new Cathedral of the Eastern Oregon Bishopric of the Roman Catholic Church, which have just been finished, would do credit to any city of one hundred thousand population. The new City Hall built at an expense of $45,000 will serve the city when its population is many times as great as it is. Baker City is served by a $300,000 gravity water system, and has a complete sewerage system. The $100,000 Geiser Grand Hotel is modern in every respect, and a credit to the city, while other hotels furnish additional accommodations.

A franchise has just been granted to Wm. Pollman for the building of an electric street railway, and it is expected that work will commence upon this enterprise before snow flies. The electric power is at hand, and can be furnished by the Baker City Light and Power Company, which now lights the city and furnishes power for many factories.

Plans are being constructed for the building of a steam railroad from Baker City to Eagle valley, sixty miles, covering the great copper belt which is being developed, and tapping four hundred million feet of standing timber, all of which will furnish tonnage and passenger traffic, and many pay-rolls. Most of this will directly benefit Baker City, and millions of dollars will be added to the mineral output of Baker county from the great copper belt.

The different religious denominations are well represented in Baker City including the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Roman Catholic and Mormon. There are three large brick school buildings besides a handsome high school which cost completed, $125,000. Thirty-six teachers are engaged in work under a superintendent and principal of each school. Last year the school population was 2,238.

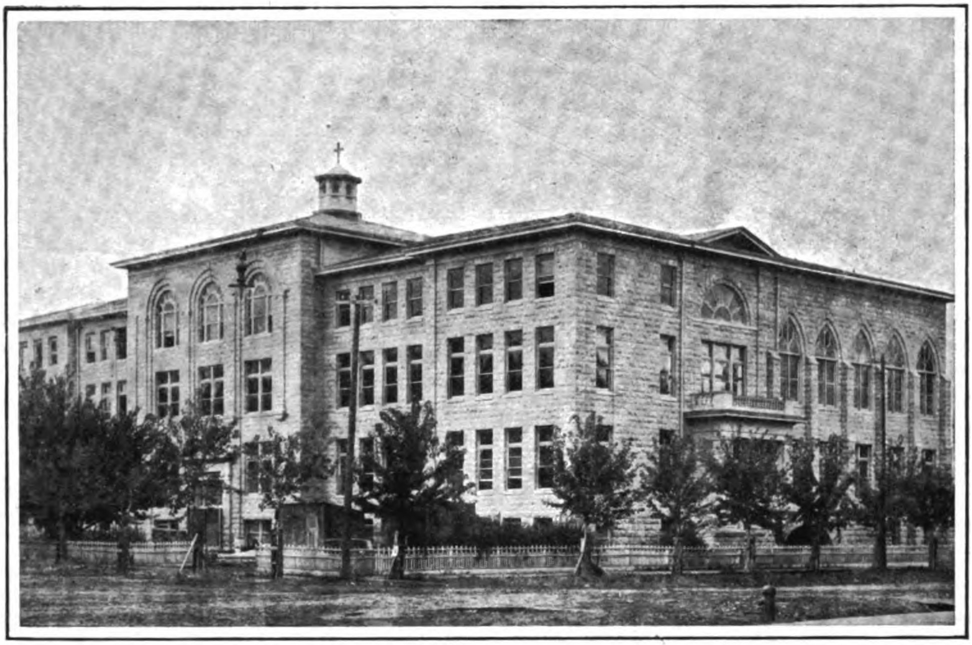
A large Feed Mill, the Blue Mountain Iron Works, The Baker Iron & Supply Co., the Shockley & McMurren Planing Mill, the Oregon Lumber Company, Stoddard Bros. Lumber Company, the Oregon & Wisconsin Lumber Company, the Northwest Granite Company are among the leading manufacturing plants employing many men.

Baker county is in the extreme northeast of Oregon. It contains 2,116,000 acres or 3,150 square miles. Deducting the patented land assessed for taxes, there remain still open to entry 1,662,302 acres. It is about seventy miles long east and west, and forty-five miles north and south. Last year the registered vote in the county was: Republican, 2,576; Democrat, 1,904; Socialist, 300; scattering, 286; or a total of 5,066. The population according to the last school census was 21,673. There are sixty-six school precincts in the county furnished with teachers. The pupils attending last year numbered 5,338.

When it is considered that the state of Rhode Island has only 1,250 square miles and a population of 428,556, and Connecticut with 4,900 square miles and a population of 908,420, the people of Baker City and county feel that with the wonderful mines now being developed they can hope to make an empire as great as these two states at least.

The taxes assessed for 1906 in the county on a basis of a fifty per cent value totaled $8,609,980, of which $3,048,145 was assessed against Baker City property. The county last year produced in round numbers, 150,000 head of sheep, cutting 2,000,000 pounds of wool averaging 15 to 17 cents a pound; 40,000 head of cattle; 10,000 head of horses. Hogs are produced in large numbers and of high grade. The apples, peaches and apricots raised in this valley have no equal, the premium on apples was awarded Baker at the Chicago World's Fair. In Powder valley, Eagle valley and Pine valley the finest fruits are raised, while the peaches along the benches of Snake river are superior to anything in the market.

Lands yield in oats and barley from fifty to eighty bushels an acre, from forty to fifty bushels of wheat and rye is raised without any irrigation. From two to four crops of alfalfa are taken from

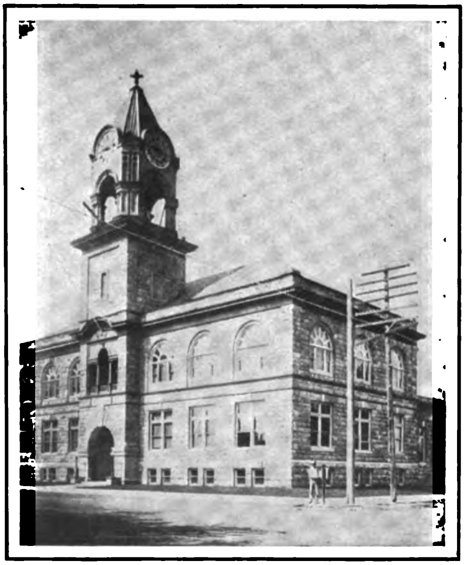


THE NEW ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY—BUILT OF NATIVE STONE

the soil each year, and crop failures are unknown. Fruit trees are not assailed in this country by the enemies which infest the orchards in the east, and some other sections of the state.

The wonderful productiveness of the soil is accounted for by the mineral salts or natural fertilizer, spread upon its surface by many streams trickling down the hillsides and carrying the washings from many placer mines. All through the valley there is a sub-soil of gravel with a stream of water which can be tapped anywhere at a depth of from twenty-five to sixty feet. These conditions with irrigation by private enterprises supply the key to the remarkable crops of this region. The Baker Irrigation Company operating a twenty-mile ditch and large storage reservoir covers 10,000 acres of land, and the Meadows Irrigation Company covers 2,250 acres on Lower Powder, while Upper Powder valley is irrigated by many private ditches.

Baker City offers the greatest home market for all products raised from the land at top-notch prices the year around. So far the farmers of the valley have not been able to produce sufficient poultry, eggs and butter to supply the demand of the mines near by. At times poultry and eggs have to be shipped by the carload from the East, but as the population in the rural districts is increasing, attention to small farming is being given more and more, and small tracts of land for



THE CITY HALL, JUST COMPLETED AT A COST OF $45,000 poultry raising and fruit raising, and dairying will remedy the defects and furnish county industries with county products.

In a general way it can be stated that the mineral zone of Baker county is a copper belt about ninety miles long lying east of Baker City, a gold belt west of this city, and another gold belt east of the copper belt. Steady producers in the western gold belt have for years been shipping to the mint, and there are now in the Cornucopia Camp rich properties turning out gold bullion. The Iron Dyke Mine on Snake river at the east end of the copper belt, and the Indiana Mine on the west end of the copper belt, have been sufficiently proven to make it certain that there is in this county a greater wealth in the red metal than in any other similar locality in the United States. In the center of the copper belt may be mentioned the Sovereign and Poorman groups, being operated by the Oregon-Idaho Investment Company, and the Cox properties being developed by the Eagle Mountain Copper Company, all on Goose creek. The Pine creek placer mines—on Burnt river—operated by the Burnt Consolidated Gold Mining and Dredging Company, is a great producer. All of these properties are being pushed rapidly forward, and every strike of the pick shows richer and better ore and in larger bodies.

Along the Snake river are growing up on the Oregon side several towns on the copper belt. Copperfield, Homestead, and Ballard, all promise to be lively mining centers in the immediate future. At Ballard a new steel pontoon ferry is being constructed between that point and the foot of Kleinschmidt's grade on the Idaho side, which leads to the town of Helena, the center of the rich Seven Devil's copper camp. Thirty miles up the river is the Brownlee Ferry, connecting Oregon with the Heath copper district on the Idaho side. All the activity in town building has been brought about by the construction of the Northwestern Railroad down the Oregon side of the Snake river by the Oregon Short Line, as a part of its general system to enter Lewiston from the east through the Box cañon of the Snake. Given transportation, the copper belt of both Idaho and Oregon will take on a prosperity and activity that will put into Baker City in the next five years, a population quadruple that of the present and offer to the prospector unlimited opportunities.

The mountains of the county are covered with pine and tamarack of high grade which find ready market in the middle and eastern states. The daily output of the saw mills in Baker City is two hundred thousand feet, and the shipments to the East are only limited by the supply of cars. Prices obtained for this lumber are a premium over other pines because of the superior quality.

The waters of Olive Lake in the Granite mining district, twenty-five miles west of Baker City in the mountains have been harnessed, and will supply twenty-five

A BIT OF OLIVE LAKE, SOURCE OF THE CITY'S POWER AND LIGHT

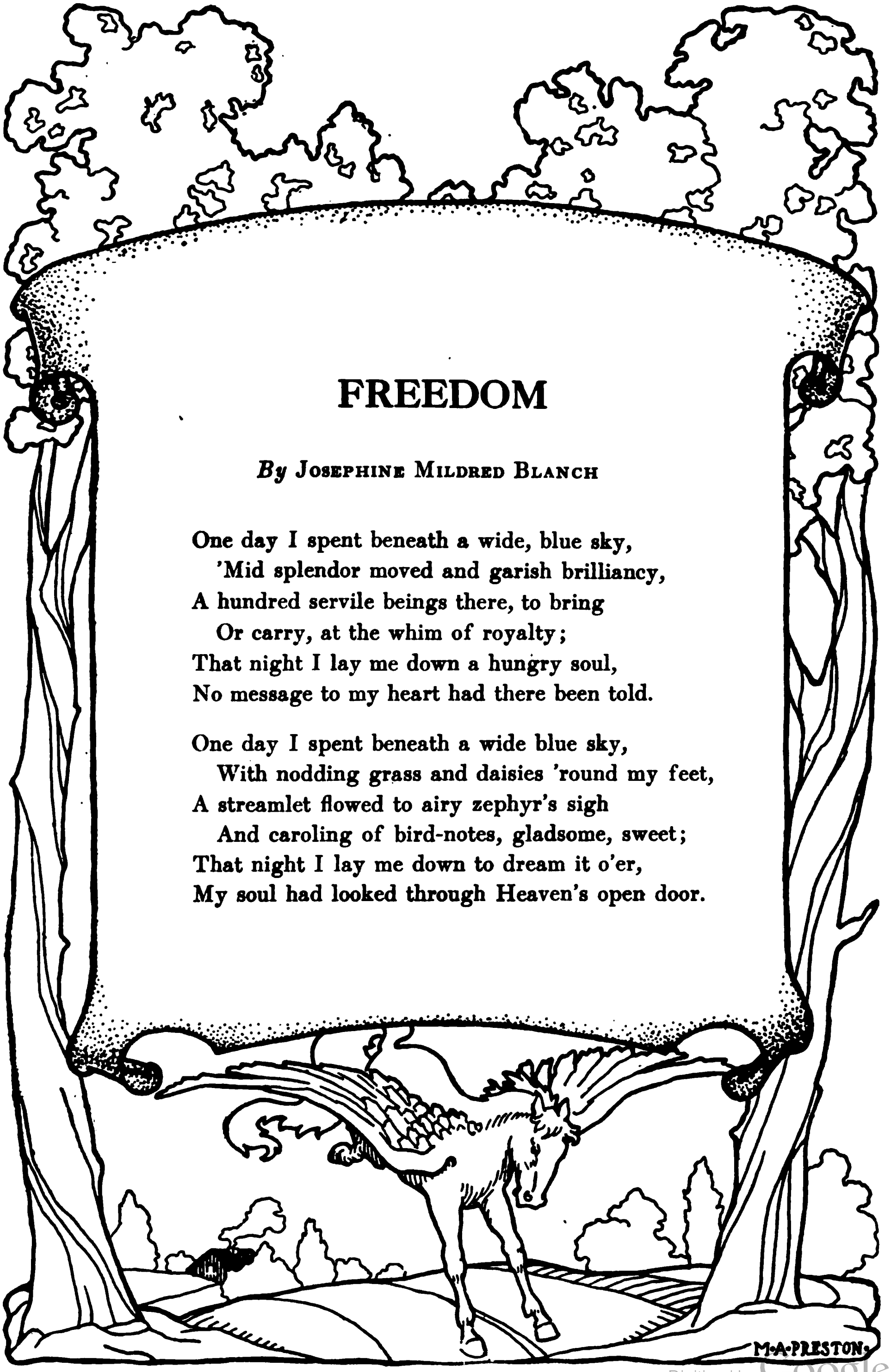
hundred horsepower this season and light the mines in the Bourne and Granite camps. Power also can be turned into Baker City. The Baker Light and Power Company has its plant on Rock creek, sixteen miles west of the city, producing twenty-five hundred horsepower. It also has a steam plant at South Baker to be used in case of emergency, with equal horsepower. The Eagle River Electric Power Company, operating on Main Eagle, thirty miles east of Baker City in the heart of the copper belt, will instal its hydro-electric plant this season which will furnish twelve hundred horsepower which will be divided between the Sanger Mine near by and the Virtue Mine twenty miles away. On Snake river the Ox Bow Tunnel Power Company is driving three parallel tunnels through the Ox Bow which will produce 25,000 electric horsepower. This will be on the market within two years. D. J. Winslow is manager of the enterprise which is being established by Oshkosh, Wisconsin, capital, headed by William Mainland. The company has a capital stock of $7,000,000; it is a close corporation and is pushing work as rapidly as men and money can do it. Capitalists who have come to Baker City have not been disappointed. They are invited to come and put their money with the capital which is being spent rapidly by home people in home development.

WHEN I HAVE LIVED

By FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD

Not all the years and weeks and days and hours,
Since first my mortal eyes unclosed to light,
Or since my vision knew the worth of sight,
Or mind and body, calling for their dowers,
Began their strain to prove and vaunt their powers
Have I lived life; its mystery and its might,
Thrilling through day and throbbing through the night,
Reached not the dungeons where, from high watch-towers
My spirit fell oft—idling without aim,
Willing to be, though indolent to do.

But I have lived when Purpose to me came
And wed me to stern Labor till I grew
Eager to strive and bear; then as if big with Fame,
I joyed at the creative pulse I felt and knew!



FREEDOM

By Josephine Mildred Blanch

One day I spent beneath a wide, blue sky,
'Mid splendor moved and garish brilliancy,
A hundred servile beings there, to bring
Or carry, at the whim of royalty;
That night I lay me down a hungry soul,
No message to my heart had there been told.

One day I spent beneath a wide blue sky,
With nodding grass and daisies 'round my feet,
A streamlet flowed to airy zephyr's sigh
And caroling of bird-notes, gladsome, sweet;
That night I lay me down to dream it o'er,
My soul had looked through Heaven's open door.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW FARM

HOW PROJECTED WORK OF THE RECLAMATION SERVICE, IRRIGATING AND REDEEMING THE DESERT, WILL ADD 6,468,000 ACRES TO THE NATION'S CROP-PRODUCING AREA

By C. J. Blanchard

Statistician, United States Reclamation Service

The fifteenth National Irrigation Congress will be held in Sacramento, California, September 2 to 7 inclusive. Delegates from all over the country will be in attendance to consider present problems. The accompanying authentic article by the official statistician of the Reclamation Service tells the present status of all work in the service, and should prove of timely interest to all interested in irrigation affairs. The substance of this paper was contributed also to the National Geographic Magazine, and extracts are here taken by permission of the author and of the National Geographic Society:

THE full importance of national reclamation is obtainable only by comparison. Twenty-five projects upon which the government is now engaged, when developed to their full extent, will add 3,198,000 acres to the crop-producing area of the United States. Add to these thirteen other projects which are held in abeyance, pending the completion of the first mentioned, and which will reclaim 3,270,000 acres, and we have a grand total of 6,468,000 acres.

This enormous area to-day is practically worthless. It returns revenues neither to the states in which it is located, nor to the nation to which it largely belongs. It is utilized only a short period in each year for grazing nomadic herds that are driven over it. Potentially, it is the richest, the most fertile and productive land in the world, and is capable of supporting in comfort an agricultural population as dense as can be found in any of the older settled parts of our country. By expending $60,000,000 on the twenty-five engineering works in process of construction, the Reclamation Service will reclaim 3,198,000 acres, or a cultivated area equal to the total acreage in crops in the four states of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Florida.

The diversified crops, enormous yields from irrigated lands, and the excellent prices for all farm products in the West, warrant the assumption that this land will return annually an income larger than the farmers receive in the four states named. For comparison, let us say that the revenues per acre will be the same. It is apparent, then, that this area reclaimed will each year increase the value of farm crops by $60,000,000; it will add $232,000,000 to the taxable property of the people; it will furnish homes for 80,000 families.

THE PATH OF PROGRESS

The settlement of the desert will be followed, and in some instances preceded, by the construction of hundreds of miles of railroads, of electric lines, by the development of power for manufacturing and for municipal and domestic use, by a great building movement, and by innumerable investments which accompany the creation of commonwealths. All these will aggregate millions of dollars, assuring employment for thousands of skilled and unskilled laborers, and furnishing a home market for the bulk of the products of the new farms.

This immense development of agriculture in the West does not menace the prosperity of the eastern and middle western farmer. Our statistics show that nearly eighty per cent of the desert crops are forage and consumed at home. The products exported are special crops, which are in no sense competitive with eastern grown. The desert's cereal crops do not come east. The Orient has opened wide its doors for desert wheat and barley, for the various forest products, and for the output of western coal mines. Western development means additional markets for eastern manufactured products—cotton, woolens, steel and hardware, boots and shoes, and the high-grade household commodities.

CONTINUED PROSPERITY

With the enormous increase in the demand for such articles, the manufacturers will be compelled to enlarge their plants and add to the number of their employes. Such increase will add to the demand for home-grown crops and assures the continued prosperity of the eastern farmers. Thus we see that the eastern farmer and manufacturer are both directly concerned in the work of reclaiming the great American desert. Aside from the fact that the limitless West is the safety-valve against the threatened overcrowding of the East, it is also the treasure chest from which the East may draw fat revenue for all the years to come.

$1,000,000 EXPENDED EACH MONTH

Although only four years have passed since the enactment of the law, the engineers are to-day employed upon the construction of twenty-five great projects in fourteen states and two territories. The expenditures average more than a million dollars a month.

The reclamation fund available for the twenty-five projects under way amounts approximately to $33,000,000. Before these are completed it will be about $41,000,000. When this has been expended, 1,400,000 acres will have been reclaimed, and will begin to return annually $4,000,000 to the fund. The vast area in these projects and their remoteness from each other make it impossible in one short paper to describe all of these works.

THE SALT RIVER PROJECT

No national work under the Reclamation Act has attracted more general interest and none has been more widely advertised by the press than the Salt river project, surrounding the city of Phœnix, Arizona. While the engineering features are stupendous and spectacular, the charm and mystery of the region in which the work is going on appeal even more strongly to the visitor. This is the land of uncorrupted distances, of opal-tinted landscapes and perpetual sunshine. Its atmosphere is one of enchantment and its silence holds a voice of the vanished past.

In the midst of a vast stretch of desert a wonderful oasis has risen, its vivid green standing out in marked contrast with the dusty plain and the distant purple hills. Three fair cities lie in the heart of this emerald island—Phœnix, Tempe, and Mesa. Their future growth and prosperity depend upon the success of the work now going on under the supervision of the Reclamation Service. Sixty miles away from Mesa a thousand men are toiling night and day to make that growth and prosperity enduring.

One of the world's greatest dams is building here. A beautiful curve of masonry is slowly rising in the river bed, a masonry monolith against which a turbulent river will beat itself into stillness, its foam and spume lost in a deep lake twenty-five miles long and two miles wide. In that lake the town of Roosevelt will be submerged two hundred feet deep.

IN APACHE LAND

A quarter of a century ago this particular region was the haunt of Geronimo and his band of murderous Apaches. The big chief has been exiled, but his people still live here. Owing to the scarcity of labor, the supervising engineer turned missionary and held a pow-wow with the Indians. Such was his eloquence that several hundred Indians went on the government pay-roll. They proved to be good workers and were in no small degree responsible for the prompt construction of the Roosevelt road. Later on they were tried on canal work and on concrete mixing, and were not found wanting. While the head of the family toiled for the government, the squaw in her wickiup wove wonderful baskets, which found ready sale in the camps and in Roosevelt. Poor Lo as a worker is no longer a joke. He has discarded the gay-colored robe, the paint and feathers, and in sweat-shop jumper and blue jeans is earning his living by the sweat of his brow. What justice could be more poetic than that his arrows and hatchets should be turned into picks and shovels and his labor utilized to bring the precious water to the land which he had so often enriched with the blood of the white man.

Roosevelt dam will be completed next year. Its height will be 286 feet. On top it will be 800 feet long. It will create the largest artificial lake in the world and will furnish 200,000 acres of land with water. The cost of the entire project will be approximately $6,500,000.

MANLESS—LANDLESS

On several of the projects the work has reached the point where the human interests involved, overshadow in importance the engineering features. The most intensely interesting period in the work of reclamation is at hand—the landless man has been brought to the manless land. It has been well said that he who helps to establish the security of the irrigable home will also help to establish that greater, that composite home, the United States of America. Our nation is indeed affected by this problem which the Reclamation Service is on the eve of solving, for on the success of the irrigable home rests to-day the prosperity and stability of more than one western state.

IN SOUTHERN IDAHO

In March, 1903, a party of surveyors ran their lines over a vast, unbroken, uninhabited plain in southern Idaho, comprising 150,000 acres of sage-brush. It was a most uninviting and unattractive region. After the surveyors, came the engineers. In turn they were followed by the contractors. The desert's awful stillness was broken by the shrill whistle of engines, by the creaking of giant cranes, and the voices of hundreds of laborers. Attracted by these evidences that Uncle Sam was about to do battle with the desert, scores of home-seekers flocked to the scene and began to erect their homes there.

In 1904 the Minidoka project had not a single inhabitant; to-day it contains more than 4,000 people; it has three thriving towns, a railway, schools, newspapers. Every eighty acres of that vast desert has a dwelling upon it with a family living in it. Lands only a short time ago counted as worthless are now valued at from $40 to $75 per acre. In August, 1904, a contract was let for the construction of the principal engineering work, a rock-fill dam. This structure was located about eight miles southwest of Minidoka, at a point where the channel of the river has been crossed by recurring lava flows. A ridge of lava probably extended entirely across the river channel at this point and the river cut a narrow way through it.

THE YAKIMA VALLEY

Redlands and Riverside of southern California have their rivals in the Northwest in the wonderful Yakima valley of Washington. Naturally this region was not overlooked by the service. To-day construction is under way which when fully concluded will bring approximately 400,000 acres under ditch.

The crop yields here are almost incredible, and, as a result, agricultural lands have as high average value here as anywhere in this country, California orange lands not excepted. Two thousand dollars per acre for orchard land is not an uncommon price. We need not wonder at such sales when these apple orchards frequently yield 1,470 boxes per acre, which sell for $1.25 per box, or $1,737 per acre. The hay crop is an important one. The valley potatoes bring an annual income of $1,000,000 to the farmers. Hops yield from $300 to $600 per acre. Yakima apples and hops sell well in the New York markets, and are exported in large quantities.

The Yakima project is in several units which ultimately will be combined in one great system, embracing 400,000 acres, every acre of which, with an assured water supply, will be worth not less than $100. The government's plans involve an expenditure of about $13,000,000 in canals and ditches and in storage dams to hold back the flood waters of the Yakima drainage in several mountain lakes.

PROTECTION NEEDED

Our desert region is the only section of our imperial country wherein there is an equality of opportunity. In no other part of the nation are the rewards for individual effort more certain and constant. When these facts are more fully realized, the wisdom of President Roosevelt's policy of safeguarding and conserving this vast estate for the people will be appreciated. America has furnished a safety-valve against the overcrowding of the great centers of population in the Old World for fifty years. Is it not about time to look to our problem and prepare against the day when there shall be a glut of population in our own cities? Thoughtful men are predicting a population of 200,000,000 in 1950 and 300,000,000 at the close of the century. How shall we take care of this vast increase? There is a land hunger even now that is hard to satisfy. Many thousands of our best people are flocking to Canada every year, attracted by the cheap lands of the Northwest territory. Every acre of our remaining public domain should be reserved for the bona fide home-seeker.

THE RIO GRANDE VALLEY

In the range of resources, in the charm and healthfulness of her climate, and in the fertility of her soil, New Mexico typifies the arid region. It has been found possible for the Reclamation Service to undertake the construction of three projects within her borders. The greatest of these, the Rio Grande project, is especially interesting, as it involves international and interstate features in unusual combination. The project is the subject of a treaty with Mexico, and Congress has just done tardy justice to a friendly neighbor by appropriating $1,000,000 in recognition of a debt long overdue.

The Rio Grande valley is rich in historical incident. Long before the Puritan fathers landed upon the bleak and inhospitable shores of New England, thrifty husbandmen irrigated the fertile bottoms along the lower valley in New Mexico, Texas, and Old Mexico. Primitive as were their methods of agriculture, they sufficed to sustain a dense population in peace and contentment. Strangely, too, their communal system of farming, with homes in the pueblos and small cultivated areas near by, is essentially being adopted by our later civilization as best adapted to desert conditions. It removes the isolation of the lonely ranch, makes possible social and educational advantages, and tends to the economical and most profitable methods of farming. Small farms, carefully and scientifically tilled, make compact communities, which enjoy graded schools and the luxuries and comforts of towns with the freedom and pure air of the country.

DAM NEAR EL PASO

The principal feature of this project is the Engle dam, about 100 miles north of El Paso, Texas. It is to be a huge structure of masonry 255 feet high, 400 feet long on the bottom, and 1,150 feet long on the top. This dam will impound 2,000,000 acre-feet of water, or nearly double the amount stored by the Roosevelt dam. It will check the greatest flood ever known on the Rio Grande and will supply 180,000 acres in New Mexico, Texas, and Old Mexico. The estimated cost of the entire project is $7,200,000. One million dollars of this amount has already been appropriated by Congress to meet the proportionate cost of the works required to irrigate the lands in Mexico. These lands were formerly irrigated by canals taken from the river in Old Mexico, but the extensive diversions in Colorado and New Mexico finally rendered these canals useless, and the land went back to desert.

THE CARLSBAD PROJECT

The Carlsbad project was undertaken by the service to save from destruction the property of settlers near Carlsbad. A great flood destroyed the irrigation works in the valley, and the valuable orchards and cultivated fields would have returned to desert but for the coming of the government. About 20,000 acres are embraced in this project, which involves an expenditure of $650,000, and will be completed in 1908. It will irrigate a considerable acreage next spring.

Projects under Consideration and Waiting for Funds to Become Available

Projects	Estimated Acreage	Probable Cost
Little Colorado, Arizona	80,000	$4,000,000
Sacramento Valley, Cal.	500,000	20,000,000
San Joaquin Valley, Cal.	200,000	6,000,000
Colorado river, Colorado, Utah, California, Arizona	750,000	40,000,000
Dubois, Idaho	100,000	4,000,000
Lake Basin, Montana	300,000	12,000,000
Las Vegas, New Mexico	35,000	1,500,000
Urton Lake, New Mexico	35,000	2,000,000
Walker and Humboldt rivers, Nevada	500,000	15,000,000
Red River, Oklahoma	100,000	4,000,000
John Day river, Oregon	200,000	10,000,000
Weber, Utah	100,000	5,000,000
Priest Rapids, Washington	50,000	2,000,000
Goshen Hole, Wyoming	120,000	4,000,000
Total	3,270,000	$129,500,000

FARMS IN MONTANA

There will be an opportunity for homeseekers to secure choice farms in western Montana next summer, when the Huntley project is formally opened. About 35,000 acres are involved in this project and the lands are exceedingly desirable. As this project is in the ceded portion of the Crow Indian reservation, no settlers have been permitted to locate thereon and the formal opening next summer promises to be somewhat spectacular.

THE SHOSHONE DAM

Across the line, in Wyoming, is the great Shoshone project, involving several difficult engineering feats. In the narrowest part of the Shoshone Cañon a wonderful dam is beginning to rise above the river bed. In height it tops every other structure of the kind in the world. It will be a narrow wedge, eighty-five feet across the bottom, 200 feet long on top, and 310 feet high, and will block the cañon. To reach the dam site it was necessary to construct a road through an inaccessible gorge. On this road are several tunnels through rock cliffs, and for several miles the road is in rock cuts. It opens a new and very attractive scenic route to the National Yellowstone Park.

Below the city of Cody, Wyoming, a diversion dam is being constructed in the river, and the stream is to be diverted into a great tunnel three miles long, passing under an elevated plateau. From the lower end of the tunnel canals extending all over the valley will carry the water to 180,000 acres.

THE UNIQUE KLAMATH

A rather unique irrigation project is located partly in southwestern Oregon and partly in northern California. This is called the Klamath project, and involves problems of irrigation and drainage in unusual combinations. It is proposed to drain partly two lakes and to irrigate their exposed beds from water drawn from Upper Klamath Lake. About 180,000 acres of land will be reclaimed.

THE EGYPT OF AMERICA

The Yuma project, which embraces lands in California and Arizona, has been the subject of a presidential message to this Congress. This is the region often called "the Egypt of America," and in climate, soil, and crops it bears a singular resemblance to the fertile valley of the Nile.

The government is engaged upon the construction of a great dam across the Colorado river about twelve miles north of Yuma. This structure is of the India weir type and is the first of the kind ever attempted in this country. It will have a length of 4,780 feet across stream and will be nineteen feet high and up and down stream will have a length of 247 feet. It will be a great mass of masonry resting on the sandy bottom of the river, as no bed-rock was found in the channel at this point. The weight of this structure will be 600,000 tons. Water will be diverted by means of canals connecting with both ends of the dam and the area irrigated will be approximately 90,000 acres. When irrigated this will probably be the most productive region on this continent. Harvests are practically continuous throughout the year, and the yields from well-irrigated lands are enormous.

CANALS ALREADY CONSTRUCTED

A summary of the work of the Reclamation Service to January 1, 1907, shows that it has dug 1,267 miles of canals, or nearly the distance from Washington to Omaha. Some of these canals carry whole rivers, like the Truckee river, in Nevada, and the North Platte, in Wyoming. The tunnels excavated are forty-seven in number, and have an aggregate length of nine and one-half miles.

The service has erected ninety-four large structures, including two great dams in Nevada and the Minidoka dam in Idaho, eighty feet high and 650 feet long. It has completed 670 headworks, flumes, etc. It has built 376 miles of wagon road in mountainous country and into heretofore inaccessible regions. It has erected and in operation 727 miles of telephones. Its own cement mill has manufactured 70,000 barrels of cement, and the purchased amount is 312,000 barrels. Its own sawmills have cut 3,036,000 feet, board measure, of lumber, and 6,540,000 feet have been purchased.

SERVICE DETAILS

The surveying parties of the service have completed topographic surveys covering 10,970 square miles, an area greater than the combined areas of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The transit lines had a length of 18,900 linear miles, while the level lines run amount to 24,218 miles, or nearly sufficient to go around the earth. The diamond drillings for dam sites and canals amount to 47,515 feet, or more than nine miles. To-day the service employs over 10,000 men. The excavations of earth and rock amount to 33,000,000 cubic yards, or about one-fourth the estimated yardage of the Panama Canal. As a result of the operations of the Reclamation Service, eight new towns have been established, 100 miles of branch railroads have been constructed, and over 10,000 people have taken up their residence in the desert.

Reclamation Projects Now in Process of Construction

Project	Estimated Cost	Irrigable Acreage
Salt River, Arizona.....	$5,300,000	200,000
Yuma, California-Arizona	3,500,000	100,000
Uncompahgre, Colorado.	5,200,000	150,000
Minidoka, Idaho.........	1,800,000	80,000
Payette-Boise, Idaho....	1,605,000	120,000
Garden City, Kansas....	260,000	8,000
Milk River, Montana...	1,500,000	40,000
Huntley, Montana.......	900,000	33,000
Sun River, Montana.....	500,000	16,000
North Platte, Nebraska-Wyoming.............	4,100,000	110,000
Truckee-Carson, Nevada.	4,000,000	200,000
Hondo, New Mexico....	336,000	10,000
Carlsbad, New Mexico...	600,000	20,000
Rio Grande, New Mexico	200,000	15,000
Lower Yellowstone, Montana-North Dakota....	2,700,000	60,000
Buford-Trenton, Williston, Nesson, North Dakota..................	1,270,000	40,000
Klamath, Oregon-California..................	2,400,000	50,000
Umatilla, Oregon.......	1,100,000	18,000
Belle Fourche, South Dakota.................	3,000,000	100,000
Strawberry Valley, Utah	1,850,000	35,000
Okanogan, Washington..	500,000	9,000
Tieton, Washington.....	1,400,000	24,000
Sunnyside, Washington..	2,000,000	40,000
Wapato, Washington....	600,000	20,000
Shoshone, Wyoming.....	3,500,000	100,000
Total..............	$50,121,000	1,598,000

BOOKS AND WRITERS

The Iron Way
by
Sarah Pratt Carr

"THE IRON WAY," a novel by Sarah Pratt Carr, is good and interesting local history. Divested of its slender plot, it would still be good reading, especially to the loyal Californian, avid to know all that went into the making of his precocious state. The writer knew her ground and characters well; too well, perhaps, to put into the weaving of her tale a perfect art. A "true story" is often a handicap, unless the author is willing to sacrifice his material to his imagination. And curiously, the perspective of one who has been told a vivid history contributes more to the weaving of a convincing tale than the experience of the one who remembers. Mrs. Carr's heart, however, is so evidently absorbed in the plot of her book, her feelings are so involved, that the readers can not be left untouched, although the progress of the story is not as clear to him as to its writer. The belting of a continent is a big theme, requiring perhaps broader or coarser treatment than the gentle handling of Mrs. Carr.

To the building of few of our novels of to-day are brought so many crisp timbers of fact, so many iron girders of experience. The book is invaluable in that its pages are a faithful record of the trials and hardships of "the big four"—Crocker, Hopkins, Huntington and Stanford, and those under them who helped to girdle the North American continent. The contrast is great to the traveler in velveted Pullmans, as he sees the deep gorges he flies over, looks up to the tall mountains he skims, as he thinks of the pick and shovel, of the indomitable courage of the builders, of the journeys by sea of the rails, which were but a small factor in the forcing of the iron way. As a novel, the volume has perhaps its shortcomings; hypercritical it were to enumerate them, for as a personal reminiscence, a friendly history, it is charming. Published by McClurg & Co., Chicago.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Atherton's
Coming Novel,
"Ancestors"

EVER since San Francisco's tribulation, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been busy upon a novel which is to appear this September. She is now in New York making corrections and final changes. The novel is one of action, and of thrilling, dramatic interest—so say those who have been permitted to see the manuscript. The first part of the plot is laid in an English country home, the rest in California, partly country life and partly in San Francisco. The hero is an Englishman. Mrs. Atherton writes that she is planning to return to San Francisco in the early autumn, and there is a possibility of her remaining here more or less permanently. San Francisco is her home and the scene of her most successful books. She has hosts of friends here, as well as critical residents, some of whom wonder why they have been embodied in her presumed fiction.

* * *

"The Siamese Cat" by Henry M. Rideout In this short novel, Mr. Rideout tells a good story—one that holds the interest from cover to cover. The writer unites the art of story telling with the working knowledge of the Orient, and puts in enough of the mysticism of the East to hold the interest and keep the reader guessing. The heroine divides honors with the cat. The dialogue is bright, and descriptive matter entertaining. No one would call it a great book, but for the cheerful whiling away of an hour or so, it is to be recommended.

* * *

"Bird Notes Afield" by Charles Keeler Here was a timely June volume coming from the press (Paul Elder & Company) just when the men were growing city-weary and planning to spend summer weeks in field and forest. It is a series of essays on the birds of the Pacific Coast, with a field check list. It is a republication of the volume of seven years ago, with a number of amendments and corrections, containing also a sketch of bird life on the upper Sacramento river. The writer is thoroughly familiar with his subject, having been a close student of ornithology, and being in close sympathy with Nature in all her phases. He makes a special protest against the two destructive enemies of bird life—the small boy with his gun and egg collection, and the woman with her bonnet adorned with feathers. He urges the study of birds wherever seen or found, saying in his plea: "Upon the remotest of ocean seas, as upon the barrenest of rocky shores, some birds find an abiding place, and there is a joy in their companionship which can not be translated into words. You who would find a new delight in the wild and waste places of the earth, a new meaning to life, and an enlarged sympathy with your fellow creatures, should seek them out, not in the books, but in their homes. One bird learned and known as an individual creature, with a life all its own, is worth volumes of reading. Listen to their call-notes; observe their plumage and their motions, seek out their homes, and note their devotion to their young. Then will the lower animals become invested with a new dignity, and the homes builded not with hands will become as sacred as the dwelling-place of your neighbor."

* * *

"The Dust of Frisco Town" "The Dust of Frisco Town," is the title of a jingling "poem," by D. Wooster Taylor, and printed in artistic leaflet form by Paul Elder & Company. It is the kind of verse that catches the crowd, especially since it has the good fortune to be timely and to contain some thought, and a few good lines. It is to be regretted that good as it is, it seeks to perpetuate that verbal horror "'Frisco," the pet word of barn stormers and commercial travelers—a contraction that must add one more sorrow to San Francisco's patron saint. If this contracting colloquial habit keeps up and becomes popular we shall soon hail Philadelphia, "Phil," and New Orleans, "Leans;" perhaps the Twin Cities may go ringing down the corridors as "Paul" and "Minnie;" Chicago may be simply "Go," Liverpool might shift her dignity to mere "Liver," while Bagdad, city of the Caliphs, can grow into sweetly familiar "Dad." Here are selections:

Whether you ride on a Union Bus
Or sit in a streetcar seat,
Whether you argue and fuss and cuss
And bet that Calhoun gets beat,
Or whether you walk and fume and talk
And hope that they both go down,
Remember the dust that you've kicked and cussed
Is the dust of Frisco Town.

The dust of Frisco Town, *say, man,*
Do you know what that dust is worth?
It's full of the life and soul and sand
Of the Best Little Town on Earth.
It's full of the blood and bone and brick
Of the men who stood staunch in her fall;
And despite every kick, that courage will stick,
For there's grit in that dust, that's all.

So whether you swing on a wind-blown beam,
With the smart of the dust in your eyes,
Where the piledrivers steam, and the hoist-engines scream
And the derricks sweep up to the skies;
Or whether you crawl on the tottering wall
Of a building that's blistered and brown,
Swear some if you must, but don't give up your trust
In the dust of Frisco Town.

The dust of Frisco Town, *say, man,*
Do you know how that dust was made?
It was ground from the sand of that pioneer band
Whose memory never will fade.
It is made from the pluck and the dare-devil luck
Of those Argonaut miners of old.
So don't cry till you're hurt, it's no every-day dirt,
It's dust—but it's dust of gold.

* * *

"The White Darkness" by Lawrence Mott

HERE are a series of tales of the great Northwest country (The Outing Company) in which Herman Whitaker, Jack London, Rex Beach and Ralph Connor, have found some of their writing material. The present writer doesn't go too far north nor too far west, but holds to the great Middle West country, over which the Canadian mounted police hold sway. The trappers, the cattle rustlers, the lonely ranch life, the terror of the blizzard, the charm of forest and cañon—all these form settings for these human interest stories.

* * *

Two Books by Stanton Davis Kirkham

IN these volumes, "The Ministry of Beauty," and "Where Dwells the Soul Serene" (Paul Elder & Company), the writer becomes preacher and philosopher, putting his thoughts in little essay form for the guidance and the reflection of men less thoughtful. He dwells on the value as a teacher of beauty in all things, and of the necessity of spiritual poise or serenity. "Beauty," he says, "is a soul perception. It is nearest akin to the speech of angels. It is the archangel of expression, the trump of whose harmonies shall awaken the deadened soul in the name of beauty; for only to loveliness of soul is loveliness fair." The essays are gracefully written, and the thoughts carry one back to Emerson, Arnold and Thoreau, although the present writer is much more lavish in words than those sterner philosophers.

* * *

PERRITON MAXWELL announces his retirement as editor and art editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.* He will devote himself exclusively to literary work, after fifteen years of journalism and magazine-making. Another recent change in this office is the appointment of "Sam" Chamberlain as chief editor. Bailey Millard, who was the first editor under the Hearst ownership is devoting himself to general writing.

* * *

A PUBLICATION of interest to travelers is "Waugh's Blue Book for 1907," a publication that for thirty years has pointed the way to all attractive resorts from Main to Florida and California. It is an interesting book of about three hundred pages, with halftone engravings, and a great amount of data regarding springs, hotels and health resorts. The publishers are W. Wallace Waugh & Son, 327 Old South Building, Boston, Massachusetts.

* * *

EDWIN MARKHAM, "The Man With a Hoe," one time Californian, makes his home in a Long Island hamlet. The magazines each month show many of his pen products. Here's one of his latest poems reprinted from *The Nautilus:*

THE BIRCH WOOD

It stood thru winter ghostly still,
And let the world-soul work her will.
When hoofs of winter thundered past,
It stood unfearing in the blast.
The leafless wood was sere and gray,
And its green youth seemed far away.

Now something whispers from the ground,
And all things startle at the sound.
Now suddenly a light hand shakes
A thousand boughs; a wonder breaks—
The old wild summons everywhere,
And lo, the leaf, the nest are there!

Who saw the steps of winter end?
Who saw the God of Songs descend
From the bright porches of the sun,
To build his green pavilion?

Year Book of University Agriculture

THE annual report of the Farmers' Institute work under the department of University Extension in Agriculture of the University of California has just been compiled. Professor Warren T. Clarke, superintendent of the extension work, has many interesting comments to make on this report. It covers the work of the year ending June 30, 1907, and gives many interesting and instructive items. During the past year Farmers' Institutes were held in thirty counties of the state. The total number of Institutes held during the year was eighty-four. Thirty-three of these were one day meetings; forty-eight continued through two days while three were of three days duration. The total number of sessions was two hundred and ninety-six while the total attendance at these meetings was twenty thousand, four hundred and seventy, making an average attendance of sixty-nine at each session. It required the services of twenty-three state lecturers and one hundred and ninety-five local speakers to carry on the work of these Institutes. Of these state lecturers, thirteen were employed at various times to give instruction in special topics while ten lecturers and demonstrators from the faculty of the College of Agriculture devoted a total of one hundred days to the work.

In addition to these already noted, three general Institutes were held. Two of these were in conjunction with the State Teachers' Institute at Fresno and Chico, and one with the Sonoma County Grange. The total number of sessions at these meetings was eight and the total attendance twenty-five hundred, or an average attendance per session of two hundred and twelve. The work done at these Institutes covered, both from the practical and theoretical side, many of the problems confronting the agriculturists and horticulturists of the state and can be considered, judging by the interest indicated through the figures just given, to be of actual value to the farmers of California.

★ ★ ★

THE Melville Music Publishing Company, of New York, has just published a song, "The Brownsville Raid," written by Walter S. Arnold, manager of the Postal Telegraph Company, of Fort Worth, Texas. The words of the song are a portrayal of the famous incident. The chorus is a fine appeal to the nobler traits of American patriotism, and the music is said by critics to be unusually good.

★ ★ ★

A RECENT issue of *The War Cry*, the journal of the Salvation Army in San Francisco, was largely given up to a reminiscent, illustrated article on the city's resurrection, written by Staff Captain William I. Day. He notes, among other things: "San Franciscans, since the hour of their misfortune have never found time to pine or whine, moan or groan. They have been too busy helping to turn to good account what to the world looked like a gigantic defeat to their hopes and purposes. This spirit has helped to work wonders in turning a quake-shaken, fire-scourged city of ruins into a great, hustling metropolis of life and busy activity."

★ ★ ★

"Poker Jim" is a collection of rather grim tales, chiefly western, whose titles best describe them: "A Dead Ideal, a Romance of the Dissecting Room;" A Great City's Shame;" "My Friend the Undertaker;" "A Grim Memento — Tommy the Outcast," and "Leaves from a Suicide's Diary." The book should have a wide sale, if titles may prophesy.

★ ★ ★

George Wharton James, lecturer, writer and critic, was given the degree of Doctor of Letters at the recent commencement of Santa Clara College.

★ ★ ★

A handy volume for the photographer is "Wellcome's Photographic Exposure Record and Diary," published by Burroughs, Wellcome & Company, of London. Here are not only spaces for record of negative exposures, but a great deal of instructive material relating to advanced photography. The volume is in pocket form, and is most attractively arranged.

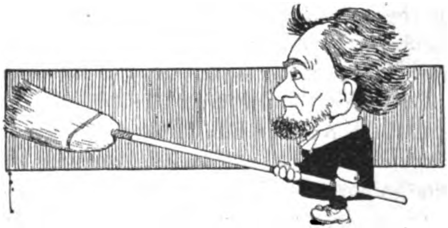
In the Wide-Awake West

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The Substantial Rebuilding of San Francisco

In spite of labor troubles and other diversions the rebuilding of San Francisco goes along—not so fast as it might, perhaps, but steadily, and much of it in permanent form. Elsewhere in this number of SUNSET appear engravings from photographs and architects' drawings of fifteen representative buildings, each costing all the way from $200,000 to $1,500,000, for which designs have not only been accepted, but on which work is actually under way. Fifty pages could easily have been given up to pictures of similar structures had space permitted. These are sufficient to show to the outside world that there are any number of land owners here who are hopeful enough of the future to put their capital into buildings of a character of which any city might be proud. Incidentally it may be noted that building permits here since the great fire, up to August 1, foot up the snug sum of $78,250,620. Permits for July, $4,752,778, were an increase of nearly $1,000,000 over June. Bank clearings for July footed up $176,470,396, against $160,631,793, for July last year, and $148,405,121, for July, 1905, a normal year. All of which gives no suggestion that the city is thinking of joining Carthage or Babylon, as sad-eyed calamity shouters were saying a year ago.

The third of a series of articles by Rufus Steele on the spread of the city appears in this number. The writer points out the rapid development of the peninsula suburbs, and shows that soon city toilers can easily possess their own vines and fig trees, with a few pigs and turkeys thrown in, under the spreading oaks of adjoining counties. The city is growing through its across-the-bay suburbs too, and Oakland has developed so many city airs and attributes that no San Franciscan dare say suburb to an Oaklander. Something about Oakland will be told and pictured in the October SUNSET—a comprehensive story of the building up of the present attractive, fast-growing, progressive city.



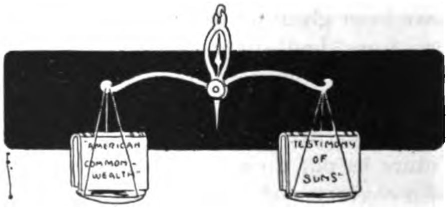
The San Francisco Situation

AFTER a series of disturbances, physical and moral, all of which tended to give San Francisco more advertising than was needed, the municipal ship is steering into calmer seas. The appointment of Mayor Taylor, lawyer, doctor and poet, means that a clear head will direct affairs for the balance of the present year—perhaps longer—while the standing of the men he has named as supervisors is assurance that his hands will be upheld in right doing. At almost the first meeting of these men pledged to good government there was a fair example of what is to be expected. The Fight Trust, one of the city's most prosperous industries, sent to the new supervisors a bale of complimentary tickets for the Britt-Nelson prize-ring battle. In a matter-of-course manner, without a suggestion of debate nor a word of grateful thanks, the tickets were ordered returned to the misguided donors. The Fight Trust was thus notified of the change in the favor dispensary at the city hall and all boodlers are expected to take similar notice. Running a city in San Francisco's plight is no easy matter, and only upright, business-like methods can be employed, and only such methods are to be expected of the present city administration.

The shift of government was not unaccompanied by protests from the retiring statesmen. One of the late mayor's outriders also made a foray and gathered in the big seal of the city, which is used to stamp the municipal manifesto that is being issued daily from the county jail. For time being the jail is the asserted seat of government and law-making and law-breaking are brought thus in close fellowship. One by one the late associates of the retired mayor tended their resignations. For each resignation the mayor-in-jail appoints a successor to the office, overlooking the fact that the mayor-at-the city hall has already attended to those little details. The chief of police regards the mayor-in-jail as the real mayor and disregards all other orders much to the making of complexity, but all in the day's work of the loyal, hopeful San Franciscan. Times of stress and upheaval in the past have made philosophers, and to their confidence in the triumph of right these men in the Golden Gate city are now adding, more than ever before, their support of will and of works.

Literature and Local Politics

SOME criticism has been made of San Francisco's new mayor because he has written poetry—in fact, has published one or two volumes of verse, and very excellent verse, it is, too. Since California is noted for its patronage of the arts creative why should not a poet succeed a musician in the mayor's chair? Literature is a closer ally of politics than is music. Thalia in a toga makes a sorry figure. Paderewski running for political honors would be a joke for paragraphers, but Joaquin Miller announces his senatorial ambitions and beyond a few facetious friends no one sees anything out of order in his plans. President Roosevelt has a few volumes of vigorous prose to his credit and doubtless can construct a sonnet that would satisfy Barrett Wendell. Beaconsfield dabbled in letters and Burke was a master in his line of writing. Literature deals with all men and all time and no one can follow its call and be narrow or corrupt.



Bierce, Bryce and Sterling

IN one of his paragraphs in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine,* dealing with the conduct of the world, flesh and devil, Mr. Bierce, once of California, endeavors to praise our poet, George Sterling. He affirms that he would rather have written Sterling's "Testimony of the Suns" than Mr.

Bryce's "American Commonwealth." Mr. Sterling is one of Mr. Bierce's ablest pupils, and his work deserves more thoughtful criticism. It is about as reasonable to compare Sterling's book of verse with Bryce's study of a nation as it is to compare Tennyson's "The Princess" with Gibbon's "Rome." All men who read give honor to Sterling, and to all the men who wrote in dreamland with their feet on earth. Mr. Bryce has expressed a commendable desire to know the poets of America, including California, and he ought to be encouraged to come out here to Carmel-by-the-Sea or to Piedmont, or to some other of our poet farms, and not be frightened away by a growl from the one-time arbiter of literary destiny in the West.

COMING WARSHIPS

Washington announces that a fleet of sixteen American warships will be sent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and straightway the world is filled with the thunders of the rumor-mongers, shouting of war. If big type was always to be believed, Japan and the United States would have before this been gripped in mortal struggle, and Japanese and Americans would have been called from the plow and the forge and the counter to shoot each other. Why? Let the student of daily rumors remember if he can. Perhaps because a few score of Japanese were asked to attend one school rather than another. Perhaps because a crowd of hoodlums wrecked a restaurant, or a few small boys stoned a greenhouse; but chiefly because men like to talk of wars and buy newspapers that print big headlines.

Of all the questions that have been raised between Japan and America there is not one on which two sensible men would come to blows. And as Japan is governed by men of more than ordinary capacity and the United States are governed by men of at least ordinary sanity, the world ought to feel assured that there is as little likelihood of war as of a duel between Emperor Mutsuhito and President Roosevelt.

So far from being a warlike move, the coming of the fleet to the Pacific Coast should rather be taken as an evidence of peaceful intentions. The fleet must be somewhere, and until some way is devised of enabling it to travel on land, there is no place within our jurisdiction where it can be farther from a possible antagonist than in the waters of California. In New York harbor it is hardly two thousand miles from the nearest fighting power. By sailing twenty-five hundred miles it could strike almost any of the great powers of Europe. In San Francisco bay it will be forty-five hundred miles from Japan—and perfectly safe from attack.

The pother that has been raised over the possibilities of trouble with Japan furnishes what the scientists call "a beautiful illustration" of the general law that the farther you get from the center of trouble, the more serious it appears. If the judgment of the world is correct, the storm center of dispute between Japan and the United States is to be found in San Francisco. Now in San Francisco the matter attracts almost no attention. Japanese are going about their business as freely as the Italians, the Greeks, the Germans, the Irish, or even the Americans. All these manage to trade together and keep the peace for the most of the time, in spite of a good deal of race prejudice. Sometimes a gang of hoodlums stirs up a row, as is the wont of the hoodlum who flourishes in all cities and all climes, and sometimes a Japanese suffers. In San Francisco the incident does not rise above the importance of a bar-room brawl. Across the mountains, however, the circumstance that a Japanese sufferer appeals to diplomacy is taken to prove that this city is a spouting volcano of riot, that the appearance of a Japanese on the streets is the signal for a shower of bricks, and in general that the brown men hold their lives on about the same terms as were offered the early settlers in the Indian country. Paris in the grip of the Terror was a mild place compared with the image of San Francisco that rises in the minds of the editors of Minneapolis, Chicago and Boston, when they discuss the Japanese question.

Going farther, and crossing the Atlantic the situation appears still more alarming. Our European critics are not so narrow-minded as to attribute all the anti-Japanese feeling to San Francisco. They generously assign it to the whole country, and announce with evident satisfaction that war between Japan and the United States is but a matter of a few months. What we are to fight about is a question on which they are not agreed. It is a matter of prophesy, and two of that trade will never agree. It is indeed difficult to assign grounds of quarrel. A few hundred dollars damage to Japanese property by hoodlum rioters? A civil suit can collect damages more cheaply that a two or three billion dollar war, if the city is at fault. A few street rows? The police have suppressed those. The Philippines? Not a very promising speculation, even if Japan did not have hands full with the unruly populations of Korea and Formosa. So the favorite ground of rupture is described as the "contest for the control of the Pacific," which has the advantage of meaning nothing.

Seriously, the sending of the battleship fleet from the Atlantic to the Pacific is a sound move. The reason for the existence of the fleet is its mobility, and it is the business of the naval officers to learn to move it from place to place with speed and certainty. In case of war it will be the fleet that must protect both the Atlantic and the Pacific coast, and to sail from one to the other as need may be. A few practice cruises of this sort may teach the naval officers how best to get a swift battleship from one side of the continent to the other.

Jamestown's Press man again

THE Foolishperson who maintains the press bureau of the Jamestown Exposition has been at it again and has piled more sins on the head of the suffering show. In a recent rhapsodical spiel calling all the people to the exposition's War Path he bursts forth with this query:

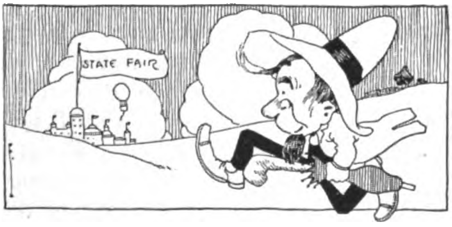
> "You've heard of the *Forty-niners* as those who braved terrors worse than death that they might get gold from far-away Alaska in the Klondyke country?

No, James, we have not—have you? If any of California's men of '49 strayed into Alaska they either never came back or forgot to mention it, if they did.

MAGAZINE advertising pages are the shops of civilization. Everything one wants is here offered. The pages of this issue of SUNSET are an example, telling the trade bargains of the nation. Conforming to best usages the pages are now classified and two special departments of travel and colonization begin with this number. Seekers after facts of the hour and the where of getting about and those who would learn of chances for home-making or of farms to buy, should address these departments. Here expert knowledge will be given free.

A Peace Conference on a War Footing

THE question of industrial peace—how best can the lion of capital and the lamb of labor rest together—came up for consideration in San Francisco a few days ago, at an assembly designated as a Peace Conference. The idea was a good one, but the delegates were not well trained and the managers walked in the ways of peace with stumbling feet. If there is any one man in this tortured town who ought to know something about industrial peace, as well as war, it is Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railroads, yet he was not only not bidden to the conference, but was politely bidden stay away. Another uncalled for episode that suggested conflict rather than harmony was the ill-timed criticism of the scholarly paper by Professor Simon Newcomb, who chanced to be here lecturing at the University Summer School and was an honored guest of the conference. After all this Secretary Scott says the olive branch must go as a symbol of peace. He proposes to substitute the poison oak or the prickly pear.

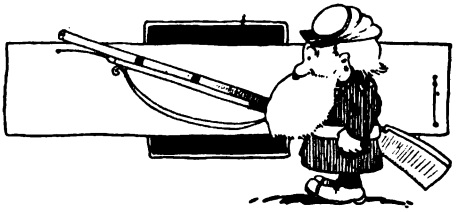


Irrigation Congress and State Fair

SACRAMENTO citizens are all planning to take boarders during the first two weeks of September. It is figured out that from thirty thousand to forty thousand people ought to be there at that time, attending the National Irrigation Congress (September 2-7) and the California State Fair (September 2-4). Both events have been well advertised, the publicity committee of the Congress doing especially valuable work. On the programme of the Congress are dozens of well-known statesmen—sent out as delegates—there's even a chance that President Roosevelt may break away from Nature fakirs and come west at the last moment, to hear about and to see the way roses and alfalfa are supplanting horned toads and cactus in the big additions to Uncle Sam's farm. The State Fair is always interesting and this year it's called an "Interstate Exposition," and the blue sticker, with which all the West has been plastered, lately, gives assurance that the show will "eclipse all past records." The latest authentic records of the work of the Reclamation Service are given elsewhere, in this number of SUNSET, in the article by C. J. Blanchard, the statistician of the service.

Tulare County's Citrus Fair

JUST when the old Storm King begins to get busy in most parts of this glorious nation, Tulare county, California, the new foothill orange country, holds its citrus fair, handing out to all the world the best lemons and oranges the region can produce. It is a mighty good idea; the regret is that all the folks who live in the benighted country of chilblains and snow shovels and "base-burners" can not get here to see these golden spheres a-dangling on their glossy-leaved branches, all shimmering in the sun while the Sierra pine trees stand around with their hands in their pockets. Porterville played host last year; this year, Lindsay, thriving town, will do the honors. The show lasts five days, from December 3 to 7 inclusive.



THE Mexican War Veterans—all honor to their fast thinning ranks—will celebrate on September 14 next, at the Presidio of San Francisco, the sixtieth anniversary of the last battle of the Mexican war and the entry of General Scott and the American army into Mexico. That last of a series of an unbroken line of victories of the American arms confirmed by treaty the title to the conquered territory of California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, besides definitely fixing the southern boundary of Texas. California was saved from becoming a British province by sale from Mexico to pay her English debt of $50,000,000. Its acquisition by occupation of Commodores Sloat and Stockton, July and August, 1846, was made permanent by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo at Queretaro.

Sixty Years of Peace with Mexico

During the sixty years bands of steel and bonds of friendship have brought the two nations closely together. To-day more than ever before American capital and American energy are helping to develop Mexico's resources. The relations between California and Mexico are especially close and are becoming nearer as the railways advance into the rich agricultural and mining country of northern Mexico. The next decade promises many changes throughout the republic to be brought about by the building of railways to Mazatlan and other Pacific ports and the possible completion of the Panama canal.

Here is the way a North Dakota editor adds to the joy of life:

> It is reported that one of the fastidious married ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on. This incident may be somewhat peculiar—but there are others! The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his pants on; and unless some of the delinquent subscribers to this "Old Rag of Freedom" pony up before long he will need bread without a darn thing on, and North Dakota is no Garden of Eden in the winter time either.

ONE looks to the West for progress that is why there need be no surprise in discovering that the chief organ of Esperanto, the would-be international language, is published in Oklahoma. Arthur Baker, who signs himself "the American Esperantist" is the editor. He says the movement is getting along pretty well, thank you, although he finds much irresponsible criticism. Because of such—he adds in a recent letter—"I want to offer an opportunity for every thinker to judge for himself. I have had prepared one hundred thousand brief grammars of the language in pamphlet form, and will send one free to any person who is sufficiently interested to ask for it, enclosing stamp for reply. I think it really due to this great movement for an international auxiliary language, which now embraces thirty nations in its scope, that you publish this offer so that your readers may have the opportunity of judging for themselves."

Esperanto in Oklahoma

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

DEVOTED TO TIMELY FACTS OF MATERIAL PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST

THE IRRIGATION CONGRESS

GREAT and timely results are expected to result from the Fifteenth National Irrigation Congress to be held in Sacramento September 2 to 7 inclusive. Several thousand delegates from all parts of the country are expected.

The irrigated land products exposition and exhibit of forestry products, which is to be held in connection with the congress is going to be a most interesting and instructive affair. The trophies and prizes hung up for competition are certainly worthy of the best efforts. California exhibitors can not compete for the general line of trophies, which puts other states on an equal basis and does not handicap them, as would be the case if competing with home products grown in the vicinity of the exposition. The forestry products exhibits are expected to be very interesting. Many farmers on irrigated land are making their arrangements to send prize products.

The officers of the congress are: President, Hon. George E. Chamberlain, of Oregon. First vice-president, Hon. John H. Smith, of Utah. Second vice-president, Hon. H. B. Maxson, of Nevada. Third vice-president, Hon. George E. Barstow, of Texas. Secretary, Hon. D. H. Anderson, of Illinois.

Honorary vice-presidents—J. V. Shivers, Marion, Alabama; Dwight B. Heard, Phœnix, Arizona; George C. Lewis, Little Rock, Arkansas; John Fairweather, Reedley, California; F. C. Goudy, Denver, Colorado; Robert Beardley, Naugatuck, Connecticut; Daniel J. Ross, Milford, Delaware; C. E. Grunsky, Washington, D. C.; John H. Stevens, Jacksonville, Florida; G. D. Purse, Savannah, Georgia; Montie B. Gwinn, Boise, Idaho; A. J. Gahn, Streator, Illinois; Henry Warrum, Indianapolis, Indiana; W. S. Porter, Eldora, Iowa; W. A. Reeder, Logan, Kansas; John McClintock, Lexington, Kentucky; G. A. Tiebort, Roseland, Louisiana; Frederick Robie, Portland, Maine; Richard Edmonds, Baltimore, Maryland; Herbert Myrick, Springfield, Massachusetts; W. A. Smith, Grand Rapids, Michigan; James A. Tawney, Winona, Minnesota; T. A. Catchings, Vicksburg, Mississippi; W. R. Rice, Harrisonville, Missouri; Carlos Warfield, Chateau, Montana; H. A. Andrews, Calloway, Nebraska; George S. Nixon, Winnemucca, Nevada; F. W. Rollins, Concord, New Hampshire; Fred W. Nichtel, Trenton, New Jersey; J. W. Tinsley, Agricultural College, New Mexico; Wilbur F. Wakeman, New York; T. W. Wade, Charlotte, North Carolina; E. A. Williams, Bismarck, North Dakota; F. J. Johnson, New Carlisle, Ohio; H. S. McCowan, Snyder, Oklahoma; Stephen A. Lowell, Pendleton, Oregon; J. H. Kurtz, Euphrata, Pennsylvania; Oscar Lapham, Providence, Rhode Island; C. F. Dill, Greenville, South Carolina; E. C. Perisho, Vermillion, South Dakota; George R. James, Memphis, Tennessee; R. M. Johnson, Houston, Texas; Fisher Harris, Salt Lake, Utah; C. J. Bell, St. Johnsbury, Vermont; H. St. George Tucker, Lexington, Virginia; Cyrus Happy, Spokane, Washington; A. B. White, Charleston, West Virginia; A. M. Stondall, Madison, Wisconsin; B. B. Buffum, Laramie, Wyoming.

Executive Committee—Chairman, W. A. Beard, Sacramento, California. Vice-chairman, Hon. John Sparks, Reno, Nevada. Eugene A. Smith, University, Alabama; B. A. Fowler, Phœnix, Arizona; A. R. Ayres, Little Rock, Arkansas; T. W. Jaycox, Denver, Colorado; S. C. Dunham, Hartford, Connecticut; Edward Jenkins, Dover, Delaware; Elwood Mead, Washington, District of Columbia; J. D. Calhoun, Tampa, Florida; B. M. Hall, Atlanta, Georgia; R. W. Faris, Boise, Idaho; James G. Melluish, Bloomington, Illinois; James M. Stanley, Chase, Indiana; A. R. Swisher, Iowa City, Iowa; I. L. Diesem, Garden City, Kansas; R. M. Buckmaster, Lexington, Kentucky; Charles F. Euqua, Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Arthur C. Jackson, Damariscotta, Maine; C. W. Beck, Baltimore, Maryland; Joe Mitchell Chappel, Boston, Massachusetts; L. D. Linkletter, Agricultural College, Michigan; C. M. Crowley, St. Paul, Minnesota; Charles Scott, Rosedale, Mississippi; I. N. Atterbury, Madison, Missouri; John W. Wade, Helena, Montana; W. R.

Akers, Scotts Bluff, Nebraska; E. B. Pike, Pike, New Hampshire; John W. Broke, Trenton, New Jersey; R. E. Twitchell, Las Vegas, New Mexico; T. G. Palmer, New York City, New York; B. D. Heath, Charlotte, North Carolina; A. L. Fellows, Bismarck, North Dakota; George W. Carey, Lebanon, Ohio; C. G. Jones, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; W. T. Wright, Union, Oregon; T. P. Murphy, Scranton, Pennsylvania; A. J. Utley, Providence, Rhode Island; Robert S. Harleston, Charleston, South Carolina; Samuel H. Lea, Pierre, South Dakota; Irby L. Bennett, Memphis, Tennessee; Richard F. Burges, El Paso, Texas; Fred J. Kiesel, Ogden, Utah; C. S. Albee, Bellows Falls, Vermont; R. H. Sexton, Norfolk, Virginia; Dr. N. G. Blalock, Walla Walla, Washington; J. C. Bradley, Wheeling, West Virginia; Sherman G. Spurr, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; H. G. Nowell, Laramie, Wyoming.

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Interstate Water Rights Committee—Chairman, Elwood Mead, Berkeley, California. Morris Bien, Washington, D. C.; Frank Freeman, California; John P. Inglehart, Oregon; J. H. Lewis, Oregon.

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MONEY FOR REBUILDING

THE enormous amount of construction going on in San Francisco and the new buildings planned to be constructed in the immediate future has been one of the reasons for the phenomenal demand for money, and has brought about a condition not heretofore existing in California, that is, it has become necessary to go outside for money for reconstruction purposes. The eastern and foreign investor is ready to invest in San Francisco if the proper channel is provided through which he can invest. As a means to provide this channel, the San Francisco Bond and Mortgage Company has been incorporated and this company will act as an intermediary between the borrower and the lender.

Investors of both large and small amounts are as a rule not in a position to thoroughly investigate all the details that go to determine what is or what is not a first-class mortgage. The companies which make a business of this have every facility at command with the result that the bond and mortgage companies thus far organized in the United States have made phenomenal successes. Outside investors being familiar with the methods employed by these companies will more readily invest in San Francisco through similar companies than they would through ordinary channels. The formation of the company named is considered most commendable and desirable, especially at this time.

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REBUILDING THE EMPORIUM

FOR the past fifteen months, one of the familiar landmarks on Market street has been the majestic front walls of the old Emporium building, towering untouched amid the ruin about it. At first glance it would seem that nothing was being done upon them, but a second glance shows the error. Within those shadows a mighty work has been done. The preparatory work of clearing the ground, of laying deep the immense concrete piers that are to support the magnificent structure to appear upon the old site is already accomplished. The vast expanse, 275 by 350 feet upon which the new building is to appear, presents a solid concrete floor resting upon piers and columns that go down to bed rock. Between six hundred and one thousand men are engaged in concrete and structural steel work, and the work is being pushed with all the energy possible.

The plans for the new and greater Emporium which have been prepared by Albert Pissis, call for a seven-story structure fronting 275 feet on Market street and extending back 350 feet. The Market street half of the building will be seven stories high, and the rear half three stories. A high basement extending from Market street to Jessie street is planned, and the entire building will be devoted to the sale and display of the Emporium wares. This will give the company a floor space of over six hundred thousand square feet or nearly fourteen acres, making it the largest store west of Chicago, and one of the largest in the country. Architecturally, the building will follow the lines of the old Emporium, which is famous over the United States. Only the most improved methods of construction will be used. It will be strictly a class A fireproof structure, with stone front, brick and stone walls, reinforced concrete foundations and floors, and steel construction throughout. Every invention for the safety and convenience of the public will be installed, including a compressed air cleaning and dust removing plant that will take the dust from the floor, shelves, and curtains, every night.

Plans are also under consideration for the installation of an independent lighting and heating plant, as well as the adoption of the latest ventilating devices. The ventilation of a large public place which is always crowded is one of great importance, and special care is being given this point. It is intended to provide such a complete system in the new store, that fresh air from which the dust has been filtered will be pumped into the building and the foul air withdrawn, making a complete change of atmosphere every six minutes.

The interior arrangement will present the features which made the old store famous, the grand entrance with its arcade and salon, the dome with its myriad lights, the stately stair cases with fixtures of solid mahogany and plate glass. To these will be added the newest ideas in department store construction. Early this year the firm sent one of its members on a special trip to Europe to gain whatever information he could from the stores in England and the Continent. At the same time other members of the management were visiting the larger cities of this country, in search of ideas in store building, and organization. As a result of this systematic investigation the Emporium will present a store absolutely unique in the history of merchandising in this country.

James King Steele.

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HOW SOME FISH SHRINK

[From the Detroit *Free Press*]

The fish that father doesn't get
Are wondrous large, I ween;
The fish that just escape his net
Are fish I've never seen.
And when he illustrates their size,
Their length we can not miss;
Always the ones that get away
Are just as Big as THIS

But, O, the fish that father brings
To us at close of day
Must be a different class to those
That always get away.
I can not understand just why
The big one he should miss,
For those that dangle from his string
Are just about like this

OLIVES

THE total acreage in olives in California to-day is about twenty-two thousand. In the early nineties, when the olive industry had its greatest impetus, nearly as many more acres were planted with this tree which was expected to yield a fortune with little, if any, care. There was a general impression, backed by arguments from Bible days down, that an olive tree would grow where no other thing but goats could find subsistence. It is true that olive trees will stay alive in almost any soil, but they will not bear unless they are properly nourished. The trees are greedy feeders, and must be set far apart in good soil, and be well irrigated.

Because this has not been done in most orchards in California, and because the trees therefore yield largely only once in two or three years, a belief is abroad in the land, even among olive growers, that it is characteristic of the olive to bear only occasionally. This is an error proved by the few growers who have planted their trees properly and who give them all the water they need.

The erroneous theories regarding olive culture resulted in the discouragement of many growers, who, after a number of unprofitable years, dug out their trees and planted oranges, lemons, apricots, plums—anything that was not an olive. The twenty-two thousand acres that remain are scattered from San Diego to Mount Shasta, about two-thirds of the acreage being south of Fresno.

With no other product of California has so much educational work been necessary to establish a market as with olive oil. The average person is not a judge of oil. Indeed, it is only of late years that the average person has used olive oil to any extent and it is natural that this same average person should swear by the oil for which he first cultivated a taste, which is some one of the foreign oils.

Now, California olive oil is very different both in consistency and in flavor from the foreign oils. The Mission type of olive, which is the variety chiefly produced in California, is not at all like the olive of Spain, or Italy, or France. And when the oil expressed from this Mission olive was offered to the public, the public with a taste for foreign oil had to begin all over again. And this was harder to do when it was impossible to manufacture olive oil in California, where men are hired and paid men's wages for picking and handling the olives, at the same price for which it is made in the countries where a man and his wife and his children, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts jack-pot their labors and share in the profits.

But the California olive oil producers have persevered, and while the average individual is still not a good judge of the quality of oil, he has been impressed with the fact that California olive oil, of whatever name or make, is absolutely pure, whereas few, if any, of the foreign oils will stand the purity test.

After years of struggle and discouragement and uprooting of trees, after years and much thought and more money have been spent in an educational campaign, the California olive industry is at last on a paying basis. The yearly output of oil for the state is about two hundred and fifty thousand gallons. Of this the three large Los Angeles concerns, Charles P. Grogan, American Olive Company, and the Sylmar people produce, in almost equal parts, about one hundred and eighty thousand gallons. The Ehman Olive Company, of Oroville, contributes about forty thousand gallons, and the balance of the output is divided among various smaller producers, among whom Ackerman & Tuffley and C. M. Gifford, of San Diego, rank first in point of quantity. Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, is one of the pioneer olive oil producers, and the Andrew McNally ranch at La Mirada has found quite a ready market in Chicago for its product.

Not only the oil, but the pickled olives of California demand a revision of taste cultivated by the Spanish olive. The two olives are as distinct as green and ripe plums. The one is an appetizer, the other a food. The California olive producer never tires of telling how many more food units there are in a Mission olive than in raw beef. But the public, educated to like the hard, green, bitter olives of uniform size and color, had to begin all over again and learn to like the fruity, oily olive of mottled tint and odd sizes that tastes vastly better than it looks.

And the conversion to California green olives was but a step toward what is held to be the height of epicurean development—the ripe olive. This delicacy belongs to California alone, and while it is not a recent discovery, for many years the ripe olive could be enjoyed only in California, as it is perishable and could not be shipped in bulk. A few years ago a change in the process of curing made it possible to can ripe olives, and in this condition they keep indefinitely. So rapidly has the popularity of the ripe olive increased that the yearly output is a million quarts of ripe olives to about a million and a half of green. The American Olive Company is the leading producer of ripe olives, though Gifford, of San Diego, and Wright Brothers, of Riverside, have no less popularity, if a smaller output.

In short seasons, such as the past one has been, the favorite brands of ripe olives bring the price of the Spanish Queen olive, which in the mind of the general benighted public still holds a place that justifies the asking of a much higher price than the California green olive brings.

Since it has come to pass that there is money in olives, there is evidence that more orchards will be planted, and planted in such manner as to preclude liability to short years. But there is still another problem the olive grower has to face, and one which is growing more and more serious. That is the problem of how the olive crops shall be picked. Each year it becomes more difficult to secure pickers, and a movement is on foot among the growers for the purpose of securing legislation that will enable them to bring into the country coolie laborers in sufficient number to guarantee the proper picking and handling of the olive crop when it is ripe. During the past season, light as it was, one of the largest companies lost much fruit on its various ranches through its inability to secure enough pickers at the right time. With a market made for their product after so many difficulties, it seems hard that this new problem should appear, particularly as it is one not easy of solution. But the olive men of California have shown themselves game fighters, and for the waging of this new battle they will doubtless find allies in other fruit growers of the state who have likewise suffered from scarcity of pickers during the past few seasons.

BERTHA H. SMITH.

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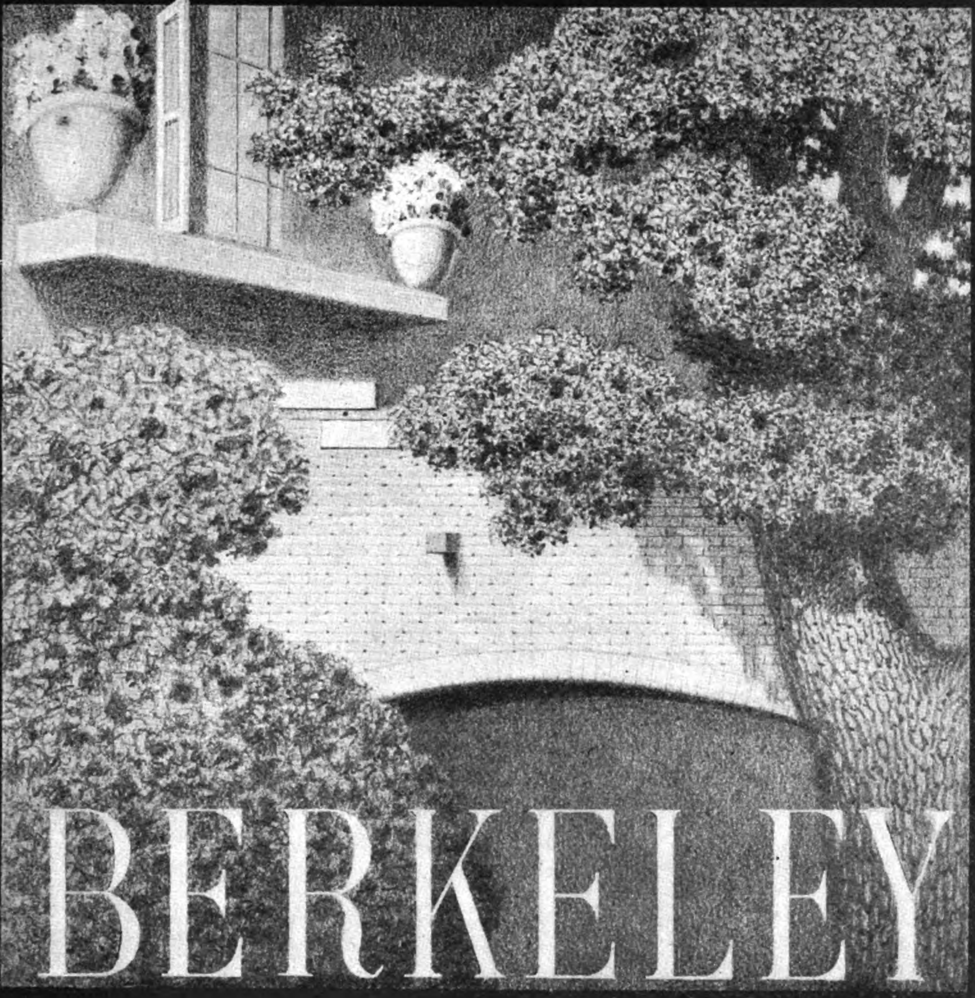
PROBABLE

I once knew a sassy young Mr.
Who caught a poor girl and Kr.
  When asked why he did it,
  He said in a minute,
"Why really, I couldn't Resr."

ETHEL L. PREBLE.



BERKELEY

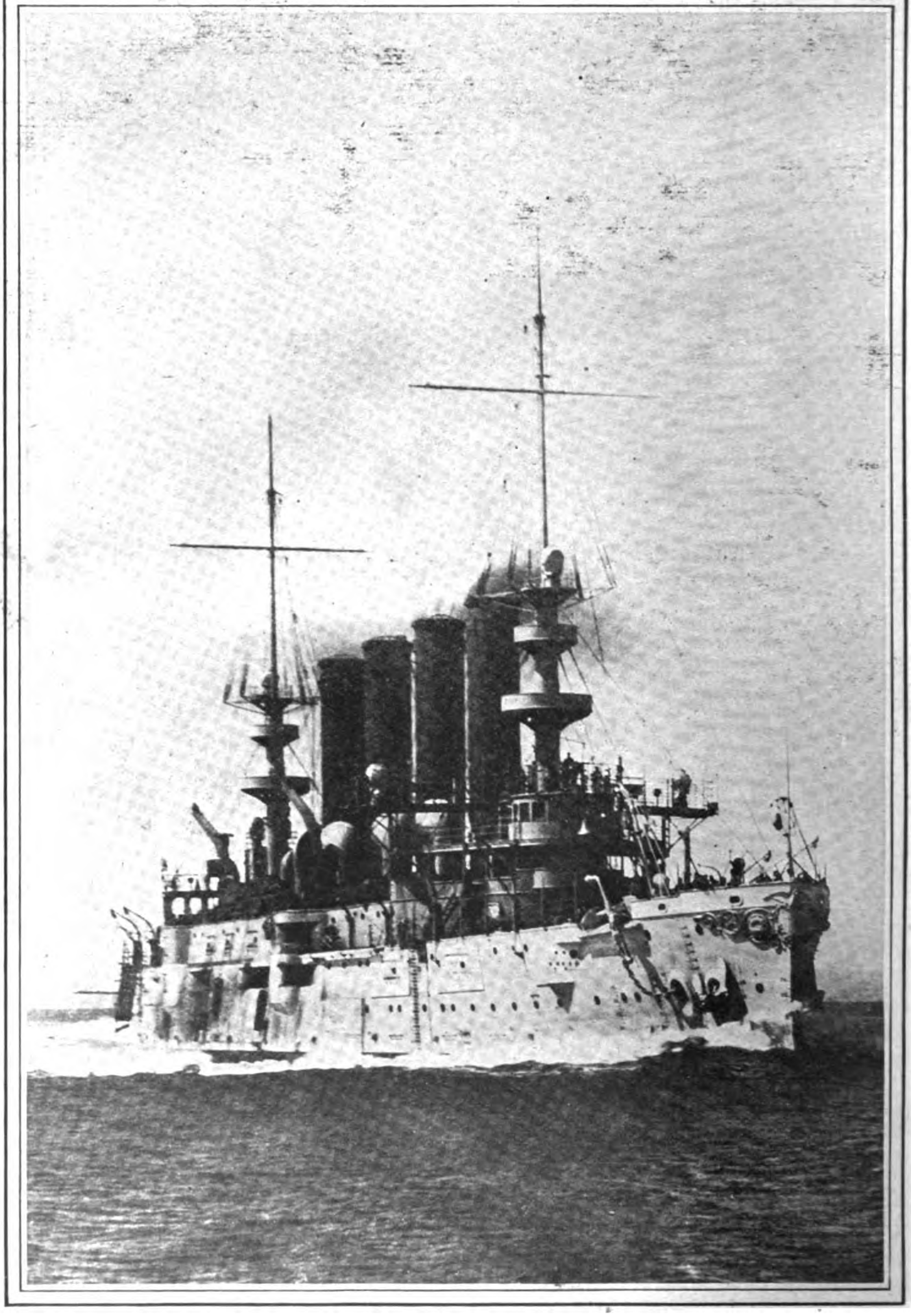
IS ABOVE ALL A CITY OF RESIDENCES. AN EVEN CLIMATE, UNMATCHED OUTLOOK, CULTURED SOCIETY, SPLENDID SCHOOLS, SUPERB SUBURBAN TRAIN SERVICE AND THE PRESENCE OF THE WEST'S GREATEST UNIVERSITY, COMBINE TO MAKE IT THE MOST SOUGHT AFTER RESIDENCE CITY IN CALIFORNIA. THIS MEANS RAPIDLY INCREASING REALTY VALUES AND UNSURPASSED OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTMENT.

A POSTAL CARD WILL BRING YOU OUR ILLUSTRATED BERKELEY BOOKLET

MASON-McDUFFIE COMPANY

REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENTS

BERKELEY CALIFORNIA



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER MILWAUKEE, SOON TO ROUND CAPE HORN WITH TWENTY-THREE OTHER BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS, JOINING WITH OTHER WARSHIPS ALREADY IN THE PACIFIC, TO FORM AN IMPOSING FLEET; THE MILWAUKEE'S BATTERY CONSISTS OF FOURTEEN 6-INCH, EIGHTEEN 3-INCH GUNS, AND THIRTY-FIVE SMALL RAPID FIRE GUNS

FRONTISPIECE, SUNSET MAGAZINE, OCTOBER, 1907. (SEE "THE COMING OF THE FLEET.")

SUNSET MAGAZINE

Vol. XIX OCTOBER, 1907 No. 6

THE COMING OF THE FLEET

TWENTY-FOUR OF THE BIGGEST FIGHTING SHIPS IN THE AMERICAN NAVY TO SAIL FOR SAN FRANCISCO IN DECEMBER—PRESENT URGENT NEEDS AT PACIFIC PORTS

By H. A. EVANS
Naval Constructor, United States Navy

THE coming of the great fleet of sixteen battleships and eight armored cruisers to the Pacific in the near future is a tardy recognition of the importance of our commercial interests in the Pacific. The center of the commercial world has been slowly but surely working itself westward, and San Francisco is destined to become in the near future one of the greatest commerical centers. The importance of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast in the commercial world has not been fully appreciated in Europe and in the Eastern states, except by those whose business relations have brought them in touch with the real situation. Now the coming of the great fleet changes all this in almost a day. The whole world knows that we now realize the importance of our commercial interests and opportunities in the Pacific and intend to encourage and foster them, and if need be, protect them.

With our great interests in the Philippines and the Hawaiian islands and the markets of China and Japan open to us, there must be an enormous increase in our over-sea commerce. The Japanese realize this and are making preparations to capture their share of this commerce. They already control a considerable portion of it and they are building new and larger ships for this service. We must take care or they will have all of it or at least the lion's share of this trade. It is believed that the coming of the fleet will draw attention to the importance of making preparations for our share of this trade. At the present time under our existing laws, we can not compete with the Japanese in this respect. If Congress does not remedy these conditions the commerce of the Pacific will go to Japan, and in a few years there will not be a ship on the Pacific under the American flag, except in the coastwise trade.

This, however, will never be. The coming of this great fleet to the Pacific will bring our representatives in Congress west of the Rockies to a realization of the importance of the situation and they will unite and demand that the necessary laws be enacted which will give to the Pacific its share of the commerce of the world under our flag. With the West united on this there can be no doubt of the outcome. With this commerce and a great fleet to protect it the advance in the industries on this coast will be rapid. Manufacturing industries of all kinds will be established here and no longer will the Pacific rely on the East for the great bulk of its manufactured articles.

To business men alive to the situation this question immediately suggests itself. Is the Pacific Coast prepared to take care of this fleet? There is only one answer to this question, and that is—No! We have not the docks in which to clean and paint, nor have we the facilities for repairing these large ships. This statement applies to peace conditions, while under war conditions the situation would be almost hopeless. At present there are but two docks on the Pacific Coast in which the battleships and armored cruisers can be docked. One is the government dock at Bremerton, and the other is a private dock at Hunter's Point. The private dock is required continuously for work on merchant vessels, but even if available, these two docks would not suffice for routine docking for cleaning and painting, and routine repairs if used for this purpose and no other. In case of serious accident to one vessel the dock might be held for that one job from two to five months. The Pacific Mail Steamship *Manchuria* has occupied the dock at Hunter's Point for two hundred days for repairs to her bottom, caused by grounding.

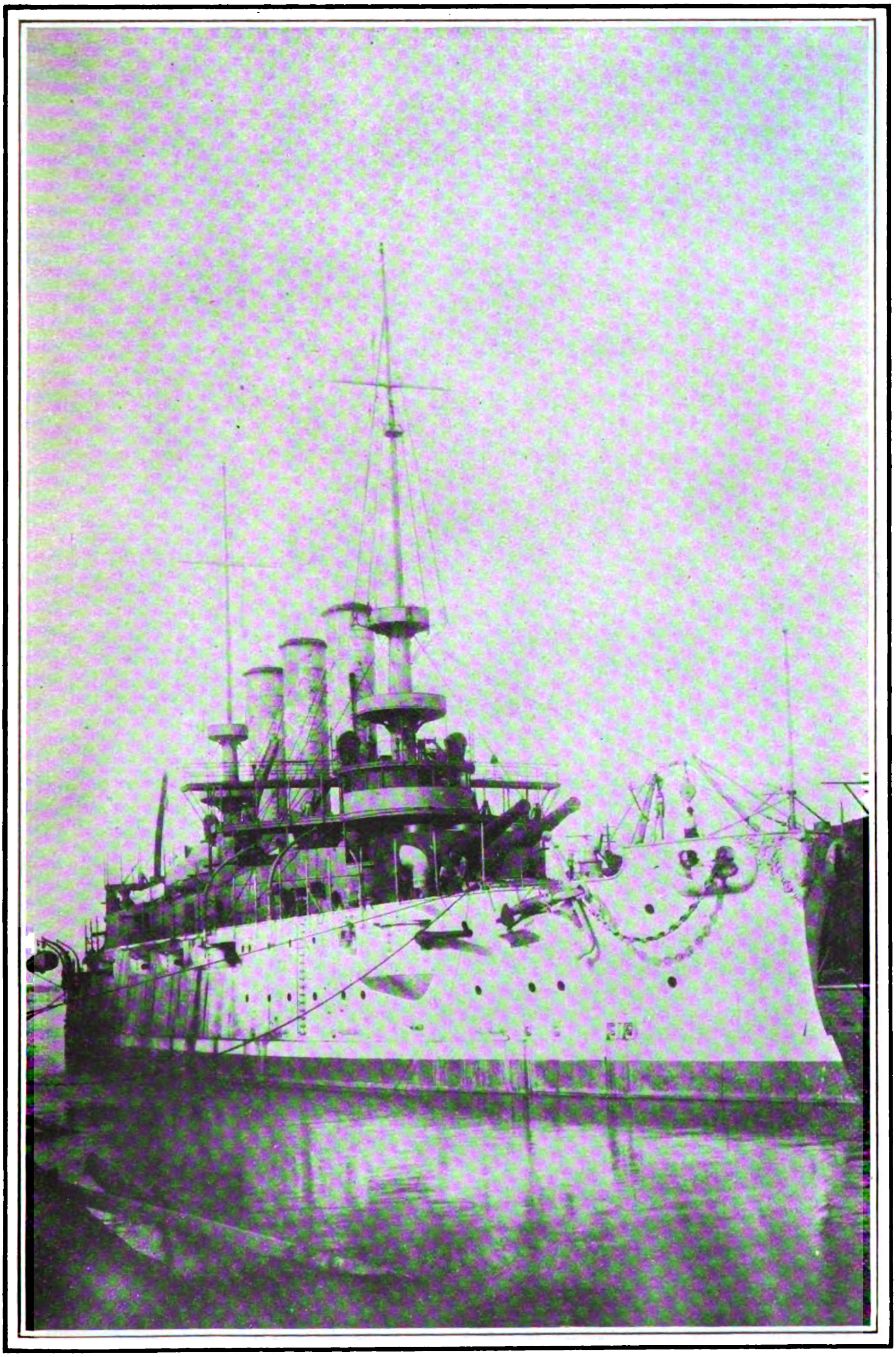
To take care of the fleet that will be in the Pacific within the next eight months the government should have at least seven dry-docks large enough to take the largest battleship or armored cruiser. These should be located as follows: Two, Puget Sound; two, Mare Island; two, San Francisco, and one, San Diego. The government already has much money invested in Mare Island and the Puget Sound navy yard. At Puget Sound there is abundance of water and vessels of the deepest draft can enter the dock at any time. At Mare Island there is plenty of water at high tide for our largest ships, but a large vessel badly damaged and out of trim would not be able to dock at Mare Island. San Francisco, in time of war, will undoubtedly be the point of attack, and it is imperative that a repair station with two large docks should be immediately established on San Francisco bay. Mare Island should also be greatly improved and another large dock provided. Puget Sound now has one large dock and another one is building. This station, however, is badly in need of additional shops, tools, and appliances for handling large repairs. A repair station with one large dock should be provided at San Diego.

This would give three large repair centers, well distributed, and these, if properly equipped, could well take care of the fleet either in peace or war.

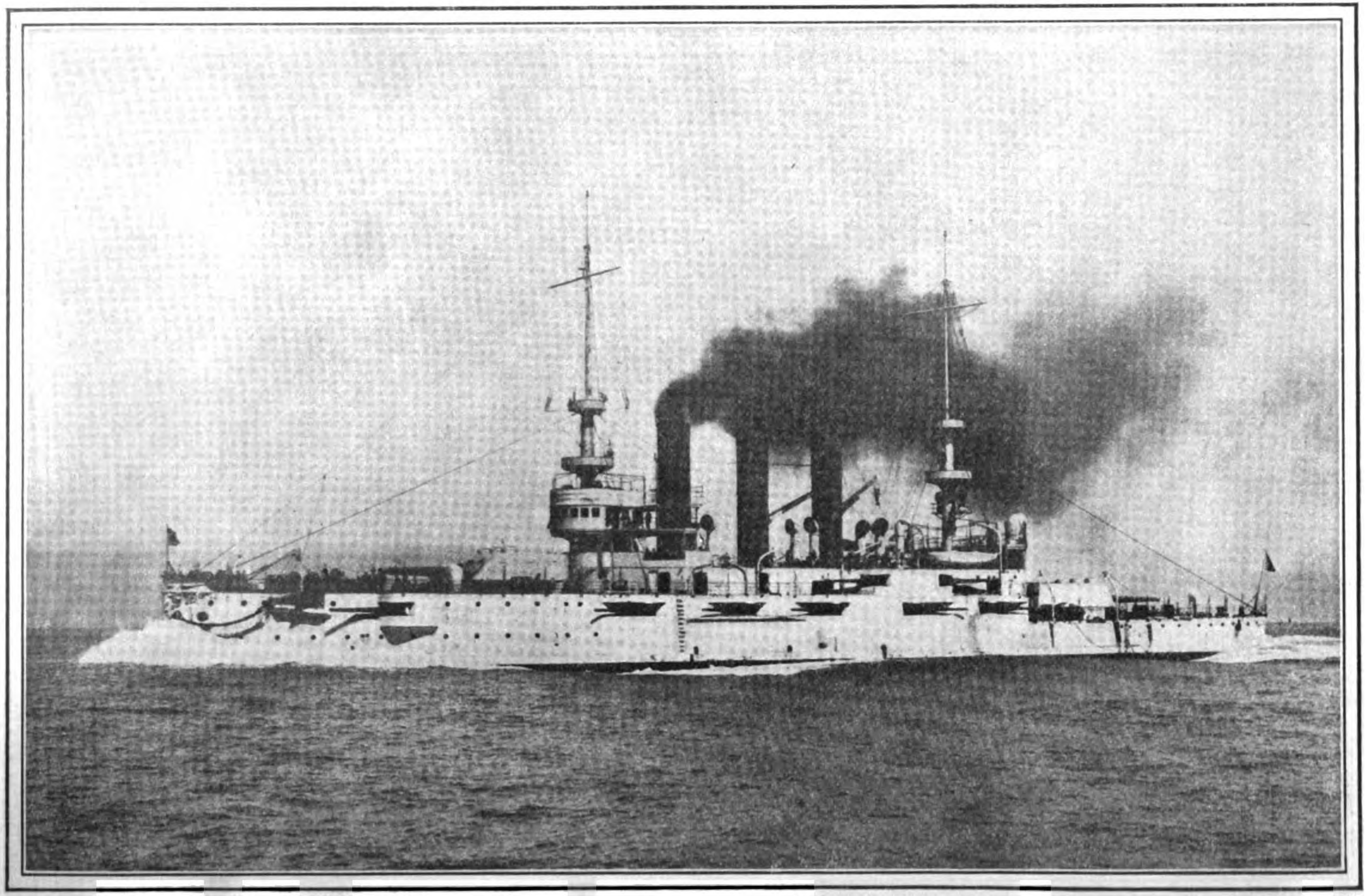
This is, however, the minimum requirement and when these proposed repair facilities are compared with the facilities now existing on the Atlantic Coast, one wonders that the Pacific representatives in Congress have so long agreed to such an unequal distribution. There are large repair stations at Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Norfolk and Pensacola. Appropriations have been made for a large yard at Charleston, South Carolina, and there is a large dock at New Orleans with small repair shops.

With the coming of the fleet the Pacific will be the drill ground and San Francisco will be the headquarters and rendezvous for the combined squadrons. No matter how good the condition of the vessels before they leave the East coast they will require docking and repairs when they arrive on this coast or soon after. All steel ships must be docked at least every nine months or the speed will be greatly reduced. Besides docking for painting, to keep a warship at her best, routine overhauling in a dockyard is required at least once a year. There are not the necessary facilities to carry out this work and it is the duty of those representing this coast to see that provision is made for these facilities at once.

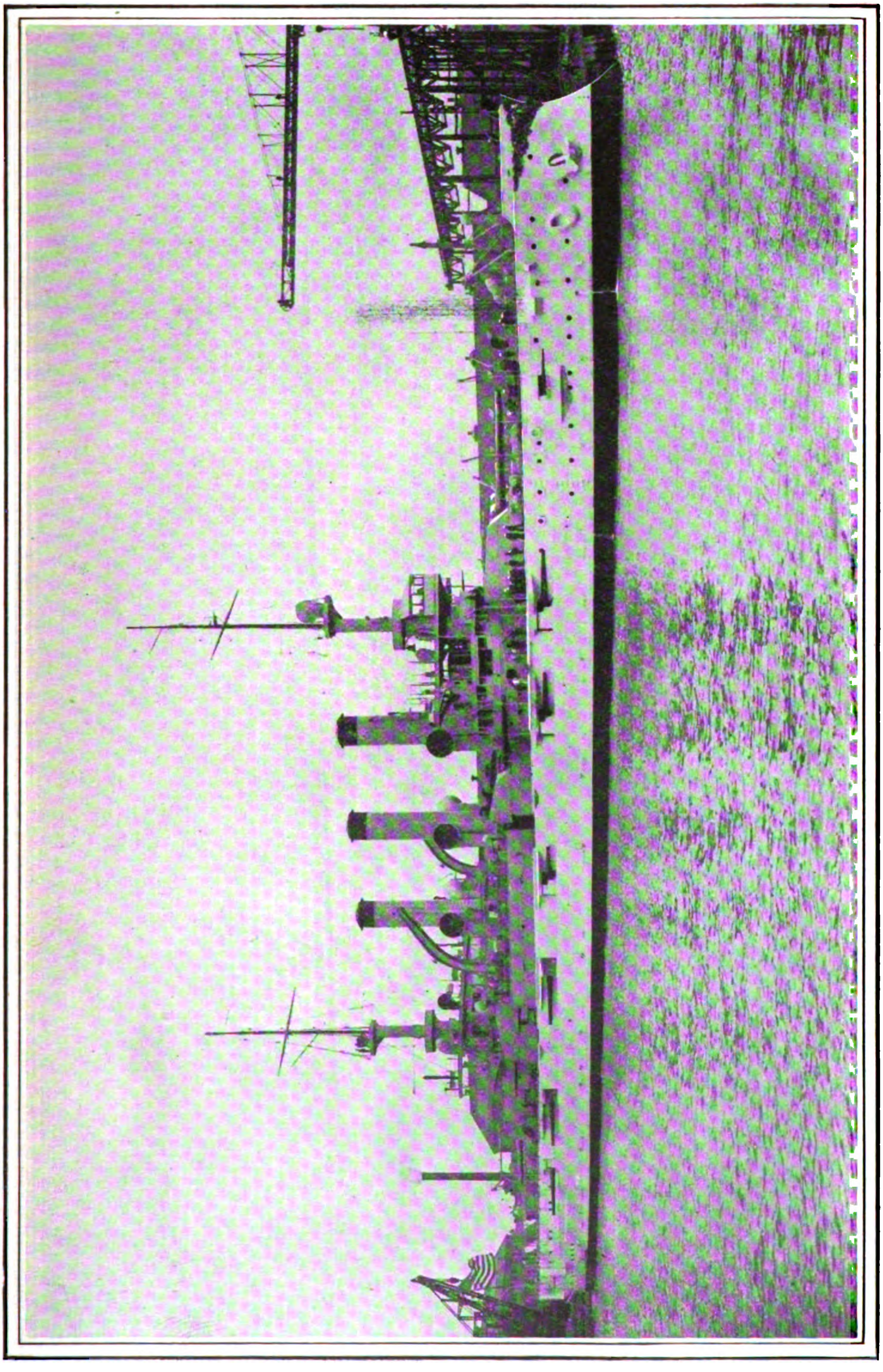
Provision must also be made to provide the fleet with fuel. At the present time all these vessels burn coal and the amount required can be appreciated from the following figures: A large battleship or armored cruiser at anchor in port burns



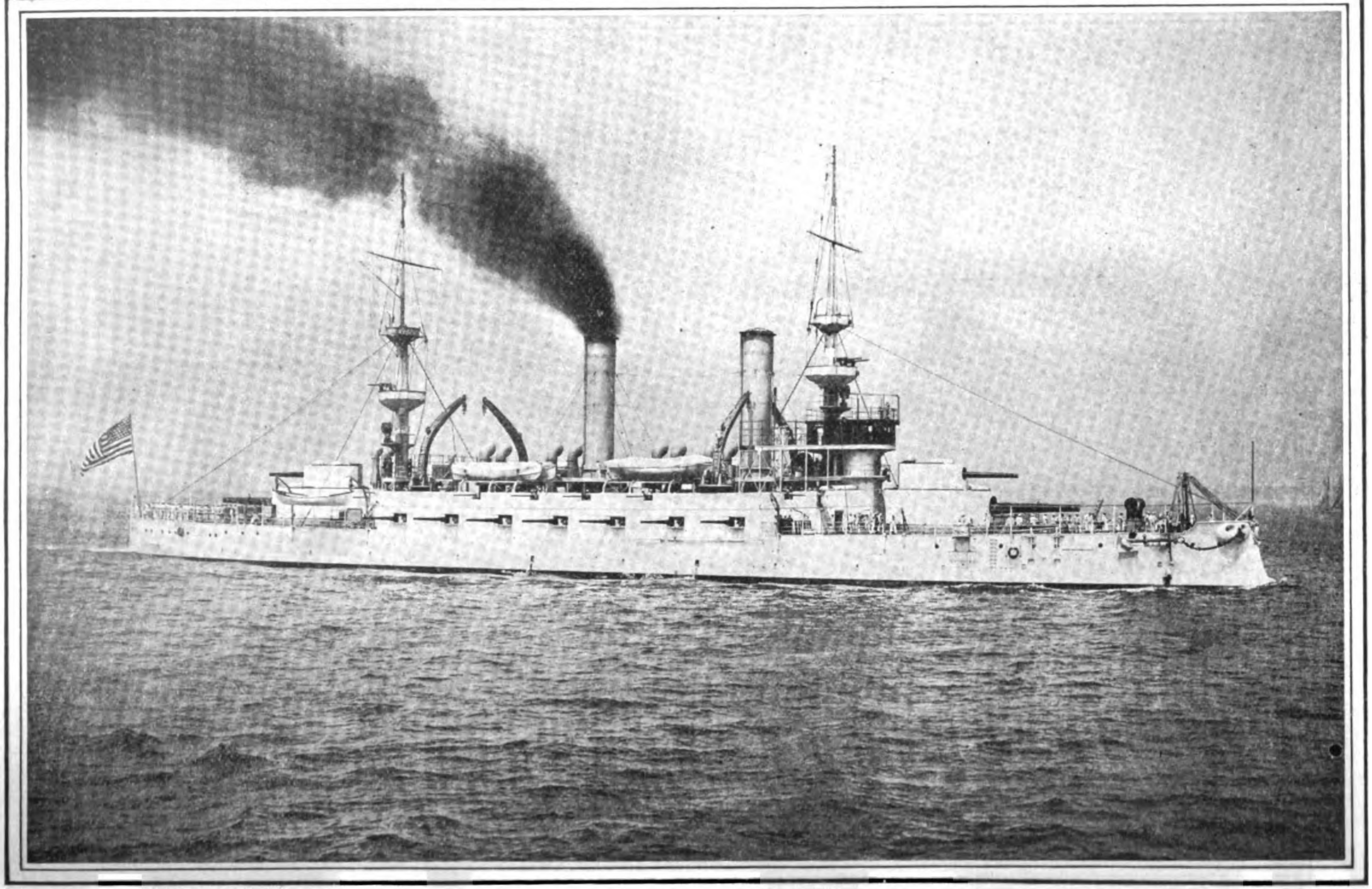
THE BATTLESHIP KENTUCKY, 12,817 TONS; BATTERY FOUR 13-INCH, FOUR 8-INCH, FOURTEEN 5-INCH, TWO 3-INCH GUNS, AND FOUR 18-INCH ABOVE-WATER TORPEDO TUBES



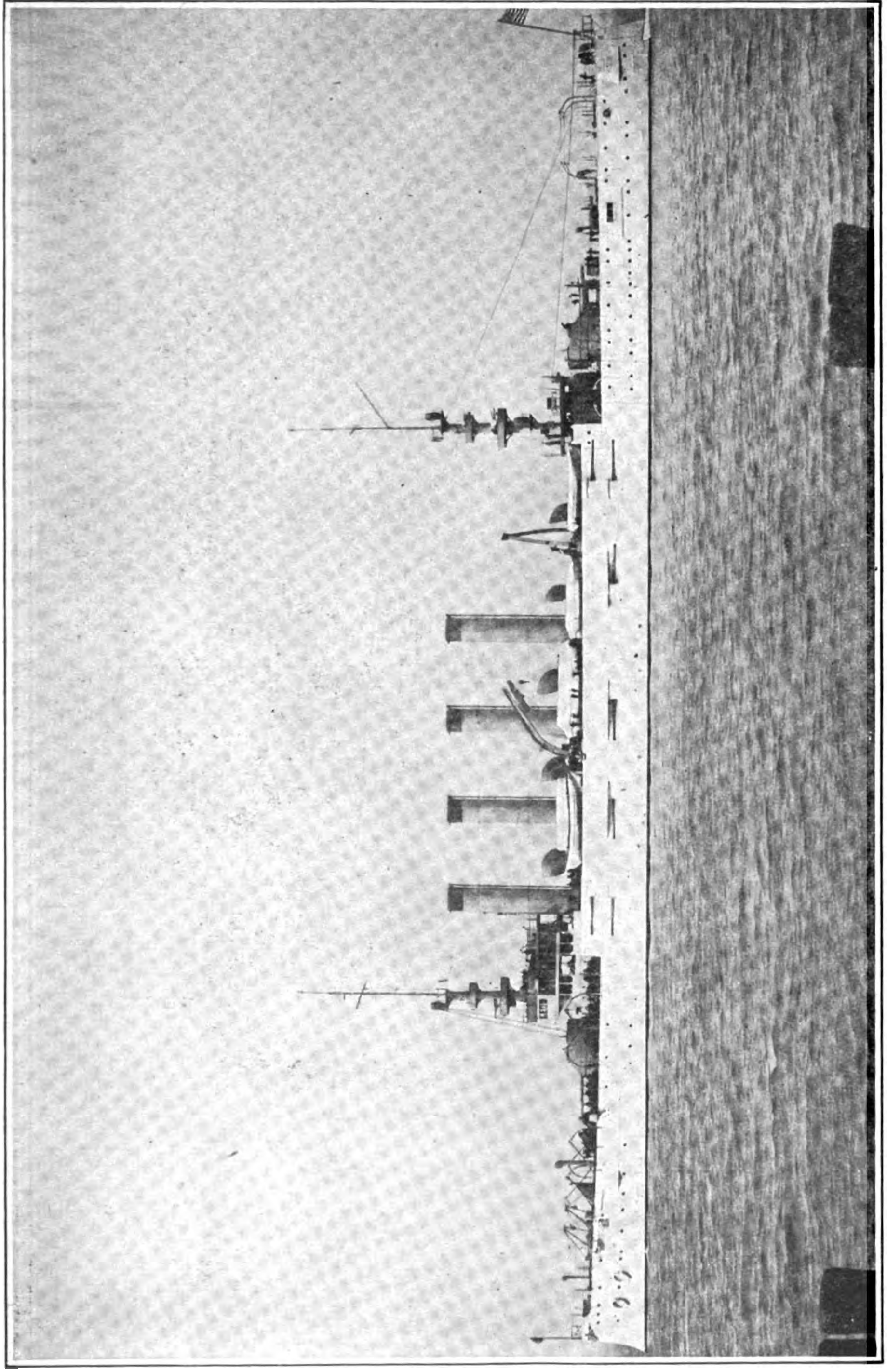
THE BATTLESHIP GEORGIA, 16,094 TONS; BATTERY FOUR 12-INCH, EIGHT 8-INCH, TWELVE 6-INCH, FOURTEEN 3-INCH GUNS, AND FOUR 21-INCH SUBMERGED TORPEDO TUBES



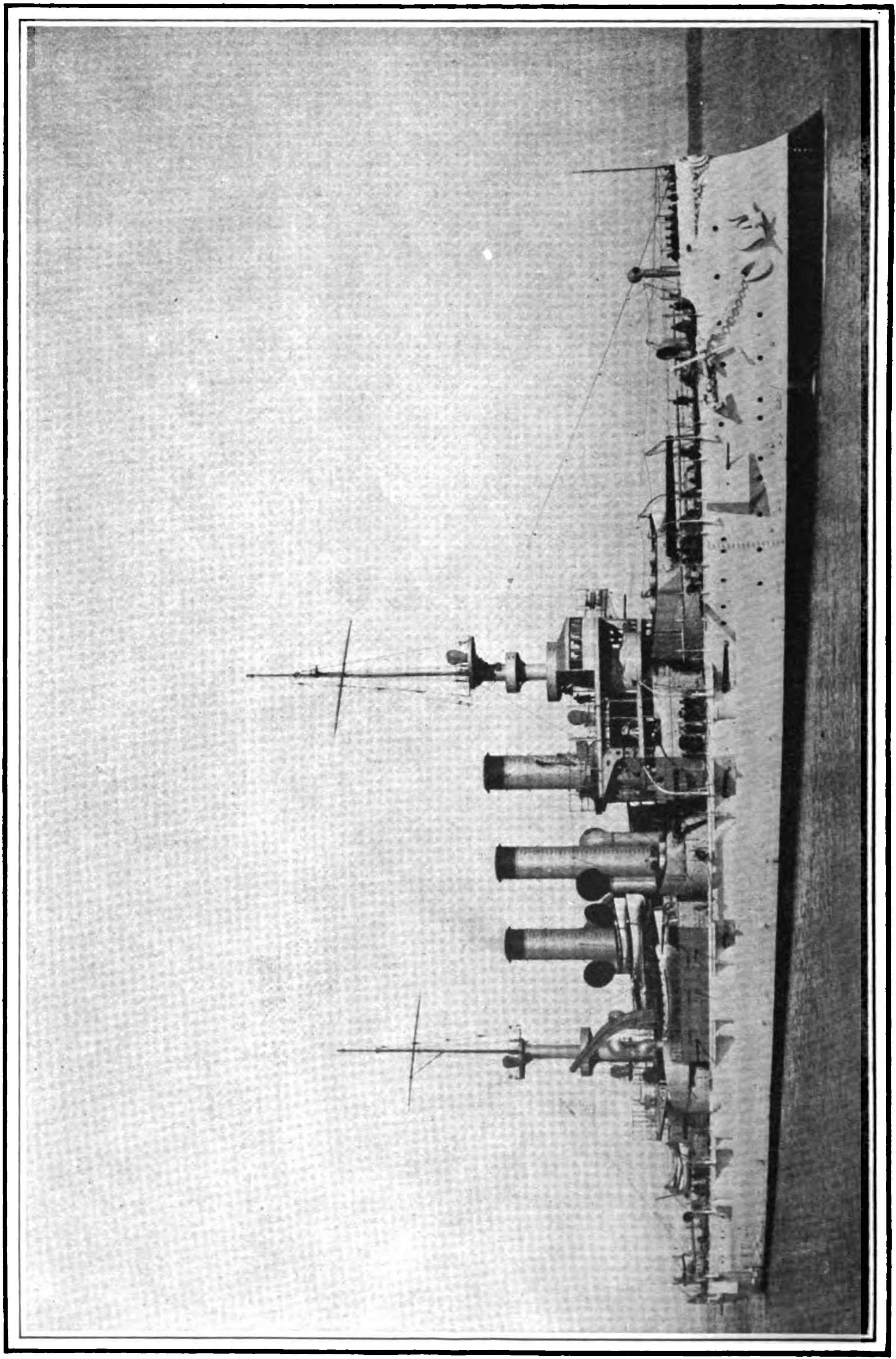
THE BATTLESHIP MISSOURI, 13,500 TONS; BATTERY FOUR 12-INCH, SIXTEEN 6-INCH GUNS, TWENTY SMALL RAPID FIRE GUNS, AND TWO 18-INCH SUBMERGED TORPEDO TUBES



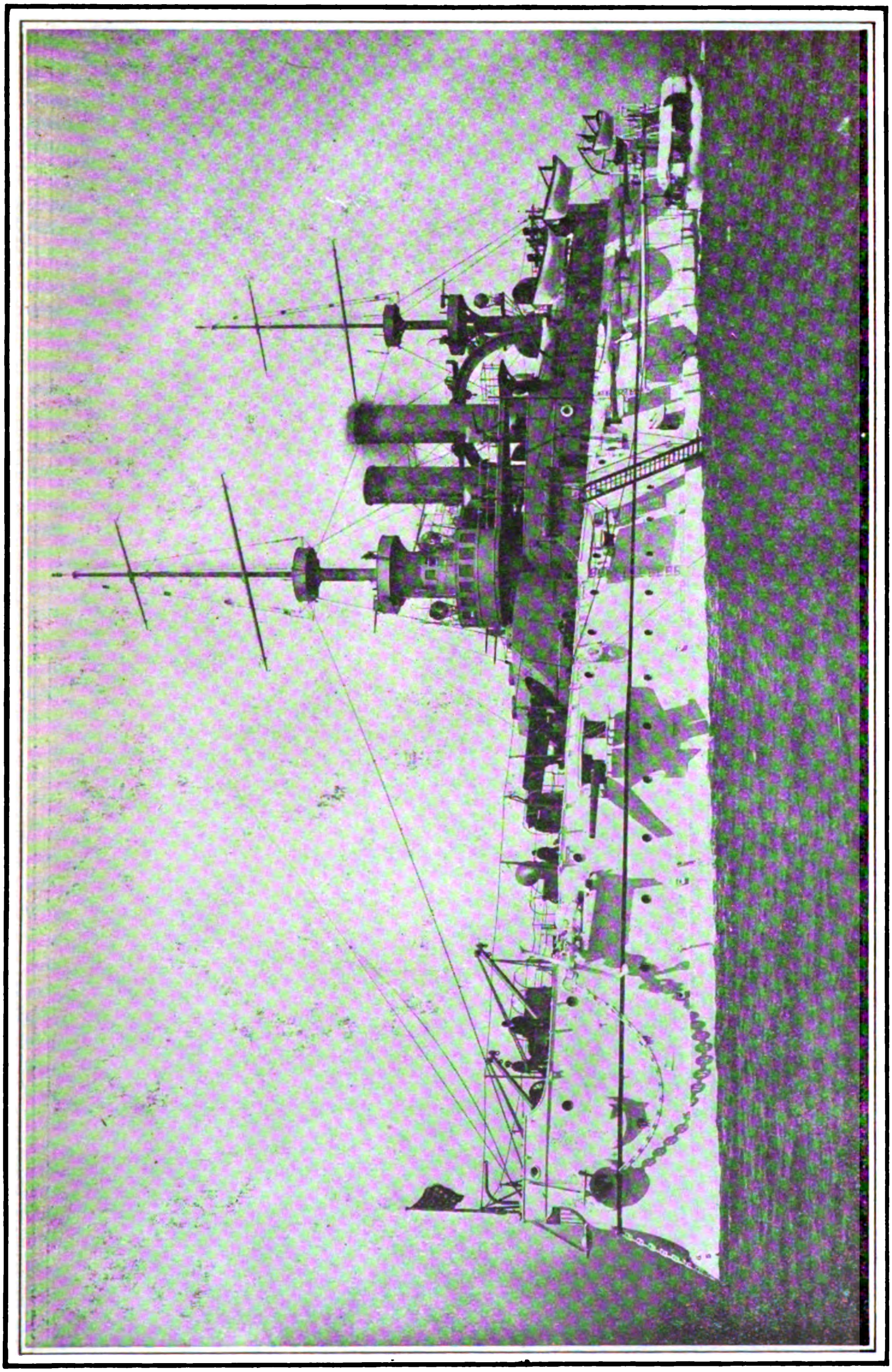
THE ARMORED CRUISER MARYLAND, 15,000 TONS; BATTERY FOUR 8-INCH, FOURTEEN 6-INCH, EIGHTEEN 3-INCH GUNS, AND TWO 18-INCH SUBMERGED TORPEDO TUBES



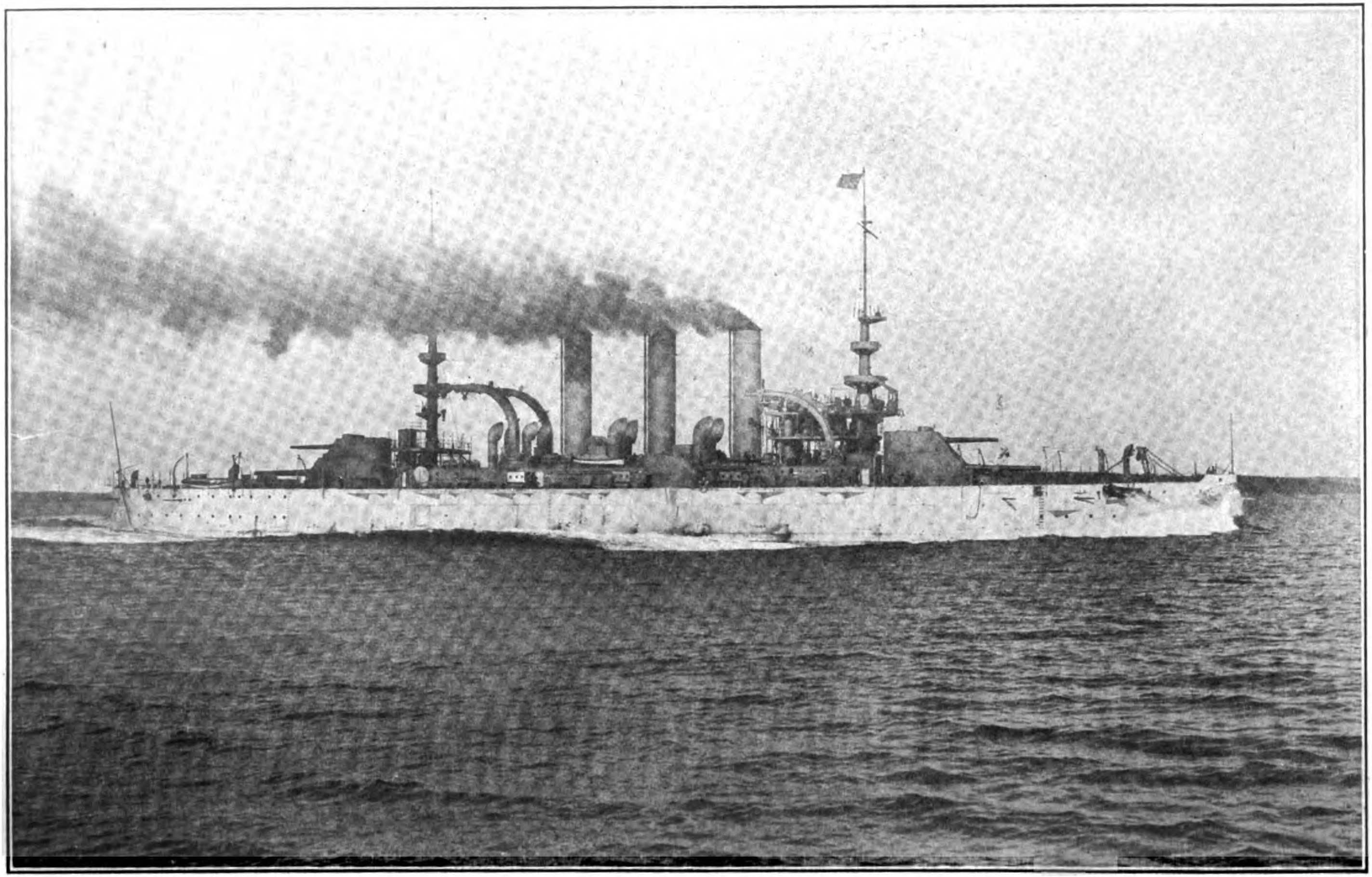
THE BATTLESHIP MINNESOTA, 17,650 TONS, THE LARGEST OF THE FLEET; BATTERY FOUR 12-INCH, EIGHT 8-INCH, TWELVE 7-INCH, TWENTY 3-INCH GUNS, AND FOUR 21-INCH SUBMERGED TORPEDO TUBES



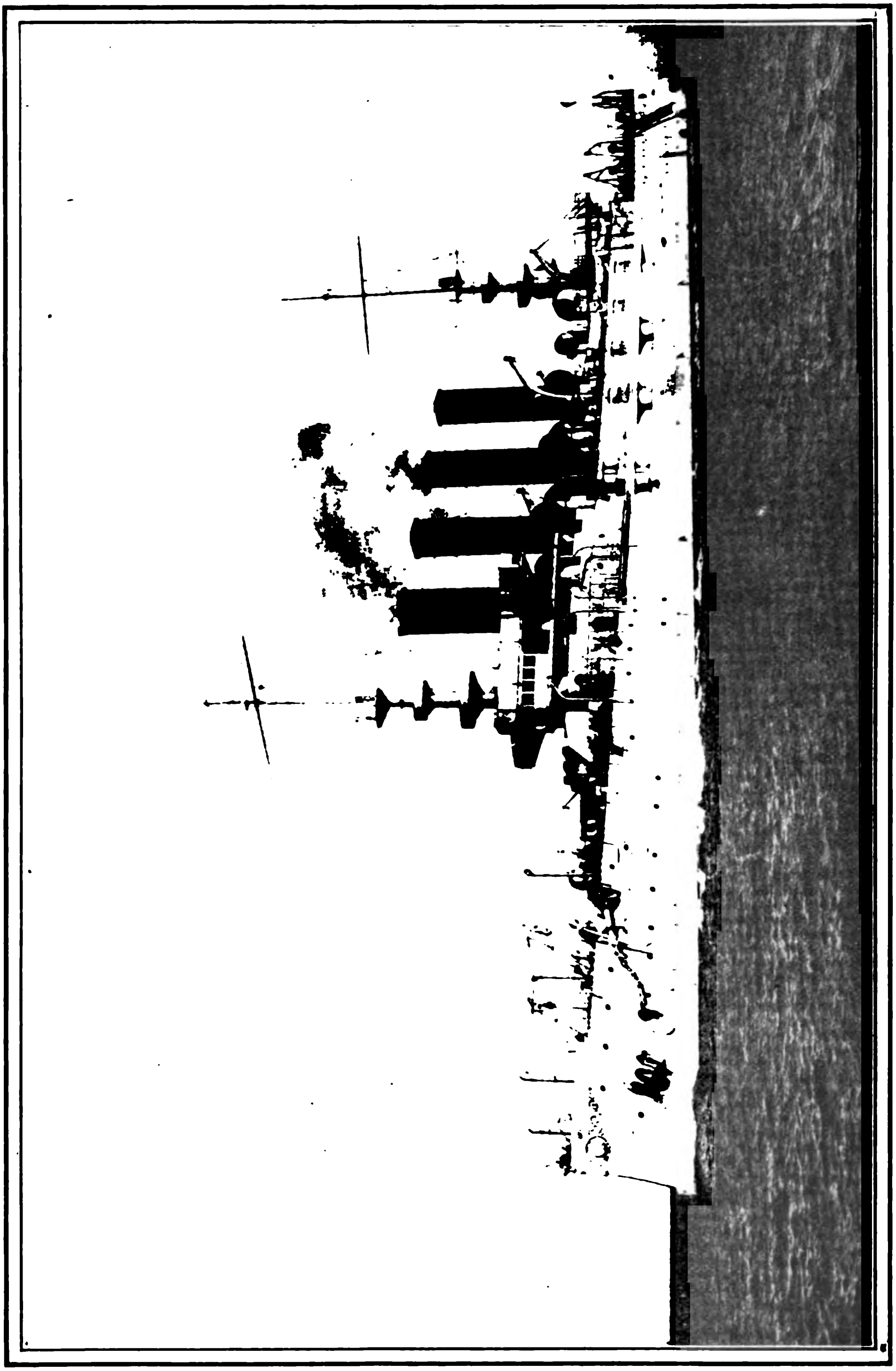
THE BATTLESHIP OHIO, 13,941 TONS; BATTERY FOUR 12-INCH, SIXTEEN 6-INCH, SIX 3-INCH GUNS, AND EIGHTEEN SMALL RAPID FIRE GUNS



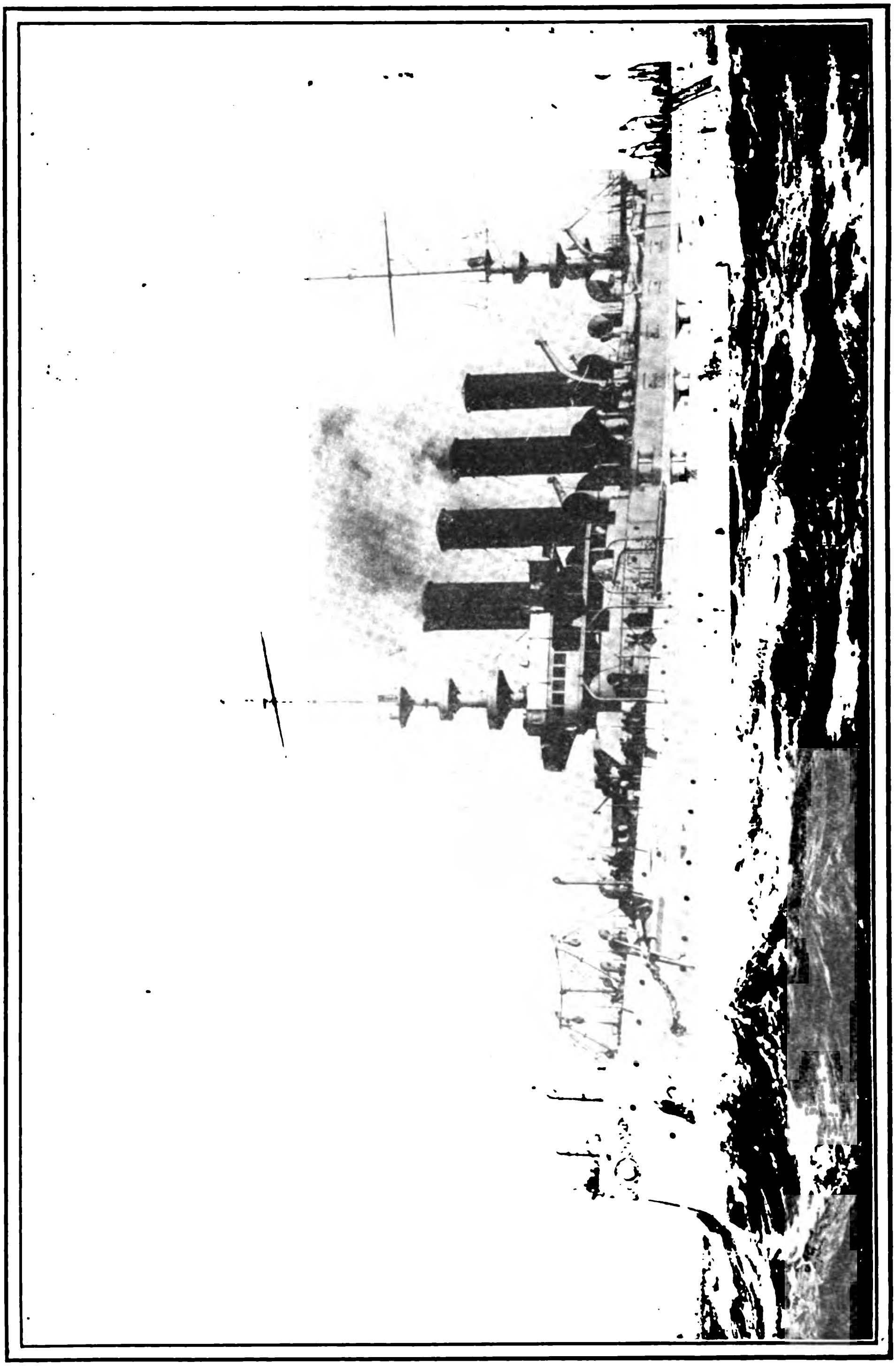
THE BATTLESHIP LOUISIANA, 16,000 TONS; BATTERY FOUR 12-INCH, EIGHT 8-INCH, TWELVE 6-INCH AND TWENTY 3-INCH GUNS, FOURTEEN SMALL RAPID FIRE GUNS, AND FOUR 12-INCH TORPEDO TUBES



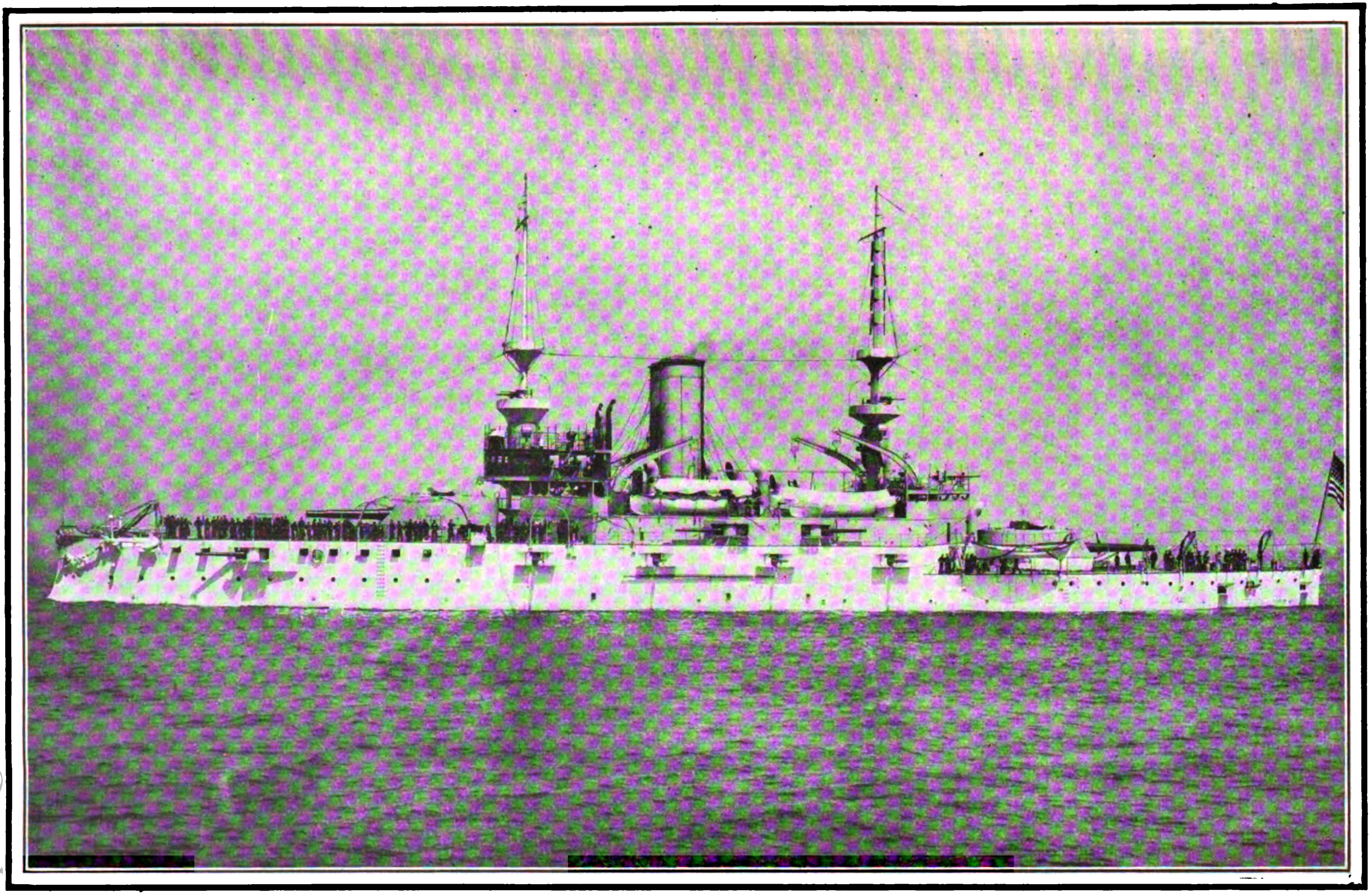
THE BATTLESHIP WISCONSIN, 11,552 TONS; BUILT AT UNION IRON WORKS, SAN FRANCISCO; BATTERY FOUR 13-INCH, FOURTEEN 6-INCH GUNS, ALSO SECONDARY BATTERY AND FOUR 18-INCH ABOVE WATER TORPEDO TUBES



THE ARMORED CRUISER CALIFORNIA, 13,680 TONS; BUILT AT UNION IRON WORKS, SAN FRANCISCO; BATTERY FOUR 8-INCH, FOURTEEN 6-INCH GUNS, ALSO SECONDARY BATTERY



THE ARMORED CRUISER SOUTH DAKOTA, 13,680 TONS; BUILT AT UNION IRON WORKS, SAN FRANCISCO; BATTERY FOUR 8-INCH, FOURTEEN 6-INCH GUNS, ALSO SECONDARY BATTERY, AND TWO 18-INCH SUBMERGED TORPEDO TUBES



THE BATTLESHIP ALABAMA, 12,543 TONS; BATTERY FOUR 13-INCH, FOURTEEN 6-INCH GUNS, ALSO SECONDARY BATTERY, AND FOUR 18-INCH ABOVE WATER TORPEDO TUBES twenty-five tons a day and cruising at ten to twelve knots burns one hundred and thirty tons a day, while at full speed from four hundred to five hundred tons a day are required. The fleet of battleships and cruisers will require approximately six hundred tons of coal a day in port and thirty-two hundred and fifty tons a day while cruising at a speed of ten to twelve knots, or ten thousand tons a day if at full speed. The Navy Department now finds it impossible to obtain American vessels to transport to this coast coal for the present needs and must charter foreign vessels. With the new fleet, it will require a large fleet of merchant colliers to keep up the supply of coal.

The monitor *Wyoming* is being converted into an oil burner at the Mare Island yard. The conversion of a man-of-war built for burning coal into an oil burner involves many difficulties not encountered in merchant ships, the principal of which is providing oil stowage that will be safe in action. If the conversion of the *Wyoming* proves successful there is no doubt that a considerable number of the vessels of the battleship fleet will be made into oil burners, and the fuel difficulty disappears, California supplying all that is required.

At the present time the facilities for handling and storing clothing, stores, and provisions for the present fleet are inadequate. With the coming of the great fleet additional storehouses must be provided at Mare Island, Puget Sound, and San Francisco, where stores, clothing, and provisions can be assembled and distributed to the fleet as needed.

When the dry docks are built and the shops equipped there is still lacking an important essential that must be provided, that is, mechanics to make the repairs. At the present time it is impossible to obtain at Mare Island and Puget Sound sufficient men to carry on the present work. This is true of practically all trades employed on ship repairs—shipfitters, machinists, shipwrights, riveters, chippers and calkers, drillers, painters, and laborers. The wages paid are high and the living conditions are excellent. To summarize: The fleet is coming because our country's interests in the Pacific are at present greater than in the Atlantic, and the fleet is needed to encourage these interests and protect them if necessary. The coming of the fleet will result in:

1. Notification to the world of the importance of the commercial interests of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast.
2. It will awaken interest in our merchant marine and unite the western representatives in Congress to demand laws which will permit our merchant marine to carry our commerce instead of giving it to our commercial rivals.
3. It will result in establishing shipyards and repair shops to build and repair our merchant marine.
4. It will result in establishing many manufactories and industries on the Pacific Coast.
5. It will show the lack of facilities for repairing the fleet either in time of peace or war. This will result in building additional docks at Puget Sound and at Mare Island, and greatly increasing the facilities at those yards. It will also result in establishing a large naval repair station in San Francisco bay—perhaps on Goat Island—and another at San Diego.
6. It will result in the introduction of oil fuel for vessels of the Pacific fleet, this fuel being supplied by California.
7. Considerable increase in business due to the large amount of money put in circulation for supplies for the fleet and the pay of officers and men. Also in the acquisition of desirable citizens in the skilled mechanics who will be drawn here on account of the increase in repair work.
8. Once the Pacific has the battleship fleet it will never willingly give it up. Interests on the Atlantic will also demand a fleet and we shall eventually have both a Pacific and an Atlantic battleship fleet. This is as necessary to our interests, not the interests of the Pacific nor of the Atlantic but of our whole country, as fire insurance in solid companies is necessary for San Francisco. An adequate fleet is the best kind of insurance and the people are beginning to realize that when the need for the insurance comes they will not find that they have paid their premiums to a "welching" company.

I had killed a black sheep

HUNTING THE BIG-HORN

WITH CAMERA AND RIFLE AFTER BIG BLACK SHEEP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA

By **Arthur W. North**

Photographs by the Author

THERE were four of us, three Americans and Juan, a Mexican ranchero. On the last day of the old year, we had reached the ancient and rarely visited Dominican Mission of Santa Catarina de los Yumas, down in Lower California some twenty leagues southwest of the mouth of the Colorado river. The following day, New Year's of 1906, we had a little difference with the Catarina Yumas, the worst of the peninsula Indians—if the cannibal Seri of Tiburon island be considered foreign thereto. By a display a bit warlike, perhaps, but necessary, we settled the matter by regaining possession of the property in dispute, Cabeza de Vaca and Pedro Ximenez, two of our riding mules; then, out of an abundance of wisdom and in search of big-horn, we promptly put several leagues between us and the Yumas by traveling southeasterly into the sierra beyond Jacel or Running Water.

Late in the afternoon of the 7th of January, Lawrence, one of my American companions, and I were riding along the sandy floor of an immense arroyo. In places the surface glistened in unbroken whiteness, then again pale desert pines, thorny *mesquit* and verdant *palo verde* rose upward from the sandy bed and made fair gathering places for great flocks both of the valley quail and their dove colored desert cousins. But our eyes gave small heed to these immediate surroundings for they were raised too absorbingly to the lofty red and copper colored ridges that rose sheer above either side of the floor of the arroyo. Lawrence was mounted on Pedro Ximenez; Cabeza de Vaca bore me along and we gave our steeds their heads. We were desperately anxious for the sight of mountain sheep and our attention was not to be wasted on anything else.

Students of natural history, wise hunters and close observers of museum specimens will smile when I state that the big-horn or mountain sheep has no wool and is not white.* But, nevertheless,

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*Note.—The big horn of the Far North is an exception. A. N.

I make the direct statement for the benefit of those not coming under any of the above classes for I have not forgotten how, on my first hunt for mountain sheep, I searched the surrounding cliffs for a woolly white animal with big curling horns and how, when I finally saw a light dun colored creature, I would have allowed it to escape as a deer that was in too steep a place to bother with had not its immense curling horns suddenly come into view. And why not? Do not all ordinary, respectable sheep have wool, and aren't they white?

For several hours we had ridden along with no sight of our quarry. Once, I exclaimed at sight of what seemed to be a man standing on a jagged peak, a half mile above us, but the "man" shuffled uneasily, then spread out a pair of giant wings and floated majestically away, advising our astonished eyes that we were in the land of the mighty condor. Other than this we had advanced with no incident or sound save the dull steady break of the sand beneath the small feet of our mules. Cabeza kept me in the lead, perhaps fifty steps or more, and I, forgetting even to scan the cliffs, was feeling compunctions because my companion had ventured hundreds of miles, at my suggestion, in the hope of killing a big horn and a week's hard hunting had not even given him sight of one.

"Look, look! On the ridge to the left!"

I looked, and slid over the right side of my saddle, hauling my carbine from its saddle scabbard as I went and jerking loose Cabeza's hair picket-rope. My meditations were ended. Silhouetted against the sky-line, a mountain sheep was ambling peaceably along the distant ridge.

As my companion's sharp eyes had discovered the game, I waited until his big 40-82 had said the first word, then I turned loose with my 30-30. Mr. Ram paused and gazed in questioning attitude down at us, then calmly continued his business of going somewhere. As though angered at such uncomplimentary composure our rifles barked sharply in unison but our target seemed in no wise disturbed thereat. Where were our bullets striking? I wondered, taking a long aim and figuring the distance at something less than four hundred yards. I blazed away and heard the 40-82 at my left sending out its message. Again the ram paused, gazing fixedly into the distance before him. Such unconcern! Suddenly, the outlined figure, the curling horns, the back line and the design of the legs—for all the world like pen and ink strokes against the sky, struck me as ridiculously like one of Gelett Burgess's goups and I burst out laughing; were we shooting at an animated goup?

At this stage Lawrence swore, I believe—don't blame him if he did, either, for his big rifle, sighted for five hundred yards, had thrown up the loose earth ten feet below the big horn. With the rising of the slight puff of dust, the sky-line swallowed up our target and the whole experience might have been a dream except for two neat little piles of empty rifle cartridges, fifteen in all, for which we were responsible.

We rode on strangely cheered and expectant—and rallying ourselves.

An hour later my companion's voice again aroused me, this time it was hoarse with excitement.

"G-glor-ry," he cried, "look to the right!"

I looked, and as long as hunting blood flows in my veins I will not forget the thrilling sight I saw. . There, on a spur of the main ridge, assembled side by side, were three—four—seven big mountain sheep, their great ram heads inclined slightly sidewards as they curiously studied us.

"On, quick, to that *mesquit*, ahead. Don't stop, don't let them know that we see them," I cautioned, turning half in the saddle so that my voice would carry, in an undertone, to my companion, a hundred steps back of me.

A slowly passing moment brought us to cover in the middle of the arroyo. In an instant I was stretched on the sand, behind the *mesquit*, carbine in hand. Then Lawrence crouched by me. There was neither laughing nor swearing now; wondering admiration, tense excitement, cold, chuckling steadiness, too, if you please. Appreciation of the moment came to us both; rarely, is it given one to watch, face to face, the mountain sheep in his wild home. There they stood, they had seen us, they were disturbed, yet they stood, immovable, statuesque, seven great rams.

"Oh, Lord! Look at that giant to the right."

"Yes, and see the middle fellow," I gasped back.

"See 'em all!" responded Lawrence.

I looked down my rifle barrel; the light was failing and I just could see the great rams over my white bead.

"The middle one is mine," I said, "you can take your whopper at the right."

We stretched out at ease on the sand, and, with left forearms raised, gripped firmly the steel barrels, and looked through our rear sights.

"I can hardly see," whispered my companion, doubtfully, "and if we miss, they'll slide over that ridge at the first shot and be off. Suppose we camp here until morning and then creep 'round that ridge and bag 'em?"

The light was beastly dim and there was good sense in my phlegmatic companion's suggestion. Left to myself, doubtless, I would have blazed away and missed.

Full fifteen minutes the sheep stood motionless before us, a noble sight for any one, sportsman or not—great independent creatures limned against the shadowy sky-line, watching, watching, doubting. Then, suddenly, their leader, the big ram at the right, gave his command and with the precision of a cavalry squadron, all wheeled about, their white rumps flashing before us for all the world like an alarmed flock of domestic sheep.

Seven big mountain sheep just over the ridge from us; seven big rams to sleep with just a ridge between them and our rifles, and in the morning——

Quietly, we unsaddled and tied our mules to a *palo verde;* they began eating the brittle branches quite contentedly. Silently, we each ate a piece of hardtack.

"Lawrence, I shall not kill over two of them. I'm no butcher."

"Two are all I want."

We stretched on the sand and pulled our saddle blankets over us. It was only 6:15 P. M., but there was nothing to do.

"Say, do you know that William Walker led his filibusters down this arroyo on his way to Soñora in 1854?"

"Seven big rams——"

"And do you know," I continued, perseveringly, "that there are ancient hieroglyphics near here made by some prehistoric people?"

"Seven big rams and a giant at the right——"

We found sleep, eventually. I dreamed that I was the seventh son of a seventh son and was driving seven mountain rams into a corral built in the White House grounds. Then it was the gray half light of morning and two coyotes, sitting on their haunches a few rods distant, were quietly surveying us. I poked Lawrence and he murmured, sleepily:

"Well, well, seven big rams and a giant——"

But search as we might we never again saw those seven big rams. However, that evening at camp we partook of mountain sheep. Juan and the fourth, the youngest member of our party, had had their overnight experiences, too. Said the successful one:

"Juan was tracking and I was admiring the world when I saw a whole barnyard of sheep—fifteen! Say, I counted them straight, too. I pulled up my rifle, forgot about my rear sights, aimed at the whole bunch and missed 'em all—and kept on missing about seven times. Then we turned off in another direction and by and by we saw another barn-yard full and I got this ram. Juan and I cooked and ate a piece right away. It's a cross between a juicy mutton chop and a fine thick porterhouse steak. Have a hunk—you fellows look blue!"

January had passed away and February was preparing to make room for March. In January my associates had returned to the United States and I had proceeded on into the heart of Lower California and far from the good sound of the English tongue.

We had reached an elevation of nigh five thousand feet and now, full two thousand feet sheer above us, rose a high, black truncated cone, swathed close in forbidding cliffs, for a league it stretched away with a width of half that distance. Doubtfully, we looked upward.

"Señor, there must be a great mesa above, but no man has ever climbed thither."

My native *mozo* (servant) said the words in Spanish and I smiled at his serious tone for virgin hunting grounds are less of a rarity on the California peninsula than Mexicans given to hunting in dangerous places.

"If that be so, Timoteo, then shall we be the first to ascend, for in these regions the old padres saw wild goats and if wild goats are above, then thither we must go."

And in this reference I was correct for the thirtieth parallel of latitude was not far distant, and in the eighteenth century Padre Hernando Consag wrote of seeing wild goats near that parallel.

Timoteo smiled, showing his white, even teeth. Mexican *mozos* seldom wash their hands and have no idea of the properties of a tooth-brush, and yet their teeth are pearls. I had used the word *chivos* and among Mexicans the goat is an animal without character, and his name ever calls forth a smile. Later, in studying first editions of the old Spanish chronicle I found that the Jesuits mentioned seeing *gamuzas* during their California travels, and from their descriptions of these animals and their habits I am satisfied that the rendition of *gamuza* into *chiva* or goat has been incorrect—*berrenda* or antelope would be more proper.

"Others than the padres have seen goats, hereabouts, Señor. Within the year past Señor Villavacensio's boy saw a large wild goat running with a flock of mountain sheep."

"Bueno," I responded, "we must climb to that mesa and find that goat."

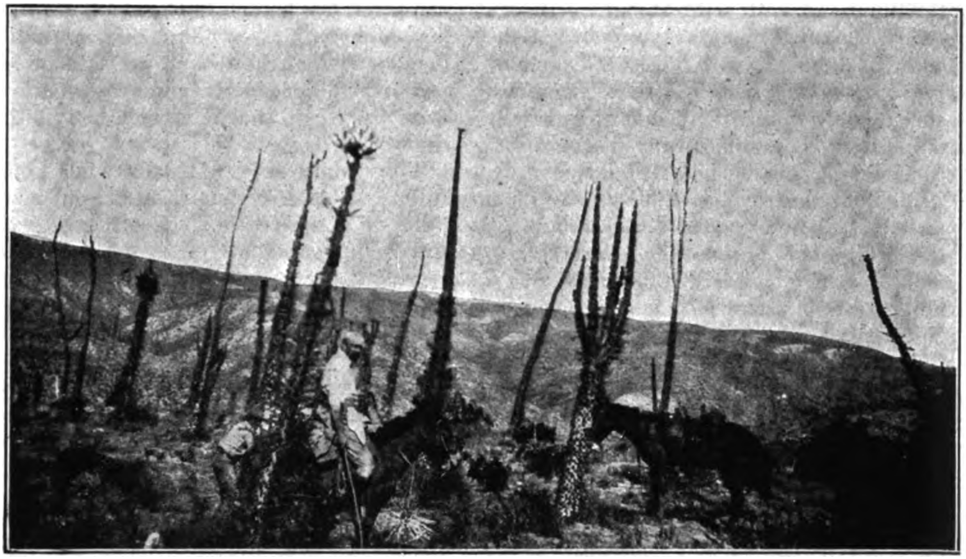
With that I handed Timoteo my heavy six-shooter—for he was unarmed and like most Mexicans deathly afraid of the larger variety of native lions—and started him off to the right of the sierra while I followed a sheep trail to the left, each of us in search of some break in the cliffs where an ascent might be made. An old Cahuilla Indian once explained to me the reason for the puzzling numbers of broad, well-worn sheep trails in Lower California by saying that in his father's day the mountain sheep roamed in great droves over the sierras until of a sudden a terrible pestilence came among them, nearly exterminating the rams and killing the ewes by the thousands.

A quarter of an hour brought me to a point where the trail had been completely blocked by a land slide from a shallow arroyo above. I clambered over the boulders and loose shale and sauntered along. Within reach of my right hand rose the high cliffs, to my left yawned a vast mountain abyss, a full league across, and beyond rose great volcanic cones and mesas. There was grandeur enough in the view to turn one's head so I promptly sat down to consider my surroundings. My glance at the same time chanced to wander upward just at the right moment to see a fine ram walk out upon a projecting crag, beyond and far above me, and proceed to scan the abyss. He was too far away for a shot, and my efforts to locate him in the finder of my camera were vain. It was good just to watch him, however. He was careless of his dizzy position and though he was plainly aware of my existence he seemed unable either to place me or to decide what sort of a creature I was.

Eventually, he concluded that there was nothing to worry over, and turning about face, most deliberately walked away out of sight. As he disappeared, the morning sunlight brought out his glistening white sides and across my mind flashed the thought—far above, on that untrodden mesa, there is a wild goat! and then—that wild goat you must shoot.

Beyond me there was no prospect of ascent. I turned back to the pile of shale and looked up. The outlook was bad. There was no help for it, however, and I began swarming up among the broken cliffs following the course of the landslide.

A friend of mine, a Scotch big game hunter, says that no man, placing too high a valuation on the solidarity of his neck bones, should ever hunt big-horn



A long, narrow mesa . . . through which sheep trails criss-crossed

in Mexico, and that only bachelors, or men with wives well adapted to widow's weeds, should ever follow such venturesome creatures. In these statements I concur. I'm a bachelor.

It was a bad climb; looking down was out of the question. From childhood I've roamed the mountains—thank God for the free exhilaration of their heights, and this climb was—Never mind, however. After having rebelliously concluded that my neck was forfeit and the goat lost, I gratefully surprised myself by attaining the crest of the cliffs where I recovered my breath, pressed a cartridge into the chamber of my carbine—it's foolish to tackle bad climbs with a cartridge in the chamber—and looked around. Before me stretched a long narrow mesa, covered with volcanic rock through which sheep trails criss-crossed to the right and left. Two or three scrubby bushes and stray blades of grass were in sight. A small dry arroyo marked the bottom of a single swale in the mesa. No goat or sheep was in evidence. Seemingly, I was on the roof of the world and it was a deserted world.

I went slowly forward, drawing in great breaths of the air and looking carefully for game. Sheep love to sun themselves beside a boulder or to meditate in some shallow cave. Soon I reached the place where the goat or sheep had been. For all the world it was as dizzy a spot as the overhanging rock off Glacier Point above the Yosemite valley. A foot or two outward advanced satisfied my curiosity—and then, as I peered over, a rolling stone—the bane of many a poor buck and sheep—caught my attention, and I looked up to see a lordly ram three hundred yards distant making for the swale. I was crouching on the crag. Up came my left knee, down upon it dropped my left elbow the palm of my left hand closed upon the carbine barrel, and the sport began.

As the first shot rang out, two more sheep suddenly appeared and rushed away in the wake of the leader. If you are fond of Nature, kindly reader, imagine yourself on a projecting crag, with a mighty abyss below and range on range of wild, barren sierra beyond, a golden sun tinting the world and warming your blood and Dame Nature in her grandest, most majestic mood, pausing beside you; if your life is dear to you, imagine yourself filled with vigor, drawing in deep breaths of mountain air, your muscles swelling out like great steel bands and that life, which ten minutes earlier seemed about to be forfeited, thrilling you with wild abandon; if you enjoy shooting, imagine yourself on the edge of a mesa, with nigh a league of fair view before you and three mountain sheep, the noblest of all creatures of the wilderness, bounding away before you, their great heads held proudly aloft, while your sharp-voiced rifle calls to them to halt. The three conditions were mine; the suggested possibilities were facts; moreover, fifty miles distant there was a mining camp where men and women and children were half starving for meat.

Such moments are worth living. I remember poignantly regretting that my brother was not enjoying the excitement with me and having no doubts but what I would bag all three sheep even though they had not faltered an instant in their flight. The second one, a cream-colored ewe, got in the line of my sight about the fifth shot and I let drive at her; the seventh shot was directed at the third sheep, a yearling ram.

At the sixth report the leader, already near the edge of the swale, sank in his tracks; thereupon the other two apparently imagined that the attack came from the front and about they turned and trotted laboriously toward me. My right arm always trembles when I am "shelling" big game and at this unexpected happening it wobbled disgracefully. Fortunately, an empty magazine created a temporary diversion. As I pressed in fresh cartridges I noticed that the barrel was decidedly hot.

After another shot I put down the carbine and took a camera snap at the mesa and the sheep; then the carbine resumed its sharp play, snarling quickly like an enraged hound. The cream-colored sheep dropped suddenly all in a heap and the young ram at once rushed diagonally across the mesa, his right side plainly exposed to me. As I again reloaded the magazine, the heat of the barrel blistered my thumb and first finger. At the same time I heard the sharp, discordant notes of two ravens. *"Sangue, sangue"* (blood, blood), as the Mexican hunters interpret the cry, and on hearing it in the sierra, they will aver success with all the surety of a gillie hearing the same sound in the stalking season on the Scotch heather. Certainly, the Mexican raven has a remarkable faculty of being on hand at the killing, and, when he deserts you, rest assured there are no sheep anywhere in the vicinity.

The young ram, after drawing eight bullets in his direction, disappeared from sight over the farther side of the mesa, and I climbed off my crag and proceeded to examine my game. Perhaps two or three minutes had been occupied by my shooting; it had seemed an immeasurable time.

The cream-colored ewe I found stone dead, pierced by three bullets. With two fatal wounds, the big ram, the white blotches on his tawny sides stained with blood, was endeavoring to rise when I approached him; his majestic head and massive curling horns he held defiantly aloft, his eyes, green of hue, scintillated with rage and involuntarily I felt for him the respect that bravery and noble mien ever command. While elation is naturally the first sensation of every sheep hunter upon killing his game, it must give way to pity and regret as the grand, independent creature sinks limp and lifeless before him. Truly, what hunter of the high sierra can help having a feeling of comradeship for the ram that shares with him the solitary fastnesses and puts up so brave a race for life! Silently, and even ashamed, I turned away and the mighty ram sank down, gasped shortly and was dead.

A trail of blood led across the mesa to the yearling; he had reached the farther edge with seven bullets through him! A 30-30 is no weapon for an animal of such tremendous vitality as the big-horn.

Eventually Timoteo, wild-eyed over my rapid fire bombardment, arrived having found a fairly passable ascent from his side of the sierra. There are three several ways of carrying a sheep; one is to sling him to your side and give up after a few rods; another, is to carry him on your shoulders, the left legs and the right legs being tied before your left and right shoulders, respectively; the third way is to have some one else do the carrying. I adopted the second method, but for comfort I would recommend the third. By the time we had carried and dragged the sheep down to our pack mule, the afternoon was far advanced, our shoulders ached cruelly and we were exhausted. And how the mule ever scrambled down in the darkness among rocks and boulders is beyond me.

Finally, after traveling for hours, lighting our way by firing dead maguey stalks and dried fan-palm boughs, we piled the meat upon a rock for the night, turned loose the mule and followed him to camp, carrying the sheep heads suspended over our shoulders. It was a weird ending of an exciting day; at regular intervals, high up among the rugged cliffs, smoldered the maguey plants, winking eyes in the cloaking darkness, in the trough of the arroyo down which we picked our way tall ghostly palms raised high their shadowy heads, their flaming boughs lighting up the somber depths of the arroyo and bringing out in sharp outline our slowly moving figures.

We had sheep that evening

In March, while visiting the old Mission of San Borja, down by the twenty-ninth parallel of latitude, I had the pleasure of meeting a particularly well-informed Mexican ranchero, Señor Fidel Villavacensio, and among his books I was delighted to find a Spanish edition of the California writings of Padre Francisco Javier Clavijero, an eighteenth century Vera Cruz member of the Society of Jesus. Some years before I had seen an Italian version of this invaluable work in San Francisco.

As modern naturalists seem to consider the mountain sheep one of their nineteenth century discoveries, I will quote the following passage from chapter sixteen of Clavijero:

"El taje de la California es el ibex de Plinio y el bouquetir de Bufon—Sunt ibices pernicitatis quamquam onerato capite vastis cornibus." Plin. Hist. Nat. Lib. VIII, c. 53. Which, roughly translated, means, "The *taje* of California is similar to the ibex of Pliny and the bouquetin of Buffon. The ibex are extremely active, though the head of the ibex is weighed down by great horns." This passage is followed by a statement that what has been written concerning the ibex and bouquetin has been observed to be true of the California *taje*.

Here, also, I may as well add a quotation from Alexander Humboldt, written prior to 1803. "The *Sierra de la Giganta,*" wrote the great traveler in his notes on California, "is inhabited by an animal resembling the mouflon *(ovis ammon)* of Sardinia. The Spaniards call them wild sheep *(carneres cimarones)*. They leap, like the ibex, with their heads downward; and their horns are curved on themselves in a spiral form. This animal differs essentially from the wild goats—these goats, which belong perhaps to the antelope race, go in the country by the name of berendas."

And as Padre Jakob Baegert also write on California mountain sheep in the eighteenth century and before Shaw, Cuvier, Desmarest, Audubon and Doyle, the first accredited writers on the subject were born, a quotation from his "Nachrichten" is here proper:

"Where the chain of mountains that runs lengthwise through the whole peninsula reaches a considerable height, there are found animals resembling our rams in all respects, except their horns, which are thicker, longer and much more curved." And the old padre was evidently the author of that ridiculous jumping yarn for he concluded his account thus: "When pursued, these animals will drop themselves from the highest precipices upon their horns without receiving any injury." But what may not be expected in the sheep line when it is considered that that champion story-teller, Marco Polo, with his *ovis poli,* or sheep of Central Asia, began the discovering of mountain sheep way back in the thirteenth century!

There are two modern hunters who have written happily and with particularly good sense concerning the bighorn. In 1881, the Earl of Dunraven, a Scotch big game hunter, thus referred to the Rocky mountain sheep: "*Ovis Montana,* locally and variously called the mountain sheep, big-horn or *taje,* is very closely allied to, if he is not identical with, *Ovis Argali,* the wild sheep of Asia, and he is akin to the European mouflon. . . . To find the big-horn the hunter scales giddy precipices and climbs to soaring peaks and confronts Nature face to face in her grandest, her most terrific moods." And in his "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," President Roosevelt says, "Hunting the big-horn is at all times the hardest and most difficult kind of sport. . . . Its chase constitutes the noblest form of sport with the rifle . . . No other form of hunting does as much to bring out the good qualities, both moral and physical, of the sportsmen who follow it."

A few years ago the mountain sheep of the Grapevine mountains between Nevada and California was named after that industrious naturalist, Mr. E. W. Nelson. If the Lower California sheep is to receive any distinctive name, I suggest that the honor fall to Francisco Clavijero.

In April I was spending an evening with the Grand Señor of a pretty little pueblo off the twenty-sixth parallel in Lower California. Suddenly he looked up from an examination of my game trophies and exclaimed, "But Señor, how comes it that you have not killed an antelope of the sierra *(un berrendo de los sierras)*?"

"Un berrendo de los sierras?" I repeated, inquiringly, with some unplaced memory struggling in the back of my brain.

"Yes, Señor. The *berrendo de los sierras* is not unlike the *borego* (sheep) in habits, but he is thicker through the shoulders, his horns extend farther outward. In color these animals are black."

"Los hay negros" (they are black), that gave clue to my unplaced memory, and later that evening I turned to my notes from Clavijero. *"La gamuza . . . es mas grande,"* wrote the old Jesuit in his chapter on the native California animals, *"mas agil y mas veloz que la cabra. Los animales de esta especia se justan en manadas, y trepan en los rocas con incredible facilidad: los hay blancos y negros; su piel es apreciada y su carne buena para comer."* Translating gamuza into antelope, the passage becomes, "The antelope is larger, more agile and swifter than the goat. This class of animals travel in flocks, and they leap among the rocks with marvelous ease. They are white and black; the hides are esteemed and the meat is good for eating."

Who ever heard of an American antelope that was black? and on the other hand who ever observed one at a distance without thinking of its being white? Clavijero's *gamuzos blancos* must be the ordinary antelope, his *gamuzos negros* must be the Grande Señor's *berrendos de los sierras;* having come to this conclusion I went to sleep with the firm intention of hunting the strange animal.

Two days later I made camp in a wild, eery spot high up in the *Sierra Giganta* where a goat-herd had erected a poor adobe and a corral in the shadow of frightful precipices above which towered a threatening black *picacho* or peak. Early the morning after I started forth with Manuel, the goat-herd's eighteen-year-old son. To do the boy credit, he showed the most marvelous climbing abilities; by the time we had scaled the *picacho* my aneroid showed an elevation of thirty-six hundred and fifty feet above the elevation of camp, and yet the boy was not out of breath. I was nearly dead, and yet it was Manuel who had led the way up through the single break in the precipices where ascent was possible, and, machete in hand, had cut openings through the thickets of *tunas, palo, Adan, una de gato, garabatillo* and other thorny shrubs that hindered our advance. According to Manuel we were the first to take the trouble of ascending the *picacho*, but one of his goats had twice made the ascent, hobbled!

When we were at an elevation of four thousand feet above the sea level, Manuel suddenly pointed toward the east, and exclaimed, *"Alli, Señor, alli, dos berrendos de los sierras!"* (There, Señor, there, two antelopes of the mountains!)

Looking in the direction indicated, I saw two very dark animals, one far larger than any mountain sheep I had ever seen, with great head and immense rams' horns extending far outward and of extreme bulk about the shoulders. The smaller animal slipped into the brush before I had a good view of it. The ram was jumping leisurely among some rocks not over two hundred yards away, but as I drew down upon him the rising sun glinted over the sights and prevented my shooting. Another instant the *berrendo* disappeared in the brush, and although we found his great tracks we had no further sight of the creatures throughout the day. Manuel explained that usually these *berrendos* were less wild, not being hunted, and that they kept aloof from the *boregos* which also ranged on the *picacho*.

Late that afternoon, while tracking, I became separated from Manuel and reached camp in the night. As I lay on a pile of hides, dressing a bad ankle and extracting thorns from my arms and shoulders and wondering whether two days' rest would fit me for another try at the *berrendos*, a Mexican rode into camp. After customary greetings, he dismounted and seated himself near Praemundi, my old *moso*.

"Yes, Señor Praemundi," he said, "two weeks ago a great earthquake destroyed San Francisco and killed twenty-five thousand people!"

I sprang to my feet and caught the traveler by the shoulders. "What did you say?" I exclaimed, sharply.

"Señor, I have just come from Loreto by the Sea of Cortez, and there a lancha came with news that two weeks ago a terrible earthquake came upon San Francisco at eleven in the morning and killed outright twenty-five thousand people and sank the fleet in the harbor. Then fire burst out and all the *habitantes* are dead."

"That's a likely yarn," I growled, scornfully. Then the frightful import of the news, if true, came upon me, and shaking the man fiercely, I cried:

"You lie, you lie, Señor, you lie—my mother, my brother, my sister, live in San Francisco. My God, you lie!"

* * *

August was well advanced and the Baja California deserts were vast, broiling sand-spits, catching the fullness of the sun's rays and sullenly holding their heat during the short, breathless nights. Even the craggy Sierras glistened and baked under the great, glaring, unveiled eye of fire. Those who venture into such an atmosphere grow chary of words, bowing before the heat by day and cursing it and their own foolhardiness when the horizon puts away the sun for the night.

Thus had the day passed with the Colonel and me, and thus, as we sought rest in the evening, he burst out wildly, "Curse it, curse it, curse this heat," he cried, wildly, "the cursed earth is a-fire burning through my blankets. With nothin' over me I'm burnin' up. The near way down's been the way of the sun to-day. How hot is it anyway?"

"One hundred and twelve degrees, and it's 7:45 in the evening," I replied, after consulting both thermometer and watch.

"Don't wonder your *moso* didn't want to tackle the San Felipe and Colorado deserts this time o' year."

We were silent a few minutes.

"Colonel," I then queried, "my head's bad. Do you suppose this heat has phased me?"

The old frontiersman grunted. "Dunno, It's main queer for a man to see things. Better git some sleep. I'll bet that desert'll be all-fired hot to-morrow."

Half an hour earlier, as we were unsaddling on the edge of a *tinaja* or natural cistern down in one of the frightful arroyos dropping eastward out of San Pedro Martyr Sierra, I had vainly endeavored to point out to my companion what seemed to be a large black animal moving among the white boulders on the mountain side, half a mile distant. There are no bears in Lower California, and the colonel was certain that there could be no such large dark animal as I seemed to see.

His sleeping advice was good. Nine hours later I sat up in my blankets, feeling much refreshed, hauled off the waist of my pajamas, slipped on a thin undershirt—then seized my carbine and half a dozen extra cartridges and left the completion of my dressing until a later time for there had come to my ears, from up the mountain side, a quick succession of snorts and pig-like grunts followed by a great crashing as of giant boulders falling upon one another, again my eyes had seen the large dark animal. Only now they saw two of them and each had great rams' horns extending outward and their shoulders were bulky. If the heat has affected both my sight and hearing, I thought, as I slipped on a pair of *teguas* or Mexican slippers and hurried down the arroyo, I may as well see what will come of a little shooting.

Fifty yards from camp, I crouched down in the concealment of a *mesquit* and for fifteen minutes watched a knightly combat. High up on the steep granite mountain side the two rams were fighting a desperate duel. Backing off ten or fifteen paces, they would rush forward, grunting and snorting, their mighty heads bent low, and when they crashed together their great horns resounded like giant boulders.

Doubtless to a third person, the scene would have been amusing; high among the cliffs the two big rams, in tournament engaged, butting each other, oblivious of all else, down in the trough of the arroyo a wild-eyed hunter in undershirt, pajamas and *teguas,* rubbing the sleep out of his eyes and wishing the sun were on the mountain so that he might see the game distinctly through his carbine sights.

Finally, an ordinary sized ram, seemingly a referee or a peace-maker, appeared on the scene and endeavored to separate the combatants. Then the shooting began. After the first or second report, the "referee" dropped out of sight and the others scattered for the moment, then returned and renewed their contest; by this time my cartridges were exhausted and I called for more. The colonel quickly appeared with an unbroken box and I climbed upon a boulder and resumed firing while my companion expostulated, saying that if the sheep were allowed to fight I could easily creep closer.

But crude though it may seem to the gentle hunter, to me "shelling" is more interesting than stalking, and my carbine was soon blistering my hands. One ram quickly rushed away to the right, the other to the left. The latter, as he seemed to be wounded, received attention for full a dozen shots during which time he fell three times.

The "referee" we soon secured—I didn't do the carrying, either! He had a short mane, and, except for his light rump and nose, was of the darkest mole color; perhaps he was one of Clavijero's *berrendos negros,* certainly there are no hides of like color* in our museums, although that tireless sheep hunter, Charles Sheldon, of New York, secured one, not unlike it in Chihuahua. By the time the ram was in camp** and the pack-train ready, the thermometer registered one hundred and fourteen degrees in the shade with higher promises that did not encourage us to scramble after the wounded duelist, although we were certain of his whereabouts owing to the devoted attendance of a ewe that appeared upon a cliff just above where he had fallen at the last shot.

A week later and not fifty miles distant, I saw a flock of eight mountain sheep all of the usual tawny color.

A rugged, well-muscled hunter may find the big-horn in the eastern ranges of Lower California from the Cocupa Sierras just south of the American line to Salto Los Reyes just northwest of La Paz. But if he objects to barren sierras, dangerous precipices, frightful heat, cactus thorns, thirst, poisonous insects and venomous snakes he may as well make no attempt to find the Lower California big-horn.

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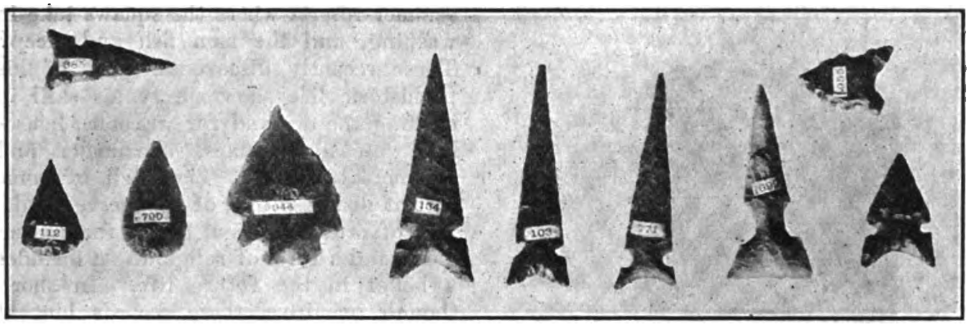
*Note.—The *Ovis Stonei*, or big sheep of the Northwest territory, approaches most nearly of the museum specimens. A. N.

**Note.—The ram's head now adorns a college society house at the University of California, the hide has been given to President Roosevelt.



OBSIDIAN ARROWHEADS OF VARIED FORMS

LONG AGO IN SAN JOAQUIN

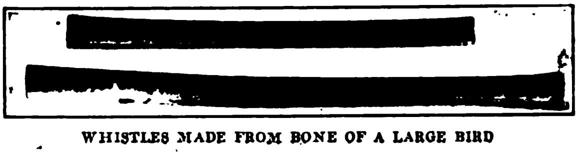
By L. CLARE DAVIS

AN INTEREST in Indian relics, like a taste for olives, is acquired. It comes of association and gradual assimilation and is rarely a case of "love at first sight." Into the library of Professor James A. Barr, of Stockton, California, with its cases of about four thousand specimens, I had tripped off and on for ten years before the leaven got into me, and began to work.

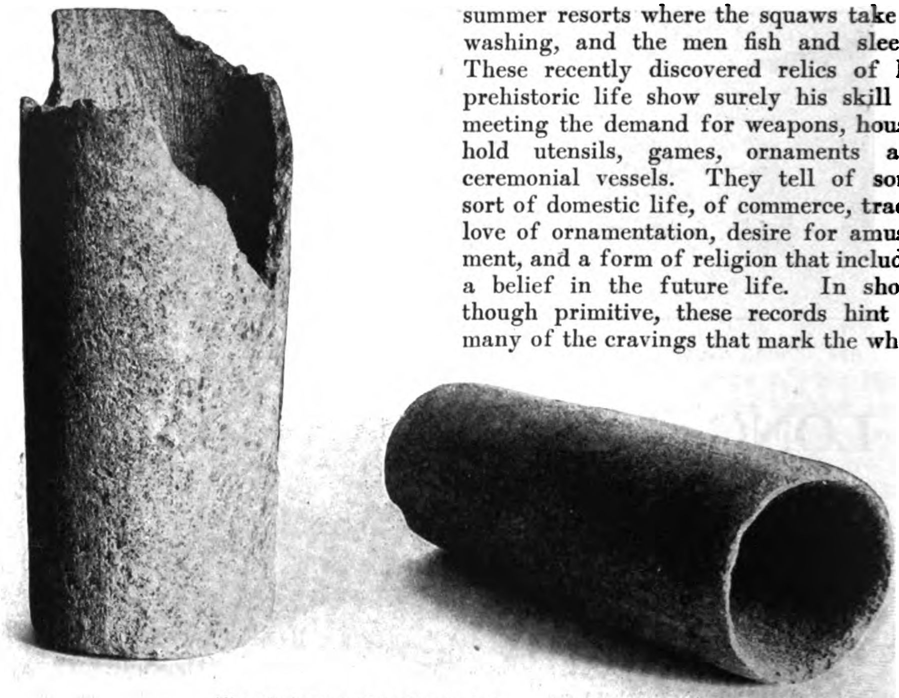
Skulls, bones, beads, and pestles, these had little attraction for me and my friend's enthusiasm over each new find fell on stony soil. Diligently, conscientiously, I looked at them, as in duty bound to my host, and with as much appreciation as a bachelor bestows on a new baby. Sadly and apologetically I handed them back with a silent appeal which said as plainly "Yes, indeed, I'm sure they are lovely but for goodness sake don't expect me to rave over them."

"Note this magnificent obsidian arrowhead that I've just found," Mr. Barr observed one day with a gleam of the collector's fire and one more bid for appreciation.

Now a person who hasn't enough art in his nature to appreciate an obsidian arrowhead or spearhead is fit "for treasons, stratagems and spoils," for obsidian is in itself such a beautiful, translucent volcanic rock, usually black, and with such cloudy flecks as are seen in jade; like jade, it is so hard as to be capable of taking an edge like a razor. Flaked on its flat surface and often beautifully serrated on the edge, an arrowhead or spearhead is in itself a thing of beauty and a work of art whether the Indian knew it or not. It was that obsidian arrowhead that pierced my consciousness and induced me to take an interest. I soon deserted my first love for a spearhead, six inches long, of milk-white chalcedony, showing most delicate serrations, graceful outlines and

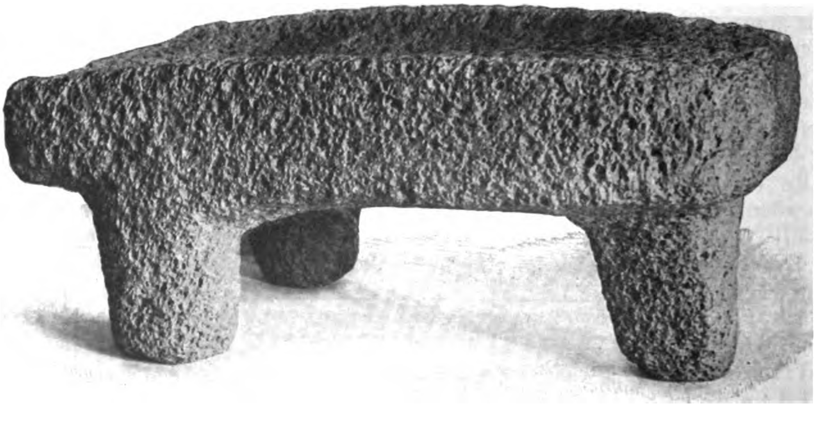


WHISTLES MADE FROM BONE OF A LARGE BIRD



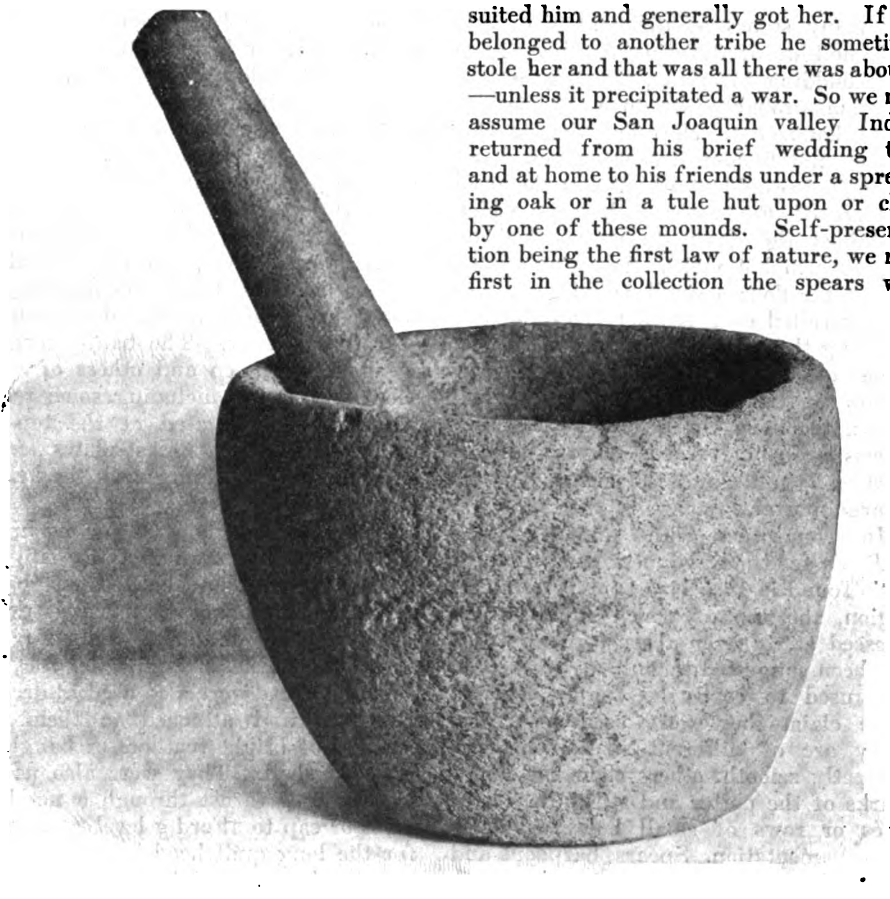
The admiration of archaeologists

masterly workmanship, and from that began to embrace a collection of remarkable "curves" or knives of the same workmanship, besides spearheads and small delicate arrowheads innumerable. Could these be the work of the hitherto despised Digger Indians whom most of us Californians have known superficially through the few who survive the ravages of time, disease, and degeneration, and who cross our horizon now and then at mountain summer resorts where the squaws take in washing, and the men fish and sleep? These recently discovered relics of his prehistoric life show surely his skill in meeting the demand for weapons, household utensils, games, ornaments and ceremonial vessels. They tell of some sort of domestic life, of commerce, trade, love of ornamentation, desire for amusement, and a form of religion that includes a belief in the future life. In short, though primitive, these records hint at many of the cravings that mark the white race. But when we would study more closely into this subject it is almost too late. The Indians have nearly vanished and it is largely through these mounds where he was buried with such of his belongings as it was thought he might need in the happy hunting grounds, that we are able to learn remotely of his early life. It is said by historians that as many as one hundred thousand Indians peopled California when the white man first



Show his skill in meeting the demand for utensils appeared. As late as 1852 fully 10,000 are said to have been living in the San Joaquin Valley alone. This relatively large number was due mainly to the mild climate, with its wealth of roots, grasses, crickets and grasshoppers, the abundance of fish and mussels in the waterways, with wild fowl, herds of elk and antelope living along their banks and myriads of great oaks with their acorn yield. Protected on all sides by the mountains the Indians were left in undisputed possession of this Eden, little disturbed by other tribes. This remoteness from tribes North, East and South left his handiwork and himself typically Californian. The present site of the city of Stockton was once the center of a large Indian population and this explains why so many interesting relics have been found in the vicinity especially on Walker Slough, the banks of Stockton Channel and the San Joaquin river. The mounds about here are slight elevations from four to sixteen feet high and from thirty feet to several acres in area.

Tradition says that when an Indian wanted a wife he simply asked the chief of the tribe for the maiden that best suited him and generally got her. If she belonged to another tribe he sometimes stole her and that was all there was about it —unless it precipitated a war. So we may assume our San Joaquin valley Indian returned from his brief wedding tour and at home to his friends under a spreading oak or in a tule hut upon or close by one of these mounds. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, we note first in the collection the spears with which he secured fish, the mortars and pestles with which were ground his acorns for bread. These stone mortars, though elementary, are very beautiful because the worker simply hollowed out the boulder of which they are made leaving the simple lines as Nature planned them. The hollowing out process was probably accomplished gradually and not of design in most cases,



These mortars . . . are very beautiful though some mortars are carefully smoothed outside as well as in. We will assume that while hubby is out hunting and fishing, his bride is squatted on the ground hulling acorns on a large stone with a smaller one used as a hammer. In the course of time a hollow is formed in the large stone which was further enlarged as time went on. This is suggested by the fact that in the collection are many stones of different sizes and with hollows of differing depths. Then with budding invention, my lady of the wigwam probably set to work with a stone hammer to chip out the interior deeper and fashion a cooking vessel out of it that would stand fire, to be used instead of the cooking baskets which contained the day's dinner—cooked by throwing in hot rocks. In grinding the acorns for flour a small round stone was simply rolled over another large flat one crushing the acorns beneath—the earliest form of flour-mill. Then when the hollow of the metate or millstone had grown too deep for receiving the roller it was probably turned endways and so became a pestle and the metate became a large mortar.

In connection with preparing the Indian's food may be mentioned the clay balls found in such large numbers in this region, the use of which can only be guessed at. In the absence of stones it has been suggested that they were heated and used to cook the family dinner; some claim they were used in slings. They are of different sizes, some are perfectly smooth, others show the finger marks of the potter and still others have lines or rows of small holes evidently for ornamentation. Spears, harpoons and fish-hooks, of many kinds, together with horn or bone knives for dressing the hides of animals suggest the menu of the Indian and the mode of preparing his food.

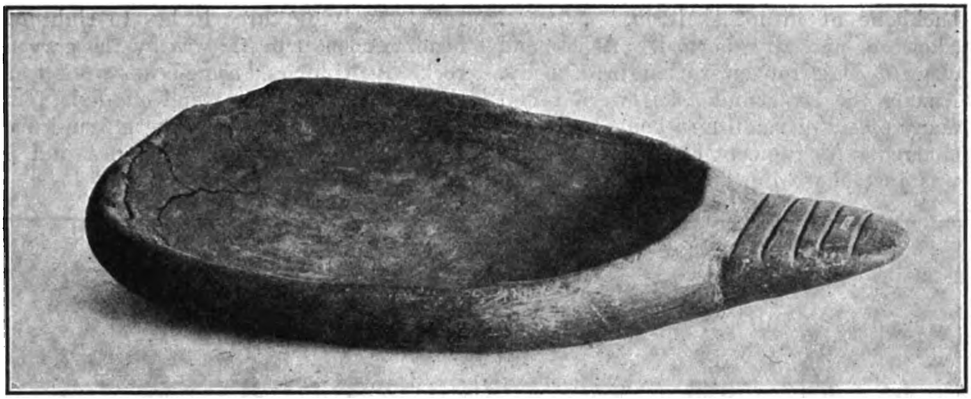
Such things as were not supplied by his environment could be secured by trading with the other Indians in the summer-time when the valley Indian probably found his way to the cooler mountains and to the coast, and there he must have secured his supply of obsidian, steatite, and other minerals, and his abalone shells for ornaments.

For money he used beads-wampum. These beads were of shell or stone—sometimes of glass. Some were disc-shaped from one-sixteenth to one and a half inches in diameter. Others were cylindrical made of the heart of the shell or of stone and about one and one-half inches long. These had a fixed valuation, a cylinder being worth ten discs.

Then, as with his white brother, in hours of ease and freedom from toil, the Indian devoted himself to artistic pursuits and to adorning his person and we see the beautifully flaked obsidian knives or "curves" peculiar to this region—the admiration of archæologists everywhere. It is conjectured that these were used for surgical or for ceremonial purposes, such as lacerating the flesh in some of the religious dances. We see ornaments of the abalone shell used for dressing the hair, sewed as sequins to the dress, and as objects of barter. The banjo gorget is a unique specimen and others of varied shape are found including some rectangular ones perforated at the top and probably worn as breast-plates and to adorn their sun and moon baskets in ceremonials.

Bone was largely used for ornaments. Instead of the ear-ring of my lady, the Indian pierced a hole through the cartilage of the nose and thrust therein a long, polished, double-pointed pin of bone, about the size and length of a pencil. These were also used in dressing the hair, and attached to them were bunches of bright feathers or bangles of polished shell. They were also used in sets of four thrust through a net head-dress or cap to afford a level floor or rest for the long quill head bands worn in a certain dance. Of bone he made also cylinders for playing certain games and whistles of bone came in for a share of attention. These whistles, from one and one-half to nine inches long were made from the bones of a large bird. They were used in all the Indian dances. Stephen Powers says:

"The musicians at this dance (Yo mus si) play on whistles, and the more of them the Indian can get into his mouth the more sweet and ravishing his strains are held to be. If he has a mouthful



PRODUCT OF THE POTTER'S ART

from corner to corner, all pitched to the same key and giving forth piercing blasts from alternate sucking and blowing of the breath, he has attained the perfection of musical art."

Very interesting are the sinkers or charm stones which have been found here in large quantities. Many archæologists claim they are charm or luck stones, but the Rev. H. C. Meredith advances the opinion that they are much too numerous for that alone and their construction suggests utility. He thinks they were first used to sink fishing nets in the interior lakes, and as the catch was good or otherwise they became luck or charm stones and were venerated as such.

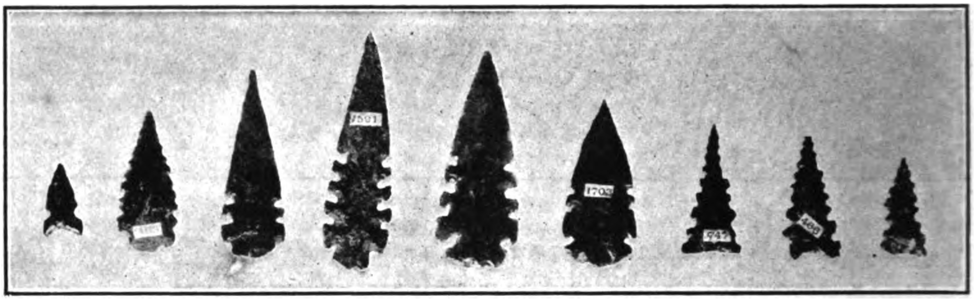
When the sun had sunk behind Mount Diablo and the evening camp-fire was lighted the Indian smoked the stone pipe of peace in this valley, with leaves, perhaps, for 'baccy. The pipes found in these mounds are all cylinders, showing they are of ancient times, the bowl on the pipe being a modern invention. When the Indian died his pipe and other treasures went with him to the grave. An excerpt from Mr. Barr's field notes, taken while excavating, gives some interesting points connected with burial:

"With the skeleton of one adult buried two and one-half feet deep, were found, one pipe just under the head, two perforated, hour-glass shaped stones by the right side of head, two stone beads with pipe, one carved tube near right hand and between it and the body, four banjo-shaped shell ornaments, two fragments of a fifth banjo ornament and twelve small oblong shell ornaments."

Another note says: "A bone whistle was found in the mouth of a skeleton. Sixteen other whistles were by the side of the head, a few inches to right. Three fragments of whistles were with the sixteen. Ten shell ornaments and five etched pieces of what was probably a large ornament were found on the breast."

A third tells this: "A curved obsidian, both edges serrated was found by the right arm. The skeleton of adult was lying on its back northwest by southeast, head to northwest. Bones were in a fair state of preservation. Six broken arrow points were under the body, along the backbone from neck to hips. Three pestles were one foot west of skeleton. Paint mortar and hammer stone just to left. Large hammer stone one foot to right of head. Four pebbles, obsidian chip, and four rub stones between large hammer stone and head. A third hammer stone, small crystal, and oblong rock with the three pestles. Wampum was found across upper part of breast as if in strings."

That the babe received the same honors as his elders is shown in this "find:" "Stockton curve, black obsidian, serrated on both edges, found just under backbone of infant skeleton. . . . Skeleton partially burned. Ashes and charred coals ran entire length of body. Among the coals and ashes were found many pieces of small bird bones split and charred. A fragment of an arrow point was just above the head. A flat curved rock was lying three inches to right of head. A small pestle was by the curved rock. A pebble and some beads were near the rock. Within two and one-half feet on either side of the body were found five broken pestles, seven rub stones and a number of fragments of pestles."



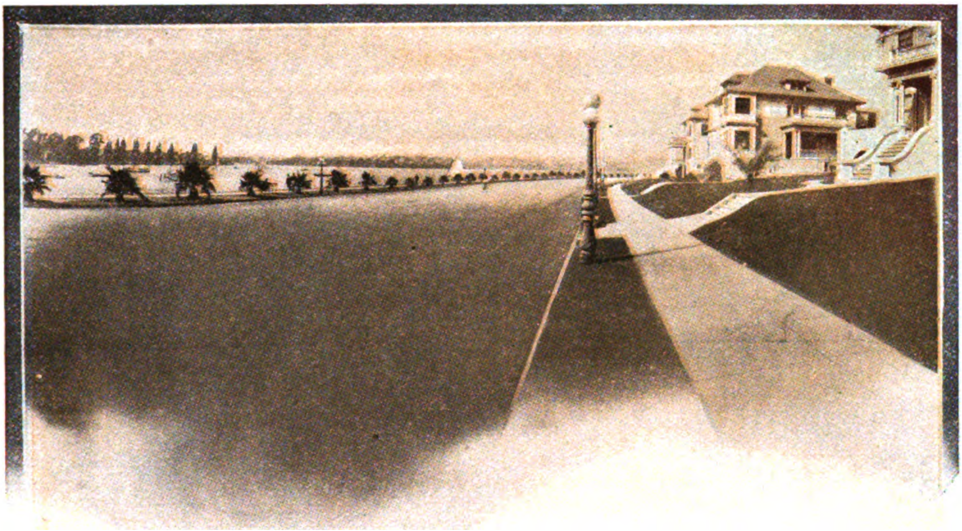
AT A POET'S TOMB

By HENRY WALKER NOYES

Not his the song that came or closed
  As each changed mood its impulse lent;
That soaring high anon reposed,
  With lower utterance blurred and blent.

Not his the wing that sprang aloft
  To settle soon in wearied rest,
Familiar with the skies, but oft
  Returning to an earthly nest.

His song poured ceaseless and serene,
  Unvexed by dull and dissonant chords,
And all its artless art was seen
  In noble acts and thoughts and words.



LAKE MERRITT BOASTS A BEAUTIFUL BOULEVARD

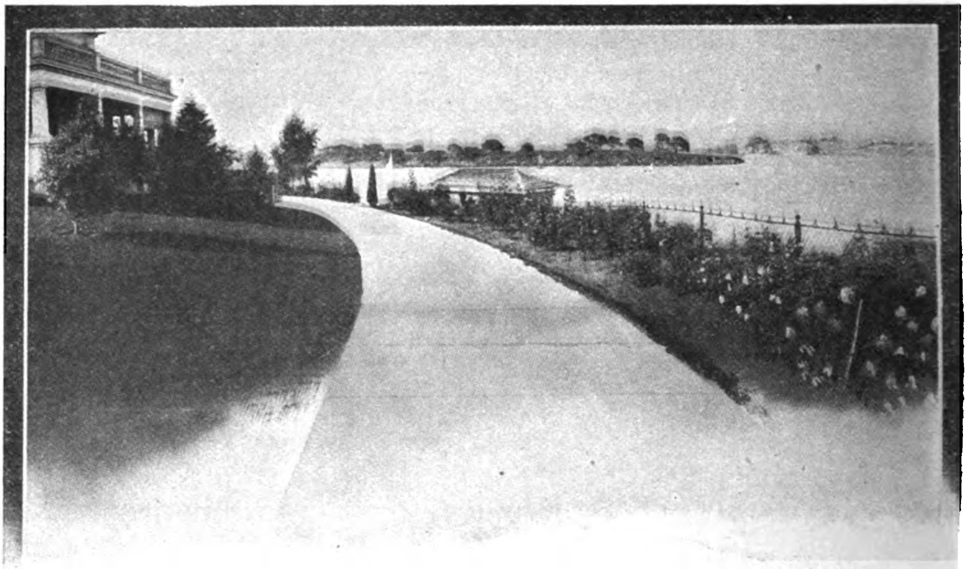
OAKLAND AND ROUNDABOUT

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CITIES OF HOMES AND BUSINESS, FLOWERS AND CLIMATE, THAT HAVE GROWN UP ON THE EAST SHORE OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By JOSEPH E. BAKER
Editor of the Oakland "Tribune"

CROSSING the bay easterly from San Francisco on a clear night a splendid illumination meets the eye. It extends for some nine miles, in an immense arc, from the entrance of San Leandro bay to where the sea bites into the shore off Sheep Island. In the foreground are the ferry depots, three in number, gleaming like palaces of light on the water, the radiance throwing in bold relief the masts and spars of the shipping—docked at the wharves. As the lights rise in the background from a glowing center, they grow thin in spots, break into groups, and at the higher elevations become isolated sparks, twinkling evidences of the homes dotting the distant hillsides. Thus brilliantly illuminated, Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Emeryville, Piedmont, Fruitvale and Melrose are blended at night-time into one city of amazing size, crowding the shore for many miles and swarming up the rampart of irregular heights which girdle the eastern littoral of San Francisco bay.

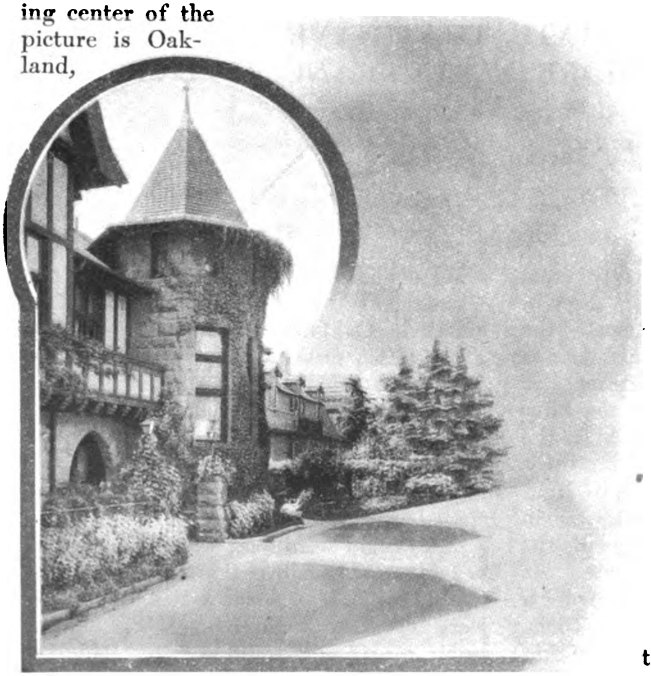
A stranger would ask what great city is nearing, and would perhaps be puzzled to learn that half a dozen cities and towns were grouped before him. The lamplight impression would not be dispelled by daylight observation if municipal



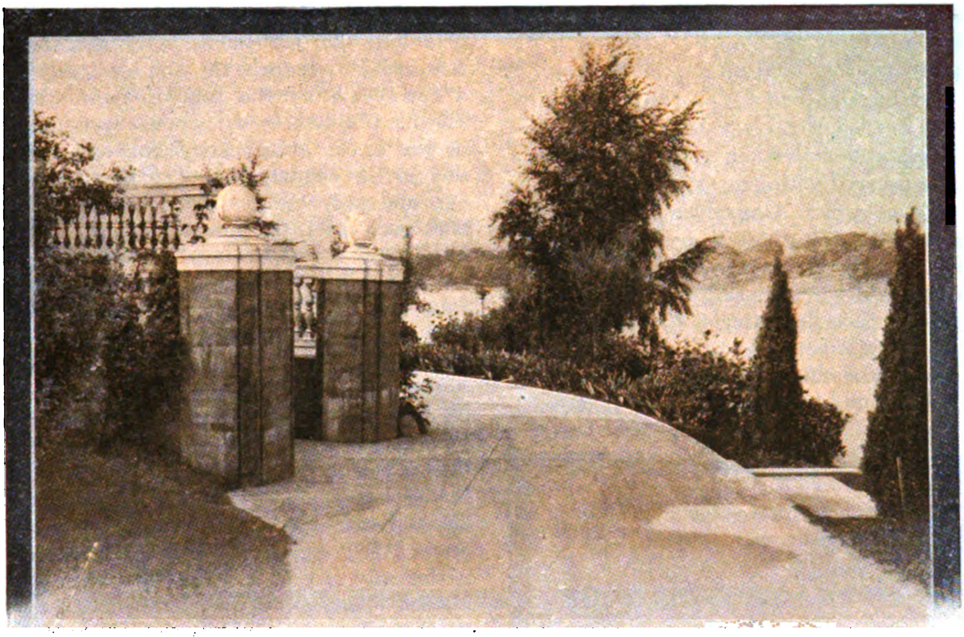
WHERE THE ARCHITECT HAS MADE THE MOST OF A PLEASANT PROSPECT

boundaries were not pointed out, for streets and houses merge into one leaving no sign of where one town begins and another ends. There is no geographical delineation whatever. As seen from the water at night, the blazing center of the picture is Oakland, the commercial heart of the group of settlements which have grown together physically while remaining separated politically.

Looking down from the Berkeley, Piedmont or Claremont hills by daylight one can realize the wondrous transformation that has been wrought on the Rancho Peralta since the American settlers squatted in the early fifties on that noble demesne, in defiance of its owners and their Spanish grants of title. A magnificent grazing and farming estate comprising many leagues of lowland tilth and picturesque upland, dotted with noble oaks and carpeted with succulent grass decked with wild flowers, has been made the site of a bustling, thriving commercial and manufacturing city, growing by leaps and bounds and overflowing into the surrounding hills and grainfields at a rate that excites the wonder even of its dwellers.



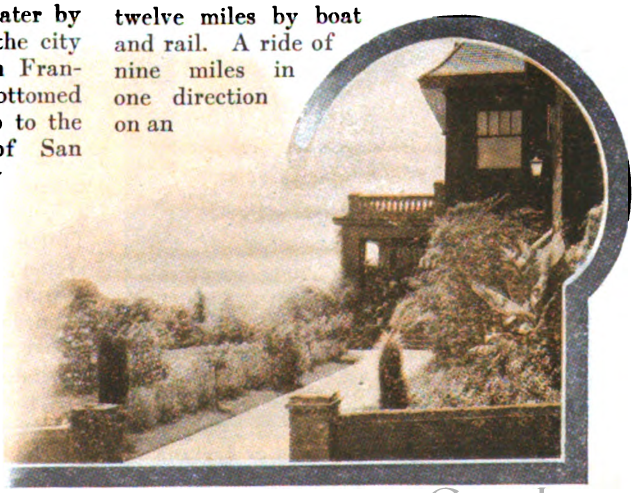
NATURE CONFORMS WITH ART IN THE MAKING OF PIEDMONT HOMES



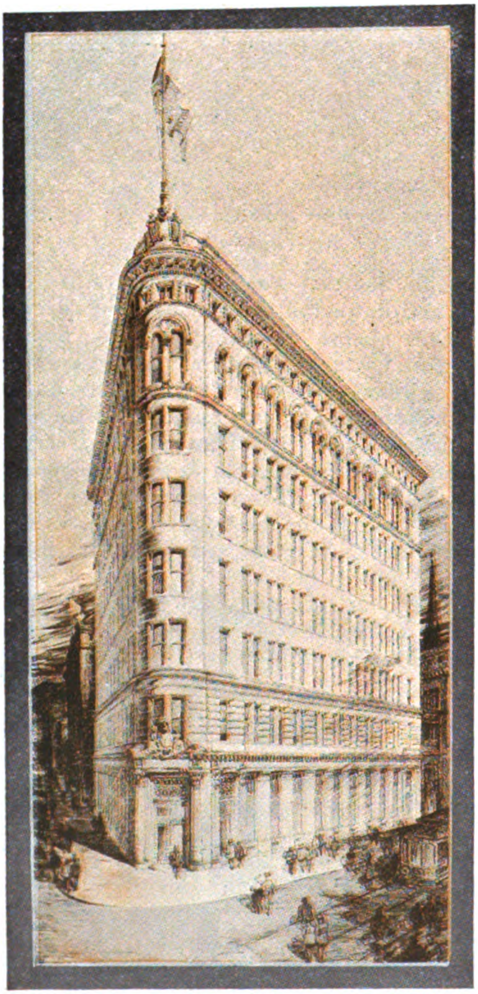
PICTURESQUE VISTAS ADD TO THE DELIGHTS OF THE GARDENS

Gradually the American squatters dispossessed the original owners of the land, and laid out towns here and there. Among the first of the squatters was Horace W. Carpentier, one of the founders of Oakland, who played an important part in the struggle for possession of the water front, then a vast expanse of mud flats, but now studded with wharves and factories and traversed by railway lines reaching deep water by huge moles. In the infancy of the city communication was had with San Francisco by means of a small flat-bottomed steamer which pushed its way up to the foot of Broadway by way of San Antonio creek, winding tortuously through a wide expanse of marsh.

San Antonio creek, jettied and dredged to a depth of twenty-five feet at low tide, now carries an immense sea traffic. The estuary has been cleared and made the anchorage ground for a swarm of shipping. Factories, shipyards, warehouses and wharves line its shores. Ferry steamers still go up and down the old channel, but carry freight almost exclusively. Three lines of fast boats, affording a passage every ten minutes, ply between the moles and San Francisco. Steam and electric trains maintain connection between the ferry boats and the various towns grouped about Oakland. Travelers pronounce the ferry system the best and cheapest in the world. It costs ten cents to ride twelve miles by boat and rail. A ride of nine miles in one direction on an



WHERE THE BANANA PALM IS NEIGHBOR TO THE ROSE electric street car costs five cents. This incomparable system of interurban transportation has been an enormous factor in building Oakland up so rapidly. It has also turned the *Encinal,* as the Spanish inhabitants called the warm, sandy peninsula covered with groves of spreading live oaks, on which Alameda now stands, into a nest of beautiful homes inhabited by nearly thirty thousand people. Where now stately residences, set in lawns and flowers face fine streets, the landlords of the old regime used to pitch their summer camps, for the bathing and fishing were good around the *Encinal* in those days.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING OF OAKLAND

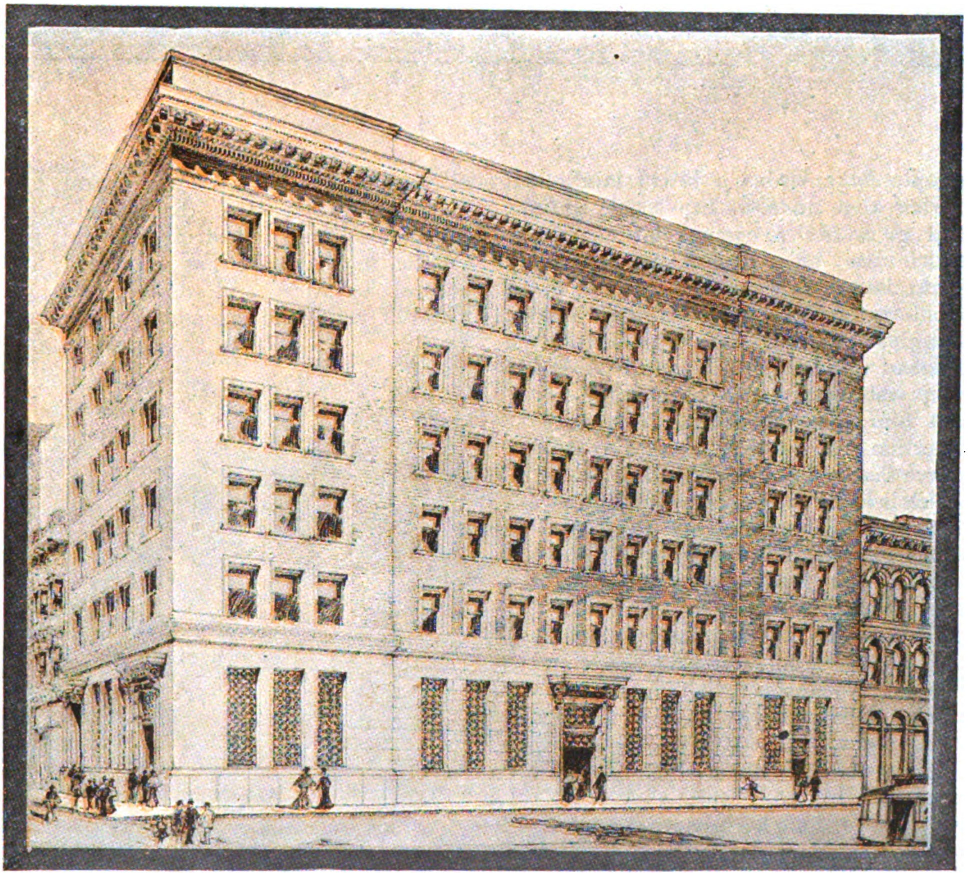
A sight of the gay throngs on the principal thoroughfares, after the theaters are out, reveals the change made in a few years by the tide of population. Eleven playhouses are open every night in the week, giving attractions equal to any in the country. Not so many years ago one poor theater struggled to make both ends meet, the actors waiting around sometimes for tickets to be sold to get their breakfast. Then the city was suburban in its life and traffic, and there was a lack of hotels and good eating houses.

But in the rush of events Oakland has become a great amusement center. Fashionable and appreciative audiences fill the theaters, which are among the best in the United States, one of them being devoted exclusively to the production of opera. It is worthy of note that Oakland is the only city in America that supports a stock opera company, having succeeded to that distinction when San Francisco was overwhelmed by calamity. The people of Oakland have always been noted for their musical culture, but until a recent period the taste ran to concerts and chorus singing. Now there is opera nine times a week, and a modern theater nearing completion will increase the number of playhouses to twelve. Better evidence of metropolitan life and spirit could hardly be given.

The erection of tall steel, stone, brick and concrete buildings is another tale of growth and business expansion. A story about Horace Carpentier will illustrate this growth perhaps better than anything else. The late Mrs. Mary Canning, then unmarried, was employed in Mr. Carpentier's family, and had saved up a little money. So had a young woman friend. With eight hundred dollars of their savings Mr. Carpentier bought the property at the corner of Broadway and Thirteenth streets, now belonging to Mr. Henry Butters. Subsequently, Mrs. Canning bought her friend out for fifteen hundred dollars and became the sole owner of one hundred feet on Broadway. It made her a wealthy woman, and one of the finest churches in Oakland was built out of the rentals of the property. The lot bought for eight hundred dollars forty years ago can not be bought for half a million to-day. Fourteen thousand dollars was paid by the city in the early '70s for the city hall lot and park. That property would be cheap to-day at one million and a half. Other testimonials of metropolitan greatness are the twenty-five banks in the urban district of which Oakland is the center and business entrepot, the one hundred and fifty miles of electric street and suburban railway radiating from Broadway, and the three transcontinental railroads terminating here.

When Oakland was a small, struggling suburban village she became a seat of learning. Many distinguished Californians were prepared for a university course or finished their education at Brayton College, which in time became the nucleus of the State University at Berkeley, now one of the most advanced seats of intellectual culture on the continent. A committee of famous educational experts from Europe, after making a detailed examination of the principal institutions of learning in this country, ranked the University of California fifth in the list of American universities. Although Brayton College exists only in memory, such fine schools as California College, St. Mary's College, Mills' College and an admirable system of graded and high public schools afford abundant educational opportunities for the young. There are also technical schools and a medical college for professional training.

Boston has been aptly called a state of mind. Oakland is the outgrowth of conditions. Situated on the mainland, with the whole continent for a hinterland, she fronts the bay for many miles and



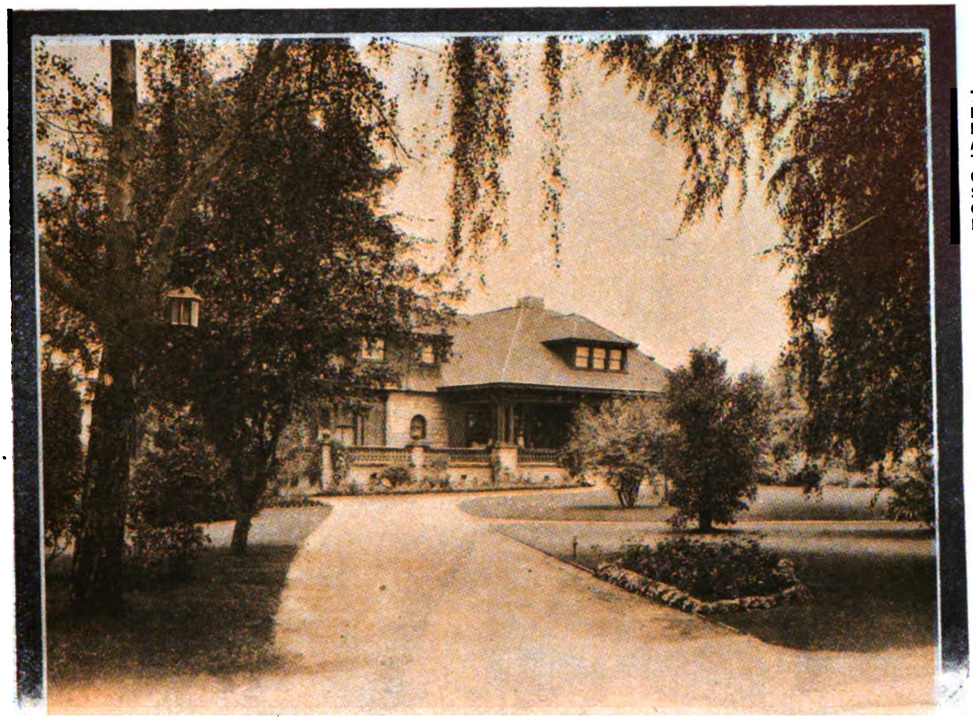
OAKLAND BANK OF SAVINGS BUILDING

THE HOME OF AN OAKLAND CAPITALIST

completely environs a broad landlocked harbor that adds to her scenic charms and gives her a commercial advantage which has only begun to be fairly appreciated. Every mile of her water front is girdled with railway tracks, bringing car and ship together at the doors of warehouse and factory. Access to deep water and ample terminal facilities for railroads coming from any direction are an invitation to commerce that has not been ignored, and which is being answered by a stream of capital and population. But the rapid growth of her sea trade has not brought to Oakland the more unpleasant features of port life. The more debasing aspects of ocean traffic—the 'long shore bilge and wreckage and the foul squalor so familiar in great marine havens—are missing from her water front. Hence the city retains some freshness and sweetness of the rural background, despite the busy scenes along her wharves.

The sudden rise of Oakland as a center of maritime commerce and manufacturing has not destroyed her charm as a residence city. That charm has increased rather than diminished with commercial and industrial growth, for artistic improvement has increased her natural beauties, and development of material activities has added immeasurably to the comforts and

THE CABIN THAT SHELTERED THE START OF HIS CAREER

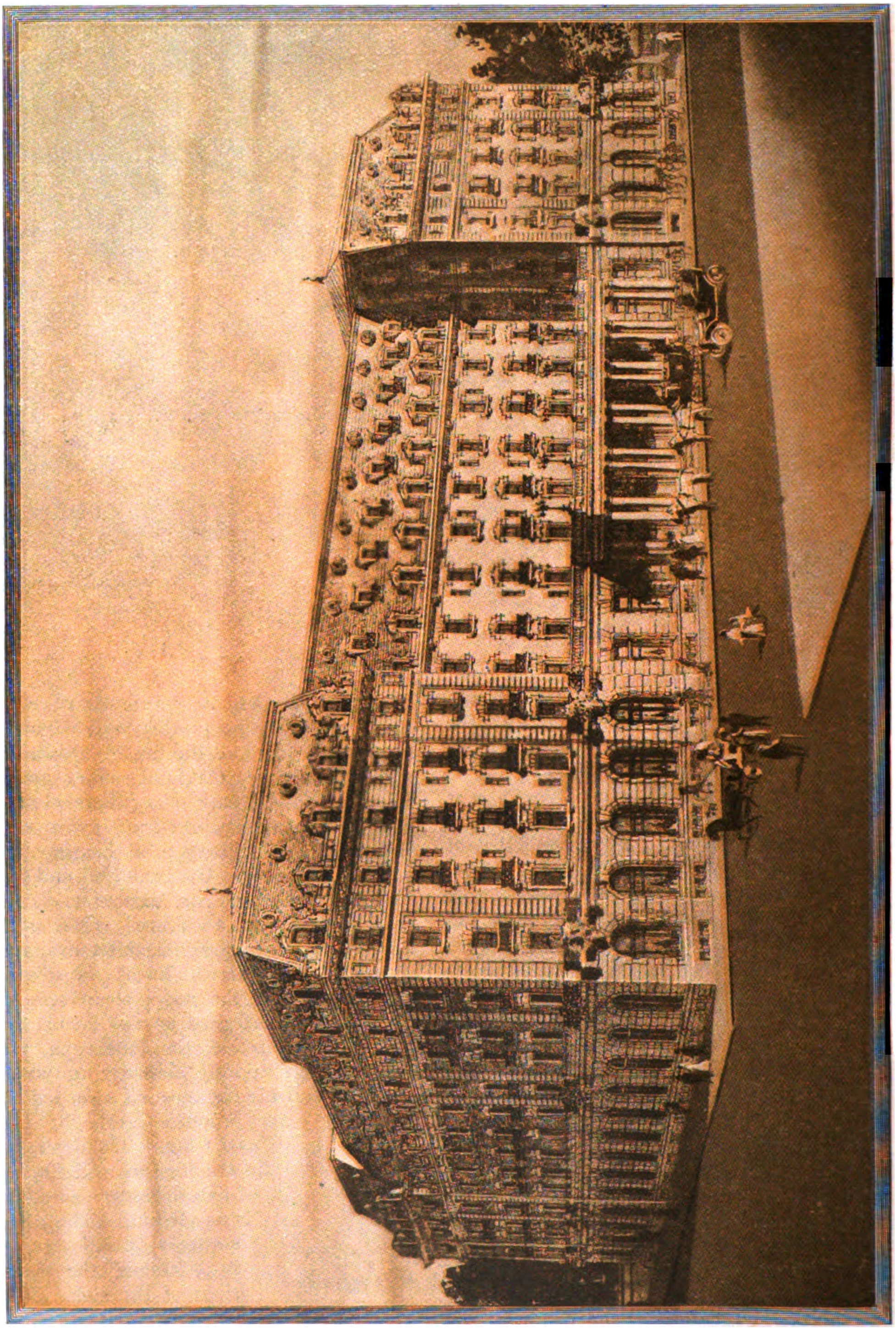


TREES FLOURISH FREELY AND CAST THEIR GRACEFUL SHADOWS ON THE LAWNS

conveniences of life. The social development has more than kept pace with the remarkable growth of the city as a mart of trade. In consequence residence here is more attractive and delightful now than at any period of her existence. The home, embowered without and embellished within, and pervaded with cultured refinement and wholesome civilized life, is still the dominant feature in the municipal panorama. It is the outward and inward expression of the social organizations, speaking of the integrity of the family tie and the influence of religion and the domestic relation in its most pleasing form; denoting hospitality and devotion to the roof tree and the fireside tradition.

The homes are Oakland's chief glory. They are in evidence everywhere always with the accompaniment of grass and flowers and shrubbery, and bearing the impress of love for the beautiful and the finer things of human existence. And such lovely homes they are! How individual in type, varied in architecture, and artistic in their exterior lines! How well they fit in with the wide, clean streets, the framework of gardens and lawns, the swelling contours of the landscape, the foreground of shimmering water and the background afforded by the wooded crests of the Coast range! The diversity in architecture and scheme of exterior ornamentation is as striking among the cottages of laborers as it is among the mansions of the rich. The note of fine taste runs through all ranks of

OAKLAND'S HOME PLACES CONFORM TO THEIR SURROUNDINGS AND THE CLIMATE



THE BANKERS' HOTEL—OAKLAND'S TWO MILLION DOLLAR HOSTELRY (IN COURSE OF ERECTION)

OAKLAND SCHOOL-HOUSES ARE MODERN BOTH IN ARCHITECTURE AND CONVENIENCES

society and presents itself in a variety of forms that unmistakably stamp the character of the community.

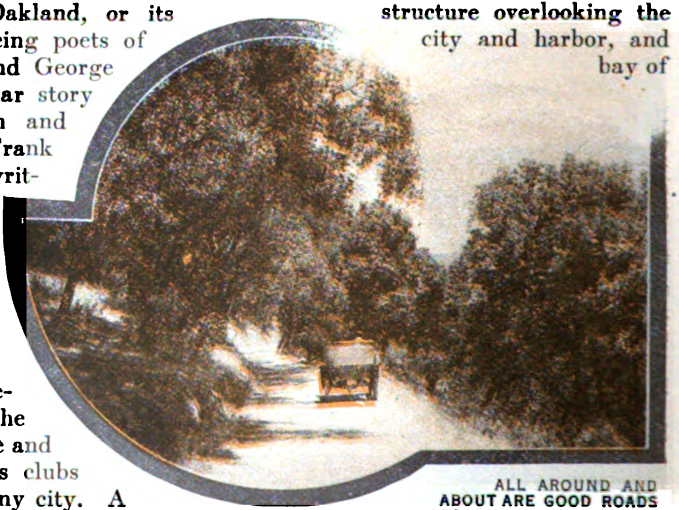
On the higher ground, particularly in Berkeley, Piedmont, and Claremont, and on Oakland Heights, is this note of taste and individuality in greatest evidence. These are the newer parts of the run-together city, formed by half a dozen communities originally separated, but now merged, which for want of a common name must be designated as Oakland. Not the least attractive feature of the diversified domestic architecture is the vrai-semblance of the original parts. Berkeley differs from Piedmont, and Piedmont differs from Claremont and Oakland Heights, while Fruitvale differs from them all, and Alameda has an individuality all her own. There is a variance in general aspects

STATELY ENTRANCES AND WELL KEPT GROUNDS ARE CHARACTERISTIC OF OAKLAND HOMES

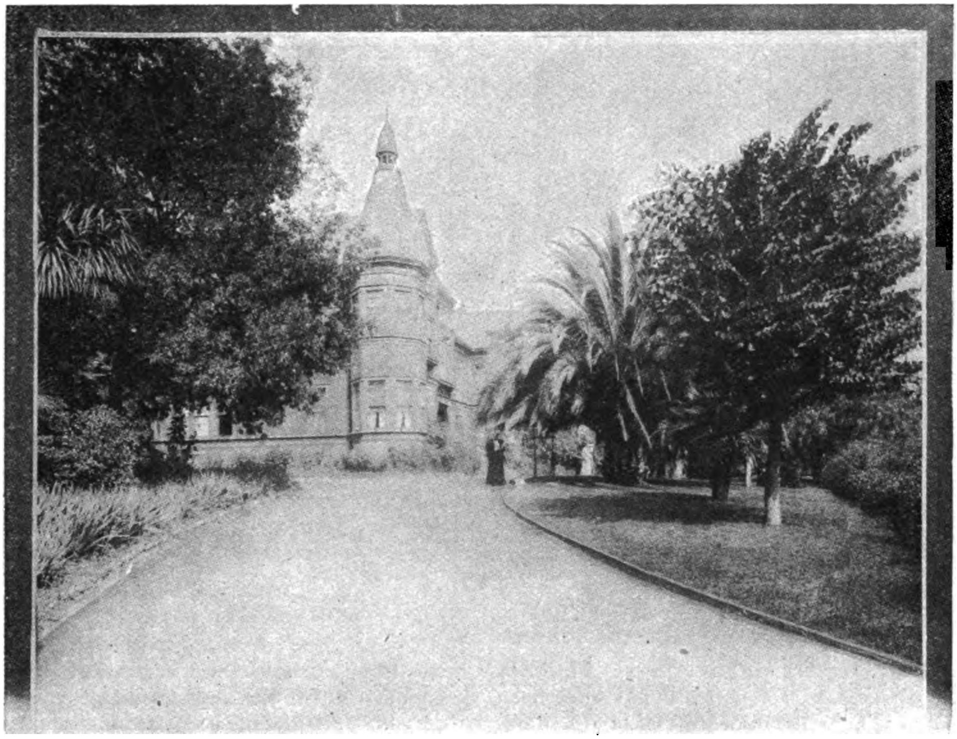
GRACEFUL PEPPER TREES AND STATELY PALMS ARE FAVORITE CHOICES FOR GARDENS

showing the impulse and impress of commercial growth separate and apart. All the variations blend admirably, however, and the whole presents a captivating ensemble.

The taste and variety of Oakland's domestic architecture is but a reflection of the literary and artistic culture of the inhabitants. A group of noted authors make their homes in Oakland, or its environs, among them being poets of fame—Joaquin Miller and George Sterling, and such popular story writers as Jack London and Herman Whitaker and Frank Spearman, besides other writers of note and popularity. The artist colony includes several composers and painters of more than local reputation. The women's clubs, the Ebell and the Home in particular, have no superiors and few equals in the world as centers of culture and advancement. The men's clubs will rank with those of any city. A celebrated architect of New York City pronounced the Claremont Country Club to be the peer of anything of the kind in the East; indeed, he said the Claremont Club was in some respects ahead of the fashionable country clubs in the vicinity of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. The Claremont clubhouse is a picturesque structure overlooking the city and harbor, and bay of

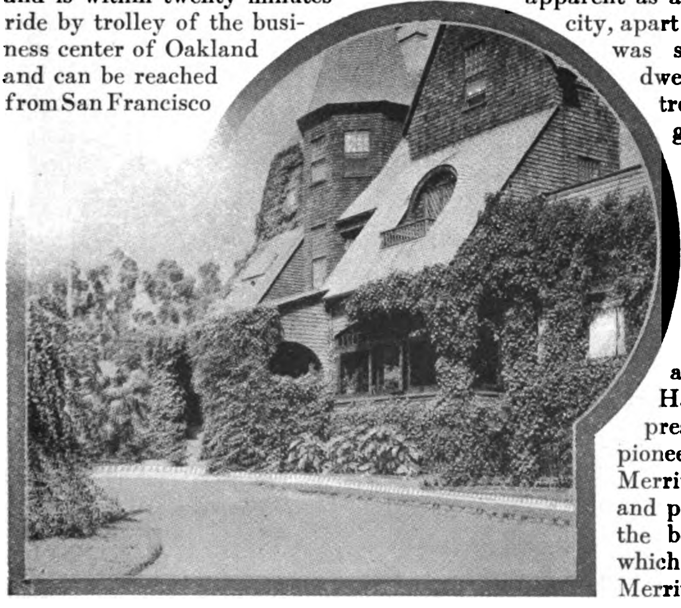


ALL AROUND AND ABOUT ARE GOOD ROADS AND CHARMING SCENES



THE FABIOLA HOSPITAL SUCCESSFULLY MAINTAINED BY PHILANTHROPIC WOMEN

San Francisco. It is surrounded by a noble park of over one hundred acres, and is within twenty minutes ride by trolley of the business center of Oakland and can be reached from San Francisco by rail and ferry within fifty minutes. Until quite recently parks were not apparent as a public need because the city, apart from the business center, was somewhat scattered, the dwellings being set among trees and open stretches of grass land. But the erection of twenty thousand dwellings in less than a decade, and the enormous expansion of the business district, has stripped the city of its sylvan aspect, and created a need for parks and breathing places. Happily Oakland had a prescient and far-sighted pioneer citizen in Dr. Samuel Merritt, to whose foresight and public spirit the city owes the beautiful sheet of water which bears his name. Lake Merritt is being made the



THE CLAREMONT COUNTRY CLUB IS EMBOWERED IN FOLIAGE AND BLOSSOM

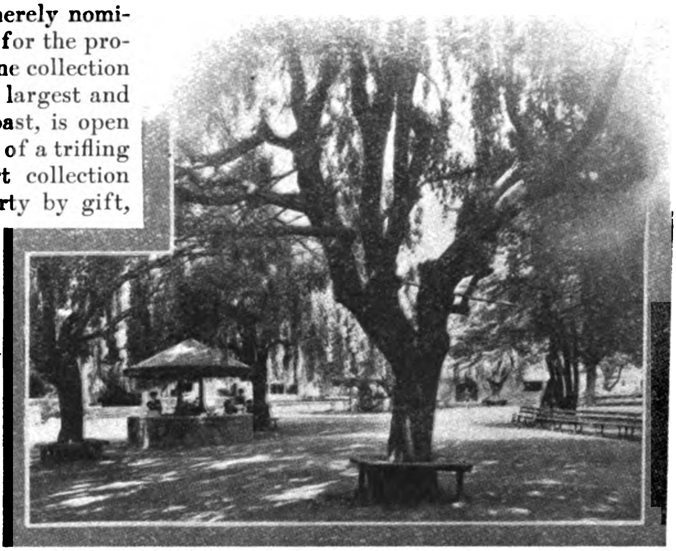
PIEDMONT HAS A BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC PARK

central feature in a scheme of park improvements, for which bonds have been voted that will vindicate Oakland's claim to being the City Beautiful. This body of water, one hundred and thirty acres in extent, gay with pleasure craft and artistic boathouses, encircled by a broad boulevard, and surrounded by terraced lawns, wooded parks and children's playgrounds, as it will be when the projected scheme of adornment is carried out, will present a picture of unrivaled loveliness. From the hills rising in the rear it will be a scene of delight in its setting of green and white.

Fortunately private enterprise anticipated public action in providing public pleasure grounds. That is why Oakland is able to boast of Piedmont Park, with its art gallery and mineral springs, and Idora Park, with its opera house and variety of innocent devices for the amusement of young and old. Piedmont Park is one of the loveliest spots in creation, with its deep shaded glen and parterres

LAKE MERRITT'S BOULEVARD—A FAVORITE AUTOMOBILE DRIVEWAY of flowers, and its cosy casino. The charge for admission is merely nominal and is exacted mainly for the protection of visitors. The fine collection of paintings, perhaps the largest and choicest on the Pacific Coast, is open to public view on payment of a trifling fee. Eventually this art collection will become public property by gift, and is therefore the nucleus of a great museum of art. The high class and character of the amusements provided at Idora Park is a testimonial to the moral tone of the community. In few American cities can there be found a pleasure resort conducted by a private enterprise at once so attractive, so clean, orderly, and free from vulgarity and unpleasant association, an example of a refined popular taste and the wholesome atmosphere of the home holding in check all lowering influences.

The climate of the Alameda shore is one of the most delightful on earth. The mercury rarely rises above ninety, or falls below thirty, the mean temperature is sixty degrees Fahrenheit. Consequently there is no languor in summer and no severe cold during the winter solstice. Outdoor life is the rule the year around, and roses bloom from January to December. Alameda is the great flower-growing county of California, a land of flowers, and the gardens of Oakland are rich with fragrance and color



IDORA PARK WHERE THERE IS A STOCK LIGHT-OPERA COMPANY AND OTHER AMUSEMENTS

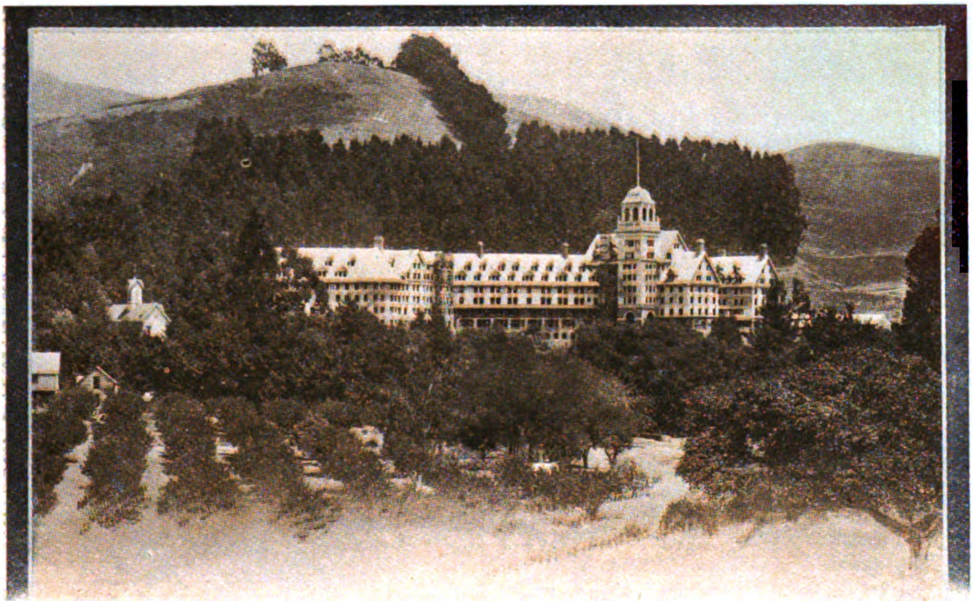
A WELL PLANNED HOME OF TRUE CALIFORNIAN TYPE

A SHADY AVENUE IN FRUITVALE, A RAPIDLY GROWING COMMUNITY

every month in the year. There is just enough salt and ozone in the air to give zest to the appetite and stimulus to the blood, while the system of splendid highways radiating in every direction makes riding, driving, and automobiling in the environs of Oakland popular and peculiarly fascinating.

From the high lands upon which the residence district is rapidly moving, the view is wonderful for its beauty and variety. The entire water front, with its smoking fringe of factories, its wharves and shipping, and the bay with its curving shores and bold headlands, and the hurrying ferry boats and the smaller water craft, are spread to the view. Across the bay is the Golden Gate, San Francisco, Tamalpais, and the dark wooded slopes of the San Mateo hills. To the left stretches the fertile valley dotted with villages and homesteads, and escarped by the furrowed heights of the Contra Costa hills, a land of peace and plenty and pensive beauty. Closer beneath the eye is the busy heart of Oakland with its crowded streets, huge department stores and fine business blocks. Scattered about are church spires and notable edifices, such as the hospitals for the sick, school buildings and colleges, and the public institutions. There is the University one way and Mills College the other, and hugging the shoulder of a hill can be seen the white castellated walls of the Claremont Hotel nearing completion, a picturesque caravansary for tourists, occupying a site of unsurpassed beauty. Between Broadway and Lake Merritt a swarm of workmen are excavating for the two million dollar Bankers' Hotel, which is intended to rival the best hotels in America.

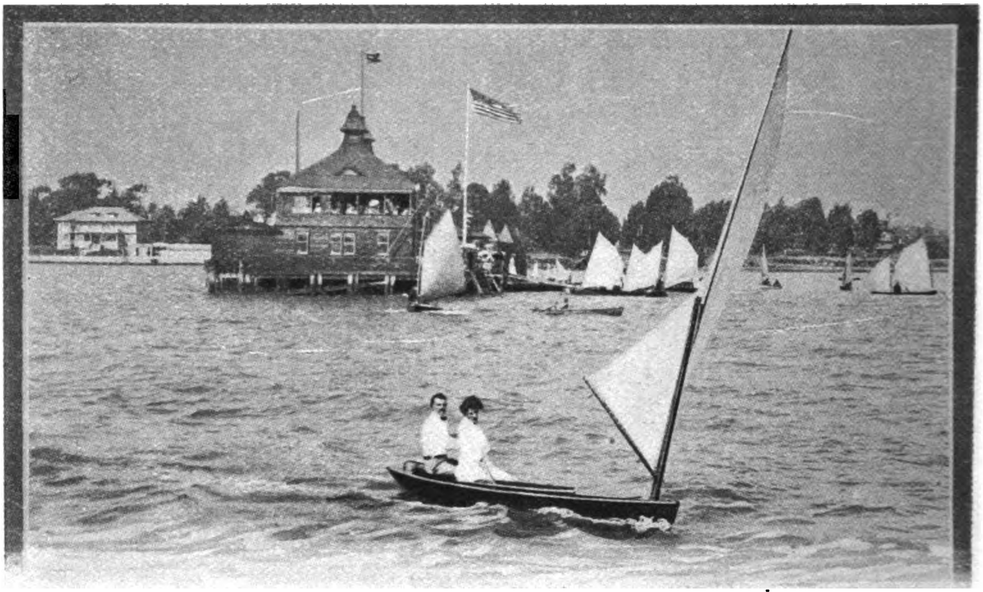
Oakland's greatest lack from a commercial and tourist standpoint has been hotels—not the mere ordinary stopping place affording indifferent fare and lodging for temporary convenience, but hotels



THE CLAREMON' HOTEL, DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AND SOON TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC

of the modern luxurious type where everything refined tastes demand can be supplied for those with abundant means. The Claremont and the Bankers' Hotel and the Key Route Inn supply this lack, and will place Oakland abreast with any city on the continent in the matter of hotel accommodations. The Claremont is essentially a tourist hotel, being situated in the suburbs between Oakland and Berkeley where the hills undulate preparatory to spreading into plain. Its architecture is suggestive of the Rhine and its mountain scenery. It is surrounded by grounds of rare beauty, and its verandas and terraced gardens command an entrancing view of the bay and islands and the Golden Gate. The Bankers' Hotel will be a noble structure near Lake Merritt and the magnificent boulevard which encircles it. The Key Route Inn is a commodious modern hotel, situated at the Oakland terminus of

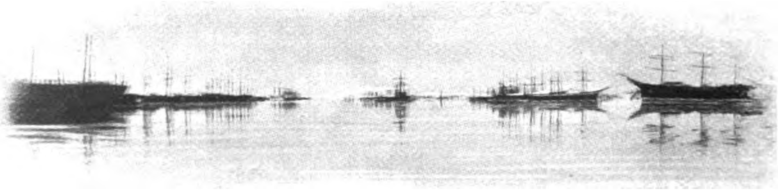
IN THE GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA ARE MANY BEAUTIFUL OAK TREES



YACHTING IS A FAVORITE PASTIME IN ALAMEDA

the Key Route, within easy reach of the attractions of Oakland, Berkeley or San Francisco.

Such is Oakland to-day. Its promise to-morrow is something the wayfarer may read. What it will be a generation hence will probably exceed the anticipation of the present as much as the anticipation of twenty years ago fell short of the realization of to-day. Another great continental railway is coming, and other railroads will follow. A magnificent system of docks and wharves is projected on the bay front; the harbor is to be deepened and a multitude of enterprises are in inception. The impulse of an imperial development may slacken and die away, but the lessons of human experience forbid the supposition. But let the future hold what it may, Oakland is a city well worth a stay in. She is a fair city, an enterprising city, a prosperous city in which the tide of the strong new life runs swift. For pleasure or business, she is a rare place to abide in, and so think the thousands who are coming each year to make their homes in this hospitable territory.

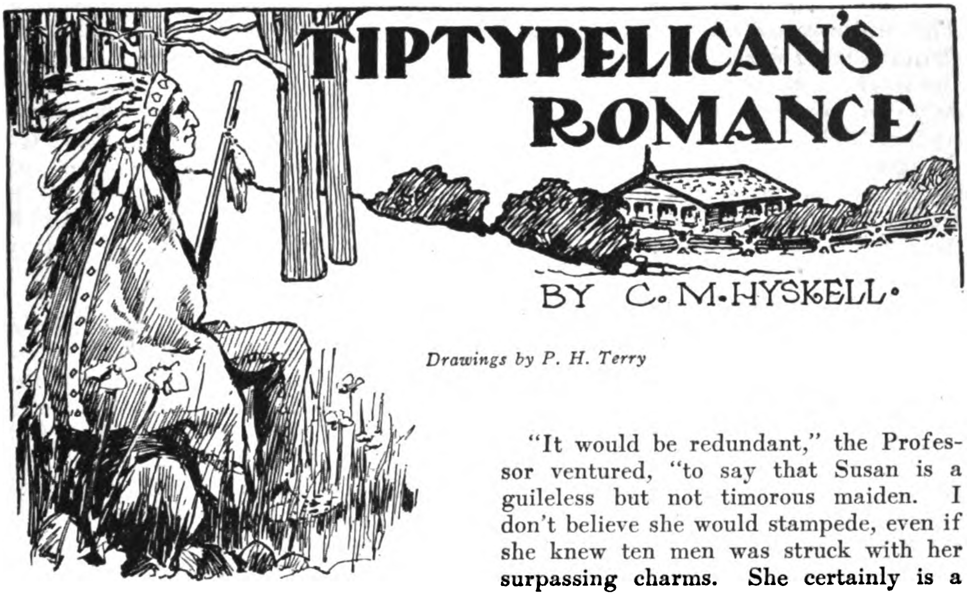


SHIPS FROM MANY SEAS COME TO OAKLAND'S HARBOR

TIPTYPELICAN'S ROMANCE

BY C. M. HYSKELL

Drawings by P. H. Terry



"THERE'S agoin' to be trouble, Perfessor," said Chairman Whipple to Josephus Fogg, while they rested a moment at opposite ends of a heavy cross-cut saw that lay in a beautiful sugar pine log they were cutting, on a heavily wooded mountain side above the sawmill.

For weeks the men at the mill had been covertly watching the maneuvers of Johnny Tiptypelican, the solemn Klamath chief, whom they now fully believed, had determined to steal the schoolma'am and carry her off to one of his haunts near Crater Lake, in the mountains.

"She's too danged purty and sweet," Chairman Whipple went on, with cumulative emphasis. "The Indian's clean done fur—and I guess also Joe Doolittle is about gone. I don't know what to do. She hain't any fears whatever—and I don't like to mention any to her."

Chairman and director of Buck Creek school, Whipple felt the responsibility weighing heavily and personally upon him for the safe keeping of the schoolma'am. He always talked frankly to Fogg about educational matters, for Fogg had been a teacher in a school at Keno until his health failed and forced him into the woods to work for recovery of it.

"It would be redundant," the Professor ventured, "to say that Susan is a guileless but not timorous maiden. I don't believe she would stampede, even if she knew ten men was struck with her surpassing charms. She certainly is a peacherino."

Words, even from the Professor, are lumbering vehicles to convey the image of Susan Deschamps. The southern Oregon sky was no bluer than her eyes, and the pink of the Klamath wild rose was on her cheek; the October hues of mountain laurel berries tinted her perfect mouth.

"I wish I had got an ugly one," said Chairman Whipple.

"I presume you didn't know—of course you could not, by any psychological process, have discovered her fascinations 'ere it was too late."

"That was it, exactly. She answered an advertisement I put in a matrimonial paper at Portland. Said she had bought her ticket to San Francisco and started for the Phillippians to teach in a Government school. She picked up a copy of the paper on the train, she claims, and when she read the advertisement her nerve broke, and she got off at Ager and made for Buck Creek. I'd guess it was a worse trip than goin' to the Phillippians."

But pretty Susan Deschamps was not a young woman to burden herself with regrets. She had a good contract with Whipple; she liked the climate and scenery; and she was half in love with Joe Doolittle, the engineer at the sawmill.

Johnny Tiptypelican, the Klamath chief, had a past filled with the gore and glories of tribal wars. The present found him reveling, at middle age, in the grim *dolce far niente* of the red-nosed government Indian ward who rides over to the agency at regular intervals and draws his rations and money, while his white brother labors to raise food products on the agricultural sections adjacent to the reservation. Chief Johnny had lands, horses, dogs and cash. He was a rich Indian. The Professor was unable to believe anyone so comfortably financed could covet more—even Susan—in this world.

"Why do you suspect Chief Johnny of so rash an undertaking," he asked, continuing the conversation with a purpose not entirely remote from the hope that Whipple would forget to resume business with the heavy saw until Doolittle's whistle should sound from the mill for dinner.

"Because—consarn his beady eyes—he's been mopin' around for a month. He's too danged luguberous."

"Mebby your fears are imaginary," the Professor ventured mildly to suggest; "Chief Johnny, if he found himself in the unprofitable condition you describe, would have throwed himself across his cayuse and rode hot-foot over to Buckville, where, with due haste, but decorum, he would have poured the broth of gehenna into his vitals till the raw edge of grief was duly cauterized."

Chairman Whipple stood staring at the Professor until the whistle at the mill blew the noonday summons.

"You're right, I reckon," he remarked, and the pair moved down toward the boarding house, in the valley.

To Chief Johnny's credit, be it said, they misjudged him. Daily, yea, almost hourly, he yearned to plunge upon the course the Professor had outlined, but in the present instance he dared not do it. He was in love with the school teacher, and he knew she loathed rum and its votaries. In this fuliginous mental state the Chief found himself every morning, sitting on a fir log and watching the little slab school house that nestled just below him on a bench of the mountain—and wishing he could be a boy again, so that he might go to school. Had he been a totem pole standing sentinel at the tomb of a Kake Island Siwash, the schoolmistress could not have been more blissfully unaware of his existence. Her mind was occupied with the business of administering pabulum in small daily doses to the hopefuls of Buck Creek school district, numbering altogether fourteen souls and variously aged from five to fifteen years.

Tiptypelican reviewed all the incidents of his courtship of Susan Deschamps. During her residence on the creek the Chief had been her ardent but not outspoken lover. In all that time he had not had speech with the maiden. But he had watched her daily when, morning and evening she passed to and from the school, and at divers times he had felt that he ought to make himself personally known to her, and to warn her of the danger that threatened her from his tribal brother, Charlie Squathalmie.

For weeks Squathalmie, the most reckless young buck in the Klamath basin, but little known in the vicinity of the mill, had been planning to distinguish himself by making a captive of the pretty schoolma'am. It was his intention to seize her, at the first opportunity, tie her on a pack horse, and tow her so far back into the mountains that he would be safe from pursuit a few days. The adventure was so interesting that the rake divulged it to one of his confidantes, and a whisper of it had gained currency, but unattached to the name of any particular Indian.

The Chief felt confident he could dispose of Squathalmie. He feared his real rival, the engineer. Unable to devise a peaceful plan for the subjugation of Susan, he was sorely tempted to kill Joe Doolittle. But he was a philosophical Indian, and he knew that should he do so she would strongly disapprove his course. He almost hoped Squathalmie would attempt the abduction at an opportune time, when he could interfere, so she might see for herself that he, Tiptypelican, was a man of great courage, power, and good intentions. On several occasions he had posted himself on the trail, as he was now doing, between the schoolhouse and the sawmill, with the determination to effect an introduction. But each time his courage failed, and now—he sat motionless on the log, shielded by manzanita, while she passed.

He followed the girl down the trail, keeping himself carefully concealed. Some distance below, the path entered a dense growth of fir, and he paused, waiting for her to emerge on the other side, that he might get a last look at her crossing a clear plateau before she disappeared into the valley. He waited, many minutes longer than Susan would have required to pass the fir thicket. But she did not appear on the plateau beyond.

"Quick-footed," he muttered, disappointed; "she crossed the clearing before my eyes could see her go." He descended the trail, intending to station himself at the edge of the plateau, and get a glimpse of her farther down in the valley.

About half way through the fir wood, in a clear space, where another trail led off to the north, he came upon the signs of her struggle. There were deep indentations of heavy boots in the damp soil, and among them confused tracks made by her small footwear. In one of the larger tracks a pink bow of ribbon, torn from her throat, had been trampled into the earth. In a nearby thicket he found the place where two ponies had been tethered. Within an hour Tiptypelican was on the trail of his tribal brother. The Chief was well mounted, and equipped for mortal combat.

The week that followed on Buck Creek was filled with the remorse of Chairman Whipple, the desperate grief of Joe Doolittle, well chosen suggestions of the Professor, and thrills indescribable by the fourteen who attended the school. Chief Johnny's absence was immediately discovered. Terrible uncertainty as to the course he had taken, and the fate he intended for Susan Deschamps, rendered life almost unbearable. The only relief the men found was in daily rides into the mountains, searching for some clue. Vengeance against Tiptypelican was their constant topic.

Typtypelican's pursuit of Squathalmie was novel in one respect. The first night out he overtook the abductor, and lay close to his camp, but did not attack. Day by day he followed, silently. Night after night he crept close in, and guarded the fair captive. Although half-fainting with fear, she was still unhurt, excepting the injuries to her tender wrists and ankles that were nightly bound by her cautious captor.

At last, near the headwaters of the Rouge river, Charlie Squathalmie prepared his last camp. The adventure had reached a point where Tiptypelican was content to end it. Carefully estimating the length of time he could reasonably consume making the return trip with the object of his love, he figured that he would have five days in which to demonstrate his prowess as a guardian, and his tenderness as a lover.

A radiant moon hung in a cloudless sky, the tall firs and giant sugar pines casting long shadows on the ground. Every condition favored the attack. And now, Chief Johnny manifested a form of deadly gallantry that no one would have ascribed to him. He decided not to commit violence before the eyes of the woman he adored. The spring, for which the camp had been chosen, was down through the forest, three hundred feet away. Here, beside a huge fallen tree, overgrown with vines, but nothing obstructing his range, he awaited his game, which came, as he knew it would, for water.

Susan Deschamps only guessed the reason why Tiptypelican, instead of Squathalmie, came back with the water from the spring. She heard the roar of the rifle, that reverberated with a thousand echoes through the cañons. But that was all. Tiptypelican was no boaster.

That night she slept unbound, and dreamed the cañons were ringing with Joe Doolittle's whistle on the sawmill. Next morning Tiptypelican pointed to the south, and said:

"Come, we will start."

* * *

There was rejoicing on Buck Creek. After the return of Susan and her rescuer, everything went on, nearly as before—but not quite the same. Joe Doolittle was more ardently in love; Tiptypelican brooded, gloomier than ever; the Professor grew more verbose; the schoolmistress was nervous; and Chairman Whipple had a grievance. He had quarreled with Joe about the whistle on the sawmill.

"Consarn sech a whistle," he said, expressing his views frankly to the Professor, "it's unearthly. It disturbs the scholars."

It was a queer whistle that Doolittle had rigged on the sawmill engine. A device contrived by himself, and introduced into the throat of the whistle, enabled him, by pulling a string in a peculiar manner, to make the tooter carol, chirrup and cavort up and down the scale. Joe was a musical chap, and he proved it, not only by the inventing and manipulating of the sawmill whistle, but he spent his evenings practicing on a fife in his room at the boarding house—when not courting the school teacher.

Hours after the whistle blew for the evening meal, and the sun floated down into the horizon back of the Siskiyou Range, Chief Johnny lingered moodily under a big pine tree that rose from the hillside above the settlement. The starry hosts appeared; the moon came up over Mount Pitt and flooded a view that would have enraptured the poets of christendom; but the silent watcher saw it not. He heard not the hoot-owl, nor the cry of the bob-cat farther up the mountain, nor heeded the coyote that had stolen a chicken at the mill and passed him on its way back into the cañon. He did not perceive the nocturnal grandeur of a scene that, after countless centuries, must still be an inspiration to its Creator. The soul of the Indian lay in the deep shadow down across the valley. He loved the little schoolma'am, with all the passion of a man and the heart of a child. And as he sat there, suffering the tortures of the stake, the notes of Joe Doolittle's fife floated up from the boarding house, and pierced his ear, like a fire-tipped arrow.

It was then the light burst in upon Tiptypelican's mind, and illumined the mystery that had been impenetrable. In an instant he understood why the school teacher had been attracted to the engineer. It was because Doolittle played music—it was the fife, and the whistle!

He rose to his full height, drew a deep breath, expeled it in a long, quavering yell, and broke into a dog-trot down the mountain side. His heart bounded, and his feet became as bird's wings. He felt he could run all night, if, by so doing, he might hasten the sunrise; for early next morning he would go and buy the whistle on the sawmill!

The entire outfit, including Peter Whipple's mill and Joe Doolittle's engine, was worth less than seven hundred dollars, and when at noon on the following day Tiptypelican raised his offer to eight hundred in spot cash he suddenly became the sole proprietor. Everybody quit work for the day, excepting Doolittle, who stayed around for a time after dinner and explained to the Chief why the fire was kept going under the boiler, and how imperatively necessary it was to have plenty of steam in order to toot the whistle to its fullest capacity. Then Joe strolled into the woods, intending to bring up at the school house.

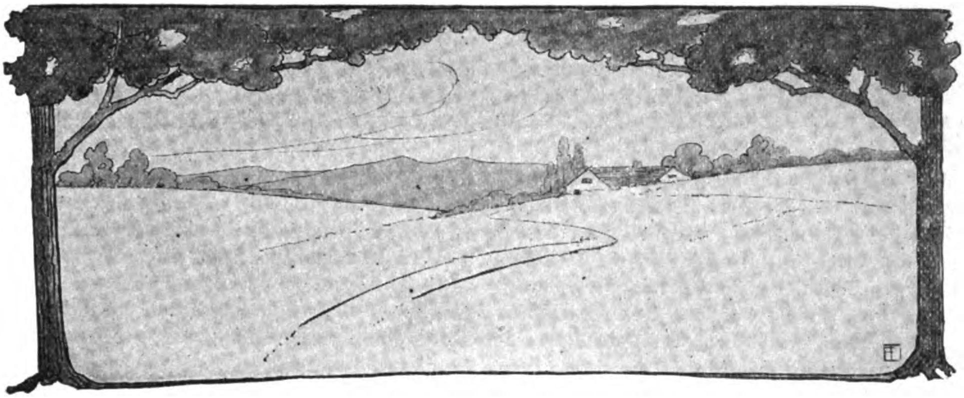
An hour later the engineer and Susan Deschamps, sitting under a tree during the afternoon recess, were planning their wedding trip to Medford. The Indian had been dismissed from their minds, when they were suddenly recalled to the present by an unearthly shriek from the sawmill whistle.

"Consarn that whistle," growled Chairman Whipple, "the scholars can't study—"

It cut the hazy atmosphere like the cry of a frenzied cougar. Then it jumped about, with a staccato movement, all over the treble clef, and began climbing higher, and shriller.

"Great Cæsar," said Doolittle, starting to his feet, "that's Tiptypelican, and he's got enough steam back of that whistle to blow—" there was a dull roar, a quaking of the mountain side, and then the crash of falling lumber.

Those at the boarding house, which was at a safe distance, saw the walls of the mill fall apart, the roof go upward, and the body of Tiptypelican ascend and soar into the fir timber many rods away.



A BEE MAN

By EMMA SECKLE MARSHALL

SHE was a descriptive writer on the staff of a San Francisco periodical and he—well, you will discover his identity before the story ends.

She usually made her trips awheel but this time she was "doing" a portion of country which, besides being quite unfamiliar to her, was broken into short, sharp ridges, deep, abrupt cañons, dry river beds where the sand was so deep in places as to be almost untraversable, and unexpected gullies in which dashing streams from cloud bursts higher up in the mountains had plowed their way through the loose soil, until they lost themselves on the flat surface of the little valley between the lower foothills, where oranges glowed and the fragrance of the magnolias filled the air.

She had hired a trustworthy horse and a light buckboard from the store, and with camera placed safely at her feet, was jogging along drinking in the beauties of Nature and the resinous, warm air. The road was a series of scenic surprises, with here and there an Indian habitation, or a Mexican adobe that was more picturesque than attractive, nestling in a tree-shadowed nook, or staring defiantly and obtrusively from the rounded summit of a bare knoll.

Nowhere but in certain portions of California can such sudden and unexpected changes of scene be found, and they delighted Mary Hinton, nature-lover that she was. She had just emerged from a thicket of chaparral through which the road wound and was looking with a great degree of pleasure toward the cool aisles of an oak grove she could see in the distance, when she was startled by loud shouts and unintelligible cries. Between the chaparral and the grove was a clearing, though the scattered rocks betokened it had not been cleared for agricultural purposes. Then she noticed a small adobe house higher up on the slope, and, some distance away, rows and rows of white boxes, which she recognized as bee-hives, and so she knew she had arrived at her destination.

She cast longing glances toward the oaks and turned to note the cause and source of the cries. The words were now distinguishable and she looked behind her to see to whom they were addressed, but, as no one was in sight in either direction except the shouter and herself, she concluded the command was meant for her and applied the whip to the horse in order to obey.

"Drive on," the man was shouting, with frantic gestures. "Drive for your life!"

The understanding came too late for, as the whip fell, the animal gave a spring and began to rear and plunge violently. She suddenly became aware of the reason for the man's apparently insane actions. A swarm of bees, in search of a new home, was passing across the road and some of them had alighted on the horse's back. Her hesitancy had brought her into the midst of the swarm. With a cry of terror she sprang from the buckboard as the man grasped the bridle and led the plunging horse to a tree, to which he managed to tie him securely.

"Here, you must help me," he said, in a tone that commanded obedience in spite of her fears. He took off his hat with its long, full bee veil and placed it on her head, almost tearing her hair out by the roots in his haste to remove her own headgear; then he wound her veil around his bare head and neck. It is not an easy matter to manage a swarm of bees particularly when their flight has been interrupted and they are angry, but it was accomplished at last and the wandering swarm was safely hived.

"Were you stung?" the man asked solicitously, when the hive was finally closed and they paused under the great fig tree which cast a shade over the little adobe. She shook her head negatively; she was struggling to remove the bee veil, feeling that she was exceedingly awkward in her unsuccessful attempts.

"Pardon me," he cried, and went to her assistance. There was a twinkle in his eyes and she was at first inclined to be angry, but instead, she laughed.

"I have more than performed my errand. I suppose you are Mr. Tully, the owner of this apiary. I am Miss Hinton, a newspaper writer, and I came here to get a story on bee culture, but I think I have learned quite enough about bees for the present."

"I am not—" the man began, but with a sudden change of voice he continued, "why should you not get the story? This experience will make it the more interesting—furnish the human interest, as it were. I see you have a camera, why not take the views you intended? I assure you there is no more danger."

It was very unconventional sitting under the spreading branches of the fig tree listening to a somewhat fragmentary discourse on the manner and profits of honey production but Mary Hinton had learned that she must do many unconventional things when in pursuit of a story. She had learned, too, that in so doing she could retain her femininity and command the respect of those with whom she was thrown in contact. She was enjoying the situation and feeling that she was conferring a favor upon the man, something of whose history she had heard at the store.

"Mr. Tully came here three years ago nearly dead with consumption," Mrs. Reavis, the storekeeper's wife, had said. "He bought that place and got some Indians to clear it; then he got a lot of bees and he worked with them bees from early to late. He's not only made money but he has got well and strong. And what he don't know about bees and honey ain't wuth knowin'. Why, he sends his honey clear to London."

Miss Hinton's newspaper nose scented a story, particularly when Mrs. Reavis dwelt on the man's refinement and love of books.

"He's even got a piano up there," she added, in awe-stricken tones, "and he has fine people come to visit him every now and then."

Miss Hinton surveyed the stalwart form of the man who was hanging the bee-bonnet on a peg under a shed and concluded that climate and locality had certainly accomplished wonders, since there was no evidence in his sun-browned skin and rugged physique to indicate that he had ever been prey to weakness or disease.

When he learned her calling he began a conversation which proved him thoroughly conversant with everything connected with the world of art and letters, and spoke, with the familiarity of intimate acquaintanceship, of its leaders. She looked at him with interest for these names meant much to the struggling western writer, and their glory enveloped those fortunate enough to come within the pale of their friendship.

"How you must miss the world with which you are so well acquainted!" she ventured.

"I have not had time to miss it yet," he replied, "there is still so much to see and learn here."

Mary Hinton wondered whether, after three years of isolation, she would be able or willing to say this, but concluded that, after all, for the sake of health one would be willing to make great sacrifices. It occurred to her that life in the midst of such beauties of Nature, when one had one's books and music and art treasures, and the occasional company of congenial friends, could hardly be called much of a sacrifice.

"You look strong and robust," she said; "I was told you came here an invalid."

"Elwyn Tully of to-day would hardly be recognized as the Elwyn Tully of three years ago," he answered. "It is difficult for a stranger to look at a bronzed, sinewy man, the fortunate possessor of renewed health and strength and believe that a few short months before he had been a stooping, hollow-chested invalid, racked with the pain of a distressing cough. But there is the cure, Miss Hinton. Intimate companionship with those busy little fellows furnished mental stimulus that made the brain forget the ills of the body, and the necessary labor, light, 'tis true, but always in the open, with the pure air soothing and cleansing diseased tissues, and the glorious, golden sunshine vitalizing the blood, gave the required exercise."

She looked at him admiringly, and again laughed.

"I can imagine the exercise part of it if all bees are as persistent and quick tempered as those we subdued to-day."

"Oh, that was only an incident. It is easy enough to hive a swarm of bees if one watches the signs, but I—well, I was careless."

While she drove slowly back along the road that wound through the chaparral, Mary Hinton realized that though the bee man, as she termed him mentally, had given her much information relative to bee culture, he had avoided telling her anything special of himself, and while suggesting the composition of her photographs he had contrived not to be in any of the pictures. She had not noticed this at the time and the knowledge of it, too late, piqued her and caused her thoughts to revert more often to the interesting personality of the man than they otherwise would have done.

She found herself thinking of him very frequently as the summer waned, and she had again settled down to routine work in town, but with the approach of the holiday season she had no time for reminiscences. She was invited to spend Christmas with the family of a congenial friend, Clara Lindell, but refused at first, on account of a press of work.

"You must come," insisted Clara, "because there is to be something on the tree for you, and—well, you just must, that's all."

At last she acquiesced, perhaps not so much because of the insistence of the tone and words, or curiosity as to the something on the tree, as the desire for social comradeship on that joyous evening, for she was alone on the coast, almost alone in the world.

The "something" surprised none of them except Mary, as the family seemed to be in the secret. It was a spirited pen-and-ink sketch of a man, a woman, and a horse attached to a buckboard, with an apiary for a background. The man's face was hidden in the folds of a woman's veil, which was wrapped around his head, but the face of Mary Hinton peeped from under the screen of a bee veil which the woman had raised with one gloved hand.

Mary recognized the scene instantly.

"Who would imagine a bee man could draw like that?" she exclaimed, after divers exclamations and explanations.

"But he isn't a bee man," laughed Clara. At this moment a loud peal from the door bell startled them.

"He certainly is," said Mary, insistently, but as Clara only laughed, she continued, rather testily, "if he isn't, who is he?"

The door opened and two gentlemen entered. Clara greeted them and, with apparent forgetfulness of the others, led one of the newcomers to Mary, saying:

"He is Mr. Carleton Chester, chief of the staff of illustrators on a New York magazine, and our old and valued friend. Miss Hinton, permit me to introduce Mr. Chester."

Mary recognized in Mr. Chester the bee man minus the apparel which is incidental to bee culture, and after gracefully acknowledging the introduction she said to him, "Please explain."

"Will you promise to forgive me if I do?"

"I certainly will not if you don't."

"Then I'll confess. Mr. Tully is an old college chum of mine. I was spending a brief holiday with him, and incidentally making a few sketches for future use. He had been called away that day and I—well, I did not see the necessity of explanation then."

"But now?"

"I have lived over the details of that day very frequently since, and I hope this explanation will be sufficiently satisfactory to permit me to renew an acquaintance begun in such a—"

"Stinging manner," interrupted Mary, with a hearty laugh. "I think, under the circumstances, I must forgive you."

"Now that the mystery is cleared up, perhaps you will have time to greet the primal cause of the misunderstanding, Mr. Tully, himself," said Clara.

Mary looked with interest at the wholesome-appearing man standing tall and straight beside her friend, and exclaimed, after a cordial greeting:

"Well—he is certainly the original of the picture of your ideal man, whose name you have always refused to tell me."

"Because the three of us had planned this little surprise."

"A romance in real life," exclaimed Chester, laughing.

"What'll you bet it don't end as the romances do in books?" shouted Clara's small brother.

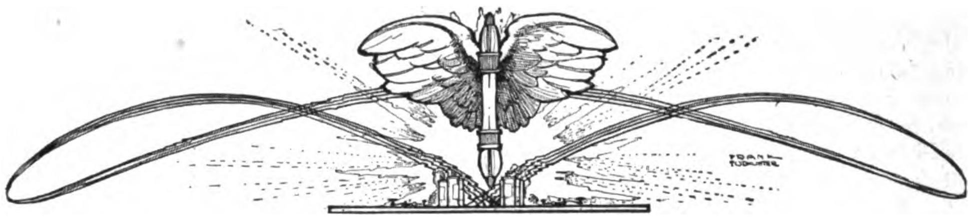
At which Mary blushed.

MIRAGE

By Nora May French

I see upon the desert's yellow rim,
  Beyond the trodden sand and herbage white
  Of level noon intolerably bright
A purple lure of love divine and dim.
I press on toward the fronded palm trees slim,
  The fountains of the city of delight,
  And stand bewildered to my heart's despite.
In empty plains where hot horizons swim.

Will I who love the vision gain at last
  For very love of love the city's gates?
  I weary, desert-wandering, knowing this:
That waiting me the golden doors are fast,
  And fathom deep in dream the Princess waits,
  Her curving mouth uplifted for the kiss.



AN ARISTOCRACY OF SERVICE

By NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

President of Columbia University, New York

WHAT more appropriate or inviting than that we should turn our thoughts to the consideration of some of the great moving forces and tendencies that are shaping man's modern life? The idols of the market place, those words and phrases which pass current among men carelessly and without testing, are even more devotedly worshiped to-day than they were when Bacon first defined them. We speak lightly and in familiar terms of the words which stand for the greatest achievements of man, and too seldom do we stop to ask ourselves whether we truly grasp and understand their significance. It is my purpose to speak on the fascinating theme of democracy, and to endeavor, if I can, to point out some far-reaching distinctions between a democracy which is true and stable, and one which is false and illusory.

In each of the progressive nations of the earth it is clearly recognized that the pressing questions of the moment are not so much political, in the narrow sense, as they are economic and social. Human welfare, for which in a vague and general way governments were built, has now become in a precise and specific way a main object of government everywhere. The upbuilding of character and intelligence by providing opportunity and instruction; the securing of comfort and prosperity through justice as well as by philanthropy; the protection of the individual from disease as well as from attack are all tasks of common concern wrought out by a collective agency. Only a beginning has been made in the establishment of this new order of political thought and political action.

In Germany, in France, in England, in Italy, in Japan, and in our own country, parliaments and legislatures are busying themselves with these newer problems, the common characteristic of which is that they appear to involve in their solution a vast and rapid extension of the field in which men work collectively through their political agents, rather than individually through their own wills and hands. Those who are alarmed at this tendency and who see in it a force and movement antagonistic to ideals and principles in which they whole-heartedly believe, name it socialism and call upon us to make war upon it as such. But, as Lord Salisbury told the listening peers years ago, the time has gone by when to call a measure socialistic is a sufficient reason for opposing it. The new proposals must be examined on their merits, and no argument by epithet must be allowed to blind us to the truth, wherever it may be.

NOTE.—The substance of this essay was contained in an address delivered by President Butler on Charter Day, March 23, 1907, to the students of the University of California.

We Americans approach these present-day problems in the spirit of democracy, and with more than a century of schooling in democracy behind us; but are we quite sure that we know what democracy means and implies? Have we so fast a hold upon principle that not even the allurements of greed and envy or the promptings of angry passion will sweep us from our moorings? For there is a democracy false and a democracy true, and it is just when the economic or social problem presses hardest for solution that the sharp contrast between the two is lost sight of and the line which divides them is blurred. Let us consider for a little the true and false conceptions of democracy, that we may go out to meet the new tasks and problems equipped with the armor of sound and well-tested principle.

Was Lord Byron right when he cried, "What is democracy?—an aristocracy of blackguards!" or was the truth not with Mazzini, who defined democracy as "the progress of all through all, under the leadership of the best and wisest"? Everything depends upon the answer. Perhaps we shall reach the answer most safely and securely if we examine some significant facts in recent political history.

Not many months ago, within the walls of the Palais Bourbon, a building which bears the name that has past into literature as the symbol of political reaction and obscurantism, two great orators and statesmen presented to the Chamber of Deputies, in memorable controversy, two conflicting political and social programmes and ideals. It is not too much to say that the debate between M. Jaurés and M. Clemenceau in June, 1906, on the underlying relations between the socialistic programme and the principles of a democratic state, was one of the most significant and prophetic to which the world has listened for many years. Jaurés presented with lucid fervor the ideal of that socialistic democracy which binds itself to the shibboleth of equality. Clemenceau presented with forceful acumen the conception of an individualist democracy, which takes liberty for its watchword. Neither protagonist indicated by his words that he saw or felt the necessary and everlasting contradiction between economic equality and liberty.

The formula in which these two terms stand side by side is so dear to the Frenchman who looks back to the Revolution as the date of his emancipation, that perhaps it will be given to others than Frenchmen to see most clearly how complete is the contradiction between liberty and economic equality, and that escape from the contradiction is only to be found in the true conception of the third term of the revolutionary formula, fraternity.

Lord Acton, great scholar and wise man of the world, whose hope was to live long enough to write the history of liberty in Europe, once said:

> The deepest cause which made the French Revolution so disastrous to liberty was its theory of equality. Liberty was the watchword of the middle class, equality of the lower. It was the lower class that won the battles of the third estate; that took the Bastile, and made France a constitutional monarchy; that took the Tuileries, and made France a Republic. They claimed their reward. The middle class, having cast down the upper orders with the aid of the lower, instituted a new inequality and a privilege for itself. By means of a taxpaying qualification it deprived its confederates of their vote. To those, therefore, who had accomplished the Revolution, its promise was not fulfilled. Equality did nothing for them. The opinion, at that time, was almost universal that society is founded on an agreement which is voluntary and conditional, and that the links which bind men to it are terminable, for sufficient reason, like those which subject them to authority. From these popular premises the logic of Marat drew his sanguinary conclusions. He told the famished people that the conditions on which they had consented to bear their evil lot, and had refrained from violence, had not been kept to them. It was suicide, it was murder, to submit to starve, and to see one's children starving, by the fault of the rich. The bonds of society were dissolved by the wrong it inflicted. The state of nature had come back, in which every man had a right to what he could take. The time had come for the rich to make way for the poor. With this theory of equality, liberty was quenched in blood, and Frenchmen became ready to sacrifice all other things to save life and fortune.*

**Quarterly Review*, January, 1878, p. 133-134.

The political and social anarchy which Lord Acton describes must be the inevitable result whenever the passion for economic equality overcomes the love of liberty in men's breasts. For the state is founded upon justice, and justice involves liberty, and liberty denies economic equality; because equality of ability, of efficiency, and even of physical force are unknown among men. To secure an equality which is other than the political equality incident to liberty, the more efficient must be shackled that they may not outrun the less efficient, for there is no known device by which the less efficient can be spurred on to equal the accomplishment of the more efficient. Objective conditions must, of course, be equalized, particularly those conditions which are created by the state. But this is true not because such an equality is an end in itself, but because it is essential to liberty.

If we can fix clearly in mind this fundamental contradiction between equality of possessions, equality of capacity, equality of attainment, and liberty, we shall have reached the clue to the distinction between a democracy which is false and spurious, and a democracy which is true and real.

When one examines the proposals that are seriously made by responsible men in high place, not in one nation of the earth but in many, he is forced to ask whether liberty, which, for four centuries has been a word to conjure with, has lost its hold upon men, and whether we are coming to a pass where democracy is to be reduced to the expedient of some of the ancient tyrannies, and is to be able to maintain itself only by providing bread and a circus for the masses of the people. If by any chance we have come to this pass, or are coming to it, then be assured that it will not be long before a great change will come over the political and social institutions of mankind, and that it will be a change for the worse.

Speaking as one observer, I can not bring myself to believe that liberty has lost its hold, or that a false and spurious equality contradicting every natural law, making progress impossible or only temporary at best, can long lure intelligent men from liberty's path. The abuses of liberty are severe and innumerable. The economic injustices that have not yet been removed are many and apparent. The forms of equality dependent upon true liberty that have not yet been sufficiently established, are easy to name. But surely the remedy is not to be found in tearing down the corner stone of the political fabric, but rather in first clearing away obstructions and debris, and then in building more thoughtfully, more wisely, and more patiently upon it.

The socialist propaganda, never more seriously or more ably carried on than now, is an earnest and sincere attempt to escape from conditions that are burdensome and unhappy. Despite its most imperfect interpretation of the economic significance of history and its ringing the changes on a misleading theory of class consciousness, this propaganda makes an appeal to our favorable judgment because its proclaimed motive is to help the mass of mankind. No just man can quarrel with its aim, but few readers of history or students of human nature can approve its programme.

What is it that socialism aims to accomplish by restricting liberty in order to promote economic equality? It seeks to accomplish what it conceives to be a juster economic and political condition. At bottom and without special reference to immediate concrete proposals, socialism would substitute for individual initiative, collective and corporate responsibility in matters relating to property and production, in the hope thereby of correcting and overcoming the evils which attach to an individualism run wild. But we must not lose sight of the fact that the corporate or collective responsibility which it would substitute for individual initiative is only such corporate or collective responsibility as a group of these very same individuals could exercise. Therefore, socialism is primarily an attempt to overcome man's individual imperfections by adding them together, in the hope that they will cancel each other. This is not only bad mathematics, but worse psychology. In pursuing a formula, socialism fails to take account of the facts. Out of the people it would constitute a mob, in forgetfulness of the fact that the mob, led or unled, is the most serious foe that the people have ever had to face. The Roman Republic conquered every enemy but its own vices. With this warning written large across the page of history, what is the lesson of Rome for America?

The United States is in sore need to-day of an aristocracy of intellect and service. Because such an aristocracy does not exist in the popular consciousness, we are bending the knee in worship to the golden calf of money. The form of monarchy and its pomp offer a valuable foil to the worship of money for its own sake. A democracy must provide itself with a foil of its own, and none is better or more effective than an aristocracy of intellect and service recruited from every part of our democratic life. We must put behind us the fundamental fallacy that equality is demanded by justice. The contrary is the case. Justice demands inequality as a condition of liberty and as a means of rewarding each according to his merits and deserts. Even the Socialist admits this, for Menger has written that "the wealth destined for the immediate satisfaction of desires may, even in the socialist state, be divided unequally, according to the quality and quantity of work performed, the rank occupied by each in the state, and many other factors."

Jealousy of power honestly gained and justly exercised, envy of attainment or of possession are characteristics of the mob, not of the people; of a democracy which is false, not of a democracy which is true. False democracy shouts, Every man down to the level of the average. True democracy cries, All men up to the height of their fullest capacity for service and achievement. The two ideals are everlastingly at war. The future of this nation, as the future of the world, is bound up with the hope of a true democracy that builds itself on liberty.

True democracy rejects the doctrine that mediocrity is a safeguard for liberty, and points to the fact that the only serious menace to liberty comes from the predominance of monopoly, of privilege, and of majorities. True democracy holds fast to the notion that fixt standards of right and wrong are necessary to its success, and that no resting-place is to be found in the verdict of authorities, of majorities, or of custom. It believes that nothing is settled until it is settled right, and that no fear of majorities and no threats of the powerful should for an instant be allowed to check the agitation to right a wrong or to remedy an abuse. True democracy sings, with Lowell, its own true poet:

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 't is prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

True democracy creates leadership by its confidence and trust, and follows it. False democracy decries leaders and exalts demagogs. A real representative of the people is not their unreflecting mouthpiece or their truckling servant, altering his course to meet each shifting breeze of opinion or puff of passion. He is rather the spokesman for their conscience, their insight, and their judgment as his own deepest and sincerest convictions reveal them to him. Listen to Edmund Burke, speaking to the electors of Bristol. He said:

> It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect; their business unremitted attention. . . . But his unbiased opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure—no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion. . . . Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from

> different and hostile interests, which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation, with one interest, that of the whole—where not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member, indeed; but when he is chosen, he is not a member of Bristol, but a member of Parliament.

What Burke says of Parliament is equally true of the American Congress and of American State Legislatures. Their one proper concern is the interest of the whole body politic, and the true democratic representative is not the cringing, fawning tool of the caucus or of the mob, but he who, rising to the full stature of political manhood, does not take orders but offers guidance. We Americans well know that genuine leadership is possible in a democratic state, and that an aristocracy of intelligence and service may be built up in a democracy; for the immortal example is found in the life and work and glory of Abraham Lincoln.

If, however, we were to leave the matter here, some perplexing questions would remain unanswered. For one hundred years and more the people of the United States have maintained a democratic form of government, which has grown from small and simple beginnings to a complicated organism ruling a territory comparable to that of the world's greatest empires. Yet happiness and prosperity have not become universal, nor is justice yet established invariably as between man and man, or as between the individual and the community. For this there are two reasons:

The first is to be found in human nature itself, with its limitations, its imperfections, its seemingly slow progress toward the highest ethical standards and the surest spiritual insights. For the removal of these obstacles there is no hope in man-made formulas or in governmental policies; education and moral regeneration, taking long periods of time to accomplish their aims, are the only instrumentalities to which we can hopefully turn.

The second reason, however, lies somewhat closer at hand. It is to be found, I conceive, in the lack of adjustment between the responsibility and oversight of the community, acting through its governmental agents, and the exercise of individual initiative in matters relating to property and production. This lack of judgment is traceable in turn to the rapid changes which the past generation or two have brought about in our economic and industrial life. To keep pace with these changes, and to secure justice without sacrificing liberty, is now the purpose and the hope of true democracy everywhere.

What chiefly attracts attention at the moment as an element of serious injustice, is the institution, under the guise of liberty or freedom, of what is really a form of economic dependence or slavery, which is usually described as the exploitation of man by man. If this exploitation or use and oppression of one man by another, were shown to be a necessary and inevitable result of society as now ordered and established, then might we well believe that the socialist propaganda, if it could make clear that socialism would bring such exploitation to an end, would go forward with increasing energy and success. But it must be pointed out that the exploitation of one individual by another is not a necessary, but an incidental, consequence of the existing social order, and that, bad as it is, its results are in no sense comparable with the evils of the exploitation of one by all, which is a necessary consequence of the establishment of a socialistic democracy. For the exploitation of one by all puts an end to liberty. We should not gain anything by substituting the more injurious form of exploitation for the less injurious; we should rather lose much. The real problem of democracy is to prevent both forms of exploitation, either that of one man by another, or that of one man by the community. To prevent this exploitation, or rather to reduce it to the narrow and necessary limits set by nature itself, and to take away from it all causes added by the grant of monopoly and privilege are clear duties of present-day democracy.

In his extraordinary characterization of the conditions preceding and accompanying the French Revolution, Taine pictured with skilful verisimilitude the characteristics of the mob which parades in the garb of democracy. He spoke of its mistrust of its natural leaders, of the great, of the wealthy, of persons in office and clothed with authority, as being inveterate and incurable. He described the sovereignty of unrestrained passions, which is the final and bloody end of mob rule. There are those among us who understand the mob so well that they sedulously and skilfully endeavor to bring to pass just such a state of affairs as Taine described. These wreckers of society, unrestrained by principle and unhampered by conviction, are playing with the fire of human passion and mob violence. They attack a conception of democracy which is true, in its every aspect, in the hope that they may enthrone in its stead a democracy which is false and futile. They begin by playing upon the term "labor." Taking note of the fact that the world's workers constitute all but an insignificant remnant of the world's citizenship, they would set one form of labor against another, and confuse and confound the meaning of the term "labor" itself. All the world over these mischief-makers, when they put forth an academic theory, use the term "labor" in a way to include every form of productive activity. For that purpose the inventor, the overseer, the manager, the guide, and inspirer of an undertaking, is a laborer; but when from the height of academic theory they come down to the plane of popular agitation, then they make the term "labor" apply to manual labor alone. It is true that leading economic writers themselves are responsible for the widespread confusion between these two uses of the term "labor."

As a matter of fact, ordinary manual labor is just the opposite of what the socialist supposes it to be. Instead of being the sole instrument in the production of wealth, as the modern world knows wealth, it is a subordinate element in that production. Manual labor is always essential, to be sure, but manual labor alone does not now produce, nor has it ever produced much more than a mere minimum of subsistence. All of the increment in production which has made the modern world possible, is due to the directing faculty, to the capacity to organize, to manage, and to apply. These powers and capacities operate both through labor and through capital. Therefore, to attempt to substitute the mob for the people, manual labor for labor in all its forms, and economic equality for liberty, is to destroy all those institutions and accomplishments upon which man's progress has rested for three thousand years, and which man's progress during that period has developed and applied in so astounding a fashion.

Sainte-Beuve once divided authors into two classes—*ceux qui agitent le monde et ceux qui le civilisent.* So we may divide statesmen and leaders of public opinion into those who disturb the world and those who advance its civilization. The touchstone will be their attitude toward wealth. It is wealth—accumulated possessions of value in excess of immediate needs—that makes leisure possible, and with leisure comes genuine human living, civilization. The world wants more wealth, not less. To aim to destroy wealth, to make its accumulation impossible or personally disadvantageous, is to disturb and distress the world, and, ultimately, every one in it. To seek to promote wealth, to secure its just distribution and its proper use, is to advance the world's civilization. It is not money, much less wealth, which is the root of all evil, but the love of money. The cruel lust for gain, which stifles every generous instinct and all desire for justice, is the despicable thing, and that is a purely personal characteristic which no law can reach. Nothing but a sense of honor and decency, an appreciation of true values, and a genuinely moral view of life will cure that distressing and painfully contagious disease.

Doubtless the mob will prefer cheering its own whoopings to listening to the solemn and rhythmical beat of the waves of the Sea of Time, but we must set our face against the mob, now and always, whether it wears the clothes of fashion or the workman's blouse, and whether it be vicious and violent or merely addlepated and sullen.

The surest antidote to the mob and its violence and passion is to secure, in orderly and legal form, after due consideration and discussion, the prompt and effective execution of the people's will and to give voice to the people's judgments and aspirations. This raises some interesting questions.

In our own form of government, there are established three independent, but co-operating, powers and agencies for representing the people and for executing their will—the executive, the legislative, and the judicial agency. Each immediately represents the people in its own way and in its own sphere, and that sphere is and should remain inviolate. Somehow or other the curious notion has been spread abroad that the legislative agency, the members of which are chosen at short intervals and by small constituencies, more fully and directly represents the people than does either the executive or the judicial branch of the government. Members of the legislative branch of the government have themselves actively spread abroad this notion both by words and by acts. It is, however, not only untrue in theory, but it is ludicrously falsified by the facts. As matters are to-day, and as they have been for a generation past, the Congress of the United States, the legislative branch of the national government, is far inferior to the executive and the judicial branches, as a direct and effective representative of the will and purpose of the people of the United States. It is primarily the President and the Supreme Court who speak the people's maturest mind and who express, in spoken and written word, in administrative act and in judicial decision, the highest will of the whole people.

True democracy, therefore, while seeking by all possible means to improve the quality of its legislatures and to make them representative of principles and ideas rather than of special and local interests, will strengthen the executive arm and protect it from legislative invasion in matters purely administrative. It will, through constitutional forms and by limitation of term, hold the executive strictly answerable for the discharge of his duty and for the bearing of his responsibility. We are constantly told by the prophets of false democracy that the efficient administration which is secured by single responsible agents is undemocratic. The notion of these false prophets is, I suppose, that no man can be justly convicted of crime in a democracy until each of his fellow-citizens in turn has mounted the bench and passed upon the evidence.

No administrative act can be truly democratic unless the people *en masse* assemble to institute and to approve it. This doctrine, constantly repeated by the unthinking, is both absurd in itself and the *reductio ad absurdum* of government. It not only separates decision from deliberation, but it misses the fundamental distinction between government and administration. No government is democratic that does not spring from the people's will, and which is not answerable to the people in forms and ways which the people themselves have determined. Administration, on the other hand, is merely the transaction of the people's business, and a democracy is as well entitled as a monarchy to have its business well and promptly done. It will, therefore, if its democracy is true, adopt precisely the modes and agencies of administration that any business undertaking would adopt to secure similar aims. It is a false, spurious and misleading democracy that would destroy efficiency in working out the people's policies by insisting that all the people shall join in working them out. The people determine, the people's agent executes. When we get this distinction clearly in mind we shall cease to be troubled by many so-called reforms that are urged upon us in democracy's name.

One unfortunate effect of the false conceptions of democracy that are now so widespread among us is the steady decline in reverence and respect in the United States, not only for age, attainment, and authority, but for law itself. The essence of democracy is not subordination, but association; yet the object of this association is obedience to government as the result of a common deliberation through duly constituted authorities. To those authorities respect is due by every real democrat. The mob yields none and will yield none.

Many causes have contributed, no doubt, to bring about this decline in respect and reverence for authority and law. The weakening of religious faith, the loosening of the bonds of parental control, the absence of real discipline from school life have all been at work to undermine the foundations of respect and reverence. We shall never get back to a true democracy, however, until the majesty of the law excites reverence and respect on its own account; until the family bond is drawn closer and tighter, and until children honor their parents as they did of old; and until the school understands that abdication of authority is not a solution for the difficulties of discipline.

A free state built upon free labor, with liberty for its watchward and justice as its guide, is the ideal of a true democracy—that form of society, which Lowell characterized so suggestively, if incompletely, as one in which every man has a chance and knows that he has it. To the hectic, emotional radicalism which clamors for the exaltation of the mediocre and the unfit, and upon which false democracy builds, true democracy will oppose a healthy, intellectual radicalism that will seek to see life steadily and to see it whole; a radicalism that will aim to redress old wrongs without inflicting new ones. This radicalism of true democracy—if it be radicalism—sees the end of a perfected individualism not in selfishness but in service, not in isolation but in fraternity. It has no idle dreams of Nature dethroned and Artifice exalted in her stead. It sees in the dedicated life the ideal of Liberty's best product. It dares to hope that of this twentieth century and of this fair land of ours, it will not be impossible for another Macaulay some day to write:

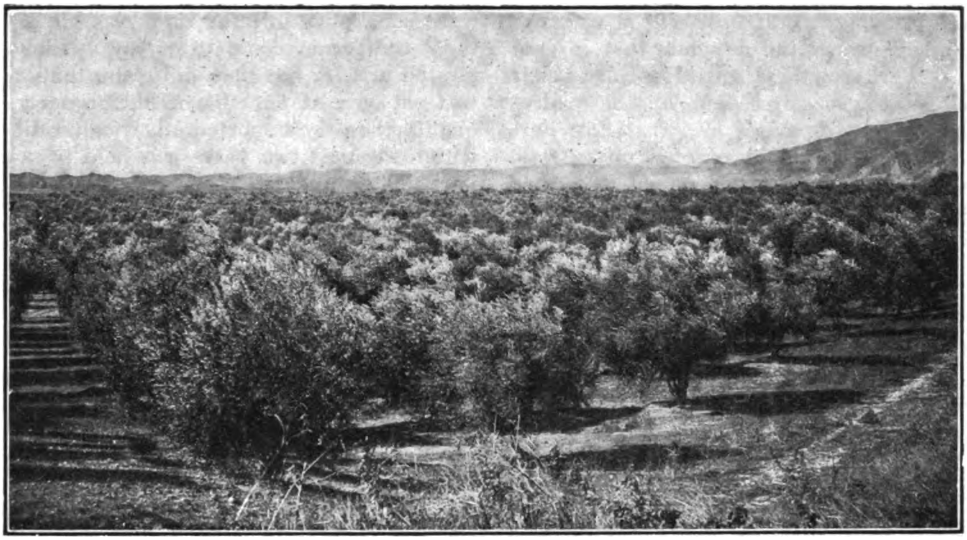
> Then none was for a party;
>   Then all were for the state;
> Then the great man helped the poor,
>   And the poor man loved the great:
> Then lands were fairly portioned;
>   Then spoils were fairly sold:
> The Romans were like brothers
>   In the brave days of old.

THE VIOLET OF POESY

By Rosalie M. Cody

  The violet of poesy
Upon a slender stem of thought,
Methinks the triolet must be,
  The violet of poesy;
With petals fine, so gracefully
It rises, with sweet fragrance fraught,
  The violet of poesy
Upon a slender stem of thought.

  My love is like a violet,
The flower sweet I fain would wear;
With daintiness and grace beset
  My love is like a violet,
And so I sing in triolet—
That bloom of verse so slight and fair—
  My love is like a violet,
The flower sweet I fain would wear.



Twelve hundred acres in full bearing

A SEA OF TREES

THE STORY OF SYLMAR, THE LARGEST OLIVE ORCHARD IN THE WORLD

By BERTHA H. SMITH

A GRAY-GREEN stretch, beginning at the foot of a spur of the Sierra Madre foothills and ending, it would seem nowhere, but reaching yonder to the skyline; sometimes motionless with clouds of fog resting drowsily on its undulating surface, sometimes swept by the wind into waves tipped with silver sun rays—this is Sylmar, sea of trees. Nowhere else in the world, is there anything quite like this vast sweep of olive trees, an orchard of twelve hundred acres in full bearing. The great prune orchards of California's Santa Clara valley in full bloom may surpass it in loveliness; but there is something awe-inspiring in the somber monotone and the boundless reach of this olive sea. From the railroad that for miles skirts the edge of the ranch the vista is down countless, endless aisles of trees, as in an orange grove or an orchard of prunes or pears or almonds. But from the foothill side the straight lines are lost and the tree tops merge in an unbroken surface rolling away to the horizon at the west and south. It is well named the Sea of Trees.

Sylmar has been a troubled sea on which for sixteen years the hopes of men have tossed restlessly. But that they were men with a great faith in California, a staunch confidence in themselves and in their purpose, their hopes must have been racked to pieces long ago. But to-day this is a smiling sea on which these hopes rock peacefully.

Sixteen years ago a company of Los Angeles men, Californians at heart if not by birth, bought a tract of two thousand acres to start an olive ranch. A thousand other men would have passed this land by, as they pass thousands of adjoining acres to-day, as fit only for the cactus, the sage-brush and mesquite that covered it. Perhaps these men justified their choice by the precedent of the padres who but a few miles away, at San Fernando Mission, had planted olive trees, a few of which after a century's time stand there to attest the virtue of the soil. Perhaps they had other means of knowing that this soil, pale with the mixture of sand and decomposed granite washed from the mountain side, was particularly adapted to the growth of olives, and that the drainage of this same mountain side would settle the question of irrigation.

Whatever the source of their faith, it was enough to last out the year it took to clear the land, at a cost of as high as fifty dollars for some of the acres. Then twelve hundred acres were set with trees from the same stock the padres planted more than a hundred years ago. And then these men went about their various other affairs until the trees should come into bearing, for they believed that if imported olive oil was worth from three to four dollars a gallon, a good California oil would bring five. Ten years later Sylmar produced its first real crop. Some of the original projectors, for this reason and that, had sold their interests. But always there were other men to take up the faith where these left off, and by the time the first crop was harvested nearly a half million dollars had been sunk in that sea of trees.

But now—thought the men who had waited ten years for the first crop that was more than enough for a few barrels of pickled olives—now it would no longer be all going out and nothing coming in. Those who had bought their interest later were joyous in the thought of a quick return on their investment. Ready for this first crop was a factory, as modern in plan and equipment as money could make it, and within sixty days after the olives ripened on the trees, the great glass-lined tanks in the floor of the factory building held a quarter of a million dollars worth of the purest olive oil that could be made.

The makers of it believed absolutely that it was the best oil on the market. They did not claim it purer than other California olive oil, for they concede to their California competitors an unadulterated article; but they did claim that it was not only of finer flavor but of purer quality than the imported oil, which until within the past two years was held to no particular standard of purity either by the inspectors or by the law. The improved facilities for making could not offset the cost of labor in California—two dollars a day for a man doing the work for which in Italy or France or Spain he would be paid ten cents—and it was necessary to place the price of this product above that of the imported article. But their faith in the quality of their product permitted them to do this without hesitation.

Twenty-five salesmen were sent out over the country to sell this first season's output. They were the best salesmen that could be hired, and—not one man of the twenty-five sold enough olive oil to pay his traveling expenses. Not satisfied with their efforts the manager of the company went to Chicago and New York, and these are his words:

"I begged men, I tell you, I begged them, to take our oil delivered in New York at a dollar a gallon, when other oil was bringing from one and a half to two, and they would not take it.

"I went to the buyer of the best-known hotel in New York, became well acquainted with him, and asked him if he would let us send him some of our oil. He sampled it, found no fault with it, and said: 'If I put your oil into this hotel, what is there in it for me?' To which I replied: 'There's nothing in it for you.' He did not buy.

"I went to the manufacturers of the best-known brand of salad dressing and offered them our oil and was told they would not accept it as a gift. I afterward learned that they were using fifty per cent of cotton-seed oil in their salad dressing and they had to keep up a big bluff.

"I went to the best-known manufacturer of pickles and asked him if he was in the market for olive oil. He told me he was always in the market for anything he used. In reply to my question as to whether he knew anything about our oil he said: 'I don't know anything about it and don't want to know anything about it. We use two or three thousand gallons a year, but we don't want any California oil!' He did consent finally to take a small quantity at $1.25 a gallon, delivered at the factory, and a year and a half afterward, when it didn't mean anything to us, he wrote for more.

"I had started out to deal with jobbers, and on the way home I visited the leading jobbers in various large cities, and afterward wrote to those I had not seen. If I had this reply from one, I had it from a thousand:

" 'What do you suppose we want to handle your product for? You have no market. When you get a market, come around!' "

And so this manager came home convinced that if they wanted to get rid of the hundred thousand gallons of olive oil in their vats they would have to adopt other tactics. At this time the Sea of Trees seemed to have an ebb tide only, and it put to the test the courage and conviction of its owners.

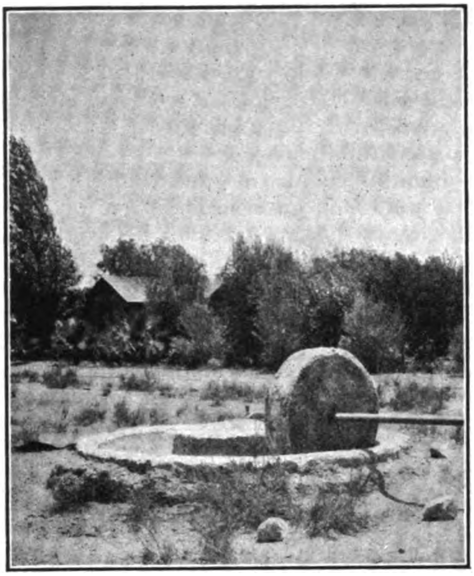
Oddly enough, this was the psychological moment at which an offer came for a lease of the entire two thousand acres. The crude oil excitement was at its height in Southern California, and one of the big oil companies of Los Angeles coveted this particular piece of land. Its owners, their ardor perhaps a trifle cooled by the season's experience, gladly leased the property and from the slough of disappointment they were borne suddenly to the crest of the crude oil excitement. If Sylmar would not yield them wealth in its olive oil, perhaps it would in crude oil, and for the time being each man saw himself a millionaire.

THE FRUIT OF THE BRANCH PRESENTED TO NOAH

But this bubble, too, soon burst. The first well sunk gave no indication of oil, and the men again set their hopes afloat on the Sea of Trees. This time, instead of seeking to convince the jobbers of the merit of their goods, they determined to convert the consumers.

They advertised in the leading magazines and in many newspapers. They bottled gallons of oil in small bottles and distributed samples free to everybody that wanted them and to many that didn't. They offered to prepay express on orders received from any part of the United States. By and by orders came for a bottle or two, or a gallon, sometimes accompanied by a money order, sometimes on the conditions offered, that the money need not be paid until the oil was sampled and found satisfactory. These orders were filled with the nicest care, and the buyer was asked to write his opinion. If it was evidently a housekeeper, she was asked in case she liked the oil to tell her neighbors about it. Always they believed absolutely that the person who once used their oil would never use any other.

When they had secured two or three orders from one town they would take one



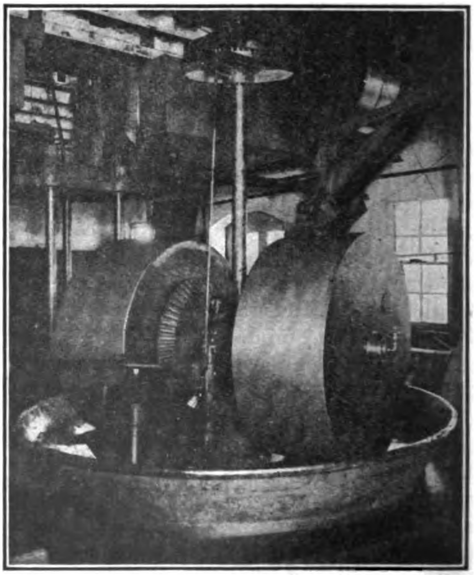
AN OIL CRUSHER OF YESTERDAY

of the big business directories and pick out two or three grocers in that town and write them that these people were sending to the factory for the oil—would it not be to their interest to put it in stock and supply these and other possible customers? About seventy-five per cent of such letters resulted in an order for a case of quarts. If the housekeeper ordered again she would be told she could get the oil from her home grocer. Perhaps she would insist that she preferred to get it from the factory, knowing it would always be the same. If so, it was shipped from the factory, through the grocer, who was credited with her remittance and the express charges.

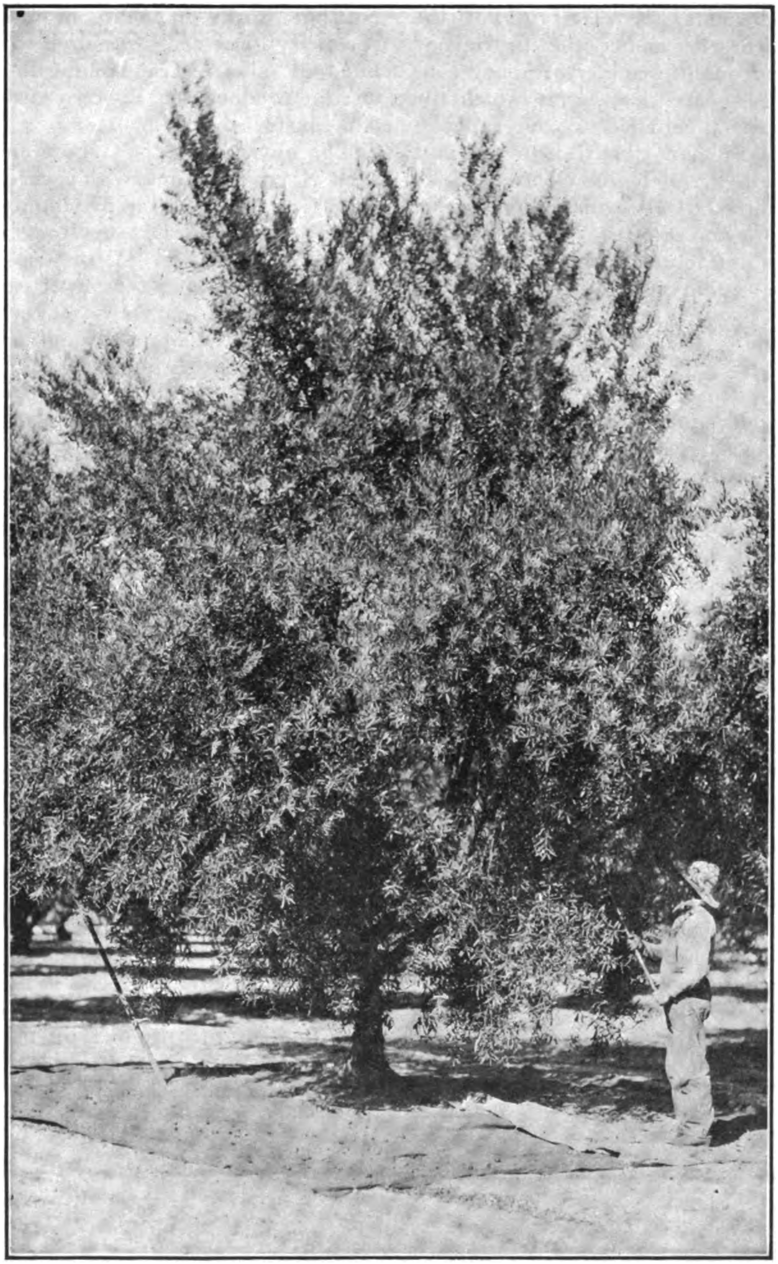
While thousands and thousands of cases were being sold in this way, the company again made a test of the jobbers. A hundred pint bottles were mailed to the leading jobbers of the East. There was just one acknowledgment and that was from a man who wrote that he did not buy olive oil.

While carrying on this advertising campaign, which cost something like $75,000, the company was sparing no expense to improve the processing of their oil. They knew by experiments during the years when the trees were coming into bearing that the quality and flavor of the oil are different every year, and the vexing question with oil producers is how to keep their product up to a certain fixed standard. This is an advantage the big producer has over the little one. The small producer who runs his machinery by horse-power and whose press is as crude as that used fifty or a hundred years ago, gets as pure oil as the man whose machinery is operated by electricity and has a capacity of a thousand gallons or more a day. But to maintain a standard of quality and flavor, which depend upon the manner of pressing and acuteness in determining the exact conditions that arise from year to year, it is necessary to make a vast quantity and keep it in storage.

At Sylmar a French expert was hired at a fancy salary to find fault with the methods first employed, and he did it. Not with the methods of manufacture, but with the processing and the handling. These are not as simple as they look. Here the ripe olives are hauled to the door of the factory in the picking boxes. These are weighed and credited to the five-acre lot from which they come, and a record made that the superintendent may know what every five acres is doing, and whether it needs special attention to



A CRUSHER OF TO-DAY



ONE WAY OF GATHERING OLIVES

increase its yield. The olives are then fed into a machine that fans them clean and slightly bruises them ready for the great crusher. In this first crushing the liquid that comes off is three-fourths water and one-fourth oil. From the "cheese" the oil is expressed in the reverse proportion, and flows in a thick brown stream heavy with vegetable matter. In this crude state it is so full of tannic acid that it would eat through a sealed can. The extraction of all foreign elements, the clarifying of the oil to a clear rich amber, the insuring of its keeping qualities under ordinary conditions—these are the secrets which the French expert confided to the superintendent at Sylmar. He did not attempt to eliminate the rich nutty flavor which distinguishes the California product from the smooth and almost tasteless oil of foreign manufacture which some people prefer to-day in spite of all efforts at education.

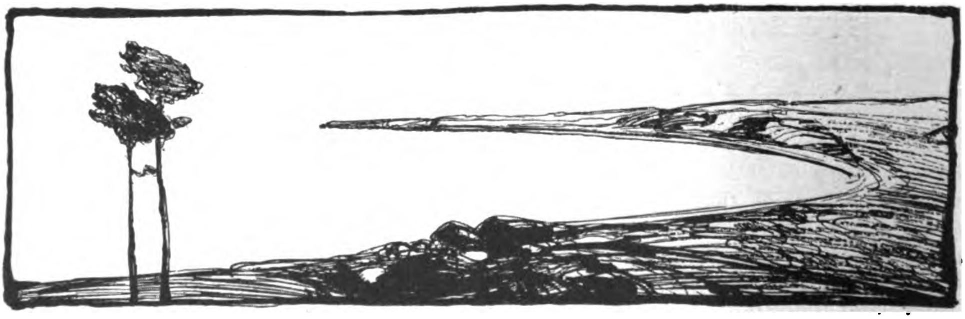
But while the French expert was applying his knowledge and experience to the new conditions of California, the campaign of education had been prosecuted vigorously, and gradually the ebb tide was turning toward the flood. With grim satisfaction the manager of the company recalled the invitation of those hundreds of jobbers, "When you get a market, come around." Remembering his rebuffs he declares that to-day he would not walk into any store in the United States to offer his goods. He does not have to. It is the jobbers themselves that come around. He did as they bade him and got his market and they have no choice but to order his product. Orders have increased to such an extent that the present capacity is inadequate. Before another season the size of the plant will be doubled, giving it a capacity of twenty-five hundred gallons a day.

Not a small point in the general triumph is the constant refusal of requests from large jobbers to put up this olive oil under private brands. Not a bottle nor a can ever leaves the factory except under the Sylmar label, save as the oil is shipped in drums to the company's bottling works in Vermont where the necessary glass can be secured within two hundred miles. The freight thus saved on the product for Eastern distribution is a considerable item.

The olive season is a short one. The fruit ripens in January and within thirty days from the time the five hundred Japanese pickers descend upon the orchard the entire crop is in. At the end of sixty days the oil-making season is over. The tons of pumice carry twelve per cent of oil, and these go again through the press, the oil extracted being used for lubricating purposes. Experiments are now being made looking to the manufacture of castile soap from the oil still contained in the residue.

On account of the location of the Sylmar orchard there is a full crop but once in two years. In the off year the crop is but about one-fifth that of a full year. To tide over the lean year the several hundred unused acres of the Sylmar ranch are being put under cultivation. Last year two hundred acres were set to Flaming Tokay grapes. This season some more hundreds of acres are set apart for a nursery with a start of nearly a half million trees. In these new ventures the basis of the owners' faith is a fast belief that there is something in a name.

And this is why they can say with a smile that Sylmar has never yet paid a dividend. These improvements represent the nice profits of two seasons since the jobbers of the country were whipped into line on the product of this ranch, and its owners are content, for to-day Sylmar is a smiling sea.



ON THE BEACH AT LA JOLLA, SAN DIEGO—A FAMOUS SPOT FOR ABALONES

GOOD-BYE, ABALONE!

By ALFRED K. GLOVER

PUBLIC interest in the Japanese question has directed attention to the abalone trade of the Pacific, which has been in Japanese hands for several years past. The ceaseless activity of the Japs in abalone fishing has resulted not merely in making the Japanese rich, but in almost stripping the coast of one of its most characteristic and beautiful shell-fish.

The abalone is an univalve mollusk of the genus *haliotis,* and is lined with radiantly beautiful mother-of-pearl, bespangled with all the colors of the rainbow. The rocks of the California shore, from San Francisco to San Diego, until the coming of the Japanese, fairly scintillated with the brilliant and changing hues of this prince of shell-fish, and tourists from all over the world deemed the shell the best possible memento of their visit to the California shores.

The abalone loves the company of the rocks, being found clinging close to them, and at low tide scores could be gathered in a few hours. Ten years of Japanese depredation, however, has resulted in nearly denuding the coast; the only shells that now remain being those clinging to the rocks under the surface of the water, so far down and so distant from the shore, as to compel the Japanese to resort to diving operations in order to supply the home and foreign markets. The slaughter of the abalones has been almost as complete as was that of the American bison. But just as some small herds of buffalo were piously preserved, destined to propagate their species, so, thanks to the dark depths of the ocean, beyond the reach of the fisherman, the abalone still holds his own, even if in diminished numbers, only waiting for another chance to adorn the ocean cliffs with his radiance. This shell-fish still enjoys one spacious home where he is safe from murderous depredations—this is the long stretch of the coast of Lower California, as far as Cape St. Lucas, the extreme southern point of the Lower

California peninsula. All along this rock-bound and picturesque coast the abalone abounds, and while piratical American craft only too often sneak in and out among the Mexican lagoons, stealing an occasional boatload of the precious shells, still it is not like the California slaughter, and the abalone will reign there for a good many generations to come.

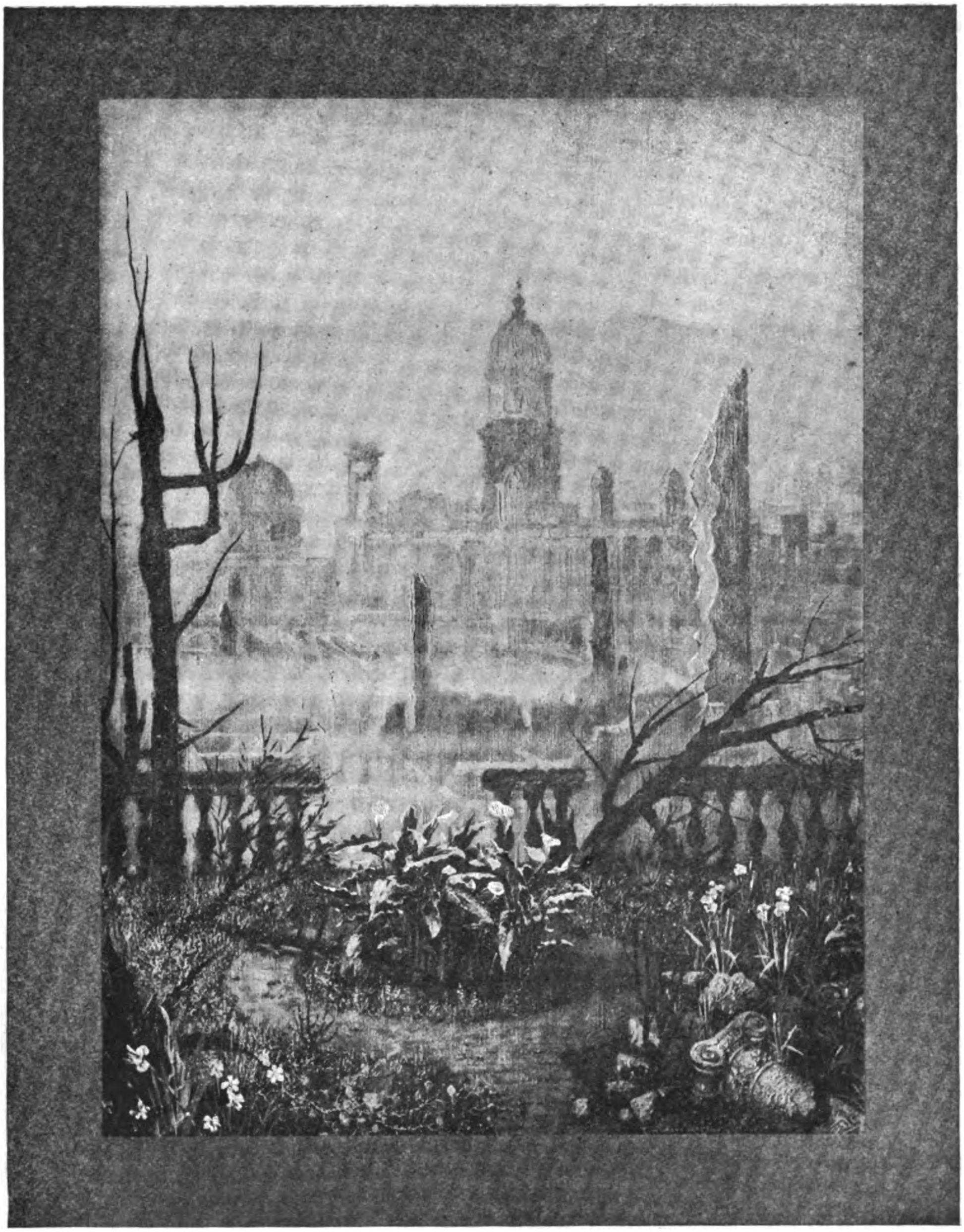
The abalone shell is of two colors—the red and the black, of which the former is the most precious. The size varies greatly, but the unsophisticated may catch some idea of the large proportions to which it grows, when it is known that the law prohibits the possession of any red abalone shell, the circumference of which exceeds fifteen inches around the outer edge. The limit of the black variety is twelve inches. The Japanese have continually violated this state law by extracting the meat of the young abalones, and then dropping the shells into the sea! At one spot—White's Point—there is a Japanese settlement that has been engaged wholly in abalone fishing. They support a fishing fleet that starts out every morning to the Santa Barbara Islands, several miles from the mainland. There they dive, armed with chisels for prying off the shells from the rocks. Some of the divers go down in regular diving-suits and air-helmet, while others strip naked and dive as do the pearl fishers of the Indian Ocean. Those clad in diving suits go down to the bottom, while the others cleave off the shells from the rocks lying only a few feet below the surface. The deep-sea diver brings up his catch by the sackful, the others by twos and threes. This abalone diving is a thrilling operation to witness, for it occurs among the most dangerous rocky island ledges, over which the surf is dashing without cessation.

The California Legislature has been petitioned to enact a law against diving for abalones, and possibly this law, if enacted, and enforced, will save the abalone from complete annihilation. Not only has a vast trade been maintained in the abalone shells, which were made up into all kinds of most beautiful ornaments, but the fish itself has been a source of immense income to the Japanese. Most of the abalone food fish have been shipped to China, where they have always found a more than ready market.

FOG

By HERBERT BASHFORD

A phantom form lurks near this wintry coast;
'Tis but the fleecy fog I know,
And yet it seems the lonely, wearied ghost
Of some dead storm of long ago.



THE SIGN OF THE RESURRECTION

FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF A PAINTING BY THEODORE WORES OF SAN FRANCISCO

OCEANSIDE'S EXAMPLE

HOW WILLING WORKERS BUILT THE FIRST PERMANENT CHURCH IN SAN FRANCISCO AFTER THE BIG FIRE

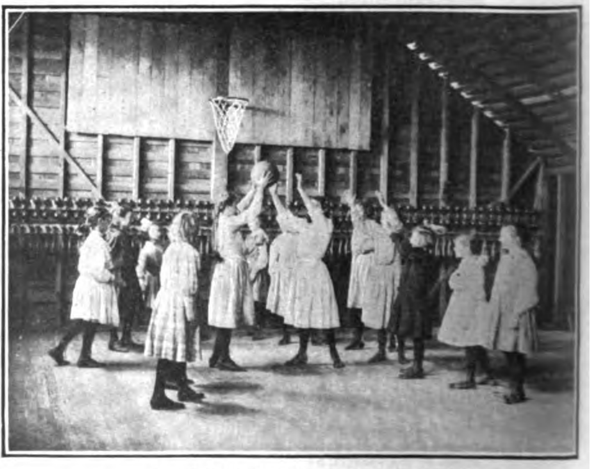
By Lynn Townsend White

Pastor Saint Paul's Presbyterian Church of Oceanside, San Francisco

THERE has been no more characteristic expression recently of that subtle, intangible and quite indescribable something which goes by the convenient name of "the spirit of '49" than the manner in which Saint Paul's Presbyterian church of San Francisco was built. It was the first permanent church erected in the city after the great fire. This little sanctuary stands by the sea, in the heart of a thriving settlement of home-makers, once "Carville," now Oceanside.

By some divine alchemy love of home and love of church are usually found in close affinity, and the people here having made their homes, the making of their church followed logically and naturally. But it required the greatest disaster in history to reveal how much these people really desired to have a church. The "before the fire" method of building it was the novel one: raise the money by solicited subscriptions, let the contract and on an appointed day open the sanctuary with debt-raising, thanksgivings and congratulations. This method was in use and gave promise of success when the disaster came, and the building fund —which was as yet on paper—went up in smoke.

Less brave hearts would have seen in that calamity unanswerable argument against proceeding with the church building project, and would have put themselves to sleep with that too carelessly used anesthetic labeled "providentially hindered." Not so these stalwart souls. It was a marine engineer who first said, "Lets build the church ourselves." Being a seafaring man, he had weathered storms before and by sheer perseverance had reached the harbor. The fact that the building enterprise had been struck amidship and seriously damaged, was not a sufficient reason in his mind why the vessel should be abandoned. His confidence was contagious—as confidence always is—and all hands set to work. The Presbyterian Reconstruction Committee, which had received some money from eastern friends for such help, was appealed to and enough ready money was granted to pay for the first load of rough lumber. The word rapidly spread that volunteers were wanted to build "the first church at Oceanside." And volunteers came. Literally, from every direction,



SPORT FOR THE GIRLS AND THE BOYS

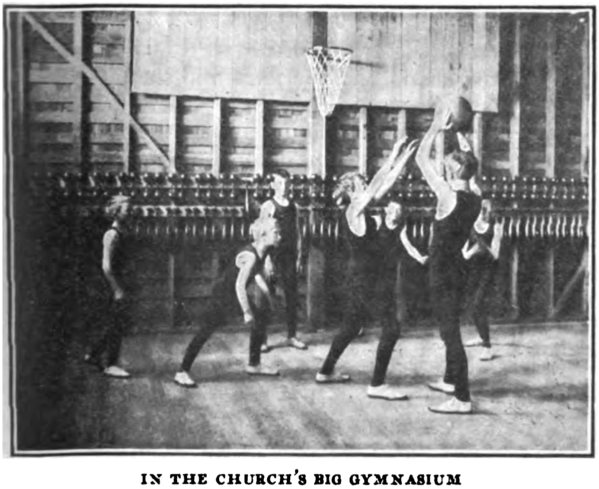
representing nearly every shade of belief, and from nearly every trade and profession, help came. Men and women, boys and girls joined hands and hearts in the work. Many times the men worked until the near approach of midnight. Those who could not work brought money for the material. The smallest subscription calculated in a purely financial way was fifteen cents—the entire savings of a tiny member of the Bible school.

After ninety days—or, better, nights—the work was done and the church was opened. There was no debt-raising, for there was no debt to raise. Cheerful giving of that which each one had to give—money, or brain, or brawn—had paid the bills before they were made, and the treasurer had about twenty dollars left.

Here endeth the first chapter of this story, but the second is like unto it.

The congregation that filled the little church at that first service betrayed no sign of fag. The successful completion of the building was a matter of congratulation, to be sure, but no sigh of relief showed itself. These people were determined not to be "weary in well-doing." It would have been too bad to let this good spirit "die young" for want of something to feed on. Besides, there was a need for something more than a house of worship. The boys of this settlement by the sea ought to have a place where their boyishness could find clean and rational expression.

THE SEWING CLASS IN THE DOORWAY


IN THE CHURCH'S BIG GYMNASIUM

Somebody had blundered by buying twenty thousand shingles more than were needed for the church. But this blunder was soon seen to be a blessing in disguise. There were the shingles, there was the vacant space back of the church and there was the logic of the situation—a gymnasium ought to stand there. The boys caught the fever; a dozen of them called at the minister's house one evening and asked if they could help. Of course, they could help. Every boy subscribed what he could then and there, and pledged the strength of his right arm and his left, too—to the work. He pledged something else—a young boy's irresistible power of persuasion in a systematic campaign to raise money for the lumber. Every boy was armed with a subscription paper and assigned a clearly prescribed territory. Not a house was passed by, not an unsuspecting pedestrian was overlooked. *Mirabile dictu*—there was a demand for subscription papers by the boys. After the first distribution, an exceptionally miniature specimen of the genus boy knocked at the minister's door before breakfast and asked that he be given a paper and assigned a territory. Before the minister could frame a diplomatic refusal, he surrendered unconditionally to this half-plea and half-command:

"You'd better give me one. I'm lucky and I bet you I'll make a raise."

IN THE CHURCHYARD AFTER SUNDAY SCHOOL

And he did! That very evening he returned with a pocketful of money—twenty nickels—and the next day with twenty more. When this gleaning was done, he induced his grandmother to make him a carpenter's apron, and with a discarded hammer properly hanging in the hammer strap of his apron, he took his place among the boys who had already set to work after school to raise the walls of the gymnasium.

Not quite that, for a carpenter laid out the frame and raised it with the help of the boys. The roof and the walls were covered with shingles, which was just the opportunity the boys were looking for—there were thousands of nails to drive!

Two weeks before the work was done, November 30 was set for the opening night. To get ready for this, night work was necessary, but the young builders did not hesitate at this. By the free use of large lamps the opening night found the building finished.

What a happy night it was! The rough interior had been made surprisingly attractive by a profusion of greens and flags. The building was filled with the parents and the friends of the energetic and persevering fellows who had worked hard to make their dream real. The Columbia Park Boys' Club Band was present and the Oceanside Boys' Club was launched to the strains of martial music!

But what of the aftermath?

When the chairs and the flags and the greens had been cleared away there remained an empty building—which by faith was called a gymnasium—and an empty treasury. But the boys were not far away. Some fellow suggested that the place would make a good skating rink until it could be fitted up with gymnastic apparatus. It was an inspiration—and a skating rink it became for boys and girls.

After a period of wondering and planning about how that much coveted apparatus could be bought—for that couldn't be made—two liberal friends of all good works who had made the boys' hearts glad before in their building enterprise, made them shouting happy by furnishing the gymnasium. To secure the intelligent use of this, the church—which had been steadily growing all the while—guaranteed the salary of a physical director for a weekly class. So steady has been the growth of interest, that it has recently become necessary to establish a waiting list of applicants for admission to this class. And then a class of girls under a trained woman director was organized, to which are admitted the faithful ones in the sewing school established and conducted by Saint Paul's Guild of Women—the wide-awake women's organization of the church.

And that is the story of how the first permanent church was built after the fire in San Francisco. In San Francisco, mind you, where if "there ain't no ten commandments" there are at least two: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God" and "thy neighbor as thyself."

A GRAY DAY ON THE BAY

By Mary Vaughan

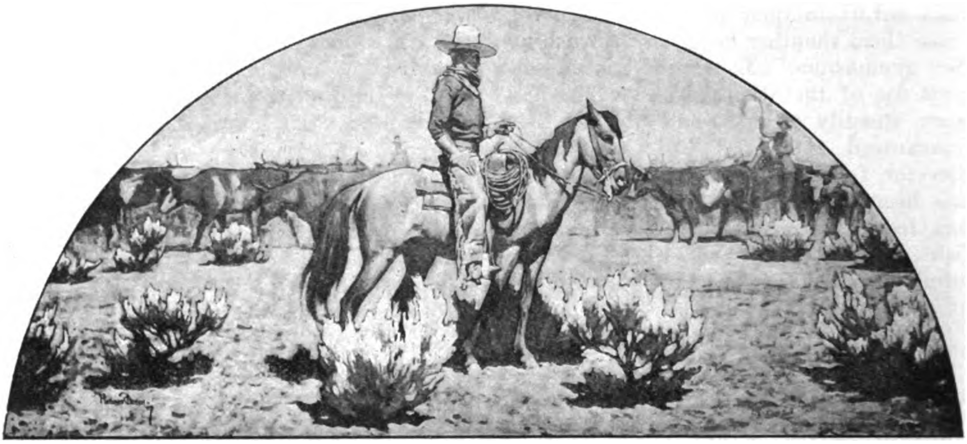
Gray of the sea, and gray of the sky,
And the ghostly ships between;
Above them the swooping sea-gulls fly
And the misty heavens lean.

With sails unfurled to the laggard breeze
They lie at rest on the deep;
Rippling and creaming about their knees
The whispering waters creep.

Hushed are the waves, and hushed is the air;
Like the phantoms of a dream
The silence enfolds them, waiting there
In the stillness of the stream.

One note of color speaks to the eye
In all of that gray expanse,
Where, fluttering at a masthead high,
Droops the tri-color of France.

The pale wan sun, through its veil of gray,
Shineth faint and high and dim,
And a gray world stretches far away
To the wide horizon's rim.



THE CATTLEMAN—PANEL IN THE TUCSON DEPOT BY MAYNARD DIXON

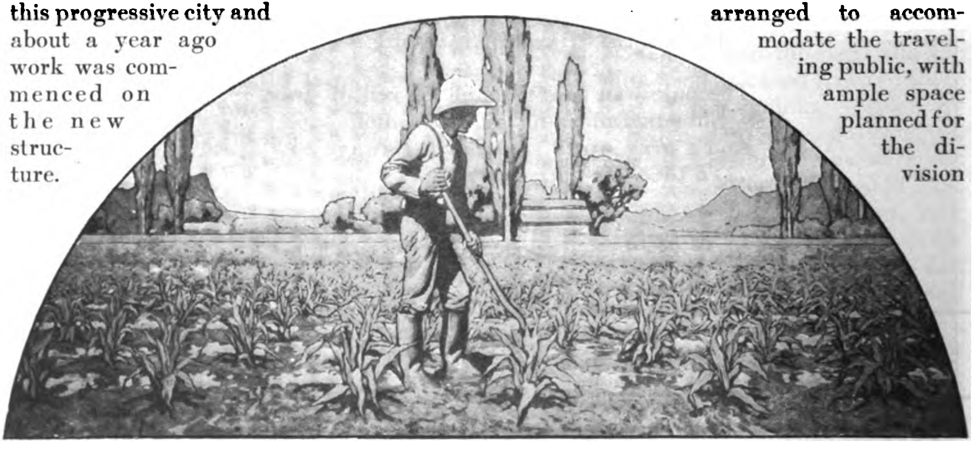
UPBUILDING THE WEST

NEW RAILWAY PROJECTS AND IMPROVEMENTS THAT HELP KEEP THE COUNTRY GROWING

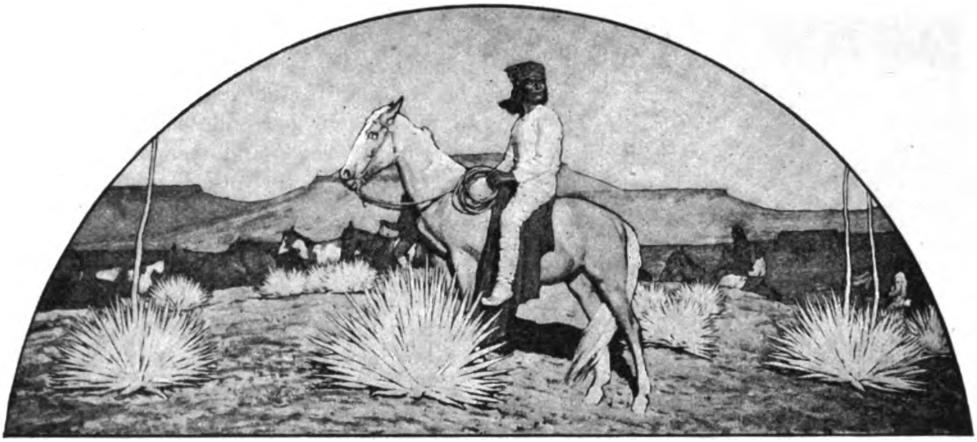
V. TUCSON'S NEW RAILWAY DEPOT

THE growing city of Tucson, Arizona, has a new passenger depot. The Southern Pacific Company realized some two years ago that the old depot was entirely too small to meet the wants and growing need of this progressive city and about a year ago work was commenced on the new structure.

The plan shows a radical departure from the customary unbroken rectangular form characterizing the types of buildings usually seen along one's travels. The object sought was to produce a building of artistic design properly arranged to accommodate the traveling public, with ample space planned for the division



IRRIGATION—ONE OF THE SERIES OF PANELS IN THE TUCSON DEPOT



THE APACHE

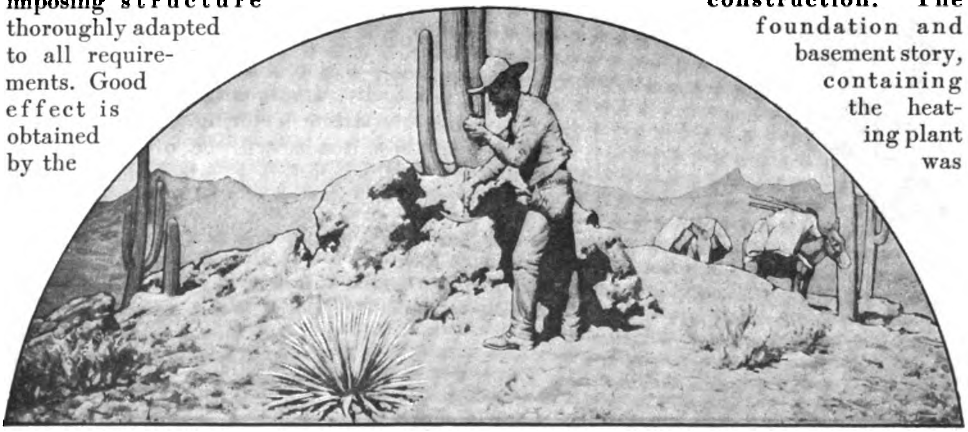
officials and their working force at this point. This being a very hot climate during most of the year, the building was so planned that the waiting rooms that are on the ground floor are protected from the sun's hot rays by wide arcades on each side of the main, or two-story part of the building.

Each end of the main building is flanked with low one-story wings that accentuate the two-story part which is made the salient feature in design and treated with refinement in character and adaptation of detail.

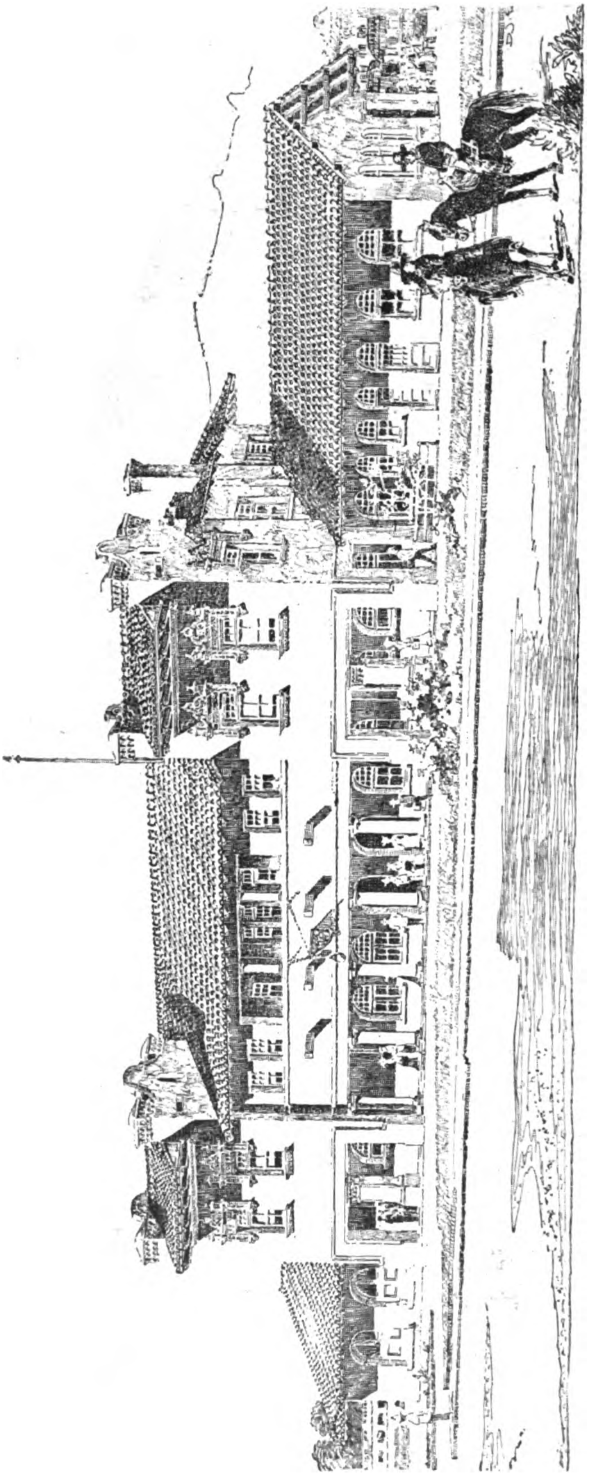
In designing this building the architect selected the Spanish Renaissance, a style of architecture admirably suited to southern latitudes, and has produced a nicely proportioned and imposing structure thoroughly adapted to all requirements. Good effect is obtained by the introduction of shallow pavilions on each end of the main building on the street front, and a similar feature that takes the form of a gable on the track side of the building.

A feature deserving more than cursory notice is the introduction of a low deep loggia level with the second floor and covered with the wide sweeping roof of red terra cotta Spanish tile, making a well defined and useful feature.

The building is two hundred and eighteen feet in extreme length, by sixty feet in its greatest width, and was constructed with solid brick walls having the exterior surface finished in cement stucco. All ornamental elements or enrichments were made of cast cement stone, placed in the walls during the construction. The foundation and basement story, containing the heating plant was



THE PROSPECTOR



THE NEW SOUTHERN PACIFIC DEPOT AT TUCSON, ARIZONA

constructed of concrete, while the second floor and roof timbers are of wood. On the first floor in the main building in the center is the ticket office. On one side is the general waiting room and women's retiring room. On the other side smoking room and separated from this a waiting room for Mexicans.

In the one-story wings is the baggage room. In the other the emergency hospital, commercial agent and roadmaster, while the entire second floor is taken up in accommodating the division officials.

Great care and study have been exercised in carrying out the detail in the general waiting room and smoking room to produce a pleasing and harmonious effect in keeping with the exterior of the building. The walls of the smoking room will be paneled up to the height of the door with wood. Above this a low highly ornamental cornice will run around the entire room. The frieze above this cornice to ceiling will be filled in with a dark leather having a shield in the center of each panel, and on the face of these shields will be painted in colors the great seals of the several states the Sunset Route passes through. In the entrance vestibule are four arches that have been filled with mural paintings by artist Maynard Dixon, of San Francisco, who used subjects historical and typical of the Arizona country. The photographs of these paintings here given show the general effective treatment, although lacking the strong coloring. The floor of these rooms will be of tile. Especially designed electroliers were used, and the entire building has been equipped with electric fans, and steam heating.

The building has cost, completed, about $65,000.

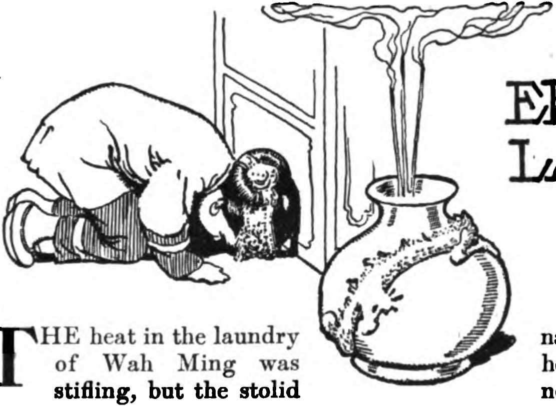
The plans were made in the office of J. H. Wallace, assistant chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, by D. J. Patterson, architect for the company.

Lee Doo's Yellow Noise

by

EDITH KING LATHAM

Pictures by
W. Francis



THE heat in the laundry of Wah Ming was stifling, but the stolid coolies hummed a droning sing-song while they thumped the heavy irons on defenseless heaps of damp clothing. The steamy odors became uncomfortable to Lee Doo, who had been busy for the last fifteen minutes in trying to arouse some sign of retaliation in the black kitten, lying lazy and limp beneath the stove which clasped a circle of flatirons against its glowing sides.

Wah Ming glanced around.

"Mow is dead with sleep," he said. "The spirit which would scratch your hand is devoured by the fire. Go up to the roof, Lee Doo, if you would not lose the spirit of playfulness."

The child obeyed her father, and passing through another room, crept up a rude stairway leading to the roof of the one-story shanty. On the topmost step she sat down to watch old Fong whose duty it was to hang out the wash and take it down when dry. The old man moved about like a machine among the flapping clothes which the sharp afternoon breeze dashed savagely in his face. He was utterly unconscious of the dual role of magician and showman which he played in Lee Doo's life.

The child's position was peculiar. Her father was, perhaps, the only Chinese laundryman in San Francisco who kept his family at his place of business, in a poorer part of the city proper, instead of in the Chinese Quarter, where Lee Doo and her tiny sister would have found playmates of their own race. The native shyness of Chinese girls made her shun the white children of the neighborhood, but she found compensation for her isolation by peopling her world with creatures which lived only in the fanciful imaginations of her Oriental brain. She now watched old Fong with profound interest, quite as though she had not witnessed the same wonder repeatedly, and could not anticipate every turn of the wizard's hand.

The old man, with an absolutely expressionless face, proceeded, methodically, to construct the wonders which may be seen on the roofs of most Chinese laundries. Taking a large, rough-dried sheet, he filled it with smaller pieces, and tied the bundle upon the line by one long end, leaving a round body with a slender neck.

"How many swans will you make to-day, Fong?" asked Lee Doo.

The old Chinese appeared not to hear.

"How many birds will fly on the lines?" persisted Lee Doo.

But the old creature paid no heed to the child's questions, he saw only plain sheets and towels, and his brain was busy with the problem of how many times he must hang out and take down the clothes for Wah Ming, before he could take passage on the China steamer, with his hard-earned fortune converted into Mexican dollars, and return to his native village where his wife, his son, and his grandson awaited him. Muttering to himself, he tied up bundle after bundle on the clothesline, with the careful precision of the Chinese coolie, until the whole roof was covered with "swans."

Lee Doo's happiness was complete when Fong shuffled down the stairs and left her alone on the banks of an imaginary lake. She tripped happily around her flock, offering them a dainty repast of clothespins. Suddenly, a loud explosion, in the yard next door, startled her. Leaning over the tarred roof-ledge, she saw two boys watching the sputterings of a pack of firecrackers. When the clamor had subsided, the slight, scraping sound of Lee Doo's shoe on the gravel caused the boys to glance up at the laundry roof.

"Hello, Miss Hoang-Ho," said one, "Fourth o' July to-morrow? Sabe firecracker? Catchee!"

A pack of cheap, yellow-covered firecrackers landed in the middle of the laundry roof.

At the boys' first words, Lee Doo had fled, but she now screwed up her courage and timidly picked up the crackers. Here was something which she understood. The pungent odor of powder, and the sound of crackling explosives were associated in her mind with countless devil-scarings. At every New Year, and on numerous feast days she had accompanied her father to Chinatown and had watched, in terrified fascination, while he set off large supplies of firecrackers.

"Come back, Pigtail, and let's see you fire 'em," called the boys. But Lee Doo made no reply, she was carefully hiding her treasure in a pocket inside her blouse. Such a windfall was not to be sacrificed to the gratification of a moment.

"Some day I will scare the ugly devil away from my birds with this yellow noise," she whispered to herself. "And they will get free from the line and carry me off with them to the enchanted country. Yes, and little, lucky black cat shall go too, and be my horse."

Next morning Lee Doo was awakened by an ear-splitting chorus. The deep, sullen voices of bombs, and sharp volleys of miniature musketry emitted by packs of firecrackers, sang the battle-cry of Young America's dearest and most dangerous day.

Instinctively, Lee Doo grasped the crackers which had lain all night under the covers of her bed. When would be the best time to set off her "yellow noise" and drive away the devil on the roof? Before she had put down her chop-sticks and rice bowl, at her supper the evening before, the white birds had been gathered and brought down to be ironed, to be replaced before noon by a new flock, for this week happened to be an unusually busy one for the laundrymen.

In spite of the rush of work, however, Wah Ming took time to go to Van Ness avenue, where the Fourth of July procession was to pass, and to Lee Doo's delight, she was invited to accompany him, dressed in her gayest costume, a blouse with brocade trimming, sky-blue trousers banded with pale lavender, dainty, embroidered shoes, and a flowered head-dress. Before they started, Lee Doo found time to hide away her precious firecrackers under a loose board of the laundry floor.

When Wah Ming and his daughter reached the avenue, they strolled up and down, hand in hand, the father grinning with satisfaction in response to the exclamations of admiration which the pretty child called forth.

At last, the grand marshal and his aides appeared, and the sidewalks were lined with spectators. Then came soldiers and marines, and following them, appeared several symbolical floats which, in Lee Doo's eyes, were marvelously beautiful. But when a heavy car rumbled up and stopped for a moment, while the crowd cheered loudly, she clutched her father's arm excitedly, pointing to the Goddess of Liberty, arrayed in the stars and stripes, with glorious, golden tresses streaming over her shoulders. She longed to ask the name of the wondrous being, but dared not open her mouth. As the float moved on, however, Wah Ming explained loftily, in a tone loud enough to be heard, as he intended it should be, by the crowd near him:

"You see fine lady, Lee Doo? She all same Lady-Joss. Melicans fireclacker Fo'th July, worship Lady-Joss, all same Chinaman in joss house, sabe?"

If Lee Doo was charmed before, she held her breath now, at the revelation that the lady on the throne was really and truly a goddess.

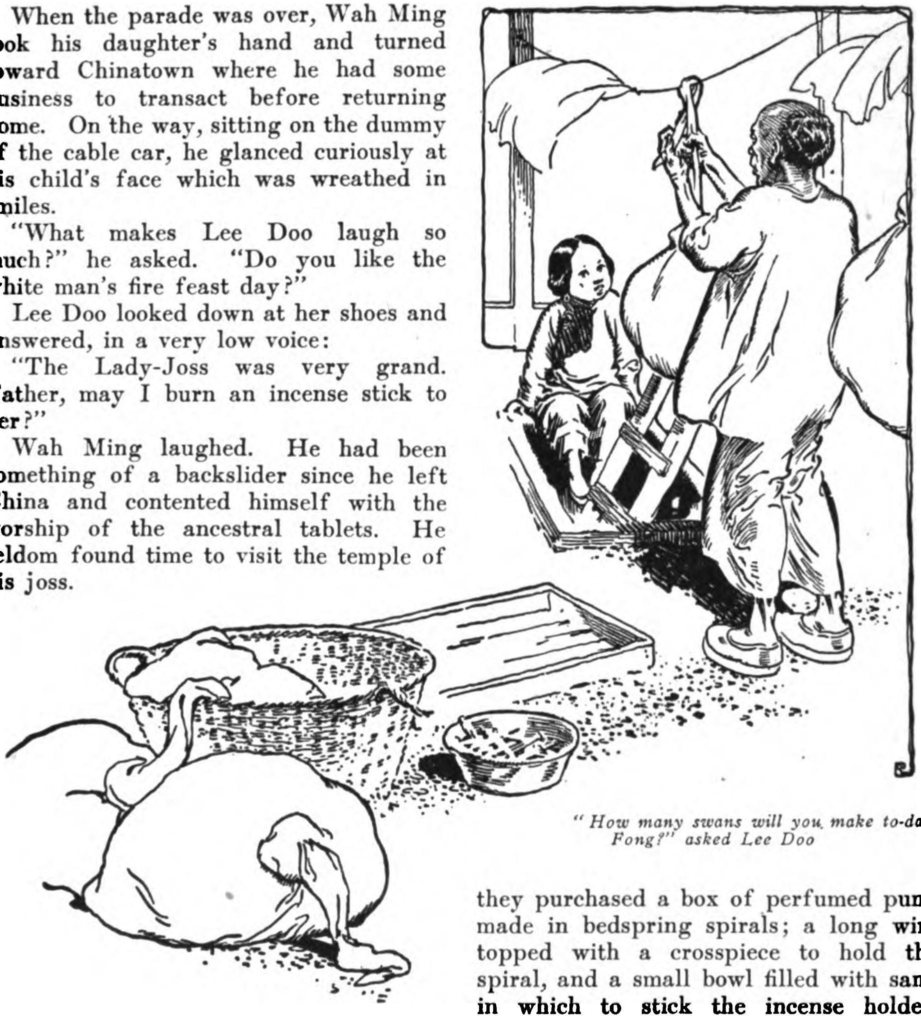
When the parade was over, Wah Ming took his daughter's hand and turned toward Chinatown where he had some business to transact before returning home. On the way, sitting on the dummy of the cable car, he glanced curiously at his child's face which was wreathed in smiles.

"What makes Lee Doo laugh so much?" he asked. "Do you like the white man's fire feast day?"

Lee Doo looked down at her shoes and answered, in a very low voice:

"The Lady-Joss was very grand. Father, may I burn an incense stick to her?"

Wah Ming laughed. He had been something of a backslider since he left China and contented himself with the worship of the ancestral tablets. He seldom found time to visit the temple of his joss.



"How many swans will you make to-day, Fong?" asked Lee Doo

"Are there not enough Chinese gods to pray to?" he asked.

"Father," replied the child, "could we not go to the temple? I will pray to the gods there—and also to the Lady-Joss with the unbraided, golden queue."

The father stared in amazement at his small daughter.

"Lee Doo talk too much for China lady. Bimeby, talk, talk all day, all same lots Melican woman never get husband." Nevertheless, he submitted to the child's whim, albeit in a rather shamefaced manner.

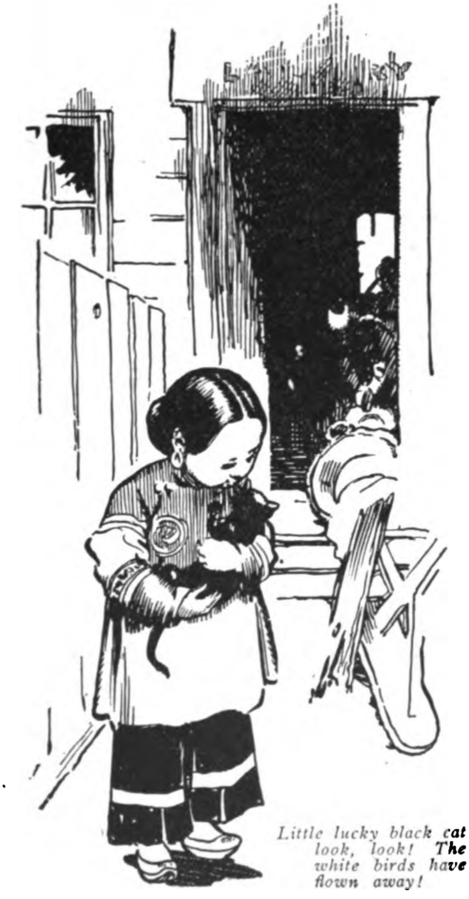
When his business was despatched, he took Lee Doo to an incense shop where they purchased a box of perfumed punk made in bedspring spirals; a long wire topped with a crosspiece to hold the spiral, and a small bowl filled with sand in which to stick the incense holder. Then they went to the temple.

Lee Doo held the bowl reverently in her hands and hesitated, undecided where to place it. The narrow entrance hall was lined with grimacing, life-sized images, and in the dim light of an inner room, more shadowy monsters could be seen. The child was puzzled. The Lady-Joss had smiled, these terrible gods frowned, she could not offer her punk-sticks to them. Finally, she chose a place on the corner of a magnificent, ebony altar on which stood several fine, brass incense jars emitting lazy smoke wreaths. This corner the little priestess dedicated to the unknown goddess of her calendar. Then she ran to her father for the incense, and lifted out the topmost spiral. The altar was high, so Wah Ming placed the wire holder for her in the bowl of sand, hung the punk over the upright, and touched a match to the lower end. A tiny red spot appeared, and slowly ate its way around the outer circle, upward.

Lee Doo prostrated herself, with her face to the floor.

"Good Lady-Joss," she whispered, "untie my beautiful swans and let them go free. They are tired of hanging on the lines. Good Lady-Joss, let them spread their wings and fly to the enchanted country, and I would like to go with them and drive little, lucky black cat. If you will set my birds free from the wicked devil's enchantment, I will worship you every time my father will bring me to the temple."

Wah Ming had laughed profanely while Lee Doo was searching a place for her goddess, but something in the child's face awed him, as the little figure prostrated itself before the creeping point of light. He was fond of his first born, although she was only a girl. Perhaps, if the baby had been a boy, it might have been different. As it was, all his love was centered in pretty Lee Doo. His patience, however, was becoming a little ruffled, when Lee Doo quietly rose and allowed herself to be led home.



Little lucky black cat look, look! The white birds have flown away!

As they reached the corner where the laundry rose into view, a crowd of people and a column of hissing steam from a fire engine greeted their astonished eyes. Wah Ming noticed, as he broke into a run, that steam was rising also from the laundry roof where one charred, black pole stood out against the background of white vapor. Breathless, the two pushed their way through the throng.

The appearance of their employer added to the excitement of the coolies who greeted him with a loud, frightened jabbering.

Stolidly waving his men aside, Wah Ming thrust Lee Doo at her mother who stood on the edge of the crowd, with the baby in her arms, then turned for an explanation, to a fireman who was wiping cinders from his eyes. Just then, the fire chief emerged from the ruins.

"Bad luck, John," he said. "The little fire devils got you this time all right, but we stopped 'em before they licked up all your place. Only part of your house and the wash on the roof burned. Guess you kept some trash under the floor, eh? Fire started there, anyhow.

"Too bad about the old heathen that got smothered. The old fool shouldn't have tried to save those measly bundles of shirts and socks on the roof. Pity he didn't hustle out of the place sooner. Well, so long, John."

As the crowd thinned, Lee Doo edged up to the fence in front of the laundry, peering fearfully into the grimy interior. The smell of the fire demon made her shiver, and she jumped in terror when a little bunch of bedraggled black fur sprang from the fence to her shoulder.

Hugging the kitten tightly, Lee Doo stepped out into the street and gazed at the roof where Fong's white swans were wont to gather. Not one remained, save a scorched remnant of white muslin flapping forlornly in the breeze.

"Little, lucky, black cat, look, look!" she whispered to the purring kitten. "The white birds have flown away. The Lady-Joss was pleased with the incense, and she has sent the swans to carry old Fong's soul over the terrible, dark river. Perhaps she will drive them in her beautiful chariot in the enchanted country.

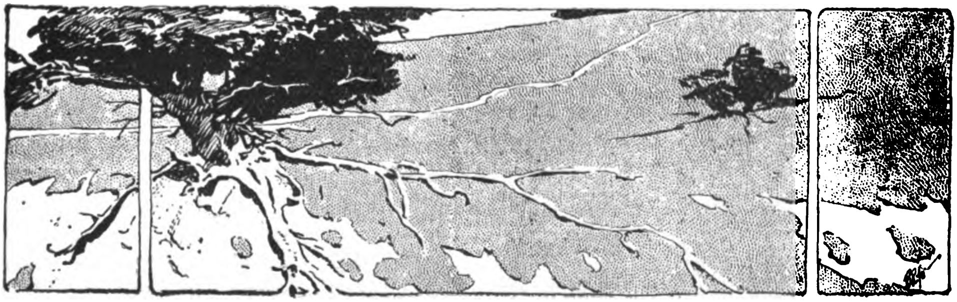
"I will ask my father to take me again to the temple, very soon, to thank her."

But Lee Doo's vow was never fulfilled, for, to the evil eye of the white devils' Lady-Joss, Wah Ming ascribes his misfortune.

THE FIRST BORN

By Mary Page Greenleaf

Sometime between the midnight and the morn,
With the first April glory soft she came,
Slipped into waiting hearts and took her name
Serenely glad, and we who somewhat worn
With the long vigil, watched the quiet dawn
Break on her birthday, saw within the frame
Of dimpled flesh the soul's eternal flame
Clear burning in the eyes of our first born.
The years have passed, and other hearts have grown
To blossom in the brooding love of ours,
And each has brought a gift of love its own;
But still above her head that vision lies
And lures us back to where through April showers
We caught our first great glimpse of Paradise.



DUSK IN THE FOOTHILLS

By JEANNETTE CAMPBELL

Over the sunset-painted hills
The still autumnal dusk drops down
Enfolding in its hush the rills
The bosky slopes and vales of brown.

It melts into a slumber song
The swelling color-tones of day
Whose noiseless notes set free a throng
Of dreams along each winding way.

Birds twitter softly through the shades
Of spreading oak and redwood trees
And all the flower-haunted glades
Are lapped in purple reveries.

With murmurs of content the bees
Turn homeward with their fragrant wage
Through airs of spicy laurel leaves
And atmospheres of pungent sage.

From somewhere in the chaparral
A herd-bell's tinkling stirs the air;
O'erhead a late lone bird lets fall
A questioning note of anxious care.

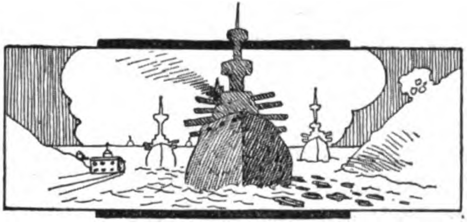
Hoof-beats define an unseen trail
Where some belated horseman rides
Sending alarm among the quail
And loose stones down the cañon's side.

Paths pale to shadows, roads grow dim,
Tree-shapes, like airy domes and towers
Stir in a waking southern wind
That prophesies of coming showers.

And over all a starry shine
Floats in on faintly silvered wings
And from a gloom of tangled vines
A mocking-bird enraptured sings.

In the Wide-Awake West

EDITORIAL COMMENT

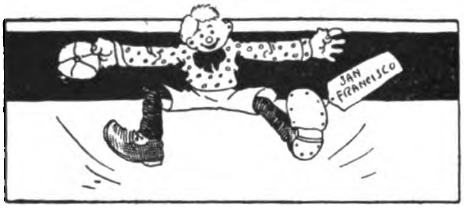


The Coming of the Fleet

ELSEWHERE in this number of SUNSET are pictures of the principal ships in the big fleet which is to sail for San Francisco from Atlantic ports early in December. These pictures are from late photographs secured from the Navy Department especially for this magazine, and they show the latest types of fighting craft that Uncle Sam has been constructing and with which he is prepared to defend his coast line against all comers. Of the battleships and cruisers here shown, the *California, South Dakota, Wisconsin, Milwaukee* and *Ohio* were built in California. Their construction demonstrates just as did the building of the Oregon, the ability of the Far West to put together as capable and as speedy a war vessel as can be turned out in any shipyard.

In the article accompanying the pictures elsewhere, Naval Constructor Evans points out, not the significance of the coming of the fleet—for it is considered to have no special significance beyond the determination of the Navy Department to give the officers and crews adequate opportunities for experience and practice maneuvering—but that the presence of the fleet in Pacific waters may demonstrate the imperative needs of various ports to accommodate the big ships. There are at present only two drydocks suitable for cleaning and painting, or for docking, in case of serious accident. Mr. Evans says that within the next eight months the government should have at least seven drydocks, two of these to be located in Puget Sound, two at Mare Island, two in San Francisco bay, and one at San Diego. There should be also, in his judgment, large repair shops and coaling stations. The converting of the monitor *Wyoming* into an oil burner, now in progress at the Mare Island yard, may demonstrate the successful possibilities for the use of crude oil and the solving of the coal problem. Another great need of the coast, as here pointed out, is skilled labor sufficient to make suitable repairs to the warships. At present it is impossible to obtain men enough to do the work already ordered. Shipfitters, riveters, calkers and shipwrights are needed. They are paid high wages and all may live in most attractive places, especially when contrasted to surroundings at certain Atlantic Coast ports. The equable climate of both the Mare Island and the Bremerton yards should lure readily working men who seek to make a good living amid new scenes and facing the vast opportunities offered throughout all the West to-day.

The coming of the fleet should be not only a demonstration to the people of this nation that the government at Washington is not forgetful of its farthest removed coast, but should speak emphatically to citizens of other nations, who, at times in the past, have been too readily disposed to look with some contempt upon the far-striking power behind the stars and stripes.



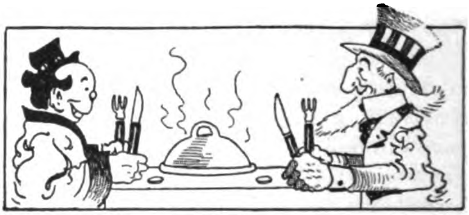
San Francisco is Pretty Well, Thank You

In spite of the long continuance of the street-carmen's strike and the thunderings of Eastern and European writers on the shockingly poor morals of San Francisco, the city goes on rebuilding itself, while its people persist in having a good time. A season of Italian grand opera is upon us, and the first of a series of concerts in the Greek theater was attended by over six thousand people. Then, again, the circus of the brothers Ringling is here to divert and distract, and there is to be a municipal election in November. Little more is desired, unless it might be that an All-California nine should bat the White Socks off Chicago's self-satisfied ball players. All the alfalfa-tinted refugee houses have moved from the parks. Dr. Taylor's supervisors are busily cleaning the Ruefian stables, and there is some talk of making part of the city hall habitable. During August bank clearings footed up $184,151,723, as against $180,844,594 for August a year ago. The August building permits were $2,971,125, making the total since the big fire $81,221,745. Joaquin Miller is writing a Christmas poem, Jack London says he may never come back, Gertrude Atherton has finished another novel and Charles Rollo Peters has sold one of his biggest paintings.

Thus, in pride, closes the month.

Banking Figures That Tell Their Own Story

The Controller of the Currency at Washington is in receipt of a statement just prepared by Russell Lowry, of the American National Bank of San Francisco, concerning the present conditions in San Francisco's nine local national banks. A loss in the aggregate of deposits since the last report of May 20 is explained largely by the withdrawal of funds by country banks because of the grain and fruit harvest. More than $4,000,000, it is noted also, have been checked out by depositors, presumably for use in rebuilding the city. The charge that the local banks have stopped making loans is clearly refuted by the figures given, a total of $54,992,506 in loans having been made since date of last report. The deposits total $70,205,704. It is shown that the total deposits of all savings, state and national banks in San Francisco at present are close upon $330,000,000, of which approximately $39,000,000 belongs to other banks, $6,500,000 to the government of the United States, and the balance to individuals and business concerns.



Japan's Interest in American Prosperity

There was a notable banquet at the Fairmont hotel in San Francisco a few days ago, given by Kikujiro Ishii, director of Japan's bureau of commerce to forty or more California merchants. The flags of the rising sun and the stars and stripes were draped together, and a big American eagle held a bunch of chrysanthemums in his beak. Everything was as smooth as a greased pig at a Caledonian picnic. The jingo men of both nations should have seen the party and should have heard the speeches. War talk was never so far away. Mr. Ishii, in welcoming his guests, made a notable address, saying in part:

> I congratulate you, gentlemen, on this bright outlook, and beg to assure you of Japan's sympathetic interest in all that con-

cerns your prosperity. There is no envy or jealousy on my side of the ocean. We believe that there is room and opportunity for all, and we realize that everything which brings prosperity to you, either directly or indirectly, brings good to us.

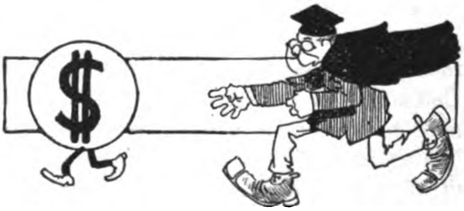
Putting all sentiment aside, this is a well-recognized law of trade, whether national or international. That commerce is most profitable which is carried on between prosperous communities. The richer you grow here in California, and the more prosperous we become on the other side of the ocean, the more varied and valuable will become our exchanges. If we wish to profitably trade with each other, we are—and we ought to be—mutually interested in each other's well being.

I come back to you here in San Francisco more than ever impressed with the conviction which I have always entertained—and which my government entertains—that there is no sound reason for any friction or ill-will between the people of this great country and those of Japan. I believe that no question can ever arise between us which, approached in a spirit of fairness and mutual consideration, is not susceptible of honorable and satisfactory adjustment.

The Japanese in British Columbia

THE British Government, through its Colonial office and the officials of the provinces of Canada, are face to face with the problem that has so long vexed California and the Pacific Coast—that of Oriental immigration. Recently San Francisco was harshly criticised for its so-called "conduct" toward Japanese in the schools and in trade. A great deal of misinformation and unwarranted criticism has been printed. The words of the President's message and the investigation which followed drew this way correspondents of various journals, and when results of their investigations are printed the American public should stand an excellent chance of knowing the truth on this many sided subject. Meanwhile the Japanese have been landing steadily at Vancouver and finding profitable employment in the mines and on the ranches of British Columbia, Alberta, Assiniboia, and on farther into Canada proper. The coming of the Japanese in large numbers into this region has aroused not only labor leaders but economists, who see here the same menace that has been pointed out heretofore in the Pacific Coast states.

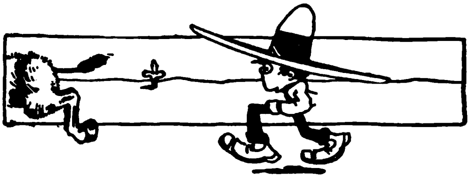
The California and Oregon sentiment seems to be fairly divided in respect to both Japanese and Chinese. That these states need cheap labor for orchards and vineyards and mines and the household, there is no question. Whether the labor of the Orientals is the best of this cheap labor that can be secured is a question. The Chinese is a good house servant and the nation could well make use of a limited number of these immigrants, but the unlimited incoming of Chinese or Japanese, offers problems socially and commercially, which even the most astute statesman can not readily explain or expound. It is in order, surely, for the new Immigration Commission so soon as it shall conclude its investigations abroad, to give heed to the situation on this coast and to submit tactful recommendations for relief and for future guidance.



Opening of the University

PEOPLE in the West get in the habit of doing things differently from people of older communities. New conditions require new ways of meeting them. So it happens that the Far Western universities open their doors for the fall semester during August instead of a month later. The real reason for this is to permit an earlier closing during May, so that the professors who are graduates of older institutions, may find time to attend the commencements and reunions at their old colleges. The educational business so far as higher training goes, is exceedingly active on the Pacific Coast just now. Every college is crowded, and the two big universities at Berkeley and Palo Alto are considering ways and means for caring for their students. The Freshman class at Berkeley numbers over seven hundred, and at Stanford more than four hundred ambitious young men and women entered the gates of learning. It is a good sign, suggestive of prosperity, not only now but in the future. The West needs well trained men and women in all branches of skilled knowledge. The demand for electrical engineers, mining engineers, chemists, and men and women who have the know-how to do any one thing well is far in excess of the supply. The aggressive work of the government in the West in reclaiming arid lands and in protecting the forests has opened up new lines of industry for men of trained brain and hands. The schools everywhere are insistent in their call for helpers. From the far away Philippines and from the alluring mines and forests of Alaska come inquiries to the university employment secretary which can not be filled.

In this magazine elsewhere occurs a thoughtful essay by President Butler, of Columbia University, pointing out the need to-day of an aristocracy of service. Young men of training, of self-reliance, of willingness to do and to dare in politics and in all the ramified byways of civil life, are wanted, and very much wanted. If there is any one lesson taught by the so-called "muck-raking" articles, by the exposure of graft in the big cities, it is that the present offers to-day to young men and women a premium on integrity and right living. The premium should be to-day no greater than before—in fact, there should be no premium at all. The ethical ground work of character alone should compel the action regardless of reward. But the reward is in every community and in every community the men of courage, of wide-awake thought, of unwillingness to rest in ruts, of fertile suggestion and determination to get things done, are so much needed that they never have to seek employment. Their attributes and characteristics make their own way.



A New Paradise for Sportsmen and Tourists

WHAT Dillon Wallace and the late Leonidas Hubbard have been doing for Labrador, Arthur North has been doing for Lower California. This peninsular country, which runs southerly from California and is California climatically and geographically, is almost an unknown region to most Americans. It is politically Mexican ever since the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Indians and Mexicans form its chief population. Mr. North, whose article on hunting the big-horn in this region, which appears in this number of SUNSET, says that this is a wonderland in many ways. It is heavily timbered in places, its mines are of remarkable richness, its climate is delightful, its ruins of old missions and other buildings erected in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are most interesting. Through the cañons and forests and over the rocky mesas, rove deer and bear and big-horn sheep with fleece of inky darkness. Placer gold is abundant, and on the eastern shore, washed by the waters of the gulf, are pearls innumerable, which are being fished out and sent to the ends of the earth by an enterprising French company. Mr. North predicts that some day, when the railroads make this region more accessible, this will be a tourist land and parties for visiting La Paz and for touring over the rocky backbone toward Magdalena bay will be made up from the middle states and New England much as to-day are arranged pleasure expeditions into the heart of Egypt.

Buying Bells for Durham's Brownstone Church

THE attention of a good part of the nation has been attracted recently by Jim Robinson's efforts to buy what might be called a high-toned set of bells for Saint Philip's Episcopal Church, in Durham, North Carolina. Mr. Robinson's proper name is James A. Robinson, and he is the owner of the Durham *Daily Sun*. Everybody calls him Jim, chiefly because they like him and because he likes to be called so. It may seem strange to some people to have anything connected with Durham besides Washington Duke and the tobacco which bears his name, but there are other things in this part of North Carolina, including Jim Robinson, who is determined to buy some chiming bells for the church he loves. The story about it is that not long ago this editor had a serious illness, from which he was not expected to recover. But he possesses a strong will, and at the hospital when the doctor said his days were numbered, he replied, "I'm going to get well—with God's help." Because he believes sincerely that the Almighty power above brought him from the hospital and put him out into the world again for usefulness, Jim Robinson wishes to display his gratitude by having the chimes in Saint Philip's tower ring out their musical story at regular intervals. He has sent out circulars and letters to hundreds of friends all over the country asking for contributions, chiefly making his request among his newspaper brothers. The response has not been wonderful but it has been steady, and the last reports were excellent for buying the set of chimes on which this editor has set his heart. This North Carolina editor is still calling for some little help in "His Name," and he certainly deserves credit for the originality of his enterprise as well as for his genial persistence in going after what he wants.

IN the article by C. J. Blanchard, statistician United States Reclamation Service, appearing in SUNSET for September, the figures of irrigation canal construction to January 1, 1907, were given, amounting to twelve hundred and sixty-seven miles. During the year, up to August 1, one hundred and fifty-four additional miles of canal have been built, making the present total of construction in all the twenty-five projects under way, fourteen hundred and twenty-one miles.

With this issue, SUNSET closes its nineteenth volume. The complete index of the volume will be sent to any subscriber on application.

The Call of the West for the Ministry

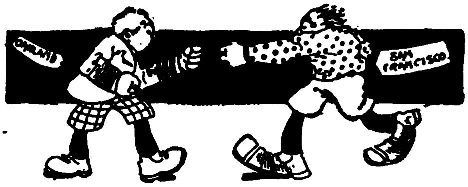
IN a recent number of the New York *Observer*, Dr. Edward A. Wicher, of the Presbyterian theological seminary at San Anselmo, over in the hills of Marin close by San Francisco, calls attention to the distinctive work of the seminary, in preparing men for the needs of the church militant throughout the West. Not only in battling with the forces of the godless and the thoughtless, but in resisting Oriental evils, and in fitting students from China and Japan to return with their messages of peace and good-will, are the institution's lines of duty clearly defined. "Know the truth, be well assured that it is the truth, and speak it to your fellowmen with love and humility, and also with such directness that they can not possibly mistake your meaning." This, Dr. Wicher affirms, is the spirit of the teaching of this seminary and, "in this way we hope to reach some of that large crowd of unchurched intellectual men by whom we are surrounded."

And men are needed for the work—young men, of force and character, men of the sturdy type of Ralph Connor's hero in "The Sky Pilot." The writer adds:

> Such are the movements of population that we must look for another generation at least to the homes of the older states in the East for these men. We want men who love holiness and hate iniquity, men who have the temper of the warrior, men who can endure hardness and rejoice in the campaign. And to these men we can promise hard blows and—the victor's exultation.
>
> The West will give anything to the man who is a man. But it will trample the weakling ruthlessly under foot. If some young men will come out from the East to help us in our warfare we will give them our confidence, and when they have proved themselves, our largest confidence and our affection.

Water from the Nation's Forests

Some western land holders have been alarmed recently by the circulation of a report that the government is preparing to charge for water from the National Forest reserves used for irrigation and other general purposes. The report, it appears, has not the slightest basis of fact, and has been denied by officials of the Forest Service. The interests of people concerned with forestry and irrigation are much the same, as the steady flow of most of the irrigating streams is absolutely dependent on the preservation of forest watersheds. In a letter to Hon. Edward T. Taylor, of Glenwood Springs, Colorado, concerning the rumored charge for water for irrigation, Forester Pinchot says that he does not believe that there ever should be, or ever will be, a charge for water for irrigation. The erroneous report was founded on misrepresentations regarding the charges which electric power companies are required to pay for use and occupancy of lands in the National Forests for reservoir sites, conduit rights of way, and power stations. This charge is solely for the use of the lands based on their value for such purposes, and is not in any sense a charge for water. The appropriation and use of water is regulated solely by the state and the Forest Service has no jurisdiction in the matter. In the case of irrigation projects, the Forest Service does not even charge for the use of lands for reservoirs and canals. Hundreds of permits have been issued by the forester to occupy and use national forest lands for irrigation reservoirs and conduits, and such permits are always granted free.



Oakland and Cities Roundabout

Considerable space is given in this number of Sunset Magazine to show the world what has been happening on the sloping shores of the east side of San Francisco bay. It has been years ago since good old Bishop Berkeley, of Cloyne, wrote his prophecy concerning the growth of civilization in the West and the moving course of empire. The upbuilding of cities on the east side across the bay from San Francisco has been going ahead in recent years entirely independently from that of San Francisco. Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Fruitvale, Melrose, Richmond and a half dozen other municipalities that were first suburbs of San Francisco have later traveled on as cities by themselves. It is a beautiful country with a peerless climate and opportunities of every sort on every side. In the November number of Sunset, Mayor Mott, of Oakland, will contribute an interesting essay on the civic improvements accomplished and contemplated in the territory over which he holds gentle sway. Mayor Mott has done things instead of talking about them, and what he will say now concerning parks and electric light poles and such timely topics, must prove well worth reading.

Books AND WRITERS

Mrs. Atherton at Home Again

GERTRUDE ATHERTON, whose novel, "Ancestors," is soon to appear, has returned to California, where she intends to remain indefinitely. She left San Francisco soon after the great fire and has been making her home in Munich. She has a large amount of literary work blocked out and sufficient orders from publishers to keep her busily occupied for many months to come. She has been greatly impressed with the uprising of the substantial sky-scraping buildings in the business part of the city, and she writes to a friend: "What an extraordinary improvement in San Francisco! I am going to write an article about it. People on the other side have the same idea I had until I arrived—that a few thousand shacks had been put up and nothing more."

LOWELL OTUS REESE, humorous poet and paragrapher, is managing an attractive resort at Lake Alta in the Sierra Nevada, in the middle of the Bret Harte country.

Joaquin Miller and a Neighbor Poet

THE Poet of the Sierra, whose home is on the hills above Fruitvale, has a poet friend and neighbor in Dora Cureton, of Melrose, wife of the editor of the *Advertiser* of that little town, and the devoted mother of four little Curetons. When these poets can not exchange visits they write poetry to each other. Not long ago this came down as poet Miller's tribute:

That bravest woman, truest, best,
Beneath her forty stars is she
Who loves her spouse most ardently
And rocks the cradle oftenest.
Who rocks and sings and rocks and then
When birds are nestling rocks again.

The Melrose poet thereupon accepted the compliment by writing this in response:

Sierra's poet! high and pure thy muse
Enthroned doth sit amongst the stars and snows;
And from thy harp olympian music flows,
Of glacier heights, and gleaming mountain dews
Of western sea, and burning sunset hues.
And we look up who on the plain repose,
And catch faint glimpses of the mount that throws
Athwart thy poet-sight diviner views.

And not alone from starry shrine is strung
Thy lyre, but tuned to gentler lay,
That sings of children, motherhood and home,
And lifts our hearts and lives to sweeter day.
O bard of Nature's heart! thy name will rest
Immortal in thy land—our Golden West!

The Omniscience of Chicago

BECAUSE Chicago stands so near the center of the nation, the editorial writers of its dailies are presumed to be omniscient and omnipotent, but once in a while there is a lapse which suggests their humanity as well as the strong necessity of their venturing occasionally out somewhere beyond the shops of Wabash avenue. Just the other day, the *Inter-Ocean* referred placidly to the forceful utterances of "Mr. Lummis in SUNSET MAGAZINE." Now there is no reason why Mr. Lummis, the energetic editor of *Out West Magazine,* should not speak through the pages of SUNSET—especially if he wishes to reach an extra large audience—but the fact is that his monthly editorials in all the glory of capital letters and lion's den headings appear only in his own magazine, which is printed some five hundred miles away from the publication office of SUNSET. This reminds one of the inquiry made recently by a New Yorker, who thought of making his home in the West. "My dear sir," he asked a Californian. "Would it not be possible for me to do business in San Francisco and live in Pasadena?" It is clear that a handy-size, flexible-cover map of California would make an excellent holiday gift for distribution in the great centers of population beyond the Mississippi.

Little Books About California Mines

THE California State Mineralogist, Lewis E. Aubury, has just issued bulletin No. 46, which is a general index to the publications of the State Mining Bureau. It shows a surprising amount of industry on the part of the bureau officials—industry that means good value for all interested in the mineral development of the state. The publications include recent reports on the gold product, quicksilver, petroleum, cement, brick making, gold dredging, precious stones, various maps of mineral districts, registers of mines and minerals in various counties, reports of the state mineralogist from the first by the late Henry G. Hanks, in 1880, down to the present, and all kinds of data which go to show that California is maintaining her place among the great mineral producers of the world. It is noted that thirty-four counties out of the fifty-seven in the state show a yield of gold—Nevada ranging first and Butte, Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne, Kern, Siskiyou, Trinity, Shasta and Sacramento following in order of largest value of product. This index bulletin can be obtained by sending thirty-six cents to the State Mineralogist, Ferry building, San Francisco.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE left his Santa Barbara home early in August for a three months' visit to his beloved High Sierra. With him for a time was Samuel Hopkins Adams, maker of patent medicine literature, and formerly editorial writer of *Ridgway's* weekly, of cherished memory.

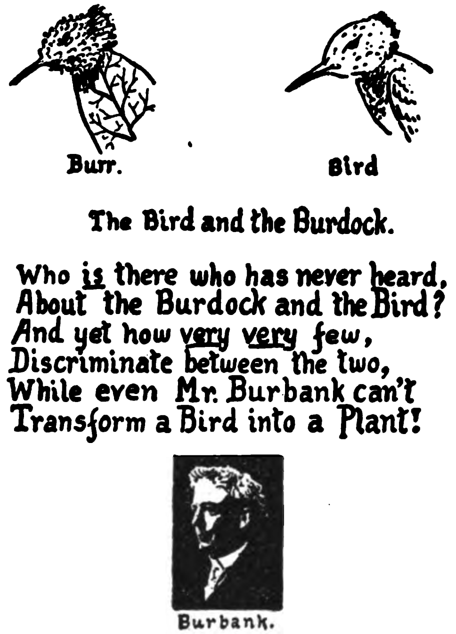
THE *Pacific Pharmacist* is out shouting for the convention of the American Pharmaceutical Association in Los Angeles in 1908. This is a noble cause and should be encouraged. All pharmacists should prescribe Los Angeles for next year, and should not fail to use their own prescription.

"The Master of Stair," by Marjorie Bowen

HERE is a thrilling love story of the S. R. Crockett type, with an abundance of Scotch patriotism, and not too much of Scotch dialect. The plot swings about those stirring days when the friends of James Stuart were struggling to place him on the throne of England. The character of the Master of Stair, John Dalrymple, is a most despicable one, as portrayed by this writer, and he acts the villain's part in a manner that should win success when the novel is properly staged, as of course, it will be. The book is dedicated to Mark Twain, who has been exceedingly helpful in aiding this young author in developing her undoubted talent. Published by McClure, Phillips & Company.

"Story of the Outlaw" by Emerson Hough

THIS book of Western character sketches merely skims the surface of notable bad men of the Far Western United States. If the author knew his West more thoroughly he could have found many more adventurous lives to write about for the entertainment and the warning of boys everywhere. Such notable Western men as "Bill" Hickok, "Bat" Masterson, John Chisholm and Pat Garrett are included, and then the author, by some weird method of trying to fill up his book, runs over to California and takes in the California Vigilantes. By what rule of argument they should be classed as desperadoes or outlaws, Mr. Hough doesn't inform his readers. The book, which is published by the Outing Company, makes good reading—and what narrative of adventure in the West does not?—but, as noted, the subject is not treated adequately, considering the vast amount of material which should have rewarded a more diligent search.



Burr. Bird

The Bird and the Burdock.

Who is there who has never heard,
About the Burdock and the Bird?
And yet how very very few,
Discriminate between the two,
While even Mr. Burbank can't
Transform a Bird into a Plant!

Burbank.

The Latest Thing in Nature Books

Out of Johns Hopkins University comes Professor Robert W. Wood, aided and abetted by Paul Elder and publishes a nature book that should bring him some good advertising from the White House. The publishers say in their announcement that Professor Wood, "author of an advanced treatise on the theory of light and various scientific papers such as the 'Fluorescence and Magnetic Rotation Spectra of Sodium Vapor and Their Analysis,' might claim close affinity to Lewis Carroll, the profound mathematician and creator of the inimitable *Alice in Wonderland* drolleries." This book has probably as much value as many so-called nature books, simply because it has nothing whatever to do with nature but is simply nonsense. It exasperates the critic somewhat to have the name of Lewis Carroll drawn in to give added charm to every foolish publication that comes along. The writing of the present volume has about as much resemblance to Lewis Carroll's subtle wit as a lobster has to a dragon-fly. But it is well printed and is erratic, if not comic, is bound in blue schoolbook boards, also, as the publisher tells us, in "Catbird Cambric," whatever that is, and should help some time to while away an idle half minute. Above is a sample page, which shows what author, writer, artist and publisher can do when they really conspire.

"Good Night," by Eleanor Gates

Another of Eleanor Gates's (Mrs. R. W. Tully) charming stories of western life has appeared in booklet form (Crowell & Co.). "Good Night" *Buenas Noches* tells us of the almost human affection between a riotous, cackling parrot and a chirping canary. In the garden of a California mission, among the flowers and sunshine, dwell the pets of the padres; Loretta, the parrot; Tony, the yellow songster, and their mutual enemy, Tomaso, the black cat. The author knows her California well, and shows us, in a few words, the old Spanish priests, clad in their somber brown cassocks as they go about in their mission garden. We hear the chant of the worshipers and breathe the atmosphere of mission days. All this, however, is only a picturesque setting. The part of the story that is new tells us of the struggle between Tomaso and the parrot when the latter discovers the cat about to pounce upon her companion. The enemy is routed, but with disastrous results to the hitherto naughty parrot. "There was mewing and spitting and yowling; there was gawking and squalling and a rending cry for Tony. All the while the cat and the parrot went dizzily around and around, and a whirligig of gray, scarlet and black—that tossed off fur and feathers." It was over in an instant and the enemy was routed. But the cat's claws had left their mark. The old padre, who loved the talkative bird, in spite of her wicked vocabulary, passed by later in the day with a sweet biscuit and a *Buenas dias* (good day). But the old bird "shifted her head until her beak pointed past the giant crucifix and straight into the glaring sun. She was settling herself upon her cross-like perch as for the night. 'A-aw, To-ony, To-o-ny!' she returned with a sleepy croak. '*Buenas noches! Buenas noches!*'"

There is a touch almost human in the friendship that sacrificed eyes for a loved little companion. The blind bird's "good-night" tells the tale. Writers of animal and bird life may question motives and make editorials out of the possibilities for such friendship or sacrifice among birds; but Mrs. Tully's little story will remain a wholesome tale that gives new pleasure with every reading. It is a story that children will love and that "grown-ups" will appreciate. The illustrations are by Arthur Rackham, and although picturesque and harmonious in coloring, are far from being accurate portrayals of a California mission.

Real Money for Portland Stories

MANAGER Tom Richardson, of the Portland Commercial Club, again calls attention to the $5,000 in prizes offered by the club for articles on Portland, Oregon, and that section of country. An announcement of this competition has already been made in SUNSET, but it is well to recall the attention of writers to this chance of making some good Christmas money. The first prize consists of $1,000, and there are seventy-nine other prizes of smaller amounts, enough to help fill a stocking. In order to be eligible for competition, these articles must appear in a regular edition of some newspaper or other publication dated on or before December, 1907, printed outside of the states of Oregon and Washington, and this publication (complete) must be in the hands of the judges not later than February 1. These articles are to be sealed and addressed to Prize Contest, care Portland Commercial Club, Portland, Oregon. They will be opened by the judges. Prizes will be awarded strictly on the merits of the articles. Contestants can treat any phase of the subject that appeals to them—natural resources, scenery, irrigation, agriculture and horticulture, timber, dairying, history, educational and religious advantages, climate, social conditions, etc., or in a more comprehensive vein. The judges will be absolutely untrammeled in making their decisions and after they have given them they will take a nice long vacation far from the haunts of man and out o' sight of contestants who missed a prize.

"Some Cities and San Francisco" by Hubert Howe Bancroft

THIS tortured town by the Golden Gate has had enough advertising, alack and alas! during the past year or so to warrant some public statements that should be reasonably cheerful and helpful. Will Irwin, loyal San Franciscan that he is, sent out a little booklet a few months ago, entitled "The City That Was," but he didn't mean by the title to say that the city is no more. He described the old city and expressed confidence in the new. Some magazines, among them SUNSET, have called attention to the sturdy and successful and cheerful manner in which the new city is being rebuilt, and now along comes Hubert Howe Bancroft, the historian, and adds his strong word of helpfulness. This volume, published by the Bancroft Company, New York, is merely a short essay in which San Francisco's situation and promise are contrasted to other cities, and a strong word given for upraising and making over of the city the writer loves. He describes the location and local conditions, urges Government aid, and calls attention to the wonderful opportunity offered to art and architecture in making the new city beautiful. He says, among his closing words: "Here is an opportunity which the world has never before witnessed. With limitless wealth, with genius of as high an order as any that has gone before, with the stored experiences of all ages and nations—what better use can be made of it all than to establish at the nation's western gate a city which shall be the initial point of a new order of development? Away back in the days of Palmyra and Thebes the rulers of those cities seemed to understand it, if the people did not—that is to say, the value of embellishment. And had we now but one American Nebuchadnezzar we might have a Babylon at our Pacific seaport."

MISS MARY WALTER announces the publication of "Rose Ashes, and Other Poems," by the late Carrie Stevens-Walter, of San Jose, whose prose and verse writings were well known for many years throughout all the West.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE

DEVOTED TO TIMELY FACTS OF MATERIAL PROGRESS AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE WEST

A COUNTY POULTRY PLANT

By J. M. EDDY

Secretary of Stockton Chamber of Commerce

THOSE readers of SUNSET who, like myself, are skeptical about the success of public ownership and management of agencies of production, are occasionally called upon to explain away an instance that seems to negative all the logic in support of individual initiative and private operation. Such an instance I have encountered and now desire to present briefly, not because of its bearing on the question of public ownership, but because it shows what a field for development there is on some of the lightest and poorest lands of California. San Joaquin county claims to have "The model county hospital" of the state. As a Republican board of supervisors has for a number of years kept a Democratic superintendent at the head of the institution, we may imagine that politics has been sufficiently eliminated to permit of ideal administration. The institution does certainly stand high in its class, but the purpose of this article is to treat of only one activity on this "county farm" managed by the superintendent. The farm connected with the hospital consists of four hundred and sixty acres of what is unquestionably the very poorest soil to be found in this county. It is thin, light, and alkaline. Since it was purchased and the buildings erected about a dozen years ago, it has been an unsolved problem how to utilize this land to prevent its becoming a burden to the county. Indifferent results have followed all attempts to produce vegetables, grain and grass, but at least seven acres have been utilized to exhibit what even the most reluctant soil will do when devoted to poultry raising.

On the recommendation of Superintendent Dameron, the supervisors about three years ago consented to put in a modern poultry plant. The entire expense for the buildings, fences, incubator, brooding pens and equipment on the seven acres, including four hundred white leghorn hens at $6 per dozen, was $2,700. The following is a statement showing the expenditures for, and revenues of the San Joaquin county hospital poultry yard for the first six months of 1906:

Capital invested in plant (in addition to land), $2,700.

Stock on hand January 1, 1906, 775 hens and 850 young chicks.

EXPENDITURES

January, for millstuffs	$ 74.58
February, for millstuffs	5.05
March, for millstuffs	87.88
April, for millstuffs	181.53
May, for millstuffs	90.73
Man at $30 per month, $30x6	180.00
Improvements of stock	53.60
Board of man, at $15 per month	90.00
Interest on capital invested at 6 per cent	162.00
Total expenditures	$925.37
Profits to balance	670.88

REVENUES

January, 1906, 466 dozen eggs	$116.50
February, 1906, 883 dozen eggs	220.75
March, 1906, 981 dozen eggs	245.25
April, 1906, 1,064 dozen eggs	266.00
May, 1906, 1,160 dozen eggs	290.00
Eggs sold for setting	28.75
Chickens sold and consumed, 241 for	129.00
1,500 young chicks on hand	300.00
Total revenues	$1,596.25

Average monthly profits on poultry yard with original stock improved and maintained, $111.81.

Annual rate of income from investment in the poultry plant, fifty-six per cent.

This computation does not include the land as part of the capital invested, but an individual purchaser can obtain better land for $50 per acre.

A few words more: Along the French Camp road for sixteen miles from the county farm to Ripon and adjacent to the Southern Pacific railway without going back half a mile from the well traveled highway, there are opportunities for just one thousand and twenty-four families to thrive by acquiring ten acres each, and embarking in the poultry business as extensively as the authorities at the county hospital have done, and every foot of this stretch of sandy soil to Ripon, is better land than that which the county bought for the hospital farm. It is worth too much for poultry raising to be longer used for grain.

★ ★ ★

THE HELPFUL CRITIC

She, trembling, sent her bit of verse
For word of praise or blame;
In language simple, plain and terse
The helpful answer came.

"We find your verse is very strong—"
'Twas thus the letter read—
"In faulty meter, lack of sense
"And things to leave unsaid.

"'Tis trenchant, too; in very truth,
"So keen its flourished blade,
"To say a word in self-defense
"One almost feels afraid.

"But since you ask what to leave out—
"If any part, at all—
"We meekly venture to suggest
"That you omit it all."

Rosalie M. Cody.

★ ★ ★

INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE

"I give and bequeath to the International Sunshine Society, Headquarters 96 Fifth Avenue, New York City, incorporated in the year 1900, the sum of........Dollars, to be applied to the uses and purposes of said society."

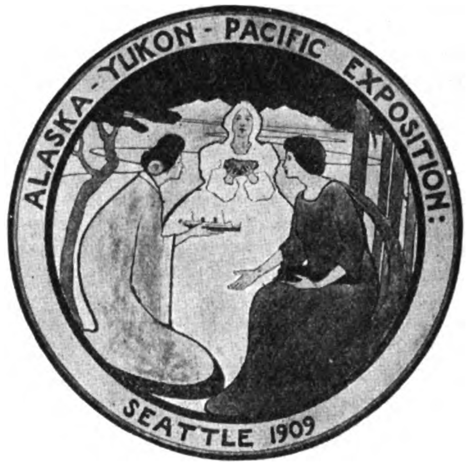
....

WHAT is "this society" and what its "uses and purposes?" Its object is to incite its members to a performance of kind and helpful deeds and thus to bring the sunshine of happiness into the greater number of hearts and homes, and its active members are the people who are desirous of brightening life by some thought, word or deed. The growth of the society has been almost phenomenal. Starting from a thought it has grown until its membership now numbers many thousands. From one parent society branches have sprung up until nearly every state in the Union is represented with regularly enrolled presidents or organizers and besides these are branches in foreign countries. The membership fees consist merely of some suggestion that will bring "sunshine" to some member of the society—for instance, exchange of books, pictures, papers, etc.; ideas that may be utilized to advantage in the sick room; work or employment that can be followed by a "shut in;" fancy work, holiday suggestions, sending flowers, etc., in short, a general exchange of ideas beneficial to the members. Its officers, all of whom serve without pay are the following: Mrs. Cynthia Westover Alden, president-general; first vice-president, Mrs. Theodore F. Seward; secretary, Mrs. Mary D. Baker; treasurer, Mrs. Agnes Schull Gramm, with a board of six directors.

Ten years ago eighteen newspaper people comprised the charter members, to-day, two hundred daily and weekly newspapers, in various sections of the country publish the news of state and branch work, but the *Ladies Home Journal,* which enters over one million homes and is read by five million people living all over the world, is the official medium for spreading the work of the society. Among the established features of the International Sunshine Society is a New York Day Nursery, open all the year around, which for two dollars sustains a child for a month, also a Sunshine Home for Blind Babies. Connecticut supports a fresh air home; Arkansas, the Sunshine Rest Home for gentlewomen suffering from rheumatism; New Orleans, the Catherine Cole Sunshine Lunch Room, with accommodations for four hundred; Massachusetts, the Sunshine Exchange and Free Library; Maine, two Sunshine beds in hospital for cripples, $250 per year each and occupied constantly; Ohio, a wheel chair fund; Iowa's Branch furnishes a ward in the Methodist Hospital in Des Moines, for children, and Texas, Virginia and Idaho sustain free libraries.

A recent letter from the president-general says: "I am particularly anxious to have a Writers' Free Bed in the International Sunshine Sanitarium and Rest Home. If we could get a certain number of newspapers or magazines to raise through their columns $100 each, we would soon see our way to the $5,000 necessary to endow a private room for newspaper reporters and magazine writers." As yet, the western states have done nothing toward the formation of a Branch of this rare union of hearts and hands, but if any of the many readers of Sunset Magazine feel impelled to fill the blank in the agreement at the opening of this article it will be the breaking of their alabaster boxes of love and tenderness over their friends.

Nellie Blessing Eyster.



AN EXPOSITION EMBLEM

OF THE seven world-wide expositions of America and Europe held in recent years, the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition undoubtedly surpasses all in the beauty and significance of its official emblem, for whose designing the management has just paid to Miss Adelaide Hanscom, of Seattle, formerly of San Francisco, a prize of five hundred dollars. Miss Hanscom won this prize by the unanimous vote of the publicity committee, and in competition with the leading artists and designers of America. Some hundred designs were submitted, and many of these showed great ability. But the one chosen alone filled all requirements, significance, comprehensiveness and accuracy of line, harmony of color, and suitability to the occasion. The significance of the figures is thus explained by Miss Hanscom:

"The figure to the right typifies the Pacific slope with right hand extended in welcome and the left, holding a train of cars representing commerce by land. The figure to the left represents the Orient, and the ship in her hand represents commerce by sea. The central figure in white is that of Alaska, the white representing the North and the nuggets in her hands, representing her vast mineral resources. Across the sky in the background is seen the aurora borealis. The purple background with the many tints of the northern lights makes a rich coloring. At the side of the figure on the right are tall trees, typical of the immense forests of the territory represented by the exposition. My whole idea in this design was to keep it simple and still give suggestions of all the essential things to be represented."

All other expositions have had the official emblem coyprighted. The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, will in this, as in so many other things, open new ground. The emblem will be free to the use of all, and merchants, traders and all classes will be encouraged to use it and thereby assist in advertising the exposition to the farthest corners of the world.

THE AMERICAN RENDEZVOUS CLUB

ANOTHER American club in London. In a few years London will have become as Americanized as Paris of to-day. The new club differs entirely from its predecessors, for it welcomes the passing American, even the stranger within London's gates. The subscription is £1, 10s for six months or less. In connection with the club there is an information bureau and a lady guide department, while delightful coach excursions, etc., are managed by the well-known four-in-hand whip, Mr. Fownes. Any American, be he a member of the club or no, is welcome to a peep at its charming rooms centrally in Regent street, and will find a friend, philosopher and guide in the able and efficient secretary, who will gladly entertain him and give the hospitable Englishman's all-healing and believed-in cup of afternoon tea. The Countess of Strafford is one of the vice-presidents of the club, and other titled Americans have given their patronage.

YOUNG MEN IN THE NAVY

THE modern cruiser or battleship of to-day with its complicated machinery and electrical appliances must have mechanics of the highest order, men of brains instead of brawn, to keep it in efficient condition for each and every service that it may be called upon to perform. While seamanship is still being taught in a minor degree, each man is now more or less a specialist in his particular line. In the old days the ship's carpenter was generally considered the "handy man" for all repairs to the ship and its equipment, while the seaman, an expert in his line, looked after the sails, rigging, anchors, and other appurtenances for getting under way and sailing of the vessel.

The large number of trained mechanics required and the small number obtainable made it necessary for the Navy Department to educate their own men for service afloat. To do this the artificers school of the navy was started in Norfolk, Virginia, December 10, 1902, the efforts in this direction being crowned with gratifying results. The school is in charge of a naval constructor, assisted by a chief carpenter of the navy and five practical civilian mechanics. A man between the ages of 17 and 25 years may now enlist as an apprentice seaman and will be sent to the navy training station, at Newport, Rhode Island, where he receives a strictly military course of instruction for four months. Here a sort of weeding process is gone through. Those who enlist without a trade are carefully watched in order to ascertain what natural aptitude they possess. Of course a man that has had some experience in a machine shop or at a trade has some advantage in obtaining a higher rating, but a complete record is kept in each case. Should the recruit show a preference for painting, plumbing, blacksmithing or carpenter work he may be detailed for a course of instruction in the artificers school. If a man has had some knowledge of machinery he can apply himself still further in the machinist's school at Norfolk. The same applies to students in the electrical branch who receive further instruction at the electrical school at the navy yard, New York.

Men whose work on shore has been in offices at bookkeeping and know what a typewriter is, and how to run it, are trained in the yeoman school at Norfolk for the various clerical positions on shipboard.

Those who in addition to their knowledge of bookkeeping and typewriting know the art of writing shorthand, receive higher promotion when they have completed their training at the school.

Men who prefer the out-door life of a seaman have the same, if not more chance for advancement. In the workshops of the artificers school, the embryo blacksmith is taught the making of shackles, chains, bolts, mast bands, eye-bolts, pad-eyes, iron work for blocks and the many other fittings of that trade. In the plumbing and fitting department the recruit learns pipe fitting, lead work, pipe bending, sheet brass, brazing, cutting threads on pipes or bolts, the methods for the pumping and draining systems, and how to prevent galvanic corrosion of all fittings. The carpenter or shipwright class is taught the art of wood working in all its branches, repairs to the ship and small boats, joiner work, the turning of spars, oars and calking of seams in wooden vessels or the decks in steel ships. The apprentice for painter learns how to mix all paints used in the navy, and how varnish and paint is applied to preserve the wood. In the machinists course the men are instructed in the use of the lathe, planer, shaper, drill press, milling machine, etc., while marine engines are thoroughly studied.

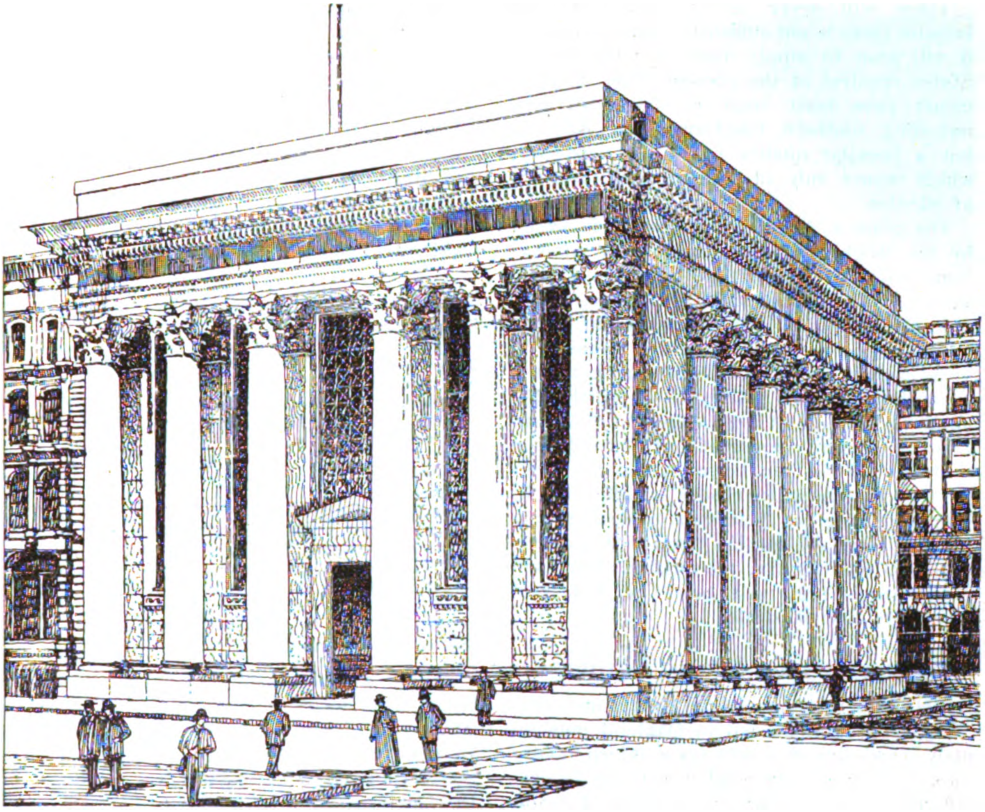
The instruction for electricians is divided into four parts: the theoretical, practical, mechanical, and wireless telegraphy, and also includes a knowledge of machinery, steam engines, and the different machines used in a machine shop to make repairs. In the yeoman school the men are instructed in the clerical work of the service. This consists of bookkeeping, a system which is entirely different from any in civil life although quite simple, the making of vouchers, balance sheets, filing of official documents, the composition and phraseology of official letters, the keeping of the logs and other important data.

That life in the navy is healthy and tends to make men out of boys that might otherwise stray into the downward path has been often vouched for by those who have been enlisted at the recruiting station in this city when they returned on furloughs after completing their training. Young men readily recognize that nowhere in civil life can they begin with good pay, the first clothing outfit free, lodging, board and medical attendance while learning a trade or profession, and after thirty years' service retire on three-quarters pay.

That the naval service is sure to advance with greater bounds even now than in the past is a certainty. Twenty years ago the pay in the various ratings was but half of what it is at present while within three years it was again increased by $10 a month in all the higher enlisted ratings to which all men may rise. Shortly after the Spanish-American war, an agitation was started that the enlisted personnel should have opportunities to obtain commissioned rank. The force of this agitation was shown when the law was passed whereby the Secretary of the Navy might appoint not more than twelve warrant officers to commission, who could pass the necessary examination, who had risen to those branches from enlisted men.

More than twenty officers have been appointed under this law, who at one time were enlisted boys, and now hold the ranks of ensign and lieutenant. The pay of a warrant officer is from $1,200 to $1,800 a year with allowances and from that the pay is increased accordingly as a man attains higher rank. These officers retire on three-quarters pay at the age of sixty-two years unless sooner disabled.

For men of the enlisted branch that fail in their promotion to warrant or commissioned rank, a pension of three-quarters pay and allowances is given after thirty years' service, and even this time it is hoped will soon be reduced to retirement after twenty-five years' service. If Congress passes this law at its next session, a boy entering the service at the age of twenty years may retire at the age of forty-five with the rank of a chief petty officer on about $900 a year. It is quite certain that these inducements are not offered in civil employment.



THE NEW BANK OF CALIFORNIA, CORNER OF CALIFORNIA AND SANSOME STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO; BLISS AND FAVILLE, ARCHITECTS

ROPE FIBER INDUSTRY

H. T. EDWARDS, fiber expert of the United States Bureau of Agriculture, after a thorough investigation, reports that approximately $15,000,000 worth of the sisal fiber is exported annually from the republic of Mexico. He also states that "The cost of production, including all expenses, leaves a net profit of over one hundred per cent." The plant from which sisal fiber is obtained is similar in appearance to the century plant known in the United States. Ninety-five per cent of the fiber grown in Mexico is sold in the United States.

R. P. Probasco, general manager of the West Coast Fibre Company, of Los Angeles, has spent years in investigating this industry, and is authority on all fiber subjects. His calculations regarding the imports of fiber, cost of growing, etc., conform to those of Mr. Edwards.

The growing of the plant is a simple matter. One or two year-old plants are set six hundred to one thousand in an acre. In the third or fourth year they are large enough to cut. Only the lower leaves, which contain the long, strong fiber, are taken. The flesh or pulp of the leaves is mascerated by a crude wheel, the fiber extracted and hung over a line to dry. The refuse pulp is excellent cattle feed, and also can be boiled down to make glue. The fiber is then baled and shipped. The price nets seven cents a pound, gold. The plants live for twelve to nineteen years, and before dying start new shoots, which grow to take the place of the dead plants.

Fiber has made more millionaires in Mexico than any other agricultural product. The cost of production is very low and no expensive machinery is necessary. The crop can be harvested during nine months of the year, thus enabling a grower to care for a large plantation with very few hands. No irrigating or fertilizing is necessary and it is not affected by drought. There are no destructive pests.

There will never be an over-production because there is not sufficient land upon which it will grow to supply more than the United States requires at the present time. Experiments have been tried in many sections, including southern California and Arizona, but a peculiar quality of soil is necessary, which occurs only in Yucatan and portions of Sinaloa.

The pioneer American plantation is owned by the West Coast Company, whose plantation is on the line of the Southern Pacific extension through the state of Sinaloa. Many individual planters are becoming interested in small tracts, and the industry promises to grow rapidly until all the fiber bearing land is exhausted. A fiber plantation is worth $500 an acre. The sale of a plantation at $2,000 an acre was recently reported but has not been confirmed. It is true, however, that no owner of a plantation will consider an offer for it. The only thing for Americans to do is to buy the land and set out the plants. While irrigation is unnecessary, yet quality of the soil is essential—fiber soil must be rich and practically inexhaustible.

OAKLAND'S BUSINESS GROWTH

THE abnormal commercial and business conditions that existed in Oakland immediately succeeding the great fire eighteen months ago, have given place to what now may be considered a regular and steady flow of trade. At that time the trade barometer of Oakland was driven almost to the breaking point for Oakland alone had stocks of goods and supplies of money for the burned out from the metropolis. This forced draft of trade has ceased and the normal growth is proceeding with the regularity that preceded the disturbance. The eyes of the coast had already been attracted to Oakland and while the April disaster forced a sudden move across the bay for self-preservation this has not only ceased, but the rebuilding of San Francisco has left Oakland with only its normal growth and that alone is sufficient for the pride of any section.

There are several barometers that go to test the growth and prosperity of a city. One of these, and the one most quoted and really least reliable, is the clearing house. Oakland has only had a clearing house for little more than a year, and as the old "steamer day" was continued in San Francisco to the detriment of its clearings, so Oakland still continues to settle in cash and collect checks directly at the banks upon which drawn, which reduces the total of its clearings. Still it runs from two and one half to three millions a week placing it on an equality with such cities as Rochester, New York; Hartford, Connecticut, and Memphis, Tennessee.

Here are a few more barometrical figures, compiled by Edwin Stearns, secretary of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce:

Assessed valuation of Oakland: 1905-1906, $64,000,000; 1906-1907, $101,000,000; increased in one year, $37,000,000.

Assessed valuation of Alameda county: 1905-1906, $120,857,931; 1906-1907, $173,746,209; increased in one year, $52,888,378.

Building permits, city of Oakland: 1905-1906, number, 3,105: value, $4,446,692.95; 1906-1907, number, 5,493; value, $9,821,331.20; increase in one year, number, 2,388; value increased, $5,374,638.25.

Population: Census Report, 1900, 66,960; estimate July 1, 1907, from postoffice, city directory, schools and registration, 235,000.

Realty sales in 1906 aggregated $50,000,000; estimated from County Recorder's records.

Manufactures, taken from County Statistician's report, amounted to $13,285,197 in 1905, and in 1906 had increased to $38,331,026.

Postoffice receipts: 1905, $165,624.27; 1906, $258,659.16; 1907, $428,430.01.

And it can be added that among fourteen banks with deposits amounting to over $50,000,000 there has never been a bank failure. In two years the travel on the lines of the Southern Pacific's ferry, the Key Route and the Oakland Traction Company has doubled.

These are the figures of the story. Large San Francisco interests are establishing branch stores, such as Hale Brothers, S. N. Wood & Company, The John Breuner Company, Rosenthal & Company, Goldberg, Bowen & Company, while others are looking for sites. But with all this competition the local stores are increasing their business. H. C. Capwell says that his trade of May, 1907, was ten per cent heavier than that of May, 1906, immediately following the fire; so it is with Taft & Penoyer, who are erecting a new $200,000 store. The new Orpheum Theater is nearly completed, and new warehouses and factories are lining the water front.

But even with a sound business that has quadrupled and a population that has more than doubled it is the home that Oakland has always looked for and always will. It will always be the City Beautiful.

PAUL GOLDSMITH.

SEP 11 1940